

*THE CONGREGATIONALIST.*





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W. L. Sharp  
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# Congregationalist.

*"Da quod jubes et jube quod vis."*—AUGUSTINE.

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## THE OMENS IN ORIGINS: A HOMILY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"If the firstfruit be holy, the lump is also holy."—*Romans xi. 16.*

UNDER a figure of speech familiar to the Hebrew mind, St. Paul here expresses a conviction to which he gave frequent utterance. Nor is this conviction, or principle, peculiar to him or to the Hebrew race; in various forms it is found in all the literatures of antiquity. The principle is that *origins are omens*, a principle on which we may fitly meditate as, with some natural awe, we enter on the initial moments of a new year.

If we observe the road on which a man starts, we can give a shrewd guess as to the direction in which he will travel. If we study the words and actions of a child, we can frame a probable conjecture as to the character he will display in after years; for "the child is father to the man." If we consider the race of a group of settlers on an unpeopled shore, the resources of the land on which they have disembarked, its climate, its geology, its physical configuration, we may, if we are wise enough to give its due weight to each element in the problem, foresee what their national characteristics are likely to be and the leading forms of their daily life; we may reasonably say, "They will be mainly an agricultural, or mainly a pastoral, or mainly a maritime people; they will subdue the races with which they come into conflict, or they will themselves be subdued, since they are of an inferior strain or lack the power of successful colonization." Or, again, if there come any great revolution of thought, such as that occasioned by the first proclamation of the Gospel in the Roman Empire, or that marvellous excitement of slumbering truths and convictions and energies which we call the

Renaissance or the Reformation, from the attitude which each nation in turn assumes toward it we can infer what that nation's future destiny is to be, whether it is to lead the van of human progress with growing vigour, or to lag in the rear until it fall dead or helpless by the wayside. In short, we, like St. Paul, find omens in origins; we feel that initial moments are critical and sacred moments, that every beginning prophecies of a corresponding end, that the start indicates the goal, that much depends on how we first meet any new influence, how we commence any new period of time or any new sequence of events.

This was St. Paul's general principle, and he has given it a particular application. Addressing himself to Gentiles, he admits that the Jews seem to have been rejected of God because of their unbelief; but he argues that, nevertheless, God has not really "cast away the people whom He foreknew," that their part in the history of the world is not played out now that, through them, salvation has come to the Gentiles. He admits their "trespass," their "fall,"—admits that, because they had adjudged themselves unworthy of eternal life, God had turned to other races: but, he argues, if their fall has been the salvation of the world, what will their recovery be? if their "decrease" has been the wealth of the world, how much more their "increase"? if their rejection was "the reconciliation" of the world, what shall their reception be but "life from the dead," a resurrection of all the slumbering powers of humanity?

Nay, more; of this ultimate reception of the Hebrew race to the Divine favour, its recovery to the path from which it has stumbled and fallen, he finds at least two clear proofs. One is that the good news of salvation had been first of all accepted by Jews; it was by Jews that the Gospel had been conveyed to the Gentiles: and if the firstfruit be holy, so also must the lump, the mass, the harvest be holy to the Lord. In *this* origin he finds an omen. Because salvation was of the Jews, he infers that it is for the Jews; because some of them had been the first to receive it, he infers that, in the end, they will all receive it. A second proof, to his mind, of the ultimate recovery of the Hebrew race is, that it sprang from a good and sacred root; that the fathers and founders of the race had been men whose very blood was impregnated with the audacity of faith, with the love of righteousness, with the craving for spiritual peace. If the root were holy, shall not the branches be holy? If Abraham were faithful, shall not the seed of Abraham be faithful? If David, with his singular sweetness of nature, his noble loyalty and devotion, his frank joyousness, and a penitence no less frank and noble,—if David were a man after God's own heart, could those who were "of the stock of David" be altogether alienated from the life of God? St. Paul will not believe it. His arguments

may not carry much weight in the court of logic, but to his humane and generous instincts they are full of weight, as they are to ours. Just as we never cease to hope that the children of good men may come right, and have an ineradicable faith in the virtue of a mother's prayers, so he insists on hoping that the stock of David and the seed of Abraham will be at last recovered to life and peace. Just as we infer that when the finer and loftier spirits of a race have welcomed any new truth, the truth will spread from them to all who are of one blood with them, as the dawn sweeps down the mountains on to the plains, so he believes that all his brethren will one day welcome the Gospel in which many of them already rejoiced.

If the firstfruit be holy, so also is the harvest. The principle that origins are omens is veiled under a figure drawn from the Hebrew ritual. Consider this figure for a moment.

The Hebrew law of the firstfruits was very wide in its reach and compass. The firstborn of men, cattle, birds; the first yield of every tree, every orchard, every vineyard, every field; the first batch of bread, the first measure of wine; the first hour of the day, the first day of the week, the first week of the year, the first year of seven and of fifty,—all these were holy to the Lord. "Good onset bodes good end," says Chaucer; and our common proverb affirms, "Well begun is half done." The principle of these two sayings was embodied in the Hebrew law. Every beginning was held to be sacred; it was hallowed to God, given and devoted to Him; the "onset" was made good that the "end" might be good.

Of the innumerable illustrations of this principle offered by Hebrew life, let us take only two; one from the corn harvest, and the other from the fruit harvest.

The first, from the corn harvest. On the second day of the Paschal Feast the Jews brought the first sheaf cut in their fields, and presented it before the Lord. The sheaf was of barley, and, in later times, was taken from the fields in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem. On the eve of the Festival certain deputed members of the Sanhedria went out into the fields to select and tie together the finest ears they could find. On the following morning these ears of barley were cut with all possible publicity, bound into a sheaf, carried into the Temple, and waved before the altar by the officiating priest. This was the firstfruits; and until this had been offered to God no scythe or sickle could be put into the standing corn. At the Feast of Pentecost, fifty days afterward, the harvest having now been gathered in, two loaves made of the new flour were also brought to the altar, and, like the Passover sheaf, were waved before the veil which concealed or symbolized the Divine Presence. What did the Jews mean by giving the first and best sheaf to

God, and loaves made of the finest of the wheat? By dedicating the first sheaf and the first loaves they meant to dedicate the whole harvest and all their bread to God. If the firstfruit was holy, so also was the lump. Just as here in England, when a landed proprietor shuts up a private road on one day in the year, he claims it on that day in order to assert his right to it on every day; so God claimed the one sheaf to show that every sheaf was His. *His?* Yes; but in what sense? In a double sense: the harvest was His gift to men, and the harvest was to be consecrated to His service.

In the fruit harvest a similar claim was asserted in a still more dramatic form. When the first and finest fruit had been gathered from bush and tree, from orchard and vineyard, Moses stepped in and said: "Thou shalt take the first of the fruit . . . that the Lord thy God giveth thee, and shalt put it in a basket; and shalt go to the place in which the Lord thy God shall choose to place His name." Arrived at the Temple, the Jewish husbandman gave his basket of choice fruit to the officiating priest, saying, "I confess this day unto the Lord thy God that I have come into the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers to give us." Then the priest was to take the basket out of his hand, and to place it on or before the altar, and the husbandman was to recite these words: "A Syrian ready to perish was my father; and he went down into Egypt and sojourned there with a few, and became there a nation great, mighty, and populous; and the Egyptians evil entreated us and afflicted us, and laid upon us hard bondage; and when we cried unto the Lord God of our fathers, the Lord heard our voice, and looked on our affliction, and our labour, and our oppression; and the Lord brought us forth out of Egypt with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm, and with great terribleness, and with signs, and with wonders. And He hath brought us unto this place, and hath given us this land, a land that floweth with milk and honey. And now, behold, I have brought the firstfruits of the land which Thou, O Lord, hast given us." Having thus confessed that all the pleasant fruits of the earth were the gift of God, and should therefore be devoted to His service, the husbandman was to "worship" before the Lord his God, and to make great mirth, "rejoicing in every good thing which the Lord had given to him and to his house."

These two illustrations will suffice to shew what the intention of the Hebrew law of firstfruits was, that it was meant to excite gratitude and devotion, a thankful acknowledgment that every good gift cometh down from above, and an earnest resolution so to use the gifts of the Divine bounty as to honour and glorify God. Every sheaf was just as much God's as the first sheaf; every basket of fruit was as holy to Him as the basket laid on His altar. And, in like manner, with the firstfruits of time. Every

day was as holy as the Sabbath ; every year as the year of Jubilee. Special times, special fruits were set apart expressly to kindle a sense of the sacredness of all time, to teach the Jews that the whole product of their toil was sacred. They could have made no greater mistake than to suppose that, because they gave one day to God, they might do what they would on other days ; that, because they gave one sheaf or one basket of fruit to Him, they might waste or abuse any other portion of His harvest gifts. The very words they were commanded to utter before the altar reminded them that they were His people at all times and in all places of their habitation,—in Egypt as well as in Palestine, in the fields as well as in the Temple ; and that every sweet fruit and nutritious gain was His gift, and was therefore hallowed to them by the Hands from which it came. If they began the week with Him, it was that they might give the week to Him ; if they began the harvest with Him, it was that they might give the harvest to Him ; if they began life with Him, by being submitted to the rite of circumcision, it was that they might give their life to Him. All these origins, or beginnings, were omens. They were to begin well that they might go on well. They were to make "good onset" that they might make "good end."

And the principle which underlies this Hebrew symbol is wide and deep as human life. It is a principle recognized by all races, in all literatures. So far as we know, there never has been a nation which did not regard the initial events of any sequence, or the beginnings of life, as portentous. To the eye of science the whole sequence of any series of events lies in its commencement, the whole subsequent form of life in the bias it receives at the outset. And, as we know, the unscientific races have always attached a sacred importance to the moment and circumstances of birth, finding omens and prophecies of the future in the conjunction of the planetary bodies, or in special words uttered by the parents, or in whatever remarkable or exceptional occurrence may have attended the nativity : they have always looked for lucky days, or hours, for favourable omens and signs, before they would contract a marriage, start on a perilous journey, embark on a long voyage, give the signal for battle, or commence any other hazardous or momentous enterprise. *We* may have cleansed our minds of the perilous stuff of superstition ; and yet do we not instinctively feel that every origin has its omen, that well begun *is* half done, that to commence any task or enterprise auspiciously is to secure a hope, and a hope very apt to fulfil itself, of bringing it to a happy close ?

Were there need, and did space permit, it would not be difficult to shew on what good grounds of reason this persuasion rests ; how, in choosing one task rather than another, we betray our native bent



towards it, and are therefore more likely to succeed in it than in other tasks ; how, if we begin well, we show an earnest intention, a vigour, which is very likely to battle with subsequent difficulties and to conduct us triumphantly to the end we have set before us. But there surely can be little need to explain or prove a principle which all the world holds ; what we need is to apply rather than to demonstrate it.

“ If the firstfruit be holy, so also is the harvest.” If we come of a good stock, we are the more likely to be good men. If we make a fair start, we are the more likely to reach the goal. If we begin life with God, we are the more likely to spend it and to close it with Him. If we devote part of our substance to His service, we are the more likely to hallow all we have and do. If we open a day, or a week, or a year by worshipping Him, we are the more likely to make all its hours worshipful and holy. In all these, as in many other forms, we may state St. Paul’s general principle, and safely leave it to prove itself. But how does it apply specifically to our religious life, to the religious life of Christian and modern times ? It applies in many and important ways. For, consider, we dedicate at least one house in every district to God. We dedicate at least one day in every week to His worship. We consecrate at least one meal, the Lord’s Supper, to Him, and hold the bread and the wine sacred to religious uses. What do we mean by giving these firstfruits to God ? We mean, if we are wise, to acknowledge that all our days are His gift and should be holy to Him, that every house is a house of God, in which we should dwell as in His gracious presence, that every meal should be a sacrament at which we eat with Him. “ If the firstfruit be holy, so also is the harvest,” and we give God the firstfruit as a pledge that we will use the harvest as for Him, that we will give Him *this* too.

And in this principle, thus applied to our daily life, we have a rebuke of two errors into which men commonly fall. First, there are those who are very scrupulous in their attendance on public worship, their observance of the day they call “ the Sabbath,” their participation of the Sacramental feast, but who too much forget to what they pledge themselves by these religious acts. They give the firstfruits to God in order to *exempt* the harvest. They pay a certain religious tax, not as those who acknowledge the value and sacredness of law, but as those who would be exonerated from the claims of the law in their daily conduct. They do not feel, or they do not act as if they felt, that they serve God by resting on one day of the week, in order that they may serve Him in the labour of the other six. They do not worship in His house in order to gain strength and grace to live in righteousness and charity at home. They do not sit down with Christ at His table with a view to learn that He is always with them, and that day by day they live not by bread alone, but by a

mystic efflux from the Fountain of Life into the wells of their being. Withholding the harvest, they do not really give their firstfruits to God, though they mean to give them; for what can He care for their gifts, if they do not give themselves to Him? What can He care that they cease from their own works for one day, if they cease from them only that they may be quit of His claim on other days? What can He care that they build Him a house, or frequent a house which their neighbours have built for Him, if they do not learn in His house to worship Him in their business and in their homes?

Such men have a radically false conception of God, of duty, of religion. They regard Him as a hard and austere Ruler who must be appeased by taxes, by gifts, by sacrifices, not as a tender though august Father who wants them to do His will that they may be the better and the happier for doing it. Instead of devoting themselves and all they have to Him on the glad inspirations of love, they pay what He demands as an insurance against His anger and the calamities in which it might involve them. Instead of feeling that what they give to Him becomes more truly their own, and longing to give all to Him, they feel as though they *lost* whatever He gained from them, and parted with whatever they gave. The very Jews knew better. They brought their firstfruits to God, and so devoted their whole harvest to Him; but what after all became of harvest and firstfruits? Did God want to take these away from them? He wanted simply to add to the joy of harvest the joy of gratitude and praise, a glad sense of His presence and goodwill. And hence when the Jew brought his firstling lamb, or a sheaf of barley, or a basket of choice fruit, a little of the fat or a handful of grain was flung on the altar, in order to teach him high spiritual truths, or the sheaf and the basket were "waved" before the Holiest of all; and then priest and offerer sat down to a feast, *eating* the lamb, and the corn, and the fruit, taking them as in very deed gifts of the Divine bounty, and making great mirth before the Lord. And the devout husbandman went back to his golden fields and purple vineyards feeling that God was with him, and that God was good; and threshed his corn, and trod his wine-vat, and took the new wine and the grain to market, and sold them for the best price he could get, knowing through all that he was moving within the circle of Divine law, rejoicing in the Divine presence and benediction, assured that in threshing-floor and wine-vat and market he was serving the Lord no less than when he brought an offering to the Temple. Did *he* lose anything by what he gave to God? Did he not rather gain the true sweetness and the true strength of life?

And this happy temper of devotion, which takes all good gifts as from the immediate hand of God and by a temperate and thankful enjoyment of them devotes them all to Him, is surely not impossible to Christian

men. They have possessed and displayed it again and again. When, for example, we are told that the converts of Pentecost "stedfastly addicted themselves to the instruction of the apostles, and to the fellowship, and to the breaking of bread, and to the times of prayer," we are also told that "they did eat their bread with gladness and simplicity of heart," as if this too were an excellence, a virtue, worthy of our admiration. And the more we consider this simple phrase, the more we find in it to touch our imaginations and hearts. It was, or at least to most of us it would have been, very hard bread to eat. For those who ate it were either inhabitants of Jerusalem who had had to "sell their possessions and their goods" in order to furnish the table with food, or they were poor "devout men out of every nation" who were dependent on their brethren. If we had to part with our fields or our furniture to furnish forth a common table, and still more if we had to eat the bread of charity, would it not be a little apt to choke us? Would it not be very admirable of us, and prove a singular beauty of character, if we could eat such bread "with gladness and simplicity of heart," praising God for it?

And some of us can. I have seen—as who has not?—poor men and women sit down to the scantiest fare with hearts quietly and serenely glad, and heard them give thanks to God for His bounty with a tender joy and gratitude which turned the bare chamber into a sanctuary and the scanty fare into something better than a feast. Do we not all feel that this constant temper of worship diffused over the whole life and triumphing over the most adverse conditions, is infinitely more acceptable to God than formal acts of worship, and bears an infinitely more persuasive testimony to the reality and power of religion?

These, then, are they who give the harvest to God as well as the firstfruits. But, on the other hand, there are those who, while aiming to give the harvest, withhold the firstfruits; and this is the second error of which I spoke. They say, "We try to devote all our time to God, to live always as in His sight, to see Him in all things and to do His will in all we do. And therefore we do not care much for sacred days, for public worship, for sacraments, nor feel our need of them." But if they do not see their need of them, God does. In His judgment it helped the Jews to devote the harvest to Him that they should lay the firstfruits on His altar. In His judgment it helps the Church to consecrate every day, every house, every meal, that its members should set apart one day, one house, one meal as holy to Him. And the general conscience of the world responds to the judgment of God. It sees an omen in every origin; it says, "Good onset bodes good end." To begin the week or the year with worship, with devout remembrance of Christ, with acts of obedience to Divine commands, even though as yet we do not see the

full worth of them,—this surely is well ; it is an auspicious omen ; it is a beginning full of promise. And until we see our friends who a little look down on sacraments and worship and sabbaths attain so high a pitch of virtue as quite to overtop those who value them—which we certainly do not see as yet—it will be wise of us not to neglect any ordinance of the Church, or any aid to holiness which God graciously affords us.

Let us, then, begin this year with God ; and may the omen of this origin be fulfilled in a whole happy new year to us all. And it may be a very happy year, even though it should bring us much pain and loss ; for pain is often God's minister for good, and loss is often great gain. We may eat our bread with gladness and sincerity of heart even though we have nothing but bread to eat, and but little of that. And what do we ever crave goods and possessions for, except that we may have a heart sincere and glad ? If we can gain the glad heart by losing our goods, will not our very loss be great gain ?

Whatever we may forebode, therefore, let us offer the firstfruits of the year to God ; but let us remember that, in the firstfruits, we devote the whole harvest to Him.

S. Cox.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD DISSENT.

### NO. IV.—THE LONDON PREACHERS.

THE Dissenting preachers of my early recollection, although differing in several respects from their successors, differed so much from one another as to render it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to make any comparison between the men of the two generations. More uniformity of manner, if not of material, is now prevalent among the preachers of all denominations, but especially, as I think, among those of the Congregational order. This to some extent may be attributed to the similarity of their training in their colleges and preaching institutions. To present a distinct view of the ministers of my early days, I must distribute them into classes, of which it may be interesting to observe how their several characteristics have been modified in the last few years. If the classes still remain they are not so widely, nor so evidently, unlike one another. I will, with one exception, restrict my remarks to London ministers. I make that exception in reference to one whom I used to hear with so much delight when he visited the Metropolis, that I cannot find it in my heart to take no notice of my favourite preacher.

Among the Dissenting preachers of that time were the humorous and funny preachers, the stiff and stately preachers, the pleasant and flowery preachers, the methodical and orderly preachers, the learned and dull

preachers, the earnest and impressive preachers, the loving and affectionate preachers, and a few who could not be assigned to any one of these classes. If any of them attained popularity, they succeeded by something better or something worse than the distinctive qualities of these several classes.

Of the humorous and funny preachers, although the two most prominent in my memory were not avowedly Congregationalists, they were really so, and were more intimately connected with the Congregational than with any other denomination. Although commonly called Calvinistic Methodists, they were not members of the Countess of Huntingdon's connection, nor of any other organised society of religious professors. They exercised their ministry quite as independently as the ministers who were professedly Independent, and in some respects a great deal more so. I refer to Rowland Hill and Matthew Wilks. After a long and hard fight, Dr. Campbell vindicated the independence of the Churches which had been under the pastoral care of Matthew Wilks in the Tabernacle and Tottenham-court Road Chapel. As its late and present pastors have found, the religious society collected by Rowland Hill in Surrey Chapel is as independent of all external influences as any Congregational Church in the country. Whatever they might have called themselves, they were as well known and as pleasantly welcomed in the chapels of the Independents as any ministers who professedly belonged to that denomination.

They were in many respects very unlike, and in some distinctly opposite. Distinguished both of them by their foolery (not folly, a very different thing, of which neither of them had a particle), they were influenced by it in a very different manner. With Rowland Hill it was evidently unpremeditated, unthought of until the moment when it came upon his tongue, and impelled him to say things which his hearers would never forget. With Matthew Wilks it had often the appearance of forethought and arrangement, as if he had studied how to make foolery a blessing to his hearers. When Rowland Hill was humorous, his humour flowed so readily, and its expression was so aided by his tones, his looks, his action, everything about him, that it seemed not only to act without an effort, but to work beyond his control. When Matthew Wilks was humorous, his sayings seemed made for the occasion, and left the impression, at least upon my mind, that they had been contrived and arranged to accomplish a purpose. When they excited the laughter of their hearers, Mr. Hill seemed as if he were offended, and would occasionally, as I have heard him, angrily reprove the levity which he himself had provoked. Mr. Wilks looked as if he enjoyed the laugh quite as much as his hearers. I never heard Mr. Hill preach without showing his humour in some part of his discourse, generally in

most parts of it. On the contrary, I have heard Mr. Wilks preach very grave and serious discourses, sometimes argumentative, sometimes earnestly persuasive, in which a humorous expression was nowhere introduced. His hearers retired deeply impressed, as their serious feelings had not been disturbed nor diverted by a single allusion of a playful kind. It was well for his hearers that it was so on those occasions, for his humorous expressions did little to enforce, or even to illustrate, his clear and impressive sermons. The funny sayings of Mr. Hill often left salutary, as well as agreeable, impressions upon the memory of his hearers, as they were often the clear and most convincing illustrations of the truths he was teaching. His humour was often the best thing in his sermons, while that of Mr. Wilks was often the worst. The witty sayings of the former were never coarse, while those of the latter were never refined. Those of the former seemed to flow easily from the lips of a gentleman; those of the latter from the mouth of a preacher too earnest and straightforward to think about gentility. Rowland Hill as a preacher would have been a failure without his humour; Matthew Wilks preached best when he kept his humorous propensity under control or suppressed it entirely. The best illustration of their difference may appear in instances suggested by my own recollection. I remember hearing the two men preach, if not on successive Sundays, with a very short interval between their discourses. I was at the time a Homerton student, and interested in observing the diversities and resemblances of popular preachers.

In the year 1818 (I think it was) I heard Rowland Hill preach in Surrey Chapel on the Sunday after the missionary meetings. He adverted, as was his custom, to the previous meetings of the London Missionary Society. He defended the catholicity of the Society in all matters of Church government, but vindicated its restriction to those who held the Calvinistic doctrines of grace. Wesleyans and other Arminians were then regarded by sound Calvinists as not holding "the doctrines of grace." He began in an argumentative manner, gravely and logically reasoning in favour of the doctrine of "election" and "the final perseverance of saints," and continued in that style for about eight or ten minutes, as if he had been a close student of John Owen or Jonathan Edwards. I was surprised, as I believe were many of his hearers. He, however, abruptly left his argumentation with the words, "This is not my way of preaching, and I feel as if I could not get on with it." He did not "get on with it," but began to talk loosely about the questions on which he had attempted to reason. But then his wit not only interested the people, but did a great deal more for his subject than any reasoning he could have propounded. Indeed, it was argument after his own fashion, and especially effective in refuting objec-

tions. "Some of you may object," he said, "that if the doctrines of election and final perseverance be true, an elect child of God may live in sin if he likes, and yet he must be eventually saved. To be sure he may, *if he likes*. But did you ever know a child of God who did like it? I may eat horseflesh *if I like*, but my liking would show the mouth of a dog and not of a man. I may lie down and sleep in the mud *if I like*, but my liking would show the skin of a hog and not of a man. So I may live in sin *if I like*, but my liking would show the heart of a reprobate and not of a child of God." The argument of his humorous expression was convincing, easily apprehended, and never forgotten. He did in this way far more for his doctrine than he could have done by any amount of logic, which, as he said, was "not in his way." Towards the close of his sermon, as if careful to guard his doctrine from abuse, he said in a peculiar tone, which I shall never forget, "Although I say that true believers can never fall away from grace, yet"—he stopped a few seconds and looked over the congregation with a strange expression of his countenance, as if he were trying to discover the appropriate object of his address—"yet, mind, I do not advise any of you to try it, for fear you should succeed."

It may be thought that the manner in which he proposed the objection was ingeniously contrived to facilitate his conclusive reply. I must observe that there seemed nothing like ingenious contrivance in any of Rowland Hill's sermons. All was prompt, easy, natural. The phraseology in which the objection was expressed, though suggested at the moment, may have facilitated the reply, and rendered it obvious and convincing. But in this respect all reasoners are very much alike, whether they reason wittily or gravely, with light hearts or with heavy brains, in a few sharp words or in prolonged argumentation. They all find without much difficulty how to present the arguments of their opponents in a manner the most easily and plainly refuted. This adaptation of an opponent's doctrines to a plain and easy refutation may be observed in the ponderous volumes of the metaphysician as well as in the shrewd sayings of the humorist. Whether it be their "easily-besetting sin" or their legitimate faculty, theological disputants are especially distinguished by it.

The sermon which soon afterwards I heard from Matthew Wilks was on the text, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." For nearly half an hour the sermon was worthy of its beautiful text. It produced a deep and salutary impression, I believe, upon most of his hearers, certainly upon me. I felt as if I were searching in heaven as he pointed to its stars, and on earth as he moved his hand to its distant lands and



seas, but searching in vain for a substitute for God. My flesh and my heart seemed failing me when he directed my thoughts to God, the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. That was a hallowed season to my mind, a blessed half-hour to me. But to my surprise he abruptly left his address—most seriously and impressively, though somewhat coarsely, delivered — by interposing these strange and inappropriate sayings: "There *is* a God, and that is a good job; for if there were none, the devil would take you away with him. There is only one God; and that is another good job, for if there were three or four they would get to quarrelling, and leave the devil to do what he liked with you." The charm of the sermon was gone. The effect was repulsive to any good feeling previously excited. He returned to his subject, but I could not return with him. His ill-judged digression spoiled all that followed. I was relieved when he sat down.

The contrast between the two humorists was very remarkable. The one did little good to his hearers until he yielded to his natural humour, and then he became clear, convincing, and impressive. The other did great good, as long as he avoided the humorous, but when he indulged in it (if it were indulgence to him), he spoiled the good impressions he had produced. Wilks was the abler preacher of the two, but his coarse wit often spoiled his best sermons; while the pleasantry and refinement of Hill's humour rendered the sermon attractive, which without it would have been wearisome and repulsive. Wit was the virtue of Hill's preaching—the vice of Wilks's sermons. I wish, however, to be understood as forming my opinion from the few sermons I heard from them: they may, or they may not, have been a fair specimen of their general mode of preaching.

Of the stiff and stately preachers, the Claytons—father and two sons, John and George—may be adduced as the best instances suggested by my recollection of the London Dissenting ministers of their time. Being a Homerton student, my prepossessions were against the Claytons, as they were at that time the opponents of my beloved and venerated friend and tutor, Dr. Pye Smith. However that may have perverted my judgment, I have heard, as I used reluctantly to acknowledge, some excellent sermons from the several members of that sacerdotal family. I call them sacerdotal, for there was something very priestly and formal in their manner of conducting religious services. They never forgot that they were "Reverend." There was less of that formality with Mr. John Clayton, junr., than with his reverend father and brother. He was not very stiff nor very stately, but in early life there was a little of the family character about him, not more than enough to allow me to speak of him as belonging to their class. What he had in his younger



years was greatly modified, if not entirely removed, amidst the activities of his middle life.

Of the three I think the father was, upon the whole, the best preacher. If he had not the direct and impressive address of one son, or the attractive illustrations of the other, he had, as I think, more valuable thought in his sermons, and more easy and appropriate expression. In natural and easy expression they all excelled, but, if my memory be correct, the father much more than either of his sons. They were all carefully precise, exact, regular, orthodox, never, I should think, uttering a single word that they would wish to retract, or that would excite any feeling of suspicion or surprise in the minds of any of their hearers. Every text was treated as the orthodox commentators expounded it; every doctrine as the great divines proposed it. Calvin, Owen, Goodwin spoke through their lips, although they were not so learned as Calvin, nor so profound as Owen, nor so argumentative as Goodwin. Of the father's preaching I have a very distinct recollection, as I occasionally heard him on a Sunday afternoon (people in those days could keep awake on Sunday afternoon) in that curious place of worship and of trade—devoted to worship, denominated from trade—"the King's Weigh-House," the preaching place having been above the weighing place. The introduction consisted of four or five appropriate sentences, either explaining his text or announcing his subject. The divisions—usually three, occasionally four—were carefully expressed and deliberately enunciated. They consisted of a like number of nouns, adjectives, and verbs, corresponding in their order and arrangement, so as to be immediately apprehended and easily remembered. The purpose and connection of the whole discourse was thus made apparent at the commencement. One division was never allowed to encroach upon the space appropriated to another. They were so perfectly arranged that there was no occasion to suppress a thought, nor to pass hastily over any part of the subject. All was exact, precise, regular, just as it ought to be, and just as the hearers expected. He knew exactly when to finish, and his hearers knew as well as himself when to expect the concluding sentences, sometimes of recapitulation, more frequently of appeal, always appropriate to the subject. Children could be easily catechised about such sermons, and the catechism of children was then in many Dissenting families an important service of Sunday evenings.

The preaching of the father differed in one respect from that of his sons. Early associated with the Calvinistic Methodists, he long retained something of their directness and fervour in addressing his unconverted hearers. In this particular his preaching was unlike that prevalent at the time among the Independent ministers. They, many of them certainly, preached as if only believers were listening who needed instruction, line

upon line, precept upon precept, the same line often repeated, the same precept often inculcated, before the good people who, happily free from the love of novelty, never wandered from their own places of worship. In many places strangers seldom intruded, and if they did the minister took no notice of them. But to strangers Mr. Clayton preached like a Methodist, and like a Methodist, especially in his earlier years, he gained their attention and did them a great deal of good.

I have observed that Mr. George Clayton was more stately than either his father or his elder brother. In this respect he was, so far as I know, very unlike any Dissenting minister of his time. His sermons, so carefully prepared and exactly arranged, must have occupied a great deal of his time and thought. By practice he composed them, I suppose, much more readily and easily than his attentive hearers would have imagined. He collected a large congregation of wealthy and respectable people, and retained their interest in his preaching, until his deafness and other infirmities impaired the power of pleasant address by which he was long distinguished. After he became so deaf as to be unable to hear a word of the preacher, he regularly occupied his place in the sanctuary, stood when others stood to pray, and sat when others sat to listen, and liked to have before him the text of the preacher and the hymns sung by the people. He continued, notwithstanding his infirmities, to take great interest in the charitable institutions of the Dissenters, of which interest I recollect a very pleasing instance. He had some money to distribute among poor theological students; and in the execution of his task he on one occasion found his way to Highbury College. On his arrival he was so bewildered, having been unable to make any inquiries about the way, which he had forgotten, that I was alarmed, and could not allow him to return without a guide to the house of the friend with whom he was staying.

I have in a former paper noticed the great sin of the Claytons—their treatment of Dr. Pye Smith: I hope and believe they were very sorry for it before they died. But Dr. Smith was not the only person with whom they quarrelled or who quarrelled with them. There was a quarrel between them and Dr. Collyer, between them and Dr. Winter, and between them and several other people. In some instances they were probably more sinned against than sinning. Happily now, if ministers disagree, they do not make use of the press, and publish the wrong doings of their opponents.

Mr. Clayton had a third son, William, who was the Principal of Mill Hill School, but as I am speaking of the preachers of London, I have no reason to take any further notice of him. An excellent man, he died suddenly in the prime of life, much lamented by the friends and supporters of that institution. Happily, Dr. Pye Smith married his

widow, and so completely obliterated all unpleasant recollection of the old disagreement.

Of the pleasant and flowery preachers of London in my early days, Dr. Collyer was the most distinguished. He was a remarkable preacher, if only for the amount of preaching which he managed to accomplish. But he was more remarkable for the variety of his sermons, as he seldom preached the same sermon twice, unless he did so avowedly, as on Sunday afternoon. After preaching in his own chapel at Peckham on Sunday morning, he preached in the afternoon in Salters' Hall—an old meeting-house of a wealthy congregation, who could afford to support a morning preacher in comfort, and pay him handsomely for his afternoon services—and then returned to Peckham to preach in the evening. The sermon in the afternoon was understood to be that which he had previously delivered in his own chapel. It was so generally, but not always : occasionally, as when he had preached in the morning on the death of a friend or for a charitable society, he would in the afternoon produce another and very different sermon. In addition to these sermons, he preached, in the height of his popularity, almost every evening in the week except on Saturdays. He never refused, if he were disengaged, an application to preach for an object of which he approved. When I was a youth, residing not far from him, and having my evenings at leisure, I frequently heard him preach in different chapels in the neighbourhood, but never heard him preach the same sermon on two occasions. To such a sinner as I have been in preaching old sermons, his novelties seem not easily explained.

His preaching was especially attractive to people who do not wish to have their minds troubled with much thought, nor their hearts excited by much feeling. People who love to think or to cry in their religious services would not feel much interest in his sermons. He was exactly the preacher for nice young ladies. His voice was soft, sweet, somewhat feminine. His thoughts were simple, natural, well arranged, and pleasantly expressed. His action corresponded with the pleasant expression of his thoughts, never vehement, never excessive, always gentle, easy, and yet sufficiently lively to attract and sustain the attention of the people. He seldom attempted prolonged reasoning, although in his printed sermons are several able and elaborate discussions. His great attraction was his imaginative power, never unduly indulged, but simply and pleasantly illustrating his subject. He seemed to lead his hearers along the path of easy description through green meadows, with beautiful flowers blooming on every side, never to climb a rugged rock and look upon a grand and distant view.

His preaching attracted the attention of some persons belonging to a class seldom seen in a Dissenting place of worship. Among others were

two royal dukes, the Duke of Kent, father to our present Queen, and her uncle, the Duke of Sussex. Some of his friends used to say that he had kissed the Queen when she was a babe, but I do not believe he ever said so himself. So far as a Dissenting minister could be intimate with a royal duke, he was an intimate friend of her father. On occasion of the opening of his new chapel at Peckham, at that time thought a very grand affair, the two royal dukes attended, to show their regard to him, and heard Mr. Jay of Bath preach in his place. Their Royal Highnesses are said to have expressed by words as well as angry looks their dislike of the direct, forcible, unpolished address of the preacher. He was in these respects, and in some others, in direct contrast to the gentle, smiling, soft-mouthed doctor whom they admired.

A good story was told of the doctor's friendship with the royal dukes, and told so often without any contradiction, that I have no doubt there was some truth in it, though the truth may have been somewhat embellished by the good people of that time, who knew how to embellish truth almost as well as good people of the present day. I have referred in a previous paper to his harmless vanity in employing a page to carry his sermon into the pulpit, arrange it nicely for his convenience on the cushion, and at the close of the service to carry it safe to the carriage. That I saw myself, but the following I know only by report. In a thoughtless or presumptuous state of mind, he once invited the two royal dukes to dine with him. To his consternation they graciously accepted his invitation. What was he to do? They would bring their attendants. He must invite appropriate company to meet them. The small rooms of his house at Blackheath were not sufficient to accommodate commonplace dukes, much less royal ones. His one man servant would be at a loss to know how to wait upon them; his female servants had scarcely ever seen such grand people. The only proper thing he could do was to engage "The Green Man," an hotel on Blackheath, at that time frequented by the higher classes, and to order a sumptuous dinner, worthy of royalty and agreeable to its luxurious attendants. How much it cost for luxuries, wine, and waiting, I do not know; but the most extravagant estimates were prevalent. I do not believe the worthy doctor ever told anyone. The secret was buried with him in his own grave, and never appeared to gratify the curiosity of his contemporaries. One of my schoolfellows suggested that a collection to pay for it should be made in his chapel, and that respect to royalty would be an appropriate subject on which to found an appeal to the generosity of his congregation.

Of the methodical and orderly preachers, some had little else to admire than their careful method and order; but others, with their skilful arrangement supplied a great amount of valuable instruction, the

result of patient and prolonged study. Without being very popular, some of them were greatly valued by attentive hearers who, on becoming accustomed to their preaching, seldom liked to hear a stranger, however welcome he might be to other people. One of the best of his class, though he was a great deal more than a methodical and orderly preacher, was Mr. Orme, of Camberwell. He was a fluent speaker, a valuable writer, a capital secretary, a good preacher in every respect, clear, thoughtful, wise, argumentative where needful, and always instructive. I mention him in this connection because he gave more attention to the arrangement of his thoughts than most men who had so many and so good thoughts to arrange. Had I been in a position to select a preacher whom I could hear regularly, Mr. Orme would have been my pastor. I might mention with him Dr. Burder, of Hackney, quite as orderly, more exact and precise, but not equal to him in giving interest to his subjects, or in impressing the minds of strangers. Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, who had more popular power than Mr. Orme, and Dr. Winter, of New Court Chapel, who had less of that quality, might be arranged in this class; although Dr. Fletcher had every requisite for a good preacher of almost any kind. I therefore did not select him as the representative of the class, although he was probably the most effective preacher belonging to it. If not so instructive as Mr. Orme, he was more eloquent, more impressive, and more readily gained the attention and interest of strangers. He did great good in reviving the ancient church at Stepney, and in attracting a large congregation to its venerable meeting-house, whose stately columns, given by the Dutch authorities, and curious hiding-places from the informers of the English Government, were among the most interesting memorials of the old London Dissent. Stepney, however, when the meeting-house was built, was not in London but in the country, where young people went in search of May blossoms in spring and of blackberries in autumn. In the "Nonconformists' Memorial" the ejected ministers of Stepney are not honoured by association with the Metropolitan divines, but are mentioned as belonging to the country part of Middlesex.

Of the learned and dull preachers I shall say very little, for, although there were a great many of them, there were very few in the notice of whom my readers would feel much interest. Nor should I like to select any one as a specimen of the dull preachers, whatever I might think of his learning. While I call them learned and dull, I vouch only for their dulness and say nothing about their learning. Undoubtedly many learned preachers were very dull, but some dull preachers were not very learned. In public estimation a dull preacher, through the association of the ideas, often gains the reputation of being learned, although were it not for his dulness nobody would attribute to him

much learning. Some of these good men occupied meeting-houses as dull and heavy as themselves. Their voices and the gloom of the place, their action and the heaviness of the pulpit, their style and the soporific allurements of the comfortable corners of the high-backed pews, were very appropriate to each other. Some of them were sustained in their congenial sanctuaries, in the absence of anything worthy the name of a congregation, by considerable endowments. Their few hearers usually consisted of respectable aged men and women who had been long members of the Church, and a few poor people who were kindly treated by their wealthy brethren. Some of the members attended only on Sacramental Sundays, as, living at a distance, they were not attracted on other days by the preaching of their own minister, whom they respected and loved, however they failed to show their respect and love for his preaching. Some of these worthy ministers were enabled to keep their positions by the help of the Dorset fund—an endowment distributed among several Churches for the benefit of their ministers and their poor. How far endowments to maintain unsuccessful ministers in deserted chapels are desirable, I would leave for the consideration of those who subscribe to charitable societies for the support of poor, often pauperised ministers, who would do a great deal more good were they never to enter the pulpits of Protestant Dissenters. Their appropriate place is in a quiet, comfortable rectory of the English Church. The Church would be none the worse and Dissent a great deal the better for the change, while the good men themselves would be far more comfortable.

Of the earnest and impressive preachers, I might mention Dr. Leif-child, of Kensington, afterwards of Craven Chapel; Mr. Stratton, of Paddington; Mr. John Hyatt, of Tottenham-court Road; and Mr. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, afterwards of Blackheath. I know not where to arrange Mr. Blackburn, of Claremont Chapel, as he might claim a place in almost every class except the learned and dull, without being especially distinguished by the qualities of any. As he ought to be prominent somewhere—I scarcely know where—let him appear among the worthies of this class. For many years, until he became broken-hearted by domestic troubles, he did great service in connection with most of the religious societies of the Congregationalists; he got through an amazing quantity of work, and he always did it pleasantly, like a gentleman as well as a Christian. He was for some years the principal editor of the *Congregational Magazine*.

Of the loving and affectionate preachers I know none more worthy of loving and affectionate remembrance than Thomas Lewis of Islington, and Algernon Wells of Clapton. Although Mr. Lewis possessed no extraordinary powers, he was beloved by everybody. The whole

neighbourhood, Church people, Dissenters, Methodists, spoke lovingly of him. If latterly his successor collected a larger congregation, it was by the superiority of his preaching, for Mr. Lewis never made an enemy nor lost a friend. He was ever ready to serve any good cause, to help any poor minister, to do any service for the advantage of any religious society. Of the men of fifty years past, with one exception, no man has left more pleasing impressions on my memory than Thomas Lewis, a beloved friend, an affectionate preacher, a faithful pastor, a considerate and wise teacher of the church in Union Chapel, Islington.

That one exception is Algernon Wells. What can I say of him—a humorous speaker, but an affectionate preacher? He would make people laugh by his speeches after dinner, and weep by his sermons overflowing with feeling. Everything he said seemed to come from the heart of a loving preacher, and to produce in his hearers sympathy with himself. Secretary of the Congregational Union, he was called the prince of secretaries, and with as much propriety he might be called the prince of preachers. His sermons, moistened with his tears, were powerful in argument, rich in illustration, impressive in their delivery, and salutary in their results. Such was Algernon Wells, not only the first secretary, but the living spirit of the Congregational Union.

Two able preachers I have not mentioned, because they were so much more than preachers, and did so much good out of the pulpit. I refer to John Townsend and Andrew Reed, founders and promoters of more charitable institutions than any other men of their time.

John Townsend was the pastor of the Church meeting in Jamaica-row, Bermondsey. His preaching was evangelical, practical, impressive, and instructive. But while he was very useful as a preacher, he was better known for his unwearied labours in alleviating the sorrow of humanity and promoting the welfare of the outcast and neglected. No man of his day did more, I believe not so much, in becoming the medium through which the sorrows of the poor were alleviated by the generosity of the wealthy. Among the happy results of his benevolent labours may be mentioned the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in the Kent-road, and the School for the Sons of Congregational Ministers at Lewisham.

Dr. Andrew Reed was distinguished as a preacher of great power, especially on public occasions. Several of his sermons preached at "The Monthly Meetings for Prayer and a Sermon" excited a great deal of interest, and were published at the earnest request of those who had listened to them with delight. As, however, they were delivered by himself with so much well-controlled energy and feeling, they excited expectations which disappointed their hearers on seeing them in print.



I shall never forget the charge I heard him give to Mr. Miller at his ordination in the meeting-house in Old Gravel-lane, at that time frequented by several respectable Dissenting families, although now I know not what has become of it.

I have heard many charges delivered, and probably have delivered more myself than any other living Congregational minister, but I never observed such an impression produced by any charge in the course of my prolonged observation. After dinner, its publication was requested, I might say demanded, by the clamorous applause of the assembly. It was published, in compliance with that clamorous demand, but what afterwards became of it I know no more than I do of some "charges" and "introductory discourses," which I have been so foolish as to publish at the request of the hearers. Dr. Reed's own good works, not charges to other people to do theirs, remain as magnificent monuments of his philanthropy in alleviating the sorrows of human life, and promoting the comforts of the bereaved and distressed. In the Asylums of various kinds founded and fostered by him, he has left memorials of his benevolence and activity surpassing those of any other man of his age. He greatly exceeded even his predecessor in such good works, John Townsend.

I have intimated that I should notice in addition to London ministers one of the great preachers who visited the metropolis in my early years. I referred to Dr. Chalmers, who, although not one of the Congregationalists, was greatly admired by them, and exercised considerable influence over them. Many of their young ministers imitated his peculiar style of preaching, and gave their audiences long sentences and paragraphs ending in a great climax with little success, until, learning wisdom from their failures and the weariness of the people, they resumed their own manner, and were content to preach without being compared with Dr. Chalmers.

Of all the preachers I ever heard he was the most powerful, and by far the most impressive. Edward Irving, before he became wild by over-straining to produce effect, preached some wonderful sermons, but not equal to the best—I might say the worst, only none were bad—of his friend, Dr. Chalmers. I have a distinct recollection of the impressions he produced upon my memory and heart by sermons I heard him preach nearly sixty years ago. I could now give correctly, I think, the outline and much of the illustration of the sermon he preached in Surrey Chapel for the London Missionary Society in the year 1817. I can never forget it. He selected the text, "But if all prophesy, and there cometh in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all, and thus are the secrets of the heart made manifest, and falling down he will worship God, and report that God is



with you of a truth." His subject was peculiarly appropriate to a missionary service, the self-convincing and self-demonstrating power of the Gospel, without the adventitious aid of learned or elaborate discussion. In addressing the heathen, "who believe not and are unlearned," he observed, the missionary himself might not well understand the historical evidences of Christianity, while his hearers might be totally unable to comprehend them. But if the missionary told the simple tale of Christ crucified for the sinner in an earnest and affectionate manner, as a Christian missionary would love to tell it, his hearers, however unlearned or unbelieving, would understand his earnest appeal, yield in sympathy to his affectionate address, and feel the words of the speaker corresponding with the secrets of his heart.

The effect was such as I have never seen before or since produced by any preacher. At the conclusion of every one of his long paragraphs, the rapturous attention of the people was interrupted, and the interruption was both seen and heard in all parts of the chapel. The eyes of all, fixed upon him, found relief for a few moments in looking elsewhere, and the movements of the hearers all at once shifting their positions produced a strange rustling noise in the congregation. The ministers in the front seats of the gallery were in those intervals smiling or nodding their heads to their friends, as if they were unable to control their pleasant emotions. Some stood upright, and seemed ready to express their delight by audible signs if they had the opportunity. Grave old men like Dr. Bogue, who occupied his usual conspicuous place near the clock, could not restrain the expression of their excited feelings. Being near him I heard him exclaim, "Beautiful!" "wonderful!" Rowland Hill, who, at the close of the missionary sermons, usually exhorted the people to contribute liberally to the collection, could or would say scarcely anything. He seemed to have formed the most extravagant expectations of the amount of the collection, for he advised the collectors to have their hats ready, as the plates might not prove of sufficient capacity to contain the whole. That was the first time—I took good care it should not be the last—on which I heard that great preacher.

A few years later I heard him preach a more beautiful sermon, although it did not produce so much demonstration of feeling among his enraptured audience. It was at the opening of the Caledonian Church, erected in Regent-square, for the ministry of Edward Irving. The sermon was a vindication of the Presbyterian Church as settled at the Reformation and established in Scotland. His historical descriptions were wonderfully impressive. I never observed anything more beautiful than his portrait of John Knox: "Knox, our own Knox, our countryman, our great Reformer, our bright luminary!" Well worthy of being

placed by its side was his portrait of James Melville. The resemblance and the contrast between those two Scotchmen and the reformers of Germany and England, were wonderfully eloquent. After his many and able defences of the Established Church of Scotland, it must have been a severe trial of his principles and feelings to leave it ; but leave it he did under a sense of duty, and by leaving with it many of the most dear and cherished associations of his public life, he showed his honesty, his obedience to principle, his determination to do right whatever might be the consequences, to an extent which even his noble companions in his secession, much as they admired and imitated him, could not equal or even approach. Of the preachers of my early days, I can think of none equal to Dr. Thomas Chalmers, and therefore I leave this paper with his name at its close.

ROBERT HALLEY.



### THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

IN these days it is assumed that a clergyman who is raised to the Episcopate has shown some special aptitude for the duties of the office, or has rendered some great service to the Church which is deemed worthy of this high reward ; that he is an eloquent preacher or an able administrator ; that he has proved his capacity for dealing with men, though it may be in an obscure and restricted sphere, or that he has achieved that popular distinction which marks him out for promotion. What the distribution of patronage in the times of George IV., when the goodwill of a favourite marchioness counted for more than gifts or graces or eminent services, and when a Bishop who lived down to the present year, and, it must be said, fulfilled the duties of his office with conscientiousness and fair ability, owed his rise mainly to this private influence—not of the noblest kind—we learn from the Greville journals. But that mode of action certainly could not be repeated to-day ; and, so far at least as the Episcopal Bench is concerned, it may be taken for granted that personal merit is the consideration which chiefly determines the choice of those who have to select its occupants. How far royalty may interpose in the decision as to the name to be inserted in the *congé d'élire*, in virtue of which the dean and chapter of a cathedral enact a solemn farce, their participation in which must make the ears of all pious men among them tingle, is known to those only who are familiar with the secrets of the Court. It can hardly be supposed that the sovereign is passive when these personal questions arise, and yet as the Prime Minister has to accept the entire responsibility, it is certain that in most cases the choice must be his, and in every appointment that he must so far acquiesce as practically to make it his own. And in general it

must be confessed that the Minister is able to give sufficient reason. It is impossible that in the present divided state of the Establishment anyone can give universal satisfaction, for each party would fain monopolise the appointments, and is ready to complain of those given to its opponents; but, apart from these points of party difference, there is not often any reasonable objection to the nominations. Exceptions there are, and though they are few, some of them are so striking that it is impossible to understand them. The elevation of the present Bishop of London is simply a mystery to the uninitiated, and it is a singular coincidence that London-super-Mare has just as much reason to wonder as to the diocesan under which it finds itself as the metropolis itself. Chichester, indeed, is a bishopric of the second class; but the growing importance of Brighton, and the peculiar position which the Church occupies there, make it eminently desirable that its Bishop should be a man of decision and strength, and, we may add, one prepared to assert the Protestant character of the Establishment,—should, in fact, be just what the present Bishop is not.

Mr. Gladstone has often been severely assailed for his ecclesiastical appointments with an indiscriminating severity which we could not approve. He is a High Churchman, and it is not more wonderful that his ecclesiastical proclivities should have effected the exercise of his patronage than that Lord Shaftesbury's Evangelical views should have led him to use the influence which he had with Lord Palmerston to further the promotion of Evangelical divines. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, showed more breadth of view, and cannot fairly be accused of confining his favours to one party; but of all his nominations hardly one seems open to more censure than that of Archdeacon Durnford to the see of Chichester. The see had been for many years under the administration of a feeble old man, who had allowed Brighton to become the seat of the most determined and aggressive Ritualism in the country. We should have supposed, therefore, that when the see became vacant, the opportunity would have been taken to rescue the Episcopate from the condition into which it had fallen, and to appoint a prelate by whom the Romanising tendencies which had been so strongly developed in connection with the notorious St. Paul's, in West-street (whose influence was more subtle, and therefore more dangerous, than that of the little church where Mr. Purchas carried on his extraordinary performances), might be repressed with a gentle yet decided hand. If a bishop is really good for any useful purpose, there was certainly need in the Chichester diocese for a man of considerable ability and established reputation, one who knew how to rule, and would rule, in a wise spirit and for the attainment of worthy ends, and who would bring to the support of his authority the influence of an honoured name, and if possible of a dis-

tinguished career. The influence which the Ritualist clergy had won in Brighton during the incumbency of the late Mr. Wagner—whose well-known treatment of F. W. Robertson was an illustration of the character of his administration, and the spirit by which it was animated—made it essential that the new Bishop, unless he was to be a nonentity in the one important town of his diocese, should be a strong man, and one who did not sympathise in the policy which Mr. Wagner's son was carrying out with such zeal and energy, and alas ! owing partly to the favourable circumstances of the position, with such success. A statesman impressed with the peril which threatened the Protestantism of the Establishment would, we think, have felt the importance of calling in Episcopal influence in order to counteract, as far as possible, the evil that was at work, and to fortify a position so important as Brighton. He might naturally have hesitated to send a man of the Evangelical school, with strong party sympathies, lest the result might be a dangerous collision ; but a sound Protestant, of firm will, and at the same time of genial spirit, was absolutely required by the necessities of the situation. One of the worst things that could be done was to appoint a pronounced and even advanced High Churchman, without sufficient strength to assert his own position, and thus the more likely to facilitate the designs of the men of more determined purpose with whose principles he is in sympathy.

We should be sorry even to suspect that this was the idea with which Archdeacon Durnford was promoted ; but he certainly answers to this description, and he has proved himself a Bishop after the Ritualists' own heart, one of the few whom they exempt from the sweeping censures they are accustomed to pronounce, in language more forcible than polite or respectful, upon the Bench in general. They are wise in their generation, for we know not how any prelate could have served them more effectually. The late Bishop of Salisbury was a more able and eloquent exponent and a more courageous champion of their principles, but the very boldness with which he put forward the most extreme views excited public attention and naturally provoked opposition, and it was doubtful whether the party did not lose more by the intense Protestant indignation which was awakened by the spectacle of an Anglican bishop teaching Romish doctrine, and encouraging the Ritualist clergy in their Romanising crusade, than it gained by his personal influence. Assuredly in the temper of the public mind during the last two or three years, had there been a Hamilton at Chichester, with an Arthur Wagner at Brighton, hardly restrained by his own vicar, and stimulated by his Bishop, there would have been an ebullition of feeling that would not easily have been repressed. Archdeacon Durnford has produced no excitement of this kind, and is on this account all the more to be dreaded, since the weight

of his authority is not less certainly thrown into the scale of the sacerdotal reaction. If we are to have bishops of this school on the Bench we would much rather have men who are known and are understood to be its leaders. The nation would understand the significance of the appointment if a Liddon or a Pusey was promoted to a Bishopric, and receive it in a very different spirit from that with which they regarded a nomination so unexpected and apparently so innocent as that of so undistinguished a man as the Bishop of Chichester. In the one case a wholesome suspicion would be aroused, and a discussion provoked, which, though it might not cause the appointment to be reversed, would at all events stimulate that "watchful jealousy" with which all sound Protestants would observe the results, and so help to prevent some of the evil it is fitted to work. In the other, the very obscurity of the individual causes the whole subject to be summarily dismissed as having no intrinsic importance, and thus, as the event has proved, considerable mischief is wrought before the real character of the man is understood.

Archdeacon Durnford was already far advanced towards three score years and ten without having achieved any particular distinction, when suddenly, as much, we should think, to his own surprise as to that of all who were acquainted with him, he found himself designated to one of the highest offices of the Church. He had graduated, indeed, at Oxford as a first class in classics in 1826, and though such a position was won much more easily at that distant date than it is now, yet his degree is a guarantee of a certain measure of classical attainments. For five-and-twenty years he had been rector of Middleton, in Lancashire, exerting the influence of the "educated Christian gentleman" among the somewhat rough and uncultured people of his parish, respected for his personal character, understood to be a man of scholarly habits and acquirements, but little known beyond the limits of his own district. In the literary world his name was unknown, and as a preacher he had acquired no eminence. He had, no doubt, been faithful in the discharge of his parochial duties, and having been appointed Archdeacon of Manchester in 1867, had performed those "archidiaconal functions," which it is supposed have some existence, in a satisfactory manner. As much might of course be said for numbers of other good men in the Establishment who will never enjoy the dignity of an Episcopal palace, or feel the uneasiness of the head that in such times as these rests upon an Episcopal pillow. It is equally certain that there are scores of men who, if fitness for the office were the sole question to be considered, might much more properly have received promotion; and if we are asked to say why while men whose names must at once occur to our readers should have been passed over and high honour should have fallen on a well-meaning, honourable, and

worthy, but somewhat antiquated, formal, and (so far as Church matters are concerned) reactionary Archdeacon, we can only adopt the melancholy confession of a well-known public character, and say it is what "no fellow can understand."

But there is one thing to be said for the Bishop, which unfortunately—as we have seen in the course of these sketches—cannot be said for some of those who ought to have proved themselves sturdy upholders of Protestant principles: he knows his own mind, and does not shrink from carrying out his views. Weak as he seems, and as in many respects he undoubtedly is, he has taken up a decided position, and is not easily to be moved from it. In Convocation, in Parliament, in his own diocese, he is the same, and the extreme Right know that what it is possible for him to do on their behalf will be done. His arguments in their favour are not original or striking, and he has no eloquence with which to recommend them, but still he is ready to give his influence on their side, whether in the discussions of public assemblies or in the regulation of his diocese. In a time when controversy was less rife or in a position where personal energy and a noble superiority to sacerdotal tendencies were less essential, he might have made a very respectable Bishop. There is nothing in his temper or character to provoke personal antagonism, and it may perhaps seem hard to criticise severely a venerable septuagenarian, whose one fault, or rather misfortune, is that the gifts of fortune to him seem to outsiders (possibly those who know him more intimately might correct the estimate) to be in excess of his merit. Our only justification is that this is not a question of mere feeling or of personal distinction, with which, in fact, we do not concern ourselves at all, but one of ecclesiastical policy, and of policy which is pregnant with gravest issues to the religious life of this nation. Whether disestablishment come speedily or be longer delayed, it must surely ever be a point of the highest importance to the progress and freedom of the country, and still more to its Christianity, that a community which must be so numerous and influential as the Episcopal Church, including, as it does, the great proportion of the aristocracy, should be imbued with the liberal and enlightened spirit of Protestantism, instead of being dominated and enfeebled by the superstitions of priestism. Feeling this, we cannot regard with any complacency the position of the Bishop of Chichester, who, whatever his personal virtues may be, is a decided opponent of what we esteem the fundamental principles of true Protestantism.

We feel this all the more because of the power which the Public Worship Regulation Act has placed in his hands, and by means of which he can effectually frustrate the designs for which it has been professedly passed. If it really have any capacity for putting down Ritualism, there is not a town in the kingdom where it is more

needed than in Brighton. Nowhere is the evil more rampant—nowhere is the effect it produces likely to be more widespread and injurious. How much evil has been done by influences emanating from the sacerdotal centre in West-street, what seeds of error and corruption have been carried through the country by those who, coming to Brighton under circumstances that predisposed them to receive such impression, have there yielded themselves up to sacerdotal teachings, it would not be possible to calculate. A law that should effectually check the proceedings at St. Paul's and its kindred churches would vindicate its right to be regarded as an instrument for repressing Ritualism—a law that leaves Mr. Arthur Wagner and his associates untouched is not worth the parchment on which it is written as a weapon of Protestantism. But what hope is there that it will effect anything at all with Dr. Durnford as Bishop? To him this much-boasted Act entrusts a new and dangerous authority in the diocese of Chichester, and from his decrees there is no appeal. Of course there remains the cumbrous and costly machinery of the old law, which anyone who chooses to expend some thousands of pounds may put in action against a clerical delinquent. But it was the expense and consequent insufficiency of this method which led Parliament, in its burning Protestant zeal, to institute a new and more easy process. That zeal, however, was not sufficient to overcome the fear of the evils that might accrue if that was actually done which, if we were to trust loud and boastful talkers like Sir William Harcourt, it was intended to do, and the law made absolute and supreme over the whole of the clergy as over other classes, and therefore the Bishops were invested with a power by which the zeal of indiscreet partisans may be restrained, and a law-made Church preserved from the perils with which it was menaced by the impartial administration of law. A dispensing power, such as has always been refused to our kings, is given to the prelates, who can exercise it as they will. The required number of parishioners may desire to prosecute some priest in the diocese of Chichester for lighting candles, or burning incense, or wearing prohibited robes, but however clear their case, and however strong the evidence by which it is sustained, they cannot advance a step without the Bishop's sanction. Dr. Durnford may, first in his place in Convocation, exert considerable power in altering the Rubrics in a sacerdotal sense. Attempts will be made to leave the points in dispute between Ritualists and Evangelicals at least open questions, and, if they succeed, the Act from which so much is expected will exalt those whom it was intended to put down. All such proposals will have the hearty support of the Bishop of Chichester in Convocation, when the first effort to neutralise the force of the Act will be made. But failing in that, the Bishop still has his prerogative, the exercise of which may prove so useful to the Ritualists of his own diocese.



In Canterbury, priests may be impeached and condemned for the offences over which he throws his shield; but that need not, probably would not, affect his action. Though every other Bishop on the Bench should feel the necessity and justice of letting the law take its course, he remains free to act upon his own judgment. It is a strange law, but it is one which compels us to look more closely into the principles and motives of those on whom such responsibilities rest, and warrants us, as citizens, in speaking strongly of such appointments as that of Dr. Durnford.

It is long since the Bishops enjoyed so much nominal power, but the difficulty in its exercise is so great, and the responsibility attaching to it so serious, that perhaps there never was a time when a devout and peace-making divine might more reasonably hesitate to accept the office. A clear-headed, decided, and yet genial ruler, whose moderation did not mean indifference to the point at issue, or a desire to trim between contending parties, but rather an impartial judgment of the requirements of the law and a resolution to maintain it in a kindly spirit, and whose whole administration was marked by a singleness of purpose and sincere effort to do the right, might indeed render immense service to the Establishment. But a Bishop needs all these qualities—great practical wisdom, freedom from party bias, and a firm will, combined with a judicial spirit, to wield the authority entrusted to him with credit to himself or advantage to his Church. The respect paid to the office itself has sunk to a minimum just at the time when the extension of its legal power requires that it should be regarded with special respect, and we are therefore warranted in scrutinising more jealously the qualities of individual prelates. If any one was ever weak enough to suppose that consideration for their Bishops or reverence for the law would induce the Ritualists at least to moderate their proceedings, their conduct since the passing of the Act must have undeceived him. A notable illustration of their spirit has just been seen at Kennington, where a splendid church, intended to be one of the chief shrines of the system, was lately consecrated. The Bishop of Winchester, who is honestly desirous of carrying out the law, refused to consecrate until a second altar, which had been introduced into the building, was removed, but though his wishes were complied with, and the ceremonial at the morning service was so far toned down as not to incur his censure, he had the satisfaction of being told at the luncheon that the Ecclesiastical Courts would be asked to correct his decision, and that the ritual would in future be of the most elaborate kind, and the pleasurable feeling with which he listened to these insults must have been still further increased when he heard how in the pomp and circumstance of the subsequent services the new Vicar sought consolation for the re-



straints imposed upon him by the Bishop's presence. The account of the "advanced ritual," as given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the Monday following is so instructive as to the effect of the new law that we give it at length. At the Saturday's "evensong," we are told, "the two altar lights and the candles in the seven-branched candelabra on either side of the ledge above the high altar were lighted, the seven sanctuary lamps were duly burning, the candles on the super-altar in the side chapel were all lighted, and when the procession marched round the church it was headed by a cross-bearer with a large brass cross raised some ten feet high, while at intervals banners were carried. The acolytes, who in the morning, when the Bishop was present, wore plain surplices, in the evening appeared in their special dresses, consisting of a long white garment drawn in at the waist, with elaborate coloured collars standing up round their necks about three inches in depth. The service was sung by a large choir, and, at the conclusion of the offertory hymn, Mr. Elsdale retired into the vestry, where he remained for about five minutes, the congregation meanwhile standing, apparently in some doubt as to the cause of the delay in the conclusion of the service. At last, however, the vicar appeared, vested in a gorgeous cope of white satin, with an elaborate cape embroidered in gold and colours, and attended on either side by acolytes. The procession then made its way down the south aisle and back to the altar, and when the clergy and their attendants had all been grouped, facing eastward, the 'Te Deum' was sung. Yesterday morning at the choral celebration of the Holy Communion the ritual was still more advanced. The celebrant, Mr. Kempe, wore the eucharistic vestment, and stood throughout the service with his back to the congregation. At the confession it was noticeable that he still remained standing, although the rubric directs it to be said 'by one of the ministers, both he and all the people kneeling humbly upon their knees;' while another variation in accustomed usage introduced by this gentleman was in pronouncing the Benediction at the close of the service, when he said the first half of it facing the east, only turning towards the congregation at the second half, when he made the sign of the cross during its repetition. The 'Benedictus qui venit' and the 'Agnus Dei,' which were not sung on the previous day, and which, it need scarcely be said, are not to be found in the Prayer-book, were introduced in the usual places in the office. In the Prayer of Consecration, the celebrant bowed at the consecration of the elements, and when the act was completed in each case the large bell of the church was tolled three times." These are the things done in the green tree,—what will be done under the dry? Freely rendered, if Ritualism be so defiant and extreme in the diocese of an unfriendly Bishop like Dr. Harold

Browne, what may be expected under the rule of one so favourable as Dr. Durnford? The spectacle presented by some of the Brighton Churches during the Congress is the best answer. In fine, one of the most difficult problems any statesman could have to solve is how to put down Ritualism with such Bishops as his Lordship of Chichester on the bench.

The Bishop has recently been the President of the Church Congress, and it is only fair to say that, under difficult circumstances, he seems to have conducted himself with dignity, impartiality, and moderation. The charges brought against him prior to the meeting, of showing prejudices against Evangelicals in the Committee of Arrangement, were not established, and we have detected nothing in the conduct of the business to justify a suspicion of unfairness. On the other hand, we look in vain either in his inaugural address, or in any part of the proceedings, for any sign of marked ability. He appeared, indeed, what he really is, a man of the past rather than of the present, with exalted notions of Church authority and clerical prerogative—of kindly heart and good intentions, but as unfitted to deal with the difficulties of the times as he was unable to quell the fierce storms which were ever and anon burst forth in the unruly assembly over which he had to preside.

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## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

### XIII.—CAIRO TO THE WELLS OF MOSES.

OUR time in Cairo was rapidly running out, and there was still very much to be seen. For many years I had heard of the schools established by Miss Whateley, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin, and I was anxious to visit them. On Friday morning, February 28th, we called upon Miss Whateley, and had a long and interesting conversation with her. While listening to the clear, crisp, and epigrammatic sentences in which she described the people of the country and her work, I was often reminded of some of the most remarkable intellectual characteristics of her distinguished father. She went to Cairo, originally, for her health. While there she became interested in the children of the city, and ultimately determined to devote her life and property to the noble endeavour to provide for them a wholesome Christian education. The schools have assumed proportions to which her personal resources are unequal, and private friends, who know how sound and thorough the work has been, assist her in maintaining them.

The school buildings are lofty, clean, and cool, and what first impressed me, when I saw the children, was the curious fact that they seemed many shades fairer than the children running about the streets.

It was very odd ; it looked as though Miss Whateley had picked out all the boys and girls whose complexion made them most like her own countrymen and countrywomen. The real explanation was very simple : the children in the schools had had their faces washed ; the children outside had not. By the way, there is a curious custom which I noticed at Cairo, and which I may as well mention now that it occurs to me. The people have a superstitious dread of "the evil eye," and therefore they try to mar the beauty of whatever might provoke the envious and jealous looks of evil-disposed persons. For this reason they hang a dirty, ragged bush on the outside of some of the handsomest houses ; and if a mother thinks that she has an exceptionally pretty child, she sticks a black patch on its face—not to make its charms more piquant, after the fashion of the beauties in the days of Queen Anne, but to diminish their perilous perfection. The practice seems to derive some kind of analogical sanction from the theory of those good Christian people who think that the perfect sanctification of the soul in this life would be a somewhat dangerous grace, and who think that a little "black patch" must be kept on the soul in order to encourage humility ; this, however, is a digression. Of course the very plainest faces have the black patch on them quite as often as the prettiest ; it was pathetic to notice what very unattractive children seemed to their mothers too angelically beautiful to be trusted into the streets without this defence against the envy of their neighbours : every goose thinks its own gander beautiful.

But to return to Miss Whateley's school. There are about 130 boys and nearly 90 girls. The boys have five teachers, and the girls the same number. The teachers have the occasional assistance of two missionaries. In religion the children are Copts, Syrians, and Mahomedans, and are divided about equally between these three forms of faith. They are day-scholars, but when we were there a boarding-school for girls was about to be opened. The ages of the children vary between nine and fifteen. The subjects of instruction include—in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic—the English language, the French language, English history, geography, and algebra. The religious instruction, to which the parents make no objection, receives a large measure of attention. Altogether, I have rarely seen a piece of Christian work which appeared to me of a more thoroughly satisfactory kind.

In the account of our first visit to Cairo,\* I described the great Mosque of Mohammed Ali : after leaving Miss Whateley we went up to the Mosque to see a service. There were not more than four or five hundred people present ; Hassan told us that sometimes there were several thousands. The appearance of the congregation, all of them squatting on the Turkey carpets which covered the floor, was very

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\* *Congregationalist*, May, 1874.

picturesque. They chanted their prayers, and then the preacher, who stood in a pulpit twenty feet high, chanted a sermon. One of us remarked to Hassan that the preacher did not read his sermon. "No," replied the old man, laying his hand on his heart, "he have it all here!" The view of Cairo, the Nile, and the Pyramids that morning, from the outside of the Mosque, was wonderful. There seemed to be absolutely no atmosphere—nothing but pure distance, ideal space, between the eye and the remotest objects.

From the Mosque we drove to another part of the city to see the Dancing Dervishes, who live together in a kind of college or monastery. They perform their curious service every Friday afternoon. I am not sure whether I can give anything like a clear account of it, but I think that I am most likely to be successful if I transcribe, with the slightest possible change, and with no attempt to work them up into an elaborate description, the notes which I took while the service was going on.

After looking at the cells of the dervishes, we were conducted into a hall about fifty feet square, with a circular space fenced off in the centre by rails about three feet in height. There was on two sides of the building—perhaps on three—a gallery for native ladies; and we could just see their robes fluttering behind the screen which concealed them from those below. In an open gallery sat seven men with odd-looking conical brown hats: these formed the orchestra and choir; two of them played on a kind of flute or clarinet, which produced a very nasal sound; the other five sang.

About eighty spectators of various nations—all of them, with one exception, I think, foreigners and "Christians"—surrounded the rails; some sitting on benches and chairs, the rest standing. There was a suppressed whispering while we were waiting for the "service" to begin. At last the little gate into the central area was opened, and the Chief Dervish, with a green turban on his head, passed in, and was followed by fourteen others—one of them quite a lad, some of them old men. He seated himself on a strip of carpet immediately opposite the gallery occupied by the musicians. As soon as he was seated, his fourteen brethren approached him in procession, bowed to him, kissed the ground, and then took their seats in a circle. Now for my "notes" of the performance:—

(First ten minutes.) One man in the gallery sings.—Silence.—Chief Dervish utters a suppressed groan. Another man sings from a book; his singing is very nasal in tone. The Chief Dervish sinks his head on his chest, and has a look of great absorption. Four others bow their heads like their chief.

(Second ten minutes.) The two flutes in the gallery play. Chief

Dervish rises. He begins to walk round the central area; the rest follow in procession.

(Third ten minutes.) Chief Dervish returns to his carpet and stands. All the rest pass him, bow to him, and then resume their places, standing in a circle. They bow to each other. They slip off their loose outer garment and their under-dress is seen; some light, close-fitting article of dress covers the upper part of their person; round the waist is fastened a cotton "skirt," which reaches to their ankles, and is very voluminous, quite as voluminous as ladies were accustomed to wear in the crinoline days. It seemed to me that in the outer "hem" there was some heavier material. They bow to each other. A chorus in the gallery. One after another in regular succession begins to spin. Every man revolves on his own axis like the world, and also moves in an orbit round the central area, also like the world. As they spin, each man's skirt is distended into an enormous circle. The "Chancellor" \* spins best.

(Fourth ten minutes.) They all stop, and stand in circle. Re-commence spinning—the rate of rotation about sixty times in a minute. They stop after five minutes. They stand in a circle. They bow to each other several times. They recommence. Every man bows to the chief before beginning to spin. Three leave off dancing and sit down as if wearied. All stop. The "Chancellor" begins to spin again. All but three spin after him. The "Chancellor" resigns after spinning twenty minutes altogether. A few spin on for five minutes more. They resume their outer robe. Prayer by priest; a responsive cry from the rest.

From the Dancing Dervishes we intended to go to the Howling Dervishes, but were too late, and we therefore drove back to "Shepherd's."

On Saturday (March 1) we went to the Palace of Gezeereh, which lies on the west bank of the Nile, opposite Boulak. It was built by the Khedive, and is very beautiful and sumptuous. The hall and staircase are magnificent. The rooms were furnished by European upholsterers, and affect to reproduce the characteristic styles of different nations. The gardens are lovely. There are geranium hedges and beds of brilliant flowers, and the turf is kept fresh and green by continual irrigation. There is also an interesting collection of African birds and beasts.

As Saturday was the last week-day that we were to spend in Cairo, we spent more time than usual in wandering about the bazaars; though, of course, we visited them nearly every day. Bazaars are not to be

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\* One old man, with white hair, suggested to us a famous statesman at home, and we christened him in honour of Mr. Gladstone's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

described in words ; those who have never seen them must look at good paintings to learn what they are like. Even paintings fail. I was looking at one a few days ago by an artist of considerable reputation, and I missed the richness of colour which, to a European eye, gives to the more attractive bazaars one of their chief charms. There were some very clever pictures of scenes in Cairo in the Academy last year ; but in nearly all of them the artists had forgotten what Mr. Ruskin somewhere speaks of—the power of dirt.

The Cairo bazaars were the most picturesque that we saw—much more picturesque than those at Damascus. Imagine a narrow street, twelve or fourteen feet wide, with lofty houses rising on each side, of which you see nothing but blank walls, pierced with an occasional lattice. Awnings are stretched over the street for purpose of shade. The lower story of the houses towards the street is made into a row of shops ; but there is no brilliant plate-glass, for there are no windows to put it in ; nor are there polite “shop-walkers” to lead you to a counter and to hand you a chair, for most of your “shopping” is done while you stand in the street. The shop consists, for the most part, of a little platform, raised about three feet above the level of the road ; and from the floor to the ceiling it may vary in height from eight to twelve feet ; the “platform” may be twelve feet square, sometimes more, sometimes less. On this sits the shopkeeper—Arab, Turk, Copt, or Greek. Very often he is arrayed in flowing white robes and turban, and sits cross-legged smoking his hookah, or chibouque, with imperturbable gravity, until you make him understand that you would like to see his goods. Then he rises slowly and accosts you with the dignity and grace of a prince. Sometimes he is a vivacious Greek from the coasts of Asia Minor, and moves about among his goods with a cigarette in his mouth, instead of sitting gravely with the more contemplative pipe. The wares are on shelves, or hooks, all round the three inner walls. They are brought to you as you stand outside, or you are asked to step up on to the little platform and examine them. The price asked never appears to be the price which you are expected to pay. If you took the shopkeeper at his word and gave him what he demanded, you would inflict on him a double grief : first, he would lose the pleasure of a little diplomatic contest with you, which he enjoys as much as a game of chess ; secondly, he would reproach himself for being such a fool as not to have asked you double the price. There was a gentleman staying at “Shepherd’s” who told us that he was still bargaining for some articles which he had attempted to buy when he was in Cairo twelve months before. The seller was gradually sinking his price, but had not yet touched a point that seemed reasonable.

The carpet bazaar is somewhat different from the ordinary bazaars,

and to the eye of an artist is far more beautiful. It is situated in a large square court-yard ; the shops run down the square. In the walls above are windows fitted with exquisitely carved lattice-work. Persian rugs and Turkey carpets are hung all round ; bales fill the shops. If you want to buy, the merchant rolls out his goods on the stone pavement, and so completes the combination of rich, soft colours with which the place is filled. Everything is as quiet as though the people were lotus-eaters.

The goldsmiths, silversmiths, and jewellers, again, have a bazaar of another kind. There is a maze of narrow passages in a large court ; the passages are lined on both sides with the benches at which the men are working. Every bench has its blow-pipe, and the whole operation of manufacturing the dainty things you are asked to buy goes on before your face. A "safe" contains many of the finished goods ; but many of them lie about on little narrow counters, which are generally watched by women. The dirt and the crowding in this bazaar are worse than in any of the others.

There are bazaars for sweetmeats, bazaars for pipes, bazaars for red and yellow slippers, bazaars for silk, bazaars for tobacco, bazaars for brass goods, bazaars for scents—whole streets being occupied with shops of the same kind. The sweetmeat bazaar is filled with the perfume of delicious preserved fruits ; the bazaar for scent is redolent with sandal-wood and otto of roses.

Another of our entertainments was sitting just outside "Shepherd's" Hotel, and watching the people streaming up and down the stone steps, and in and out of the hall. There were dragomans of different races—Maltese, Algerines, Greeks, Arabs. They wore baggy trousers—black, purple, dark blue, and light blue ; their waistcoats were white, amber, and red ; their jackets were generally of the same colour as their trousers. Some wore the fez, some the turban. The servants were brown as a halfpenny, or black as soot, and generally wore a thin white or blue garment, which came down to the knees, leaving their muscular legs naked. The travellers lounging about were from every European country and from America. There were always several men sent up from the bazaars trying to dispose of their wares—photographs, pieces of rich velvet embroidered with gold, for jackets ; and, of course, pipes of every variety of structure and material. In the road were strings of donkeys and strings of carriages, waiting to be hired ; and occasionally, on a vacant piece of ground on the other side of the road, the camels and the tents of a few Bedouins who had come in from the desert. To people who are tired and want to be interested and amused, without having to make any exertion, no place that I have ever seen is comparable to Cairo.



On Sunday (March 2) we went in the morning to a service at the Coptic Church, and then to the English service. Later in the day we called on Miss Johnson, a Christian lady of clear vigorous sense connected with the American Mission in the city. She told us that they had 300 children in their schools, and that their Church had about sixty communicants.

At last our charming stay in Cairo had come to an end. During the last few days I had sent off a shoal of letters. We did not expect to be able to post a letter again till we reached Jerusalem; the possibility of posting letters from Mount Sinai had not occurred to us. We left Cairo on Monday (March 3), at nine o'clock in the morning. The railway does not run in a direct line, but makes a great bend to Ismailia. It struck me as odd to be skirting the land of Goshen in a first-class railway-carriage, with the familiar plate under the window informing us that the carriage was built at the "Metropolitan Carriage Works, Saltley, near Birmingham." At the stations were men selling water, which they carried in large jars, and girls selling milk in shallow basins. The girls also sold eggs, oranges, sugar-cane (a few sticks of which would make an infant-school perfectly blessed!), enormous radishes and leeks, beans, large round flat cakes of bread, and onions. When we were approaching Ismailia we ran by the side of the Fresh Water Canal for several miles; the canal brings the water of the Nile from Cairo nearly to Suez. After leaving Ismailia—about four o'clock in the afternoon—the rail ran within sight of the Suez Canal a great part of the way. It is obvious that the Desert might be cultivated. Near Ismailia the ground had been broken up and irrigated, and green crops were already growing. We reached Suez at seven o'clock.

It was quite dark, and the hotel was very full. However, Salem had telegraphed and secured us capital rooms, and we were soon seated at the dinner-table with twenty other guests. As soon as you enter the house you feel as though you were almost touching India. The servants are slight, graceful, quiet Bengalees, wearing white cotton. On the cards announcing the hour of meals at the *table d'hôte*, instead of having luncheon or *déjeuner* at twelve o'clock, you are informed that you may have "tiffin." People talk about rupees as well as francs and pounds. In the hotel there are one or two large rooms in which travellers on their way to Europe from India may obtain all kinds of articles of clothing. We were told of a gentleman who happened to drop into the sea as he was landing at Suez from one of the P. and O. vessels. He was dressed for a dinner-party, to which he had been invited on shore, and as he had no other dress suit, it seemed as though he would have to miss seeing his friends. However, he came to the hotel, and there succeeded in obtaining a dress suit, dress boots, dress shirt, white tie,



collar—everything *en règle*. And there were toys for sale, and I dare say many little children who were on their way to England, leaving their fathers and mothers behind in India, have been made happy for a time by purchases in the toy-room.

Tuesday morning (March 4)—which was to be our Passover Day—I was awake tolerably early, and going to the window of my bedroom, which looked across the Gulf, I saw the dawn reddening over the mountains of the Desert beyond, and, of course, the memorable words came to my mind at once: "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the hosts of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." (Exodus xiv. 24.)

After breakfast we went on to the flat roof of the hotel to look at the face of the surrounding country. Immediately behind the town—and lying north-west—rises El Mukkala, a mountain of inconsiderable height, the name of which recalls Migdol.\* Immediately to the south-west runs the mountain called Gebel-Attaka (about 1,500 or 2,000 feet in height), which sweeps round to a lofty headland projecting into the Gulf, and called Ras-Attaka. An extensive plain lies between the hills and the sea; but Ras-Attaka would completely cut off the possibility of any southward movement on the part of any such host as that of the Israelites. Dean Stanley thinks that Suez may be identified with Baal-Zephon, and if so, the Israelites crossed the Red Sea at a point just below the hotel. The gulf is very shallow when the tide is out. Before the canal was made it was regularly forded at low water. An "east wind" blowing fiercely from the Desert might, I suppose, have driven the shallow water back, made the bed of the sea practically "dry land" for the Israelites to pass over; and when the wind ceased the water would return in a flood. The narrative appears to imply that the great miracle was wrought by the *intensifying* of the action of natural causes.

It is necessary, however, to remember that the whole of the northern bed of the Gulf has probably been greatly changed since the Exodus. The Arab tradition places the passage five miles south of Suez, near Ras-Attaka. Some recent speculations place it further north, nearer Ismailia.† On the spot, and while recognising the unsolved questions as to the route of the Israelites from Raamses to Baal-Zephon—ques-

\* "Speak unto the children of Israel that they turn and encamp before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-Zephon." (Exodus xiv. 1.)

† I have been unable to make myself acquainted with the grounds of the new theory, which, I believe, has the sanction of Mariette-Bey, and which maintains that the water which the Israelites crossed, and in which the Egyptians were drowned, was not the Red Sea at all, but water lying on the north-east of the Delta.

tions which might perhaps be solved if the country west of the Suez Canal were carefully surveyed by competent authorities—the whole of the physical conditions of the history seemed to be satisfied by the formation of the country surrounding Suez.

The town was very crowded. A great Haj, or company of pilgrims, on their way home from Mecca, had arrived from the east on the same day that we arrived from the west. They were five hundred strong, and when we went to look about Suez the whole place seemed in possession of a race of barbarian invaders.

Salem's arrangements for starting were complete by one o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Wells was still suffering from his ankle, and instead of mounting on camels at Suez and crossing the canal at some little distance to the north, it had been arranged that camels and tents and everything except our personal luggage should be sent on to Ain Mousa (the Well of Moses) and wait for us there. A boat was engaged to take ourselves, Salem, and Hassan to a point at a short distance from the encampment. We started at one o'clock, and about three we reached a stone jetty, which has been run out a considerable distance into the sea near Ain Mousa. If the current theory concerning the point at which the Red Sea was crossed by the Israelites is the true one, we must have sailed over their very track, and below us, buried in the sands, might perhaps be found the chariots and armour of the Egyptians.

On the jetty, waiting to receive us, was the Sheikh who was to have charge of us for the next few weeks. He was a little man, but he was gorgeously arrayed. "Changes of raiment" are still common presents in these countries, and Salem had purchased a complete dress for him in Cairo, and the scarlet glory of his outer garment greatly impressed me. At the end of the jetty our riding camels were kneeling on the sand waiting for us to mount them; the tents, we were told, were about a mile and a half or a mile and three-quarters distant.

It might have been thought that we should all have been eager to see our new and strange home at once; but after we had looked at the monstrous creatures which were to carry us, we seemed to find a great deal to interest us in the neighbourhood of the landing-place. Mr. Wallis, who has a craze for getting into every fresh piece of water that he comes near, whether it be sea, lake, or river, felt bound to have a bathe. Mr. Lee became profoundly interested in picking up shells. Mr. Wells followed his example. I made a poor pretence of doing the same, but soon gave it up. What my friends were thinking about I do not know. For myself, I thought about the vast and mysterious empires of Asia, whose soil I now touched for the first time; and about the enduring effect on the history of mankind of the emancipation of the slaves who had crossed these same waters more than

three thousand years ago; and about the huge creature kneeling patiently and apparently half-asleep at the end of the jetty, and on whose back I was destined to spend a considerable part of my life for some time to come. I had failed to take the advice of a friend before I left England, who had suggested that by way of practising for camel-riding, it would be well to get a music-stool, screw up the seat as high as possible, so that it might shake about a little on its pillar, put the stool on the top of a hansom-cab, and then sit upon it, and tell the driver not to drive too fast; so that I was altogether unprepared for the new experience. However, the thing had to be done, and at last we gathered round the beasts and said we would mount. They were kneeling on the ground. An Arab held down the head of the creature while we got up on to the saddle, which is on the top of the hump; Salem gave us a lift into the seat, put our feet into the stirrups, asked us whether we were "all right," and then told us to "hold on." That "holding on" was precisely the difficulty. The animal is too huge to lift himself up at once, and so he does it in instalments. First he gets on to his fore-knees with a sudden jerk, nearly throwing you over his tail; then with a second jerk, still more violent, he gets on to his hind feet, nearly throwing you over his head; and when he has done that, his back is an inclined plane running up at an angle, perhaps, of 30 degrees; with a third jerk he gets on to his fore-feet, and the process is over. Yes, over! But I felt as though sitting somewhere between the top of the Great Pyramid and the summit of Mount Sinai.

How long that ride lasted I do not know. An Arab led me for a few minutes, holding a rope tied round the camel's mouth. Something, however, attracted the frivolous man's attention, and looking up pleasantly into my face, he threw up the rope for me to catch, and left me to my fate. While "the ship of the desert" was being piloted by the Arab, my sensations were sufficiently unpleasant, but when I was left in sole command I was greatly perplexed and troubled. How to steer I did not know, and the creature appeared to have no very definite view of its own as to the direction it should take, but staggered about in a very desultory style, and wandered away from its companions. Presently a solitary Bedouin, mounted on a swift-going dromedary, and moving along at the rate of ten miles an hour, came sweeping across the desert near me, and I began to wonder whether my beast would be fired with emulation and give chase. If so, there seemed no reason why it should stop before reaching Mount Sinai. I shouted to Salem, who was still near enough to hear me, and insisted on having a man sent to lead me. Then my only concern was to keep on my saddle, and the larger responsibilities of my position were gone. We passed an encampment of pilgrims on their way back from

Mecca, and soon—it must have been soon, although from one's experience it might have been centuries—we saw the little enclosed gardens at the Wells of Moses. As soon as we had got round the gardens we saw our tents, five of them, looking beautifully clean, and very pretty. They were made of white canvas relieved by a thin black stripe. What a gracious sight it was! In a few minutes we were among them; the servants rushed out to assist us in dismounting, and we were all safe on the ground again.

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## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

### NO. X.

WE described, in our preceding number, the kinds of animal which it was incumbent on the Jews, under the law of Moses, to offer in sacrifice; and we gave particulars of those two kinds of sacrifice which, as is apparent from the Pentateuch, were offered, either for the whole people or for private individuals. The existence of these two orders of sacrifice might, possibly, be ascertained from the study of the Written Law alone. But it requires some further light to be thrown upon that Law, by a knowledge both of its judicial interpretation and of the habits and practices of the Jewish people, to enable the student to form a definite and correct idea of the two remaining orders of sacrifice: namely, those public sacrifices which partook, to a certain extent, of the nature of a private sacrifice; and those sacrifices, incumbent on individuals, which partook, to a certain extent, of a public or national character. Much light is shed on the spirit and purport, as well as on the minute observances, of the Divine Law, by the study of these special and deeply-considered distinctions in the orders and duties of the Temple worship.

The third order, then, of sacrifices prescribed by the ancient Law, comprised those offerings which were made, after the manner of private sacrifices, but on behalf of the *Cœtus*, church, or representative body of the Jewish nation. A sacrifice of this description was rendered necessary in the case of such an erroneous decision by the Great Sanhedrin, or national senate, as should declare lawful something essentially unlawful. If such a decision were given wittingly, or of set purpose, it incurred the penalty of death; although, in the case of the Supreme Court, it was rather from the direct interposition of the Divine judgment than from any human tribunal that the doom was to be feared. In case of error from ignorance, an appropriate sacrifice was required for expiation of the offence. If the Second Sanhedrin, or the local or tribal courts,

obeyed a decree issued in error by the Great Sanhedrin, a sin-offering was rendered necessary. It is explained, in the treatise Horaioth of the Mishna, that this offering had to be made, severally, by each tribe that had offended.

In case of idolatry, the proper sacrifice was that of a bullock in holocaust, or whole burnt-offering, with a he-goat as a sin-offering; and the goat was to be burned in the same manner as the goat on the Day of Expiation, under the title of the goat of Aboda Sara.

In case of any error on the part of the Sanhedrin, not involving the question of idolatry, the prescribed sacrifice was that of a bullock, as a sin-offering; which was called either *juvencus pro re occultâ cœtus*, or *juvencus qui venit pro omnibus preceptis*.<sup>\*</sup> As in the former case, this sacrifice was incumbent on each tribe separately, and the flesh of the bullock was to be burned in the same manner as that prescribed for the goat. The original injunctions are to be found in the Books of Leviticus and of Numbers.<sup>†</sup> This sacrifice resembled those of private individuals, in not superseding the sabbath, or causing pollution.

The fourth genus of sacrifices contained those which, although offered by private individuals, have the character of public sacrifices; in so far that they supersede the Sabbath, and the regulations as to uncleanness. Such was the paschal lamb, which was to be slaughtered on the 14th of Nisan by every Israelite. Such were the bullock in expiation and the ram in holocaust, which were offered by the High Priest on the tenth day of Tisri. This is consistent with the general rule that the sacrifice of which the time is fixed, supersedes the Sabbath. And the remark is important, as showing how the later rules as to the incidence of festivals, which have caused so much controversy with regard to the chronology of the Gospels, are not only of modern introduction, but are distinctly opposed to that careful observance of the actual appearance of the moon by which, during the whole time of the standing of the Temple, the days of fast and festival were regulated.

Maimonides points out, at the close of his preface to the *Codex de Sacrificiis*, that no female animal was offered in any public sacrifice, or sacrifice partaking of a public character. The flesh of no sin-offering was burnt, with the exception of that of the goat on the Day of Expiation, of the goat offered for idolatry, and of the bullock *pro re occultâ*. In all other sacrifices of this nature, the flesh was eaten by the male priests. On the other hand, all private sacrifices, with three exceptions, consisted of female animals. The exceptions were, the he-goat offered by the king, if he erred in any capital offence; the bullock *pro omnibus preceptis*,<sup>‡</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> "Bullock for the hidden matter of the Church," or "bullock which comes for all precepts."

<sup>†</sup> Levit. iv. 13; Numb. xv. 24.

<sup>‡</sup> Lev. iv. 2.

offered by the Messiah or anointed priest; and the bull of the Day of Expiation. Nor was the flesh of any private sacrifice burned, with the exceptions of the bull *pro omnibus preceptis*, and the bull of the Day of Expiation. In all other instances it was eaten. No sheep or lamb was offered in expiatory sacrifices for the congregation; no goat was offered in holocaust; no animal of the ox tribe was offered for any private sacrifice, with the exception of the two bulls previously specified, the flesh of which was burned.

The foregoing are all the victims prescribed by the ancient Law, and comprehended under the name Zebahim, which we translate sacrifice, but which involves the primary idea of slaughter. It must be noted that no victim could be offered which was blemished; \* that no priest who was blemished could offer sacrifice; † and that no sacrifice was legal unless it was offered by day. ‡ Finally, no sacrifice could be offered, except in the appointed place where the sanctuary stood. § And since the erection of the Temple upon Mount Moriah and the designation of that spot as the place of the altar, no sacrifice can be offered to God out of Jerusalem, where Mount Moriah stands. || It will appear further on, that one victim, and one alone, was slaughtered out of the Temple. That was the red heifer; which was led from the Temple, over a bridge specially constructed for the purpose, to the Mount of Olives, and there slain and burnt on the summit of the mountain, directly opposite the great eastern gate of the Temple. But the red heifer sacrifice was more properly a purificatory rite than an offering to God. It was slain in order to obtain its ashes for the making of the water of purification, on which the legality of the entire ritual depended. It was thus rather an apparent than a virtual exception to the general rule.

In the case of the sacrifice of Elijah, offered on the lofty ridge which still bears the name of the prophet, occurred one of those temporary and special exceptions to the general rule of law, which was held by the Oral Law to be within the competence of a divinely-attested prophet to prescribe.

The minor details which compose the body of the treatise *De Sacrificiis* are extremely minute. For each of the rules we have enumerated, direct authority can be cited from the Pentateuch. It may be noted, from our own point of view, that the sacrifices fall into three main groups. (1) The holocausts, which may be considered to be of the nature of thank-offerings, as the entire victim was burned on the altar, and neither priest nor people derived any material benefit from the victim. The

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\* Lev. xxii. 20.

† Lev. xxi. 17-24.

‡ Lev. vii. 25.

§ Lev. xvii. 9.

|| Par. xxiii. 1.

cost of this kind of sacrifice was defrayed from the yearly poll tax, or from the voluntary offerings of money made in the Temple. (2) The sin-offerings were of the nature of a fine for the benefit of the priests, to whom the flesh of the victims belonged. (3) The peace-offerings were of the nature of festivals, or private feasts, the greater part of the victims being eaten by the donors, with the special provision that this was to be done at Jerusalem, a provision that applied also to the second tithes.

It would be improper to leave the subject of the slaughtered sacrifices of the ancient Law, without pointing out the broad ray of light that is shed by the Jewish doctrine, as exemplified in the daily practice of so many centuries, on questions that have long been matters of theological contention. The Stoics taught, as represented by Cicero,\* that "all crimes are of equal magnitude." The Laws of Draco applied the penalty of death to every breach. Views of the same nature are familiar to the theological student. But the Law of Moses not only defined every offence with so much exactitude that no one need remain in doubt as to the character of any action, or omission of action, which he committed; but annexed different and graduated penalties to each breach of precept. Constructive or inferential crime was unknown to the code. Every offence was specified; and each offence had its appropriate punishment.

Nothing was considered to be deserving of blame in a Jew that did not involve the breach of one of the 613 positive or negative precepts which are contained in the Books of Moses. Of these, thirty-six were capital crimes. If committed of set purpose, and before, at the least, two witnesses, they were to be visited by the punishment of death, inflicted by the sentence either of the Senate, or of the *Coetus*, or church of twenty-three judges. If committed inadvertently, they required a sin-offering from the offender, with three exceptions: if committed without witness, so as to be free from human pursuit, it was expected that the Divine judgment would be inflicted by the death of the criminal within the year. But if this did not take place, and the offender survived the great annual Day of Expiation, all sins against God were blotted out by the sacrifice of that day, although each Israelite was still bound by any obligation he had incurred towards his neighbour. God's pardon attended the performance of the rite of the annual expiation for the whole people. But the pardon of an injured brother was to be sought, of his lips if alive, and at his tomb if dead, according to prescribed rules, before the benefit of the annual atonement could be claimed, on this point, by the offender. It was thus of the very essence of the Law to teach that he who brought his sacrifice to the altar, and there remem-

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\* "Pro L. Murena," xxx.



bered that his brother had aught against him, should leave his gift before the altar, and go and be reconciled to his brother, and then return and offer his sacrifice.

In this rule we see the origin of that distinction which the Church of Rome has long made between mortal and venial sins. It is unnecessary now to compare the seven crimes, or rather genera of crime, which Papal theologians rank, under the former category, as the seven deadly sins, with the thirty-six specific capital offences denounced by the ancient Law. We are only pointing out the fact that the legislation of Moses gave its full sanction to the principle of gradation of criminality. The consequence, as concerned the peace of conscience of the subjects of the Law, of the distinctness of the prohibitions, was of primary importance.

The distinction, however, does not stop here. Many volumes have been written on the subject of what has been called the unpardonable sin, or the sin against the Holy Ghost. To this such an expression as *ἔστιν ἁμαρτία οὐ πρὸς θάνατον*\* does not refer, as that is a simple statement of a well-known law. But the words "there remains not a sin-offering,"† in the case of wilful offence, or of what the Mishnic doctors call offence *de industria*, has been thought to imply a more fearful menace; although the expression following, *ἀθετήσας τὸν νόμον Μωσέως*, shows that the provisions detailed in the treatise Kerithoth are those to which the writer is making reference. The language used in the twelfth chapter of Matthew‡ goes a step farther. It refers to the *ἄφεσις*, remission, or putting away, of all sin, but that of blasphemy of the Holy Spirit, or Divine Majesty. This is in exact accordance with the Law. There were three crimes, and only three (of a capital nature), for which no sin-offering was admissible. And although it might seem, at first, as if it was inexplicable that the neglect of a ceremony should be placed on the same level as the open blasphemy of the Divine Name, the reason of this provision becomes clear when we reflect that the essential element of the crime in each case was the same, namely the open denial of God. Blasphemy of every kind was pardonable, with the one exception of uttering the Sacred Name, the mysterious *Tetra-grammaton*, which was pronounced only by the High Priest at the appointed time on the Day of Atonement, and which even then, though pronounced so loud that it could be heard on Mount Olivet, R. Akiba says he had remarked to be so uttered as to be rather a sound than a word. For this crime, as well as for that neglect of the duty of circumcising a child, or of removing leaven before Passover, which could not be committed in ignorance or inadvertence, no offering for sin could be made. The offender would remain, in the language of the Epistle to the

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\* John i. 16.

† Heb. x. 26.

‡ Matt. xii. 31-32.



Hebrews, under a "fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation;" nor did the Law hold out any remedy for the crime, unless the return of the Day of Expiation should occur before the death of the offender. If the blasphemy was attested by two witnesses, the penalty was stoning to death; but it was the doctrine of the Law that the undergoing of this penalty was a satisfaction for the offence, and that the culprit would inherit the future life which was promised to the just. If the crime was unwitnessed, as before observed, it neither received human punishment nor admitted of expiation by a private sin-offering. It was the expectation of the time that the offender would be struck with death by Divine interposition; and he would remain under the terror of that expectation until the ensuing Day of Atonement blotted out all the sins of the year that had passed.

It may be urged, by some persons, that the above was not the true and exact meaning of the original Law given by Moses, and contained in the Pentateuch. Although it is usually hard to establish a negative, yet it must be admitted that those who reject, with the Sadducees, the Oral Law, may here raise a question which it is difficult to solve. But, fortunately, its solution is not in point, according to the view of the subject which we here take. We are not entering into any theological argument, or intimating any opinion as to the deductions which are to be made from the provisions of the Law. We only insist that a knowledge of the meaning which the words of Christ, His Evangelists, and Apostles would naturally convey to the hearers, is a necessary preliminary to their true understanding. That meaning depended, not on the original sense or force of the Pentateuch, but on the actual and living Law which regulated the whole activities, ceremonial and judicial, of the period in question. As to that, happily, there is no doubt. We can trace, step by step, the history of all those points which, from the time of Simon the Just to that of the final destruction of the Jewish polity by the capture of Bithur, in the reign of Adrian, were debated among the doctors of the Law. We can, with equal certitude, distinguish those as to which there was no dispute. On this knowledge, which admits of unusual detail, as well as of great precision, depends the right understanding of all the ethical teaching of Christ. To understand His comments on the practice of the Law, we require to know, not what was held to be binding a thousand years before, but what was the actual jurisprudence of the time. It is as to that alone that we now speak, and speak in possession of an amount of evidence which it is impossible to gainsay.

Intimately connected with this portion of the Law, as regarded offences to be expiated only by death, was the accusation brought by the high priest Caiaphas against Jesus Christ. The laws by which the Great

Sanhedrin was bound were not only precise, but just and merciful. The rules for the examination of witnesses apart, and for the comparison of their testimony, were intended to defend the accused from suborned evidence. In this instance their efficacy was shown ; since, according to the concurrent testimony of the Evangelists, the prosecution, to use our own forensic language, appears to have broken down. The direct charge is not distinctly stated ; but from knowledge of the special classes of offences that came under the cognisance of the Great Sanhedrin, as distinguished from the *Cœtus*, or second court of twenty-three judges, we must infer that the accusation was that of being a false prophet. The only witness recorded, that of the saying as to the raising up of the Temple, was insufficient to support the charge. On being called on by Caiaphas for a defence, Jesus (as before remarked with reference to His accusation before the procurator) was silent ; a tacit assertion of His claim to the royal dignity. The High Priest then, whether in actual perplexity or not we can only conjecture, appealed to Him in a solemn form, which no Jew could refuse to obey, to state before the Council whether he were the Messiah or no. The Gospel of St. Mark is the most instructive as to what followed. The words "I am," in Hebrew or Aramaic, so closely resemble the Ineffable Name, that the High Priest might well believe that it had been pronounced by Jesus. The alternative is more frightful, that, knowing the sense of the reply, he perverted it to the Council. In either case no alternative remained ; the doom of death was inevitable after such a declaration by the High Priest, attested by the prescribed formality of rending his robe. The Roman\* procurator, indeed, would take no cognisance of what he regarded as a matter of Jewish superstition. The power of life and death had been taken from the Great Sanhedrin, as we learn from the Mishna, in or about that very year. The lesser crimes, such as murder, with which the *Cœtus* had power to deal, were definite and tangible in the eyes of the law-abiding Romans ; but for the mystic offences reserved for the higher court, the practical and ordinarily just rule of Rome would not allow the punishment of death to be inflicted. The accusation which the chief priests urged before Pilate was one of sedition, in order to come within the range of the Roman jurisprudence. But the decision of the Sanhedrin was on a totally different charge, and was enforced by the words of Joseph Caiaphas, "Ye have heard His blasphemy." The rending of the robe of the High Priest was a solemnity, specially enjoined by the Law, on the substantiation of a charge of pronouncing the *Tetragrammaton*, or sacred Name, which was the only technical infringement of the fourth commandment of the decalogue.

## THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

"I BELIEVE in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the *Forgiveness of Sins*, the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting." If we arrest this train of familiar phrases in the course of repetition and consider them one by one, we may find ourselves for a moment wondering how it was that such an item of belief as the Forgiveness of Sins should ever have been co-ordinated with others that are so purely matters of revelation. Did anyone ever deny the possibility of sins being forgiven? Perhaps not, and yet it would not be difficult to find abundant reasons and analogies to sustain such a despairing position. To many, no doubt, forgiveness, whether in God or man, seems the simplest, easiest thing possible; but this is because they have never considered what is necessary to make it real. It is easy indeed to say: "Thy sins are forgiven thee," when credulity waits on assumption, or when a man desires to rid himself of an offender; but to make forgiveness a fact in the moral history of a man is at least as hard an achievement as to cure him of a palsy. Five minutes consideration will convince anyone that there is a great deal of confused thought current on this subject, yet it is the key to the truth about Christ's atonement and much more. Perhaps the following analysis may help to elucidate it.

We may safely start with the assumption that Divine forgiveness is something analogous to human forgiveness, that when God forgives us our sins there is a similar act on His part to our forgiveness of a fellow-man. In any revelation to man it must be a postulate that it shall speak the language of his own heart and conscience. Now what takes place when we forgive another a wrong? Your intimate friend, under some fancied provocation, goes into a passion, throws into your teeth a confession of weakness you once confided to him, taunts and insults you. The next day, he comes and tells you that he is sorry, that he hates himself for what he has said, and implores you to forget it, so that his conduct may make no lasting breach in your mutual friendship. Touched to see him so humbled, you forgive him and promise to think no more of it. Take another case. You detect a servant, whom you have trusted for years, in an act of dishonesty. He makes a full confession, pleads peculiar temptation, and promises that his first breach of trust shall be his last. You forgive him and agree to retain him in your service, promising, as in the other case, to think no more of it. Now, in view of these cases, would it be right to say that true forgiveness obliterates all the consequences of wrong and regards the offender as though his offence had never been committed? This is what you

aim to do when you forgive a person, but do you ever fully succeed? You try to regard the friend who insulted you as though you had never suffered from his infirmity of temper, you try to trust your servant as you used to do before you discovered his fraud. But is there not a difference? Although you carefully guard against allowing them to see any alteration in your former treatment of them, can you feel towards them precisely as you would had they never wronged you? You cannot; it is not in your power to forgive in this complete sense. You can forego any penalty, abstain from showing any resentment, guard against any alteration in your manner, brush away any suspicions that arise in your mind, in short, do anything that depends upon your own will, but you cannot restore to them their forfeited character. However anxious you may be to regard them as you were wont to do, you cannot give them what they have lost. This they must win back themselves, and then, when time and circumstances have tested it, your old confidence will return.

If now we state the results of this experience in general terms, will it not be right to say, that in forgiving anyone we forego the penalty which it is in our power to inflict or withhold, but the indirect penalty—the loss of confidence which follows the fault, this we cannot annul? We can restore at once the relationship which the offence disturbed, but the feelings growing out of that relationship can only be fully restored as confidence is created that the offence will never be repeated.

This analysis may throw a little light on the nature of Divine forgiveness. The distinction drawn between the direct and indirect penalties of wrong-doing holds here with even greater force. Let a man be convicted of sin by his own conscience and the revealed law of God, and immediately the penalties of sin begin to work in his mind. He feels that God is displeased with him, that His law condemns him, and that he has incurred the penalty of death. His transgression has placed him in antagonism with God, who is holy and just, and he is sensible of alienation from Him. But more than this, his act or acts of sin have made him prone to sin again. The law of habit has caught him in its toils, and he finds himself weaker in temptation than he was before. At the same time all his motives to obedience are weakened: he cannot undo the past, tears cannot obliterate its guilt, and the only reason he can urge why God should forgive is that without forgiveness he will be sure to sin more. If in his inward mind there is any right disposition towards the law of God, he will be ready to cry: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Are there not here both direct and indirect penalties of sin? God's displeasure, the penalty of death, and the sense of guilt and alienation which the apprehension of these creates in the offender's mind—these

are the direct penalties of sin. They point to a rupture of his filial relations with God. These penalties can be foregone at once. God can lay aside His displeasure, declare him free from condemnation, and then, if the fact of his justification be conveyed to the man's mind, his sense of guilt and consequent alienation will vanish and he will have peace with God. The same end will be answered by an authoritative general promise which faith can grasp and apply to the soul's relief. But the indirect penalty of sin, inflicted under the law of habit, the sinfulness of nature which has been contracted, God cannot obliterate this at once without violating the man's mental and moral constitution. All He can do is to put into him the spring of a new motive on the side of holiness, "the expulsive power of a new affection," a filial spirit, which again, working under the law of habit, may build up a righteous character upon the ruins of the old.

Here the objection naturally arises: Then God's forgiveness is not complete; it does not annihilate all the consequences of sin; He cannot regard us as though we had never sinned. Terrible as it appears, the objection must be accepted. He cannot. It is impossible that He should have the same confidence in *us* which He has in the holy angels or in the spirits of just men made perfect. This confidence has to be won. The complete forgiveness which regards us as though we had never sinned, is reserved for that day when we also shall be made perfect. It is only in Christ Jesus, as members of His mystical body and partakers of His Spirit, and through a foresight of what we shall become when perfectly conformed to His image, that we are spoken of as "holy and without blame before Him in love." We are "accepted in the Beloved" and only in Him. The forgiveness, "without money and without price," which is offered us in the Gospel is simply the restoration of our broken relationship to God with its accompanying gift of His Holy Spirit, who finds a door of entrance to our souls through our returning faith. This forgiveness is revealed in the characteristic promise of the Gospel. Faith alone can assure us that we have it. Faith says, God has promised forgiveness to all who repent and unfeignedly believe His message of mercy; I repent of my sins; I hate myself for them; I am grieved to think how I have offended God; I am resolved to forsake every known sin; and I cling to the pledge of Divine mercy, the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord, as my only but all-sufficient hope. The consciousness that we do thus repent and trust in God's mercy warrants the conclusion that "there is now no condemnation" for us, and so we obtain "peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

This conclusion is confirmed by the experience of repentance and trust in God. Yearning after God in prayer, anxiety to be at peace with Him, the tender sorrows of a broken spirit—what are these but the first

motions of the Spirit of Life making us free from the law of sin and death? Every renewal of our desire to please God, every sorrow for our failures, every movement of the soul towards Him is a proof that we are forgiven, for these experiences are the work of His Spirit. And it is "because we are sons," restored by forgiveness to our forfeited relationship, that "God sends forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts." Moreover, the Spirit thus given often brings with Him such a persuasion of God's love, not only showing us the things of Christ, but so sweetly convincing us of our personal interest in them, that we taste "a joy unspeakable and full of glory."

This view of the forgiveness of sins harmonises with all the representations given us of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, no less than with the facts of our own experience. We do not find, in fact, that any of the consequences of our sins, which arise out of the constitution of our nature or the constitution of society, are obliterated by God's present forgiveness. Some truly holy men suffer them to the end of their days. We all do, more or less. We shall not be entirely free from them until, through the sanctification of our nature, we win back the entire confidence of man and God. Further, forgiveness, considered as the remission of a direct penalty and the restoration of a broken relationship, is just what may conceivably be granted us for the sake of another.

In Ephes. i. 7, the Forgiveness of Sins is spoken of as at least the capital part of our redemption through the blood of Christ. Christ found men in a terrible bondage. The direct penalty of sin which was designed to deter men from evil had become, in their state of actual guilt, a rivet to fasten its chains upon them. (Heb. ii. 15). The law of habit, which should have confirmed them in holiness, was making them exceeding sinful. Some way had to be found whereby God could righteously annul the penalty, or take away its sting, without stultifying Himself for having pronounced it. If the end of the law and its sanction was to be reached, it must be by another path, starting from the fact of transgression. Such "a new and living way into the holiest of all Christ inaugurated for us through the veil of His flesh." That community of interests between God and man which sin had interrupted He restored. This was accomplished by His taking our nature, with all its responsibilities, sufferings and sorrows, and carrying His obedience to the Divine will and His participation in our miseries to an acceptance of the direct penalty of sin, by dying upon the cross. Thus, as the Son of Man and new Head of mankind, He retracted the rebellion of Eden. The sacrifice He offered to God was the heart of a man, the willing obedience of one whose sympathies were wide enough to embrace all his brethren, and who, in the scope of His charity, had already become

the servant of all. This was a true atonement. It restored the broken link between our fallen race and the Father, put new bands and cords of love at the disposal of the Divine Spirit, and so opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. In view of this act of unexampled obedience and love, from one who was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, God could annul the penalty which He had inflicted on our race, or at least take away its sting. For believers, death—to use a fine saying of the Rabbis—is only the kiss of God. By becoming one with His Son through faith, one in sympathy and aims, they step into a restored relationship which must eventually bear fruit in a corresponding change of character. There is no fiction in God's treating them as His children and absolving them from the direct penalties of sin while they are still full of moral failing. We ourselves constantly forgive in this way those who have offended us, in hope of winning them to a better life and building up in them a new character ; but we only give them our full confidence when we see that forgiveness leads to alteration of conduct.

The fact that God's forgiveness is granted us on grounds altogether out of us, for Christ's sake, is a great encouragement to trust in His mercy. As long as our hope of His favour is built on anything in ourselves, it must be fluctuating and liable to break down. But if we only grasp the fact that the reason why God approaches us with the offer of mercy is found in the atonement of His Son, perfected before we were born, and of everlasting efficacy ; if we only see that atonement in its true character as a revelation of righteousness and love, we shall feel that our hope of acceptance rests on the surest of all foundations—the unchangeable character of a God “whose property it is ever to have mercy and forgive.”

L. S. REDSHAW.

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### ON SEEING MEN AS TREES WALKING.

“I SEE men as trees walking;”—so said the blind man, at the first touch of our Lord. The saying expresses, with too much of truth, our estimates of others. We think we see them clearly ; that we read their characters, note their imperfections, know their secret-springs of motive and feeling ; that we can sum them up, and record them as in a book ; that we may safely take this estimate as the rule of our personal conduct towards them, and of our actions in matters in which they, jointly with ourselves, are concerned. That we do not always know ourselves is admitted : the most self-searching man finds, on occasion, something in his own character or nature to surprise and even to startle himself, as if he had suddenly come face to face with a stranger.



The brave man detects an unusual timidity, the coward finds himself brave, the strong man falters, the weak man hardens into iron ; he who is most confident of an opinion feels sometimes that what he believes the strongest may be untrue ; the man whose habit it is to doubt sees the truth written for him in characters of light, so clear and plain that, whatever comes, he must follow it. Yet, strangely enough, though we recognise these changes in ourselves, and therefore distrust our self-judgment, we seldom doubt our judgment of others. Each man sees himself as in a glass, darkly ; but he seems to see his neighbour or his friend in the fierce light of the sun. It is a fancy, a delusion, an idea born of self-conceit ; an overweening confidence in our own judgment ; a too fond tribute to our faculty of penetration. While we think we see men thoroughly, inside and out, from head to foot, knowing each lineament of mental character as we trace each feature of the body, we do in truth see only part, and that often the least : some exaggerated quality that misleads us as to the rest ; some habit that seems to govern, and yet may be but a trick with no meaning ; some motive that appears to be always uppermost, and yet which may have but a limited range, or may be set aside at will. We are, indeed, but as the blind half restored to sight : we see men as trees walking—distorted in form, magnified in proportion, cumbrous in movement, undefined in outline. It is the rude exterior alone that we are capable of noting—the general mass, the great branches, the thick clusters of leaves, the gnarled trunk, the rough bark. Beneath we see nothing, except what we put there by our own fancy. But, though in the state of the half-cured blind man, we lack his candour. He saw only a general form, and said so ; we see no more, but say that we see and know all that may be known, and more.

There are people who pride themselves upon what they call an intuitive perception of character. They read a man through and through at first sight, and so note him down in the tablets of the mind, fixed, definite, positive, settled for ever after. Such people often pride themselves, again, upon never changing their judgments. "I have never been mistaken," says such an one ; "First impressions may always be trusted," says another. If a painter were to trust to a first sketch, they would condemn him ; he must revise and correct, refer again to nature, smooth a false outline, fill up a blank, put in new lights, soften shadows, touch the colour with brightness in one place and tone it down in another ; in a word, by long study, close observation, patient labour, touch upon touch, stroke upon stroke, he must make the sketch into a picture—correcting, combining, harmonising, and so bringing the whole into its true proportions, and giving it just effect. But those who would thus direct the painter, and would condemn him if he showed his crude first study as a perfect work, never think of using the same rule



for themselves. To judge a man accurately is an infinitely greater work than to realise a scene in nature, yet while the one requires the education of a lifetime, the other is attempted, and in imagination compassed, in a moment, and this by people who have no special gift of perception, whose capacity for ordinary affairs is limited, whose judgment of common things is dull, and who have to confess, with shame and sadness, that they do not know themselves.

Rochefoucauld insists that self-love—vanity, or conceit—is the secret spring with all of us : that we see everything through this medium ; that all objects are modelled upon it. Waiving the general truth of the assertion, is it not true of this matter of intuitive judgment ? We flatter ourselves with the notion of superior penetration, of quickness in seizing upon points of character, of a special faculty of generalisation. When we judge a man, we are above him ; he is passive, we active ; he open to minute analysis, we competent to probe and weigh him ; he fixed and immovable, seen as full, and clear, and motionless as the landscape is revealed to us by a flash of lightning—we rapid, mobile, observant, quick beyond nature, masters for the moment of all the keys of knowledge, endued with a magical power of noting every feature, down to the least detail, as if by some process of instantaneous mental photography. Self-conceit is at the bottom of such judgments, when we come to examine them. We are always ready to pay a willing tribute to our own power of discrimination. More than this, in the estimate of others we too commonly, though often unconsciously, reflect ourselves. Given a general self-resemblance in the man whose character we are estimating, and we invest him with qualities, or attribute to him defects, which lie imbedded in our own characters, though sometimes—until occasion calls them out—unknown even to ourselves. We do this with a curious kind of exaggeration, which again springs from self-love. Physical life supplies an illustration. A man seems to be in health, he eats, drinks, sleeps as usual, goes through his business, takes his customary amusements, sustains all the ordinary relations of life without seeming effort, and yet all the while is half conscious of deficient force, of a sort of malaise that is indefinite, that cannot be traced to any particular cause, that has no marked symptom. It is so in the mental life : here, as in the other, is an undisclosed, perhaps unsuspected deficiency,—a want of quickness, perhaps ; may be a dulness of sympathy, or an unconscious loss or absence of some higher quality of mind or heart. We may trace these defects in ourselves by the keenness with which we see them in others. Without knowing it, we use a friend as a sort of mental looking-glass. Take selfishness as a test. There is latent in a man's own mind a love of money—unknown, it may be, or imperfectly manifested because circumstances have not led to its development. He feels the

defect without knowing it, just as the man in seeming physical health feels the depression of vital force, without recognising it for what it really is. Looking at his friend, the man afflicted with latent selfishness perceives the reflection of his own image, and enlarges it into a characteristic. It is the same with pride, or passion, or hardness, or want of sympathy. The clearness with which we see these defects in those about us, should teach us to look for them in our own characters. We set down a man, off hand, as proud ; something he says or does, a chance word or a look is enough, wounds our self-regard : the root of our depreciatory judgment of him is latent conceit in ourselves. His defect is proneness to anger on slight provocation—he “cannot bear to be spoken to ;”—this is often a reflected exaggeration of petulance and impatience on our own part. He is deficient in sympathy with our feelings or pursuits ; we wonder that his own tastes differ from ours, we shrink from the hardness of his touch, his coldness freezes us. Again, self-love : we are absorbed in ourselves, to the exclusion of what concerns others—it is our own want of sympathy, or hardness, or iciness that reflect themselves in the characters of our friends.

Of course, a general appreciation of character is possible, and may be formed without difficulty, and with a reasonable approach to truthfulness. It is when we insist upon making a minute analysis, or upon laying down a fixed rule, that we go so terribly wrong. The most impartial and most careful estimate is open to the widest correction, and to exceptions which may at any moment render it valueless. No man perfectly knows himself : how can he know others ? His own family, with whom he lives in daily familiar and confidential intercourse, are for the most part sealed books to him ; how, then, can he read with exactness the hearts and minds of those whom he sees only in the less unrestrained intimacy of friendship, or those whom he meets as ordinary acquaintances, or strangers ? Yet there are plenty of people who will read you off the character of a stranger, as if it were written down for them in a book. They get one glance, and know all. Half blind, they see men as trees walking, and straightway name the kind, describe the characteristics, and trace the growth, from seed to sapling, to maturity, to foliage, flower, fruit, and seed again. It is not intuitive skill that enables them ; it is a delusion springing from shallow self-conceit. It is all “I know” with them, when they are ignorant ; or “I see” when they are in the dark ; or “I am on firm ground,” while they flounder in a muddy ditch. Let a man who thinks he knows and sees with this rapid glance, take the trouble of putting to himself a test question. He will give you the full character of some one he knows ; let him try to remember a personal trait, and see what comes of it. The writer does not pretend to be wiser than his readers ; he has only learnt to be distrustful of him-

self. He once thought he had this gift of reading character at a glance: many mistakes, some laughable, some serious, prove to him that in his own case it does not exist, and lead him to believe that other people, who also suppose themselves to be thus gifted, may be equally in error. An incident—a trifling one, but full of instruction—will convey his meaning. While thinking of this essay, he passed the house of a friend whom he had known for twenty years, and whom he saw often. Suddenly there came into his mind the question: "Does Mr. So-and-so wear spectacles?" Though blessed with a good memory, he could not answer it; he could recall the face, the figure, the walk and bearing of his friend, his dress, the tones of his voice, but the spectacles presented an insoluble difficulty. Sometimes he thought he saw them; then he doubted—and to the time of writing, the wearing of spectacles or not remains an open question. "Now," said the writer to himself, "if I had been asked to give an account of my friend's character, his mental qualities, his ways of thought, his tastes and sympathies, the manner in which he would act in any probable circumstances, I should have done it without hesitation. His good qualities and his failings, his weakness and strength, seem very clear to me; I could make an analytical estimate of the man; and yet I cannot remember whether or not he wears spectacles. If his life or mine depended upon the answer, I dare not give it, for I should be as likely to be wrong as to be right." It seems to the writer that this incident carries with it an obvious moral. If it is a matter of such extreme difficulty to recall an external feature, how can it be possible with safety to venture upon a positive exposition of the subtleties of a man's character, to explain his motives, to trace the hidden springs of his conduct, to lay bare the workings of his mind and the secrets of his heart?

This faculty which most of us fancy that we possess—this intuitive power of reading character—does infinite mischief. Consider the mistakes it causes, and the long consequence of erroneous action founded upon them. We observe in a neighbour or in a chance acquaintance something lying upon the surface—some trick of speech or manner, an awkward brusqueness, a seeming want of consideration, a constrained look, a curious gesture even, and we straightway construct upon it a whole system of character—building it up, bit by bit, as Professor Owen re-constructed the *Dinornis*, from a single bone; though, unhappily, ours is a fanciful and arbitrary, while his was a scientific method. The result is that for years, perhaps for a lifetime, we act upon wrong impressions, and thus do injury both to the object of them and to ourselves. How many false rumours have been set afloat from an idle or conceited guess; how much pain, error, loss, injustice follow these! We set down a man as morose, while he is only serious; as unfeeling, while

he is merely cautious in the expression of sympathy ; as arrogant, or proud, while he is but reserved ; as selfish, while he is no more than prudent, or has calls upon him which we cannot know. Sometimes, as already said, we attribute to him, by unconscious intuition, bad qualities which we ourselves have in excess, or which are latent in our own characters ; sometimes, again, we impute to him defects of which we are personally dimly conscious. The worst of it is that such impressions colour our own lives. There is nothing more painful, or more intensely bitter in its effects, than the injustice of opinion ; and there is nothing, probably, that reacts more dangerously upon those who commit the error of expressing it. We ought to keep this constantly in mind ; the man who judges others hastily, and therefore wrongly, himself suffers in mind and heart almost as much as they ; for the repetition of such error begets in him inaccurate habits, undue self-reliance, an arrogant method ; he becomes filled with prejudice ; he loses that most precious of qualities, loving-kindness ; he is prone to look in others for the misconstruction which they suffer at his hands.

Many a lifelong estrangement arises in this way. We dislike a man at first sight, and avoid him in consequence ; sometimes giving a decided bias to our private or public conduct, in order to keep him out of relationship to us. Later, it may be years afterwards, something discloses the real character of the man ; he is generous, kindly, sympathetic, honest, when we thought him selfish, hard, cold, or shifty—and then we add to the original misconception the pain arising from a double sense of injustice, of error, and of loss both to ourselves and to him. Children are great sufferers from this cause ; they are commonly mistaken by would-be judges of character. Take an undemonstrative child, for instance. Shakspeare has painted it for us in *Lear*. Who does not see that Cordelia is the loving daughter, yet she is unready, slow in speech, shrinking from parading her love, ready to perform but not knowing how to fall into the glibness of promise ; and Lear hates and banishes her, only to find out his error when separation is too late. Lear is a common character in real life, and so is Cordelia ; and the fatal error of the drama is repeated in many a household. A child whose heart wells over with love is repelled, because her very depth of affection excludes the quick display of it. A mistake of this kind, begun in childhood, colours a life. The first impression remains embedded in the mind, and forms a perpetual and increasing standard of judgment, by which the relations of children and parents are governed. Shy people, again, are commonly misconstrued, and often with painful consequences. One of the best and most fluent talkers known to the writer may serve as an illustration. Amongst intimate friends, and on his peculiar subjects, no man can impart more information, with greater ease or clearness, or in a pleasanter way. You

get to love the man while you profit by his vast stores of knowledge, and reap the harvest of his original thought. Yet strangers very often reckon him as a morose, arrogant, disdainful man. He will sit in their company and not utter a word, or if he speaks, it may be with epigrammatic incisiveness, in sharp exposure of a fallacy, or contradiction of a blunder. It all comes from shyness: he is at home with friends; he is painfully shy before strangers; therefore he is commonly misconstrued, and the mistake of his character has affected him seriously in many important relations of life. Another illustration—a man of quick, ardent temperament, keenly conscious of wrong, firm and prompt in his assertion of right. By those who do not know him well, he is thought rough, offensive, dictatorial, passionate. It is a mistake: to his intimates he is known to be a man of singularly calm and fair judgment, sensitive to an extreme, feeling a slight or an injury with painful keenness, and never himself consciously inflicting either. Here it is the ardent temperament, careless of the form of expression, intent only on the purpose in hand, which causes the mistaken judgment of character; and this man, too, has bitterly suffered from impressions hastily formed by those who do not give themselves the trouble to examine. Take a third illustration, also derived from personal knowledge. A business man, devoted it seems to the mere work of money-getting—so the world reckons him; pinching, illiberal, grasping, a sort of miser, hard in his dealings, narrow in his sympathies, careless of affection. Yet all the while he has before him a great object which requires much self-control, and is based upon the finest and tenderest feelings of humanity. Suddenly he divests himself in his lifetime of his wealth, and devotes it to the object of his cherished secret thoughts. Then the world knows him; and “judges of character” begin to understand that they have been wrong. These are examples of seeing men as trees walking; taking one feature as a full index to character, magnifying it, adopting it as the general measure, viewing the whole man as an exaggerated embodiment of a single characteristic; and this itself a mistaken one.

This blundering method runs through all grades, and affects all, from the humblest to the highest. The child is estimated wrongly, and suffers injustice; the statesman has a fanciful characteristic fastened upon him, and is misrepresented through life, and in history afterwards. In private and in public, we are constantly forming inaccurate judgments of people with whom we are associated, or whom we know, either personally or by reputation. We form hasty opinions, distorted by twists, and tricks, and defects in our own characters; we act upon the impressions thus created; we do wrong and injustice, inflict pain, cause injury, diffuse false notions, disseminate “the civic slander and the spite,” send abroad—mostly without meaning it—the “lie that is half a truth,” and is therefore “the

blackest of lies," because the hardest to follow and to kill, and the widest reaching and most enduring in its consequences. But there is no wrong without a remedy, either in law or in morals. What, then, is ours? Clearer vision, for one thing. The Lord opened the eyes of the blind man, so that he no longer saw men as trees walking. Let us have patience, and wait, and ask, and He will open ours. The first and great thing is to get rid of the ingrained habit of hasty judgment; distrust of our own quick opinion and intuitive conclusions is the first step. We cannot describe visible objects accurately without close and repeated observation. Let us learn that if this is so difficult when features are plain and fixed, it must be infinitely more difficult to map out the characters of men, which can be learnt only by minute and lifelong study, and must even then be subject to correction in most important particulars. In this matter a positive opinion, quickly formed, is always to be suspected. Self-distrust in some things is a failing; here it is a virtue, and goes hand in hand with charity and humility,—graces which men desire in others, but forget, too often, to ask for themselves.



### ON ALTERING HYMNS.

**N**EARLY every new hymn-book that is issued provokes strong criticism, on the ground that the original text of many of the hymns has been tampered with. A living writer, who has written some of the best hymns in the English language, recently insisted, in a letter to a friend, that no man could possibly alter another man's hymns so as to "improve" them. The following letter is part of the reply to this theory. It may interest some people who are neither hymn writers nor editors of hymn-books:—

"You maintain that no man can improve the compositions of another "when they are living wholes—at once the utterance of his inmost soul and the elaborate work of his intellect, the combined result of his spiritual and critical powers;" and therefore you argue that "all editors of hymn-books . . . are in the wrong;" for I do not know of a single hymn-book in which all the hymns appear as they were written.

"I demur to the soundness of your principle, and if it be sound, I demur to its application.

"Language is a very difficult instrument to master, and I believe that no man can be said to be master either of his native tongue or of any other. Many men, of inferior power and knowledge, may recognise, even in great authors—poets as well as prose writers—inaccuracies which are flaws in the perfection of their work; inaccuracies which are indisputably the result of imperfect acquaintance with the idiom of the language.

"Again, accidental associations with a word sometimes invest it with a

glory to one man which it cannot have to anyone else in the world ; and it seems to me a perversity to say that because it has somehow become touched with a grace and a splendour for himself which no one else recognises, and which no one else can ever recognise, therefore the word is the truest expression of his thought. It does not *express* the thought at all ; and another man may see where the failure lies, and by a slight change may secure for the thought the voice and music which it had never had before. Can you not imagine, to take an extreme case, that a word which a father has heard from the lips of a child he has lost, may have for *him* a beauty and tenderness which no one besides may see in it ? The father might say, that for his own sake, for the sake of the associations connected with it, he wants that word to stand in his most finished and perfect piece of work ; and if this is the ground on which he keeps it there, his position is intelligible. But if he says, 'The word is the exactest expression of my thought,' the reply is obvious : 'To *you* it may be indissolubly associated with the thought, but to others it is bare of everything that invests it with significance and power.' I need not apply my illustration.

But if your principle were sound, I should contest its pertinence.

"A hymn is to be the expression of what a congregation feels, or, if you like, of what it ought to feel. It may well happen that you may utter your thought in the most admirable manner in which it can be uttered, and that when I am asked to utter it, I may say, and say with justice, 'I can't utter it just so. We must speak as well as hear in our own tongue the wonderful works of God. One man may be able to express his very deepest thought of God's tenderness, in the old Hebrew way, and may sing, 'His bowels melt with love;' but the Hebrew way is not mine. It may be just as good as the English way—it may be better ; but to me it is an impossible way. I can speak of God's heart—though in the nature of things there is no more reason why I should speak of God's heart than of His bowels ; and the time may come, or perhaps in other countries the time has come already, when His 'heart' may be as offensive to many people as 'bowels' are to me. However this may be, I can speak of the one, not of the other. Now I feel that it would be simply—well, I don't want to use a hard word, and so I will say—irrational, not to change 'bowels' into something else, if it occurred in a hymn which, on the whole, is a noble expression of reverence, and love, and trust. What I mean is, that the best in itself may be the impossible to ninety-nine men out of a hundred. When a poet writes a hymn, he writes something for other people to sing as well as himself. He must write German for Germans, Arabic for Arabs, and the kind of English possible to ordinary English people, if he writes for them. When, by any accident, there is a word or phrase in his hymns which, to ordinary English people, is as unnatural or unintelligible as Chinese to an Irishman, I think that a man who could no more write a hymn than he could fly, may mend it. I can manage to translate an ode of Horace, though I could never have written one. And, by the way, your principle would, as it seems to me, forbid translations altogether, and require us to sing David's psalms in Hebrew."



## AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

WE had become quite accustomed to see advertisements for schoolmasters who were to have charge of "National" schools, and to receive part of their salary from the Parliamentary grant for education, but who were required to play the organ at church and to teach the church choir; but that the acceptance of these ecclesiastical offices should be made the condition of appointment to the mastership of a Board School is rather a startling phenomenon. The following correspondence, however, has been handed to us, and we trust our readers throughout the country will give it their grave attention. It has already appeared, we believe, in a local newspaper:—

"The Bletchingley School Board will require a Schoolmaster and Schoolmistress (duly certificated) at Christmas next. They must be a married couple. The number of scholars (exclusive of infants) will be about 200. A moiety of the Government grant will be added to the salary. There is a comfortable dwelling-house attached to the school. Particulars, stating ages, family, qualifications, previous experience, salary required, &c. &c., to be addressed to Capt. Butler, Hon. Sec. Bletchingley, Surrey.

"N.B.—It is indispensable that the Master should be competent to act as organist, and to instruct the Church choir, for which an additional salary of £25 per annum will be paid out of a separate fund."

"SIR,—About a fortnight ago, the enclosed advertisement appeared in the *Christian World*. As a ratepayer in the parish of Bletchingley, and a Non-conformist, I should like to know whether the Education Act will admit of such an arrangement as that proposed by the School Board at Bletchingley, or whether it is not a violation of the said Act. An answer at your convenience will oblige

Yours, &c.

"J. S. HEAD.

"To Sir. F. R. Sandford."

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"Education Department, Whitehall, London, S.W.  
3rd November, 1874.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th ultimo.

"I am to ask you to state what provision of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 you think is violated by the advertisement to which you call attention.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"F. R. SANDFORD.

"To Mr. J. S. Head, Bletchingley, Reigate."



"Bletchingley, E. A. M. (Surrey).

"*To the Secretary, Education Department, Whitehall.*

"Bletchingley Board School.

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd instant, and beg to state, in reply, that although it may be difficult to show that the advertisement to which I have called your attention is a violation of express terms of the Act, nothing is easier than to show that it is a constructive violation of the Act, which, I venture to submit, equally merits reprehension with a violation of its express terms.

"The law for Board Schools, as contained in the Act of 1870, proceeds on the assumption that the management of Board Schools shall be absolutely undenominational. In the nature of the case, this ought, of course, so to be, the Board Schools being built and maintained out of the rates, which are levied without reference to religious denominations. But, to make the intention and implication of the Act on this point distinct and unmistakable, a specific Clause (xiv.) was inserted in the Act, which forbids the use of any denominational formulary in a Board School. It follows that a Board School ought to be distinctly severed from any and every denominational organisation, and to be above the suspicion of denominational management or of definite denominational influence and connection."

"The advertisement in question is a public manifesto of denominational connection and influence so far as regards the Board School in question. It is equivalent to publicly advertising that no man can be appointed a teacher of that school who will not engage to attend the services of the Church of England, and to act under the direction of the clergyman.

"I cannot anticipate that the Education Department would maintain, or would intimate any doubt, that this is not a violation of the Education Act. Common sense and public opinion would unanimously condemn it as such.

"But if it would be a violation of the Act to require a Board School teacher to be a member of the Church of England and a hired assistant of the clergyman, then must the course taken by the Bletchingley Board be a violation of the Act.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Yours, &c.

"J. S. HEAD."

"Education Department, Whitehall, London, S.W.

"5th December, 1874.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th ultimo.

"I am directed to state that their Lordships have referred the matter to which your letter relates to their legal adviser, and find that they have no power under the Elementary Education Act to interfere with the advertisement for a schoolmaster which the School Board have thought fit to issue.

"It is obvious, therefore, that their Lordships would not be justified in expressing any opinion on the subject.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"To Mr. J. S. Head, Bletchingley, Surrey.

F. R. SANDFORD."

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sanctification as a Present Definite Experience.* By a "BUSINESS MAN."  
Manchester: Tubbs & Brook.

"A BUSINESS MAN" makes no claims to literary power, but he succeeds in making his meaning clear. His little book is one of the numerous signs that a stronger faith in the sanctifying energy of Christ is rising up in many directions. The genuine utterance of any human heart to which Christ has been revealed is always invaluable.

*The Sunday-school Teacher's Pocket-book for 1874.* London: Sunday-school Union. (Price, Two Shillings and Sixpence.)

THIS is a perfect pocket-book for Sunday-school teachers. It contains all the usual information contained in a pocket-book, and also a class register, a table of the Union lessons for 1875, the "golden text" for every Sunday morning and afternoon in the year, the Jewish Calendar, and tables of Jewish weights and measures. It is an elegant and handsome little volume.

*The Other Side of Things.* By the Rev. WILLIAM TOZER. London: James Clarke & Co. (Price, Five Shillings.)

IF Mr. Tozer has given us a true account of "the other side of things," we very much prefer *this* side. The writer does not seem to have learnt that good manners are as necessary in literature as in social life. He seems to confound rudeness with sincerity, and impertinence with plainness of speech. The book shows that he is not without natural power, and we are sorry to see it so spoiled by a want of modesty and good taste.

*The Home Circle.* London: The Religious Tract Society.

AN ingenious and pretty book. It contains a text for every day in the year, and underneath it, three squares for manuscript entries. It is intended to be a Record of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.

*Plymouth Brethrenism Unveiled and Refuted.* By WILLIAM REID, D.D.  
Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co.

IF anyone wants to see all that can be said against Plymouth Brethrenism by a relentless critic, he may find what he wants in Dr. Reid's book. We confess we do not like the book. If we were inclined to Brethrenism, it would do nothing to arrest our "perversion." The quotation which is given from a writer who was once closely connected with the sect conveys a meaning which we are sure is slanderous. It speaks of the "flagrant immoralities" among them. It is probable, of course, that there are grave sins at times among the Brethren, as among every other body of Christians; but in quoting this passage, Dr. Reid appears to intend us to understand that the "Brethren" are conspicuous for gross vice. If this is what he means, it is an intolerable calumny; they are no better, morally, than other Christian people, but they are no worse.

*Ultramontanism: England's Sympathy with Germany.* Edited by the Rev. G. R. BADENOCH, LL.D. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly. (Price, Seven Shillings.)

THE controversy originated by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet invests this volume with great interest. For some time to come, English Protestants will be discussing the "Encyclical" of Pius IX., the "Syllabus," the "Vatican Decree on Infallibility." Dr. Badenoch has given the original text of these important documents, and a translation. The volume also contains a translation of the Falk Laws, and of the Supplementary Laws of the German and Prussian Parliament adopted last May. Other documents are added of immediate practical interest in relation to the controversy, such as the famous and, as we think, unfortunate "Territorial Titles" Act. We know of no similar collection of materials for the use of those who wish to form an independent judgment on the new relations between Romanism and

Protestantism created by the recent and most audacious policy of the Papacy. Of less interest, but of considerable value, are the reports of the meetings held last January in St. James's Hall and Exeter Hall, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with Germany in its struggle with Ultramontaniam, and of the speech delivered by Dr. Gneist at the meeting held in Berlin to acknowledge English sympathy. We cannot, of course, in this notice express our reasons for regarding with the gravest apprehension the policy of Prince Bismarck and his party; our present duty is simply to express our sense of the value of the collection of documents which Dr. Badenoch has brought together. We ought to add that the volume includes an Essay by Mr. Potts, of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the "History of the Papal Supremacy in England," illustrated by ancient documents.

*Decide for Christ.* By CLEMENT CLEMANCE, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price threepence.)

*Joining the Church.* By CLEMENT CLEMANCE, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price threepence.)

*Stand Up.* By CLEMENT CLEMANCE, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price twopence.)

It is very seldom that we are able to speak with unqualified approbation of such works as those that stand at the head of this notice. Many men seem to suppose that short practical manuals and appeals can be thrown off in a spare hour without very much thought; or that by slightly modifying an old sermon which had proved useful, they could produce something likely to be as effective as Mr. James's "Anxious Inquirer," or Mr. Newman Hall's "Come to Jesus." Mr. Clemance has a truer estimate of the difficulty of the task. The two little books which stand first, while distinguished for their simplicity and strictly practical character, are evidently the result of a very large amount of honest and devout labour. They are incomparably superior to most of the little books of the same sort that we happen to have seen. They contain precisely the kind of information, argument, and appeal, which a minister

wants to put into the hands of young people fifty times in a year. They are published at a low price, in paper covers, and for an additional threepence they can be had in limp cloth. The third book is an exhortation to Christian manliness.

*The Sunday-school Teacher*, No. 1. New Series, January, 1875. London: Sunday-school Union. (Price 6d.)

THE new series of this well-known magazine indicates that the editors are resolved to make it equal to the growing demands of their constituents. A magazine of this character, in which forty pages are given for twopence, ought to have a large circulation.

*The Image of Christ, as presented in Scripture.* By J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 12s.)

THE publishers seem to find that Dr. Oosterzee's books are popular in this country. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, we think, began to issue his books; Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, are following their example. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, however, do not seem inclined to give him up. This new volume, a presentation of the Scripture doctrine on our Lord Jesus Christ, is characterised by the devoutness, large knowledge, and sound orthodoxy which characterise all Dr. Oosterzee's books that we have seen.

*The Realms of the Ice King.* By the author of "Saved from the Wreck." (Price 4s. 6d.) Religious Tract Society.

A KIND of *précis* of "all the narratives of Arctic voyages and explorations from the earliest times down to our day." No important expedition is omitted between the discovery of Greenland by the Norsemen, and the Austrian expedition, the history of which, up to the moment of going to press, is recorded in these pages. As a short handbook it will doubtless be useful, and the engravings are numerous and good; but, in consequence of pressure of matter, the treatment is a little dry, notwithstanding the lively adventures here and there introduced, and we should recommend it only to those who have an earnest desire to become acquainted with the facts of Arctic discovery, but, from lack of leisure or opportunity, are unable to study the fuller accounts.

# *The Congregationalist.*

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FEBRUARY, 1875.

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## MR. GLADSTONE'S RESIGNATION.

*"THIS retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life."* It is in these solemn and pathetic words that Mr. Gladstone, in his letter to Earl Granville, explains his retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party. For more than forty years the great statesman has given his heart and strength to the political service of his country, and now that he thinks he is approaching the end of this mortal life, he has resolved to spend the time which may be left to him in comparative seclusion and peace. His countrymen have no right to challenge his decision. We do not know what the English people have done for Mr. Gladstone which can be compared for a moment with what Mr. Gladstone has done for them. Claims on him, we have none. He has far more than discharged any debt that he could have owed to the nation. We can but accept his decision, and bid him farewell ; our affection, reverence, and gratitude follow him to his retirement.

Some day, perhaps, we shall learn what are those "personal views" which have led him to think that he will best spend the closing years of his life by retiring from the duties for which—as it seems to us and to the majority of the nation—he is most fitted. It may be that in confronting the dark and mysterious gates which will soon uncloseto let him pass through, he feels that he must have some time for quiet meditation, and for protracted communion with God. Who shall question his right to give up the cares of statesmanship if the solemn and terrible spell of the eternal world is upon him? For ourselves, indeed, the Christian theory of life seems to release man from the necessity of any

such withdrawal from the activities of this world in order to prepare for the next. We regard the salvation possible to us through Christ as so complete that all "care" about the future may be "cast" upon Him. We believe that it is well for "the closing years" of life to find us doing the work for which God has given us the faculty and opportunity. Had Mr. Gladstone known that within five minutes after the hour on which he expected to close one of his great speeches on the Irish Church or the Alabama arbitration question, his pulse would cease to beat, we think that he ought to have delivered his speech without omitting a single necessary sentence or syllable. We believe that to a Christian man who has received through Christ the pardon of sins and the gift of eternal life, the discharge of common duty is a great part of the preparation for the glorious transition from this life to the next. But every man must walk in his own light.

On the effects of Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party we do not care, for the moment, to speculate. Against his Government we felt that we had a great grievance; for himself, the Nonconformists of this country have long cherished a loyalty more fervent, we are inclined to imagine, than that with which he has been regarded by any other section of the community. He, beyond all other modern statesmen, with perhaps here and there a doubtful exception, gave us the impression of a man who regarded politics as a part of Christian duty, and who believed that reverence for Christ's authority should control the discharge of all political functions. Theologically and ecclesiastically he differed from us, but his differences from us were trivial and insignificant compared with this ground of perfect sympathy—common reverence for the supreme authority of our common Lord.

We know too little about Earl Granville's general political views to be able to speculate about his qualifications for leading the party. Some men believe that he was one of the most advanced "Radicals" in the late Cabinet; whether he unites with his refinement and *esprit* the faculty of "getting things done" is doubtful. It may however be as well to say, with all frankness, that it depends on the selection of the Liberal leader in the Commons, whether the most active section of the Nonconformists are henceforth to contribute to the strength of that political party which it has hitherto been their pride to serve. Should the leader of the Liberals in the Commons be a man who is pledged against the arrest of the disastrous educational policy of the late Government, we venture to predict that the Nonconformists will leave the "Liberals" to fight their own battles, with the aid of what allies they are able to secure among the Roman Catholic and Anglican priesthoods.

## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

## XIV.—LIFE IN THE DESERT.

I WISH that I could give my readers a fair impression of the fresh delight of our first few hours in the Desert. It was nearly five o'clock when we reached our encampment at the Wells of Moses. The tents were pitched two or three hundred yards from the sea. A few miles from the coast there is a range of bare hills ; between the hills and the sea the ground is perfectly flat, and the soil, if soil it can be called, is composed of a mixture of gravel and sand—chiefly gravel. There can be no doubt that the Gulf of Suez once covered the whole of this level strip of desert as far as the hills. At the Wells of Moses the people of Suez have cultivated a few gardens, which are carefully enclosed, and at a few yards' distance from them there is a solitary palm-tree. There was scarcely any other sign of vegetation to be seen.

I shall make no apology for introducing into this paper an account of those smaller details of our life in the Desert which seem to be regarded as below the dignity of ordinary "travels," but which interested me at the time, and seem to require explanation, if my readers are really to understand what it is to travel through the Sinaitic peninsula with an escort of Arabs and in charge of a dragoman.

When we had dismounted from our camels, we made our way at once to the tents. They were constructed, as I said in the preceding paper, of white canvas, with a thin black stripe. The sleeping tents were circular, and about fourteen or fifteen feet in diameter. The "walls" were about six or seven feet in height, and the conical roof, supported by a pole in the centre, rose to a height of nine or ten feet. The central pole was in two pieces, fastened together by a metal ferule. Inside, the sleeping tents were charming. Persian rugs and small pieces of Turkey carpet were thrown on the gravel and completely concealed it. The tents were lined with a thin white shining cotton material, covered with a pretty pink pattern. In each tent there were two iron bedsteads. The beds were already made, and instead of a counterpane there was a thick blanket, with brilliant red stripes. There was a table, with two enamelled iron basins on it, and two enamelled iron water-jugs, each of which would hold rather more than a quart of water, and there were also two or three camp-stools. Two folding American chairs were also provided for each tent. In the walls of the tent there were large pockets, in which we could place brushes and combs, and such other small articles as we wanted night and morning. On the tent pole it was convenient to swing our courier-bags and field-glasses. There was also ample room for the trunks and bags containing our personal

luggage. The rich colours of the rugs and carpets, the bright clearliness of the tent-lining with its little pink flowers, the bands of colour on the blankets which covered the beds, and the whiteness of the sheets and pillow-cases, made a beautiful picture. Mr. Lee and I had one of the tents, and Mr. Wells and Mr. Wallis the other.

An hour after our arrival dinner was announced. This was served in the saloon tent. The "saloon" was about twenty feet in length and ten feet in breadth; it had upright walls like the sleeping tents, but the long roof was supported by two poles. The ground was covered, like the ground of the sleeping tents, with carpets and rugs. In the centre was a table, with a spotlessly white table-cloth. The glass was not quite so thin as we are accustomed to in Europe, but it was clean and transparent; and the silver was as bright as on a gentleman's table at home. Two men waited—old Hassan and Mahommed. Hassan has been already introduced to my readers; Mahommed was a very different man. He was a handsome Nubian, between thirty and forty years of age, quite black, but with fine features. He had been a "cavasse" to the English Consul at Cairo, and was very proud of his official jacket, which he still wore: it was made of blue cloth, and was wonderfully ornamented with gold cord and braid. Mahommed was a very vigorous, clever man, and was of great use throughout the journey. The dinner was a surprise. There were five courses, and they were served as perfectly as they could have been at any hotel in London, Paris, or Vienna. I forget what the courses were the first day; but I think that there was soup, fish, roast leg of mutton, boiled chickens, two kinds of vegetables, and *blanc-mange* with fruit. After dinner there was dessert—oranges, raisins, nuts, and preserved ginger. The only weak point of the dinner was the cheese, which was a Dutch cannon-ball, very hard and rather strong. The water, which had been drawn from the Nile canal near Suez, was excellent, and there was claret, which Salem had been directed to purchase at Alexandria. The first few days five courses were always served, but we told Salem that we did not care to have so many, and so he struck one off. At breakfast there was the same ample provision. As our tastes differed, there was cocoa, tea, and coffee; an omelette, and either cold or hot meat.

How was it all managed?

Near to our own tents there was a tent for the cook, who, like Mahommed, was a Nubian, but whose features were less regular; he was a good-humoured fellow, and his dark face was nearly always lit up with something between a laugh and a grin. His special vanity displayed itself in his socks, which came half-way up to his knees, and were glorious to the eye, because of their bright bands of colour. He had a negro of seventeen or eighteen as a scullery-maid, who,

when he was not in the sulks, with which he was occasionally afflicted, was a hard-working, amiable lad.

The cook's "range" was a narrow iron trough about five or six feet in length and a foot in depth, divided into a number of compartments, in which he lit charcoal fires. Over these he placed his pots and pans. He had also a little charcoal stove, over which he boiled his kettle. On a stake driven into the ground at the door of his tent hung the water-jars, which were filled from the barrels as soon as we encamped.

The "materials" on which the cook exercised his skill were, for the most part, taken with us from Cairo in sufficient quantities to last till we reached Jerusalem. When we started we had with us 170 chickens, which were carried on camels, twelve turkeys, and some pigeons. The pigeons succeeded in flying away a few days after we had been in the Desert. The chickens and the turkeys had a bad time: the crates in which they were packed were very apt to slip on one side, and then the poor creatures slid down on the top of each other in a great heap: in the hot sun this must have been misery to them. We had also a sheep that had been killed before we arrived at the encampment, and a live sheep which walked with us till its dead friend was finished, and then underwent the same fate. Before the second sheep was eaten, we were able to purchase one or two more from some Arabs near whose encampment we passed. Salem always contrived to have at least one live sheep in addition to the joints of the one that had been last killed. There were also huge cases containing a droll variety of articles. I copied the list nailed outside one of them; it was in two columns:—

Toilet Soap,	Herrings,
Yellow Soap,	Raisins,
Soups,	Meats,
Lobster,	Sausages,
Oysters,	(?)
Salmon,	Jams, Haricots.
Sardines,	Anchovies,
Essence of Beef,	Milk.

The water for drinking purposes was carried in barrels, which, at starting, were filled, as I have said, from the Nile canal. This lasted us as far as Mount Sinai, where the water is extremely good, and where we filled the barrels again. The barrels carrying water for other purposes were filled more frequently with water of an inferior quality, which we came across in the Desert.

In a huge case, with cunning contrivances to prevent breakages, were packed away the cups and saucers for breakfast and tea, the dinner service, the knives and forks and spoons. This case, when we were encamped, occupied one end of the saloon. It was of enormous weight,



and whenever a camel broke down in going over a pass in the Desert, or a mule in struggling over the limestone hills of Palestine, it was nearly always because the unhappy creature had the canteen for its load.

My readers will like to know how an expedition of this kind is organised.

Everything depends on the dragoman. Salem had been engaged by Mr. Lee through the Imperial Ottoman Bank. He was a clever, resolute fellow, a little above thirty years of age—a prosperous man, with a dahabieh of his own on the Nile, worth seven or eight hundred pounds, and a provision business in Alexandria. He was an Egyptian Arab, and spoke, in addition to his own language, English, French, Italian, and Turkish. He also knew a little German and a little Russian. The engagement with a dragoman, which is drawn up according to a regular form, and ought to be signed in the presence of a Consul, is an elaborate document, and determines precisely the dragoman's duties and the payment to be made by the travellers. A gross sum is either fixed for the whole journey, and the route laid down, with the time it is to occupy, or else the payment is fixed at so much a day, and the travellers have somewhat larger freedom in determining the distances they will travel from day to day, and in varying their route. In our case the payment was to be made by the day.

For this, Salem provided everything we wanted except wine. Tents and furniture belonged to him : he purchased all the provisions. Before we started from Alexandria he showed us the list of what he had laid in, and asked us whether there were any other things we should like him to take. His list was so complete that I do not remember that we had to suggest anything. He hired and paid the servants, and found the regular "backsheesh" for the people to whom it was due or by whom it was exacted. Some small presents, however, are usually given by the travellers themselves, and we carried with us a couple of gold watches—they can be bought cheap in Birmingham,—some dazzling gold chains—which can also be bought cheap,—knives, scissors, and other small matters, which were given away to people we met on the journey or, at its close, to the servants.

Salem also paid for the camels that carried us and our baggage through the Desert, and the mules and the horses which rendered us the same service in Syria. His bargain was made with a single Sheikh, who engaged to find the camels and the men to drive them. The men and the camels belonged to four or five different tribes—each tribe through whose territory we were to pass claiming the right to furnish a certain proportion both of men and camels. Our first Sheikh, however, could go with us only as far as Akabah ; at that point Salem had to make a

fresh bargain with the Sheikhs of the tribes that encamp in the neighbourhood of Petra. For Salem and ourselves there were riding camels or dromedaries—five in all. There were nineteen or twenty camels besides to carry the baggage; and in addition to Salem and his servants there were, I think, fourteen Arabs in charge of the camels. Altogether we made a strong party.

Our first evening in the Desert was singularly lovely, and the sunset was wonderful. Above Jebel Attakah, which rose just beyond the other side of the Gulf, the sky was filled with the purest and most peaceful light; southward glowed the clearest amber. When the sun had gone down it was soon dark, and the crescent moon, Venus, and Jupiter, had a brightness which I had never seen before. The stillness was unbroken by the buzz of an insect or the rustle of a leaf.

After tea, which was served between eight and nine, we read together the Song of Moses in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, and then went to bed. The little iron bedsteads were very comfortable, but the first night mine happened to touch the canvas of the tent, and as the wind rose soon after we turned in, the canvas shook, and the bedstead throbbed in sympathy with it. The wind also blew up a cloud of sand, and the sound of the sand pattering on the tent was just like the sound of a shower of rain. There was something very curious in lying awake in a tent for the first time. Of course there was no window, and the canvas door was closed; but the whole tent was like a window with a thick blind drawn over it: the light of the crescent moon shone through the canvas and filled the tent with a dim light. However, I was not awake for more than an hour, and then slept soundly till morning.

In the morning, as soon as it began to be light, the camp was astir. Mahommed called us a little after six, and before we had finished dressing we heard the men outside knocking at the pegs to which the tent-ropes were fastened. Two or three times in the course of the journey my own toilet was not quite finished when the sides of the tent began to roll up, and for five or ten minutes I had the Desert for my dressing-room. About 6.30 breakfast was served in the saloon. Breakfast was over by seven o'clock, and then we went out to watch the process of loading the camels. The Arabs screamed and yelled in a wild manner while they were at their work, but this was only the custom of the country, and there seemed no bad blood. The camels groaned as if their last hour had come when the load was put on their backs, and they groaned more piteously still when they had to get on to their feet, raising their load with them. Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I determined to walk a few miles in the early morning, but before starting we saw that our camels were properly prepared for us. We soon learnt how to make our seat perfectly comfortable. The saddle consists, first, of four pieces of

stick, each of them about two feet long and three-quarters of an inch thick; two of these, fastened crosswise, are placed in front of the hump and two at the back; the front and the back pieces are fastened firmly together by ropes passing round the hump. An upright stick rises both in front and behind from the point where the two cross-sticks intersect each other. We put a rug or two on the top of the hump, and on these we had the seat placed: this was a large padded cushion, three inches thick, semicircular, and nearly two feet in diameter; it had a padded rim round it about three inches in height, and the upright pieces of stick in the saddle passed through holes in the cushion; it was also attached to the saddle by pieces of strong string. The cushion was covered with some kind of cotton substance—gingham, I think it is called—with a pattern; a curtain of the same material, nearly a yard in depth, was attached to it and hung over the back and sides of the camel. My animal, in addition to carrying me, had two rough saddle-bags swung on to him in front, containing, I believe, articles belonging to the Arab that owned him; he also carried a large black leather bag containing all the articles of dress, &c. that I wanted for immediate use when we were encamped, and a small wooden box—a great nuisance, as it would not “ride” well—made to carry a pith helmet of the kind used in India, which I found to be a great protection against the sun. Swung on the “upright” which rose through the cushion in front, and which may, I suppose, be called a pommel, was a smaller bag, which generally contained Stanley’s “Sinai and Palestine,” and two or three other books; a courier-bag, with a volume of “Murray” and my Note-book in it; a field-glass; a thin overcoat; and my chibouque. Swung on somewhere behind was an earthenware water-bottle, covered with some soft material looking like plaited rope.

We saw that these arrangements had been properly made, and waited till the loading was nearly finished; then the three of us who could walk started on in front: Mr. Wells’ injured ankle unfortunately obliged him always to ride. The first morning we started about a quarter past seven. There was no mistaking the way, for the Desert is not “pathless.” Broad parallel tracks, ten or a dozen in number, trodden hard by the camels of many centuries, stretched in front of us: the feet of the Israelites may have helped to define them. The ground, as I have said, is gravel, with a very little sand in it, and the distance between the sea and the hills appears to vary between five miles and fifteen. We walked for nearly three hours. For the first hour or two we saw hardly any trace of vegetation. At intervals of several hundred yards we found a small tufted yellow flower, and about every two miles a plant which had a large green ball on it like a poppy head; but this was all. At ten o’clock we were overtaken by the riding camels which had followed

us, and as the day was beginning to be hot we mounted. Salem, who had waited to see everything packed, came with them and assisted us to mount. I was so impressed with his "get-up" that I made a note of it. He had a dark, rich green jacket of some soft silky-looking substance; vest and baggy knickerbockers of the same material, but of salmon colour; purple stockings; very trim elastic boots; a red fez, with folds of dark yellow silk round it. He looked extremely effective. Soon after we had mounted, the traces of winter watercourses became more frequent, and the desert flowers were a little more numerous; I noticed three kinds—white, blue, and yellow.

At twelve o'clock Hassan, who rode with us and had charge of the lunch tent, pulled up his camel and dismounted. The tent, a very simple one and open at the end, was fixed in a few minutes; the rugs were thrown on to the sand; cold chicken, cold roast-beef, and fruit were produced from a hamper; the water-bottles were unswung from the camels; there was also a bottle of cognac, a spoonful of which we were recommended to put into the water to prevent it from doing us any harm; and we were soon lying in the pleasant shade of the tent and lunching luxuriously. On the first or second day Salem asked us whether we should like coffee at lunch, and we told him that we should; after this, Hassan always carried with him the necessary arrangements for making it. Looking along the ground at lunch, the atmosphere, at a little distance, had precisely the same appearance as is presented by the heated air over the surface of a boiler. We rested for an hour and a half, and during our rest the tents and baggage passed us. At half-past one we mounted again and rode on till four, when we reached the spot where we were to encamp. It was a very busy scene. The Arabs, with wild vehemence, were putting up the sleeping tents, and the bedsteads were being put up inside; in the saloon the table was being erected for dinner and the huge chest was being dragged to its place. The cook was at work preparing dinner; the chickens and the turkeys had been liberated from their crates, and were out on the gravel enjoying their liberty. Just when we reached them they were having a very "good time;" there was a hole in a bag of corn which had been thrown on the ground; the eager fluttering creatures soon found it out, and were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. In a few minutes the cook brought us some capital coffee. At six we dined; tea was served at eight; my friends soon turned in, but I sat up chatting with Salem till ten o'clock. The night was a little disturbed. Since noon we had had a beautiful breeze, and about midnight the wind became violent. I thought that the tent was coming down; but I soon heard Salem's voice shouting to the men, then the Sheikh's asthmatic cough, then the mallets knocking in the tent-pegs; and in a few minutes all was fast and firm.

## THE PARACLETE.\*

THIS volume was published anonymously. We ought rather, perhaps, to say that no author's name appeared on the title-page, or in the advertisements which announced its publication. But the authorship was an "open secret." In the case of nine letters out of ten, we have to look at the signatures before we know the writers; but there are some men whose handwriting is so unique that we know their letters before we open the envelope. It is just the same with some books. Before we had read twenty pages of "The Paraclete," we thought we recognised the roll of a familiar voice, and when we had read twenty more the impression became an absolute certainty.

In recent advertisements, Dr. Parker has acknowledged the book. Now, therefore, we can congratulate him—and we congratulate him very heartily—on its vigour and eloquence.

In the first paragraph of the "Introduction" he defines the nature of the inquiry which suggested the various lines of thought contained in the volume:—

"How far is it possible to divest the Christian doctrine of the Holy Ghost of such mystery as is superstitious rather than religious? Christian theology affirms the existence of a Ghost—a spiritual Person—who is the highest Teacher of truth and the supreme Minister of comfort: does that dogma carry with it such a quality of mystery as resents the investigations of reason, or is it possible so to use reason as to see, even with considerable distinctness, that the word *Ghost* is the proper development of the word *Person*, and that without such progress and consummation the word 'Person' would become a limited and self-exhausting term?"

In the paragraphs which follow, he indicates the manner in which the inquiry is prosecuted:—

"This inquiry will receive some elucidation from two admissions which an instinct common to humanity has never failed to act upon, though they have not been allowed to pass without obstinate controversy upon their boundaries and liberties: (1) It is universally admitted, in practice if not in theory, that altogether apart from religion there is an invisible world; a world of thought and feeling, as distinguished from a world of fact and activity,—a sphere of ideas, schemes, purposes, desires, vows, fancies, from which the most importunate curiosity may be excluded though the veil of defence is apparently so unsubstantial. (2) It is also universally admitted that the forces which are invisible and impalpable, and on that account regarded by Christian thinkers as spiritual, are undoubtedly the mainsprings of human energy. Thought, Hope, Faith, Ambition, are within the veil, yet the meanest industries and the most imposing projects are moved by their pulsation. So well is this

\* "The Paraclete: an Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some Reference to Current Discussions." London: Henry S. King & Co., 1874.

known, that even flippant men have occasionally been sobered as they have been reluctantly constrained to consult probabilities and quantities whose full proportion and consequence have been disguised or obscured by a concealing cloud.

"In view of these two admissions, how far does the doctrine of the personality and ministry of the Holy Ghost become, at least upon its revealed and practical side, a doctrine comprehensible by reverential reason? Do they help us in any degree towards self-control when speculative impatience threatens to avenge itself by scepticism? For example, when Religion says, No man hath seen God at any time, may not Reason, reflecting upon these two admissions, reply—That is not improbable, seeing that in reality no man has seen *himself* at any time; he has seen a fleshly figure which he identifies as himself, but his spiritual self—the self that thinks, dreams, vows, and creates his behaviour—he has never seen."

The chapters of the book are occupied with such subjects as—Inspiration as a Doctrine, Inspiration as a Fact, Inspiration of Christ's Biography, the Ministry of the Comforter, Regeneration, Pentecost, the Witness of the Spirit, the Miracles of the Holy Ghost. In the second part, Dr. Parker has a vehement attack on the antagonism of Mr. Mill, Mr. Huxley, and Dr. Tyndall to the Christian faith. The attack is very energetic, very unsparing, and sometimes very entertaining. He goes to his work in the spirit of Samuel, and he takes the Amalekites and hews them in pieces before the Lord, without pity and with great scorn.

From the definition of his object in the Introduction, it appears that Dr. Parker does not attempt any re-construction of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost as commonly accepted by evangelical Churches. His aim is rather to state the recognised doctrine in forms which are likely to make it accessible to men who, without having any moral hostility to the evangelical faith, find themselves unable to grasp it. He has, in fact, endeavoured to translate our common faith into a language which, he thinks, will make it intelligible and credible to his contemporaries.

To ourselves, the earlier chapters seem the most interesting and the most valuable. There are passages on the inspiration of the Bible generally, and passages on the biography of our Lord, which are likely to be of infinite service to thoughtful persons who are troubled by current controversies. Not that Dr. Parker has attempted to formulate any theory of inspiration; that kind of work is not in his line, and he seems to have a very indifferent opinion of what is known as theological science. But he has a keen eye for the actual phenomena of the Bible; and in the chapters in which he discusses the subject of inspiration, there are pages which, both for the value of the thought and the beauty and force with which it is expressed, excite our most cordial

admiration. Instead of asking our readers to take our word for the excellence of these chapters, we will give a few extracts. Here is a suggestive passage from the chapter on "Inspiration as a Fact":—

\* "The Bible is undoubtedly marked by a *wonderful reserve of power*. Its writers nowhere betray any sign of exhaustion, nor do they display the slightest wish to make the most of their materials in a literary point of view. There are single chapters which any writer could easily have elaborated into a volume. The rule seems to have been to say everything in the fewest possible words. The Bible abounds in indications, brief, vivid, and multitudinous, and is, hence, pre-eminently a text-book. We wonder that the writers do not say more, yet we feel that even in their brevity they have said more than any other men have ever said. The great ambition of other sacred books seems to be to do everything: they put a key into every lock; under every enigma they write at least a conjectural answer; they determine the attitudes and services proper to every hour of the day; and whatever intellectual energy they have is apparently expressible in letter and symbol. They resemble the finite in an ambitious determination to represent the infinite; whereas the Bible represents the infinite in a condescending endeavour to find expression in the finite. The Bible is a perpetual beginning, rich in its immediate satisfactions, but richer still in its promises. Through every revelation there is a hint of another revelation yet to come. The Bible has a wonderful firmament, out of which the light comes, and the rain, and from which the key of heaven may at any moment drop. Its earth is very legible: its firmament is an eternal mystery. Is this, then, the kind of book which is presumably worthy of a high origin?"

Here is another from the same chapter:—

"The Bible contains *the most startling proposition as to the destruction of sin*. In some respects this is its supreme peculiarity. The action which the Bible proposes is infinitely more remarkable on the *divine* side than on the human. How to take *sin* out of the world, is the problem. Let the mind dwell upon the terms for a moment that their import may be felt. *How* is sin to be met, overcome, ultimately and for ever destroyed? By a poor human struggle? By self-ablution? By self-mutilation? Is sin to be taken away only by taking away the *sinner*? What originality would there be in so obvious and coarse a method? The question is, How to save the man and destroy the sin? and the answer to an inquiry so vital cannot but be waited for with anxious impatience. In the midst of speculative debate upon the point, the Bible comes forward with this startling answer—*God Himself will die, the just for the unjust!* If this be not the supreme blasphemy, it is the very gospel of God! One or other it certainly is. It is not an answer that can be spoken of with indifference. As a human suggestion it is utter madness. It is salvation that is contemplated in the terms of the inquiry; but how can salvation come by death? Observe, this immediate argument does not touch the theology of the proposition; it is wholly concerned with the mere facts which lie upon the very surface of the inquiry, the most tragical of which is the proposition that the Just should die for the unjust, and that by the shedding of blood should come the remission of sins. It is enough, in this connection, that we merely point it out, with the humble



confession, indeed, that if it be not the most awful of all irony, and therefore the most sinful of all sins, it is the most affecting doctrine that ever appealed to the human heart ! There it is, however, and the student must deal with it. If he gives it the go-by, he instantly disqualifies himself for this high investigation ; he flees from difficulty, and becomes a mere trifier in controversy. If he takes it up seriously, he may possibly find that it gives articulateness to emotions that have long troubled his own heart with a kind of pleasurable pain—the pain of suffering and death, that he might make a way for the pardon and restoration of his own sinning child."

Still more remarkable is the chapter on the "Inspiration of Christ's Biography." We think, indeed, that if Dr. Parker had a little more respect for theological science, he might have stated his argument differently. The four Gospels really present a double problem—the problem of the life of Christ itself, and the problem of the story of that life. On the hypothesis of the Incarnation, what ought we to expect in the actual life of the Incarnate Son of God?—this is one question. On the hypothesis of the Incarnation, what kind of a story ought we to expect from men who received special inspiration to write the biography of the Incarnate Son of God? These two questions Dr. Parker does not distinguish.

Indeed, the form under which he discusses the question of our Lord's life is the elementary form under which it presents itself to a man who is considering whether the New Testament account of our Lord Jesus Christ is trustworthy—not whether it is inspired. He was led to put the question in this form by the general purpose of the book. We submit, however, that he might have put more accurately the question which he really intended to consider. He says: "Our one business is to inquire whether the fourfold account of the life of Jesus Christ is consistent with itself, and whether there is anything so peculiar in the consistency as to suggest that the evangelists wrote their Gospels under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." (Pages 43, 44.) But a very considerable part of his argument, if not the whole, does not go to prove that the writers of the four Gospels were inspired. On the hypothesis that Jesus Christ was the Incarnate Son of God, His biography, even though it had been written by uninspired men, would have presented most, if not all, of the phenomena which Dr. Parker claims as evidence of the inspiration of the evangelists. What his argument really proves is, that the story is of a kind which the evangelists could not have invented. He cannot even say that the phenomena which he has alleged demonstrate, either (1) that the facts are true, or (2) that the evangelists received Divine inspiration ; for, if the facts are *not* true, it is impossible that the evangelists should have been inspired to record them. These strictures, however, do not affect the value of the very striking passages which are contained in chapter v. The

inquiry is to determine whether the life of Christ is consistent with itself. This is how the argument opens:—

“The unique and perilous line of judgment is determined by the claim (at least) of *miraculous conception*. Not one point of departure from that claim can on any account be allowed. We must watch the evangelists with the keenest vigilance lest they slip from that elevation, so dangerous if not true, and become commonplace narrators of a sensational story. Miraculous conception is undoubtedly claimed for our Lord by His biographers. How, then, can *such* a beginning have a corresponding progress and an appropriate culmination? Let us see.

“Under the ancient economy, God had elected His ministers in a manner which was directly inverted in the birth of our Lord. In the ministers of the Old Testament God had sought to call up the human to the Divine; but in the Minister of the New Testament God brought down the divine to the human. Viewing the Old Testament dispensation as an elaborate attempt to train a man who should so far overcome all natural and incidental difficulties as to exert upon society the influence of a life absolutely perfect in its purity and aspirations, we are brought to the conclusion that the attempt, though conducted by the mysterious ministry of the Holy Ghost, was obviously unsuccessful; in Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and David, it is not difficult to find the blemish which proves this, and in proving it demonstrates the impossibility of training, under ordinary human conditions, an ideally perfect ministry. In reading the Old Testament we cannot escape a sense of gloomy and humiliating disappointment with the quality of its foremost men. They have excellences, and yet are not excellent; they have characteristics rather than character; at all events, their character is more remarkable for its sides and aspects than for its unity and indivisible massiveness;—only momentarily do they get away from the herd of common men, and afterwards they are the weaker for their transient elevation. The prophet and the minstrel often descend from their ecstasy, and resume the ordinary associations of life; the warrior never quite advances to victory; the sufferer always falls a little short of the perfection of patience; and the godliest saint seems to miss divinity by a hair's breadth. Under these circumstances, the promise of a *New Testament* does not altogether allay the anxiety of hope so long deferred, and so vexed and mortified. Let imagination pause awhile at the last of the prophets, and attempt the task of outlining a Testament that shall be *New*; *New*, and yet related to the *Old*; that shall be faithful to the great purpose of the former dispensation, yet bring to bear upon it an order of instrumentality that shall neither make a machine of man, nor convict God of capricious changeableness in His method of working. A great task will thus fall to the lot of imagination. Let us see as clearly as we can what it is: Imagination has before it, in the Old Testament, a written account of the creation of men, the giving of law, the establishment of family life, the appointment of religious ritual, and the history of mankind for thousands of years; on the other hand, the world is tormented and disquieted exceedingly, every method of alleviation seems to have been exhausted, and every new proposition is treated with angry or sorrowful distrust. Under these circumstances, it is required of imagination to suggest a Testament that shall be *New*. Suppose that after the most

careful reading of the ancient scriptures, Imagination should decline the task as intellectually hopeless—protesting that everything possible to its own conception has already been attempted and exhausted—Imagination may on that very account be allowed to encounter with the severest criticism any suggestion that may be offered as a solution of the difficulty. Now (whatever may be thought of the theology of the case) it must be admitted that the writers of the New Testament do instantly address themselves to the one point which the Old Testament often promised, but never reached. With most startling abruptness they invert the ancient method, so that instead of man being made by God, God Himself becomes man—a virgin is found to be with child of the Holy Ghost—and for ‘thus saith the Lord’ we have ‘thus is the Lord!’ True or not true is not the immediate question. As a mere matter of fact here is progress: the first page of the New Testament presents a more wonderful disclosure than all the pages of the Old, and by so much excites a hope that the answer so long looked for may at last be about to come. A miraculous birth must not be followed by a commonplace life—the discrepancy would be intolerable—yet there must be in that life, if its mission be to recover and sanctify the world, such simplicity and approachableness as shall qualify it for admission into society as ordinarily constituted; it must proceed to its loftiest acts with the stoop of inimitable condescension, and do its lowliest work with original and ineffable dignity. With a test so unique, the least flaw in homogeneity must be instantly detected.”

Further, starting on the basis of the Incarnation:—

“The student must demand in an agent of professedly divine descent, such redundancy of power as will carry him through all his engagements with the most perfect ease. He must never go up to his work as if it lay above him, but continually *descend* upon it as if his most marvellous achievements were rather a relaxation than an effort of his strength. If in any case there be a *strain* upon the power, the laboriousness of the attempt must tell against his claim; and if in any case there be the slightest possible *failure* of power, the aspirant must be convicted of the most shameful wickedness. In the work of One who has been begotten by the Holy Ghost, and who therefore claims to be ‘God with us,’ we must never meet with *almost* a miracle,—a miscarriage of power,—we must have omnipotence, and must condemn anything short of the almightiness of God as an unpardonable sin. In what direction, then, does the evidence point? There are four witnesses; in what degree do they approach unanimity? There are blind, deaf, lame, leprous, and lunatic sufferers claiming Jesus Christ’s attention; He is brought to the sick, the dying, and the dead; He is asked to appease hunger, to expel devils, to silence tempests; and the student demands that all these things be done—not *merely* done, as if by a tremendous strain—but done with infinite ease, with inexhaustible wealth and exuberance of power. The evangelists say that Jesus Christ did so. Not an instance is recorded in which Jesus Christ’s power to work miracles showed the faintest sign of exhaustion. If there is such an instance, let it be pointed out. The disciples failed and confessed the failure, and even where they succeeded they disowned applause by ascribing the result to their Master.”

Again—

"In the second place, the student must demand that in no case shall the exercise of Jesus Christ's ability, how useful or splendid soever the result, be accompanied by any sign of astonishment on the part of the worker. Whilst astonishing the world, He alone must be free from astonishment. All unexpected successes, like all great efforts, betray the weakness of the workers as well as illustrate their strength, so much so that every discovery in civilisation is quite as certainly a lamp hung over human ignorance as it is a contribution to the brilliance of human wisdom. The student will proceed upon the principle that as it is impossible that omnipotence can put itself into doubtful competition with a difficulty, so God can never be surprised at the result of His own work. Surprise comes of ignorance, and elation of weakness. Yet, looking at the written life of Jesus Christ, the absence of astonishment is most marked. Not one trace of vain self-satisfaction is to be found in any part of the fourfold narrative."

We reluctantly pass over very much, but cannot help giving a statement of another difficulty :—

"Next—how to humanise *such* a life, how to make it approachable, how to adapt it to ordinary society. Is this done by the evangelists, and if done, is it so accomplished as to be but a literary feat or the work of a supernatural and inspiring agent? Jesus Christ was the Son of Mary as well as the Son of God, and therefore His course must supply some conditions in many respects almost irreconcilable with the claim of divinity,—in one word, how to be God and man at the same time! If as God He has entered into the flesh that He may be visibly nearer men, and more sensibly accessible to them, He must so attemper or conceal His divinity as not to alarm them by unearthliness, and yet so gloriously display it as to secure their confidence and homage. His life must answer the question, Can God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth? To be God and man so distinctly that each can be felt, and yet so unitedly that no division line can be seen, is the intricate part which He has to play. This is surely a great problem in art, giving scope enough for failure: one slip will dispossess Him of His crown; one false accent will prove Him the most daring of empirics. He must be *with* men, yet not *of* them; on the earth, yet in heaven; familiar with men, yet separate from sinners; He must enlighten the world, yet be as a sun which no hand can touch;—this is His task: how to simplify the infinite—how to stoop from heaven!"

But perhaps nothing is more striking than the way in which Dr. Parker deals with another aspect of our Lord's life—His human weakness :—

"Not only was Jesus Christ much in public, He was also much in secret. He withdrew to solitary places, and was accustomed to be alone in prayer. These withdrawments must have some meaning; they throw an air of solemnity over the narrative and almost constrain criticism into worship. What if in some instances they imply weakness, and even exhaustion, on the part of the worker? This is precisely what was wanted to complete the argument upon the all-sufficiency and redundancy of Jesus Christ's power, for nowhere

along the line of that power have we come to any assurance of Jesus Christ's *manhood*; it steadily ascended rather towards the terribleness of omnipotence ! What was wanted was a pause, a break of weakness, perhaps a cry of exhaustion. An unwearying flesh could hardly have prepared us for a compassionate divinity ; it required the imperfection of infirmity to complete (for human purposes) the perfection of strength : so great is the mystery of godliness ! Yet the inquirer will watch tremblingly lest there be any decay of power on the side that is supposed to be divine : he will read that Jesus was weary with His journey, and yet in the moment of His weakness He offered to give the water which springeth up into everlasting life ; he will find that though Jesus felt the cravings of hunger, yet there was power enough in His word to wither the fruitless fig-tree ; he will find Jesus Christ asleep on account of weariness induced by long service, and in a moment he will hear this same Jesus commanding the winds and the waves to be still ; he will find that Jesus wept, and while the tears were yet in His eyes He called Lazarus from the grave. All these things are plainly written in the evangelical narrative, and it is, therefore, for the student to say how far such perilous juxtapositions of weakness and power, tears and almightiness, were bold literary conceptions on the part of the writers, and how far they have any claim to have been dictated by an inspiring Spirit. The critic must say whether in this dual manifestation there is the peculiar kind of consistency which is required to support the theory that Jesus Christ was begotten of the Holy Ghost ; and he must assign some value to the fact that in no instance did Jesus Christ employ what may be called the purely divine side of His power to save Himself from the infirmities incident to ordinary human life ; He wrought no private miracle for merely selfish protection, but was in all points tempted as other men ; in short, He never made any deceptive use of His omnipotence ; He was not a man by mere pretence, professedly weak and suffering, yet secretly availing Himself of sources inaccessible to His deluded disciples. The consideration of this circumstance is the more important because all the signs of destitution which marked the life of Jesus Christ were precisely such as common reason would pronounce incompatible with the claim of a divine personality and ministry ; they provoked contempt, they enfeebled and actually contradicted the very aims which Jesus Christ was so desirous to subserve. How, then, to find consistency in such apparent inconsistency ? The student will pause to ask whether it is not through seeming contradictions that the verity of truth is most strongly established ? ”

These extracts will indicate the affluence of thought, and the energy and felicity of style, which characterise the book.

Dr. Parker can write so well, that we are astonished that he should ever be betrayed into the extravagances that sometimes mar some of his best pages. He is too mature, we imagine, to throw off his occasional vices of manner—vices which often affect the substance of his thought as well as its form ; but if he could only be persuaded to say just a little *less* than he means and feels, if he would remember what he has said about “the reserve of power” in the Bible, his force would be

increased instead of diminished. He is likely to betray young people into the mistake of supposing that violent language is the sign of vigorous thinking; but his most vigorous and admirable passages are really those in which his language is most quiet.

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## THE TWOFOLD ALTERNATIVE.

### I.—MATERIALISM, OR RELIGION.

THERE is a twofold alternative which now opens before men standing upon different planes; there is at present a twofold controversy which fills two distinct yet proximate realms of religious thought, viz. the philosophical and Christian. The one relates to man's being and relationship with God; the other to his fellowship and service in the Church of Christ.

Is man the accidental, or if necessary, yet transitory, composite of atoms, whose only law is that imposed on his nature by the aggregate atoms that momentarily compose it; or is he a personal being, the origin, law, and end of whose being are found in the personal and righteous God? That is the one alternative.

Is the Church constituted by a select priesthood which is created by an outward ceremony of initiation, and which conveys the saving grace of Christ to other men chiefly by material ordinances—sacraments—which though physical acts are not signs, but are vehicles and true causes, of spiritual life and nourishment; or is it constituted by the open fellowship of all who have professed faith in Jesus Christ, and who enter into this catholic communion with each other, that in it they may nurture and discipline their faith into a perfect habit of life, and fulfil the redemptive service to the world which their faith enjoins? That is the second alternative.

And these two alternatives are allied to each other. Our controversy on either plane of the religious life is with materialism: on the one, with the materialism which denies the religious nature of man; on the other with the materialism which denies the spiritual life of the Church.

We now consider the first alternative.

The distinction between philosophy and religion is often vaguely apprehended, to the detriment of both. The old saying, "Philosophy seeks, religion finds"—though there are deep senses in which it is true—has yet served in its idle and superficial use to disparage philosophy and to misrepresent religion; as though philosophy could only seek and yet never know, and as though religion knew without search. No: it is true in philosophy and religion alike that everyone that seeks, and only he that seeketh, findeth. Philosophy in its

arduous search after truth may know, and does know; and when its knowledge is toned and thrilled by a moral impulse, and it is thus quickened into faith to inspire and rule the conduct of life, then it is transfigured into religion. Philosophy is the law and the fruit of speculative thought; religion is the law and the fruit of man's whole life when possessed and sanctified by the high truths which philosophy discerns or revelation discloses. The three truths which philosophy—despite frequent intervals of eclipse—has ever, with deepening certainty, and clearer insight, proclaimed as the results of its vast research are these three, which chime with the first instincts of our mind and heart: God, virtue, immortality.

It is thus philosophy phrases its ideas in the most abstract form. Now, let these words become vital with all the glory of their proper meaning, and enshrine themselves in conscience to govern the will of man and to shed their vivifying powers over every realm of his nature; then they frame a religion. For religion is the sum of the moral relationships and service of man to the personal God, in view of immortality—so far as God and immortality are known. Thus, the "idea" of philosophy is, as it were, incarnated in religion; its thought becomes life.\*

Against, however, the theism of philosophy another doctrine continually asserts itself, sometimes, as in our day, with great if not preponderant authority. For all truth must not only be won, but continually maintained and magnified, by conflict with antagonistic opinion; and the antagonistic doctrine to theism is not atheism—a word I wish to avoid, not only because it has gathered upon itself an obnoxious odour, but because it is indefinite, and like a mask hides another doctrine which is specific and dogmatic. Atheism is a denial of God, as of man's moral nature and of immortality. But no human mind rests in absolute negation, which necessarily involves the most positive and far-reaching affirmation—(thus to prove a negative is hard)—or in absolute suspense or neutrality of judgment. A renowned system of philosophy, the product of our age, has vaunted such perfect neutrality on the transcendent questions of the origin, being, and end, both of the universe and men; but I do not know a single adherent of that system who has observed that neutrality.

Man's reason seeks a positive result: from the "no" it always presses upward to the "yes." Against the doctrine of theism, it is never content with a mere denial of atheism; it must have an explanation of the problems of the universe and of human life. And hence the doctrine

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\* I would change the old saw, and say alliteratively, Philosophy seeks, religion seals; i.e. religion seals and fixes in man's nature the truth philosophy seeks, and thus consecrates and conserves in virtue our life unto the God and the immortality which philosophy describes.



which affirms there is no God, always likewise affirms how it conceives the existing world and man to have been originated and to be sustained. Against theism consequently there is a positive antagonistic doctrine ever contending. Protean it may be, but it has only two main forms, one or other of which, though they subtly and swiftly interchange and are often partially intermixed, predominates in any particular epoch : these are materialism and pantheism. In one of these, viz. the former, the human mind, denying God, seeks the explanation of the bewildering variety that sweeps tumultuously over the universe and life in endless combinations of atoms or foci of force : the other gives an explanation of the majestic unity which contains and controls that endless variety, either in one *substance*, on whose surface the whole phenomena of nature and of life appear and disappear in rapid succession, by reason of the necessary and unconscious force which abides in it ; or in a universal *idea*, which logically contains all forms of being in itself, and with a like necessary and unconscious force emits them into real though momentary existence.

But though thus different, these systems nevertheless agree in what is their chief and essential dogma. Both agree in denying the free and conscious intelligence or moral personality of God ; and in denying likewise the freedom, moral law, and abiding personality of man.

Whether the force be one, as with pantheism, or the forces be myriads, as with materialism, they are only physical, acting according to necessary law and with blind unconsciousness. Man, too, is the strange product of these forces, in which—like dense smoke shooting into vivid tongues of flame—they leap up for a moment into the light of consciousness, and the bright, freakish fancies of freedom and of virtue, soon however to fall again into their native cloud and ash. For man in all his moods, his aspirations, and his acts is but the illuded puppet of these forces, which chance for a moment to meet in him. He is as surely and absolutely obedient to them as the dust that falls, and the vapours that rise, and the planets which wheel—in obedience to their law (though the light of consciousness which gleams in him treacherously seems to reveal a freedom from such law, and the glory of another law, which can only be willingly obeyed). Thus a dark, inexorable fate hangs over all ; and whatever is, must be : right it cannot be, nor wrong, for these words are meaningless here. But inevitable, unchangeable, un-moral, and equally justified in being, is everything that transpires in every stage of the human history and in the experience of every class of men, until the dissolution of death and the final wreck of time for ever dissipate the individual and the race alike, with their mocking dreams of goodness, freedom, and immortality.

Do not, moreover, imagine that this doctrine, any more than the

common doctrine of philosophy, remains inert with those who hold it, and is confined to the domain of mere speculation. If the theism of philosophy urges with quickening impulse the conscience, so that it may rule the will, and if it thus illumines and directs every part of man's nature until it may even become a religion ; so does this doctrine of fatalism—which is common to materialism and pantheism—when accepted, control and mould the thoughts, emotions, and conduct of men, and live in them as a principle of life which certainly is not religion, but which for want of a better word I must call irreligion. Our mental and moral frame is in its many parts thus harmonised and sensitively knit together. No opinion whatever remains somnolent in the mind ; it vibrates its influence on a hundred chords ; magnetic sympathies catch it up and re-echo it in the emotions of the heart, the manifold play of the intellect, the fancies of the imagination, and the deeds of the will.

Hence materialism and pantheism are potent to sway the entire life of individual men, ay ! of nations. In our own day their influence is felt not only in the schools of philosophy, but in the open pages of our popular literature and in the wide world of affairs. We see how they degrade criticism and art by the cold-fingering dissection which ever misses the living soul of freedom ; and how they degrade history into a marionette-stage on which creatures moulded by circumstances fume in idle passion ; how, also, under their inspiration poetry is flushed with Circean voluptuousness, and social doctrines are broached which decry contumeliously our dearest English faith in personal liberty, family independence, and the sovereignty of law ;—in order to exalt a despotism over society either in the armed will of a multitude or of a tyrant prince. Accordingly, the alternative to be considered is not only of theoretical moment, but the highest issues of life are balanced on it.

It is plain, I think, to all who observe the thought of our time that the doctrine which to-day opposes spiritual philosophy and religion is materialism rather than pantheism. In the first half of our century it was the reverse, but a change has come. Pantheism still lingers in catch phrases, which are a cant infecting philosophy as well as religion, or is retained to gratify a sort of religious feeling. It is thus used in the most able modern philosophical system to furnish it with the mysterious background of an "unknown cause" (the phrase indeed is contradictory, for if there be a cause it is not all unknown : this much at least is known, that it has the properties of a cause, viz. causal energy, and an adequate ground for all that it produces). But this phrase is little heeded, as it is little needed, by its author. With him—and he is supported by many able men, especially scientific men, illustrious in their own departments, who have lately usurped the chair of philosophy—the sole effective causes in the universe and life are these atomic forces which bind and

unbind in ever changeful combinations. Thus again materialism is in vogue, the old antagonist of philosophy and faith: and our controversy is now with it.

Here let me at once disclaim the intrusion of authority or of traditional faith in this controversy. This is a question of philosophy; and philosophy in her search for truth must be free. I allow that it is generally wise and prudent for individuals to abide, even in philosophy, by an old faith which has been tested and trusted during many centuries of hostile assault; but when challenged such faith must ever again vindicate itself to the reason of men. By arguments, not by authority, must the truth be proved and established.

Nevertheless, there is a fallacy on this point which I must refute in passing. By *reason*, I have said, the arguments in this great controversy must be weighed; but these arguments do not always come from reason. The problems of a speculative intellect are not the sole problems of life. Its processes are not the sole avenues of truth. The moral intuitions of conscience—the cry of the human heart—the safeguards and conditions of healthful life in the individual and in society,—all these are sources of evidence, fountains of truth in this controversy.

The problem to be solved has been narrowed down in the schools to a doctrine of pure reason. On the contrary, it is a doctrine of man—of each individual man and of humanity. By reason, therefore, I say let this problem be solved; but not alone for reason's sake, or by reasons found within itself. Let reason view the entire field of evidence and give each portion its fair value, seeing that it is a problem for the whole of life and for the well-being of society. Then we may confidently await its verdict.

Let us survey the problem, and learn the facts which solve it.

I. The more recondite points in the argument against materialism I will only hint at. On its hypothesis myriads of atoms are assumed, each atom being invisible to sense; yet materialism makes the senses the only witnesses and criteria of truth. It cannot therefore *know*, for it has never *seen* or *handled* these indestructible points of force in which it ignorantly believes.

They are points, or foci of force, it is assumed; of force abiding in each, and spontaneously acting in each. But matter as known to us communicates or transmits motion, but originates no movement. It is wholly passive, and moves only as it is moved. Spontaneity and the first origination of motion are impossible to matter as we conceive it; therefore, these atoms are not material. Moreover these atoms—myriads as they are—are each separate and alone. What now gathers them into inorganic or organic forms? It is, we are told, their relationship of affinity with each other. Be it so. What explains that marvellous

harmony which has so touched all of them into infinitely varied concord with each other, that they aggregate in countless shapes of order and beauty? And if there were not a free spirit who moved among these shapes, how could any concord or combination once formed by this mutual affinity of various atoms ever be unloosed? An ice-bound congelation, immovable and barren as in the Polar wastes, would on this hypothesis ensue amongst them, fixing each atom irrevocably in its fit relationship with other atoms; and then no subsequent change is conceivable. Neither the first origination of movement nor a variety of change are possible to any substance, such as matter, which is inert and bound by necessary law. They are only possible to a being which is self-acting and free; and such a being is spirit.

II. Now we reach the threefold cord of evidence by which man's faith in God, so far as his reason teaches it, is ordinarily bound. The world in its smallest and its greatest parts, and in its immense unity, is replete and lustrous with rational order—with the procedure of intelligence. It abounds with the mysterious sensations and activities of life. In man there are the unity and variety of thought which knows itself; the consciousness of self and of personal freedom; and the "forms" of reason. Hence it is inferred that He who is the cause of the universe and of man is Himself living, intelligent, self-conscious, and free.

Let me briefly sketch these three arguments.

The first has been, since Kant, depreciated, and by some Christian theists abandoned; but most wrongly, and for two reasons. First, If, as Kant says, thought ought not to be taken away from and projected above the sensible world so as to be attributed to a being who transcends it; we reply to him, with his great follower, that first of all, on the contrary, we must be able to understand how thought came down into, so as to exist in, the sensible world. It is there, and therefore its cause is capable of thought. That is our argument. Second, The question here is not the transcendence or immanence of the world's cause; that must be determined otherwise: it is simply his intelligence. His works are luminous with reason; then He has reason. And to us there is not only no knowledge, but there is no power of conceiving reason or thought in God which is unconscious. In other words, we cannot imagine thought which is unthinking, or knowledge which is unknowing.

It is pleasant to speak of the rational order which pervades the universe of God. A succession of men endowed with magnificent genius have toiled for centuries to read the notes of that majestic harmony of reason—to unfold the laws of that sublime yet most subtle geometry by which all God's works are fashioned and ensphered. What is the science of mathematics but the deciphering of the mathesis that lies all

glorious in God's universe and in our mind, which He has made akin to and sympathetic with His own? Is there no reason in the universe? Then all our studies are irrational.

This rational order is twofold, and is seen in the mutual and rhythmic adjustment of the parts as a whole, or in the adjustment and evolution of successive parts which rise in marvellous sequence on each other. We hold by final causes as certainly as by efficient causes. It is unreason to dispute them; and they who deride them, nevertheless seek them and reason by them as do others; for they belong to reason, and are the answer which the mind categorically demands to its unceasing question, "Why, or wherefore, is each thing?"

But beyond all these questions of specific ends and their destined means, there is the spectacle of order—order which is grounded on the law of reason, and appeals irresistibly to its inward sense of harmony, as the rhythms and chords of the rarest music appeal to the ear.

Then, further, there are the appearance of life in the world, and of conscious thought and freedom in man; which are the "crux" on which materialism is always impaled. How shall that which is dead, fashion itself into the organisation of living bodies, and awaken to the keen experiences and the free movements of life? And how shall that which only lives, be endowed with the lofty speculation of thought, and become instinct with the consciousness of itself and freedom, and revere a law of duty which it ought freely to obey? Evolution is the modern answer of materialism to this question. But whence, we ask, this evolution; and why; and to what end? There is a cause for the grand process of evolution, as of each individual phenomenon in the process; and your reply therefore only makes the problem more perspicuous and urgent, for the necessities of human thought must be satisfied. The first cause must contain in itself the adequate ground of all that proceeds from it, both in its method and in its successive results.

I affirm accordingly with the three greatest philosophers of the world: with Plato that the Leader or Evolver is earlier than the led or evolved; with Aristotle that the first is not the seed—a mere potency—the *imperfect*—but the *perfect*; and with Descartes, it is verily manifest to natural intelligence that at least as much must be in the efficient and first cause as in the sum of its effects: or, as a higher word hath spoken, "He that planteth the ear, shall He not hear? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not He know?"

If then there be intelligence in God, He is a personal God; for we neither know nor can know an intelligence which is not personal. If there be freedom in God, again I say He is the personal God; for freedom is only predicated of will, and will is the centre or the shrine of personality, and belongs to its essence. If there be a

moral nature in God, then likewise is He a personal God; for righteousness and love are only conceivable in one who acts of himself, is free to act, and is conscious of his action. Nor let us shrink from this confession of a personal God by reason of the popular fallacy which has confounded and misled many. Personality is supposed to denote the limitation of God as against other beings, and thus to be incompatible with His infinitude. Now the conception of personality has no reference to the mysterious relation of the infinite and finite. It is the *unity* of self-consciousness, as Jacobi says, that constitutes personality; and each being who has the consciousness of his own identity, that is, of *himself* as *abiding* and as always *one*, is a person.

To-day, accordingly, I believe, as ever, philosophy on the ground of reason alone proclaims the personal and the living God.

III. But I have already said the highest grounds of certitude in this question do not lie in reason, but in other parts of man's nature, and in the conditions of our social life. Materialism would ignore these: it would thus quench the master light of all our seeing; but they will not be ignored. God shines upon us from the fervid heavens and yearning world of human life, as much as from the clouded firmament of reason; and believe me, that divine light of the soul often burns inextinguishably bright, even when the sickly light of our poor thought burns low in the socket. How shall I sum up this clearest, surest evidence of God?

It is known how Kant, who abased the external evidences, if I may so call them, of reason, sought refuge in the evidence of moral law—its authority and its sentences—as in an impregnable fortress. This argument has been mutilated by one of his German followers, and by a popular essayist of our own country, so as to require only a system of moral order—unconscious and impersonal. This indeed might suffice to bring about compensations, which the moral sense of man amid the inequities of the present life imperatively seeks; but that was only a moiety, and the lesser part, of Kant's great argument. Not the sentences of the moral judgment which are unfulfilled on earth, but its authority in man, gave certain evidence to him of God. Who speaks that great categorical imperative "Thou shalt" in the soul of man, before which even when alone he trembles? No one has uttered a word, yet a voice he hears; and its authority thrills him with an awful sense of reverence, and he never can escape the obligation it lays upon him.

If the conscience thus, like reason, proclaims the being of God, how much more does the human heart, with its capacity and need of boundless sympathies, its thirst and longing for a measureless love,—with its pitying helpfulness, its clinging trust in weakness, its anguished prayer in sin and sorrow, its high instinct for worship, its deep emotions of awe

and reverence, its infinite aspirations, and its delight in the fealty of an absolute devotion,—testify of a living God. Are these emotions, instincts, and faculties aimless? Is there no Being whom they adoringly seek and serve? Then indeed is man's life an insane and cruel mockery. It is not only that the spiritual intuitions and capacities fitting us for the fellowship and service of God attest His being, as the eye attests the existence of the light for which it is fitted; but also in very truth these spiritual powers make up the texture and substance of our being as *men*. If they be false, then indeed is man an illusion—a phantom soon to vanish, the misty texture of whose ephemeral nature is woven in falsehood.

We remember how Paul Richter in his dreadful dream pictured the universe to his soul without a God; how the great heaven was then blasted to his gaze, as the ghastly socket in which the beaming fire and sweetness of a human eye are quenched; and the wild solitudes of a drear, soulless, desert of worlds engulfed and crazed his weak, wandering, orphan heart. By the memory of that shuddering dream he saved himself, and we may save ourselves, from the despair of materialism.

There is still higher evidence in the human soul than that of the reason, the conscience, or the heart. No tongue can fitly tell it. It is a spiritual—or if you please mystical—experience, which words cannot shadow forth. Yet most of us have felt it more or less; for there is no one but at times, sooner or later, in Wordsworth's language it may be said of him—

“The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds and monitory gleams  
Of high astonishment.”

Thus there spring upon us unawares, as he has likewise told us—

“High instincts before which our mortal nature  
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised;”

Or in other moods, there breathe upon us

“Thoughts, whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born of immortality.”

Thus it is that God in the inner silence of the spirit seems still to speak to His own creatures, in the whisperings of peace or angry thunders of wrath. In these high visitations He makes Himself known to us by evidence which surpasses the logic of reason, and even the authority of conscience.

IV. But lastly, there is a verifying principle to which I appeal. It may not reveal truth, but it confirms and seals it: I mean the experience of men.

Materialism cannot refuse this test, for it professes that there is no other source of truth. By this test we affirm that must be true which is



the necessary condition of health and goodness in me and in society. Try, then, this test. Is man more safely guarded and more powerfully inspired in the best resolutions? does he resist evil and cleave to good with a firmer will? is he more capable of that heroism of virtue which all men applaud as the noblest crown of life?—when he has faith in God, in His holy law, and in immortality; or when not? Which faith yields the richest fruit? For of doctrines, as of men, the proof test is given, “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Or in society; by which faith are the bonds which hold its members together more firmly knit? By which are the sources of its freedom and its public well-being more surely replenished?

Looking back at history, we see no nation exist without this bond of religion. Once or twice, as in the French Revolution, has that bond been ruptured; and then convulsively the very elements of society have been riven asunder.

Surely all experience shows that the condition of man's well-being, both in the individual and in society, is his faith in God. If so, can that be false which is yet the necessary law and condition of all man's good? It were the worse pyrrhonism to affirm this schism and antagonism of *truth* and *goodness* in man.

We have thus surveyed the problem which is again discussed so vehemently in our age, and heard the multitude of witnesses which testify to the living God. And in the light of that faith, there shines also the certain evidence of man's spiritual nature and immortal destiny.

Have I seemed to dishonour the revelation of God in His holy word by my argument? God forbid! The pantheism of the early part of this century gave birth to all the current objections to this revelation. For if God is ever unconsciously, and by a necessary process, unfolding His whole being in nature and in man; then He has no more of Himself to reveal, and He can voluntarily do nothing. That pantheism has now, I have said, passed into a deeper negation. Now in opposition, however, to pantheism and materialism alike, let the thought be distinctly apprehended, that God is a Person into the secret of whose consciousness no one but Himself pierces. Then we see that it is only as He freely reveals Himself that we can know aught of Him. And if, with reverence and longing for a true faith we bow before Him who is thus shrouded from our eyes in mystery within Himself: if, above all, with our deepening sense of sin we feel our variance from Him and our infirmity, we will earnestly desire to hear from Him some word of reconciliation that shall breathe upon us the hope of perfect restoration for our fallen nature in His purity and love. How earnestly and wistfully Plato looked towards the dawning East, hoping for a revelation from the God in whom he believed! We live in the day for which he and a multitude of burdened

spirits longed and waited. And oh, how glorious is the revelation that that has shone us ! The Life—the very Life of God has been manifested ; “and we have seen it and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us.”

J. B. PATON.

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### AT THE WARTBURG.

**D**ARK Superstition long had laid his withering hand on earth,  
The priestly office long had lost its purity and worth ;  
Indulgences for vice and sin in open mart were sold,  
Crime easy absolution found when sanctified by gold.

The houses built by piety in fair religion's name,  
For vile corruption and for lust had earned a wicked fame ;  
While empty forms and hollow rites usurped the sacred place  
Of arts of true benevolence, and deeds of Christian grace.

A vain and *dilettante* Pope filled Peter's ancient chair,  
And ribald poets at his court the favoured suitors were ;  
The Head of all the Faithful a faithless lord had grown,  
And deeds of death and of decay were in his palace sown.

And those who wore religion's robes, and spoke religion's speech,  
In secret mocked the doctrines they had sworn to God to preach ;  
In sacred things they trafficked, as the false ones did of old,  
Who were driven from the Temple where their only God was gold.

For cunning craft of ignorance had shameful conquest made,  
And turned religion's holy work into a venal trade,  
While for peace and consolation the lowly came in vain  
Unto the coped and mitred things who only cared for gain.

Then “brave old Martin Luther,” with his honest heart and eyes,  
Rose in the might of truth and light to shake the throne of lies ;  
With a courage that was dauntless, with aim and purpose fit,  
He onward bore the glorious torch our glorious Wiclif lit.

And here within his quaint old house at Eisenach we stand,  
Recalling all the mighty work he wrought at God's command ;  
With a sense of joy o'erpowering we enter at the door,  
By the memory of his deeds made sacred evermore.

Through Wartburg's halls and galleries we reverently roam,  
From room to room we wander through his friendly prison home,  
While we behold their treasures and each record fondly trace,  
The brave Reformer's spirit seems to haunt the ancient place.

We see the stately chambers, the frescoes large and quaint,  
The Singer's-strife, the Landgrave's life, Elizabeth the Saint ;  
But these are not our chief delights, a deeper joy is known  
In the chapel where he preached, and the room he called his own.

Again we hear his mighty voice above the raging storm,  
In that old pulpit once again behold his stalwart form,  
The look of indignation, and the glance of that bright eye,  
As in God's name he thunders forth his hatred of a lie.

In his lonely room we join him, and watch that manly face,  
Whose furrowed lines of toil and thought impart a noble grace,  
Now pouring forth some glorious hymn the people's heart to reach,  
Now turning God's most holy Book into the people's speech.

In such high work he passed the day, preparing for the fight  
Which well he knew awaited him before the coming night ;  
From fear of man or demons his valiant heart was free—  
The ink-spot blackens still the wall which made the devil flee.

His little room is sacred since a true man in it dwelt :  
Here is the chair in which he sat, the place on which he knelt ;  
Then rising from the struggle, with his soul refreshed and strong,  
He from his place of refuge came to battle 'gainst the wrong.

O Wartburg is a glorious place, and all the country round  
Is fair, and rich, and beautiful as on the earth is found ;  
Tree-covered hills and lovely dales, and meadows green and bright,  
Turn where we will, make glad the heart, and fill it with delight.

But a richer dower than beauty has been given to the place,—  
The memories which make it dear to all the Teuton race ;  
For Wartburg Castle now is crowned with everlasting fame,  
Which in the world will hold its place with Martin Luther's name.

J. A. LANGFORD, LL.D.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD DISSENT.

NO. V.

THE above is not an appropriate title for this paper ; but I wish it to be considered as belonging to the series which I have so designated. After my notice of the principal Dissenting preachers of London in my early days, it was my intention in the succeeding paper to describe the Board of Congregational Ministers as it existed at that time, and the manner in which its members acted separately or in concert with the ministers of the Presbyterian and Baptist boards. In other

words, I proposed to consider the original condition and appropriate work of the London Boards of the Three Denominations as they were called, when they acted more regularly and frequently, if not more cordially together, than they do at present. But the recent death of Mr. Wilson, who occupied a very prominent place in my recollections of the last fifty years, and who would be noticed among the principal gentlemen of the Congregationalists in the regular course of my narrative, induces me to deviate from that course, and to insert a sketch of his good works and character, while the affectionate remembrance of his many mourning friends may excite greater interest in anything I may say respecting him. His name will again frequently appear in connection with several societies; but I wish to gratify my own feelings by saying at once what I have to say of him personally. Of his father, the generous patron of Hoxton Academy, the founder as he may be called of Highbury College, the builder of more Congregational chapels than I can at present enumerate, the most prominent layman for many years in his denomination, I shall reserve what I have to say for its proper place in a paper intended exclusively for his zealous and unwearied labours in the cause of Congregational Nonconformity.

Joshua Wilson was his mother's child. Some boys are evidently sons of their father; others as evidently children of their mother. In this instance father and son were as much unlike as father and son could be, while they were both under the influence of the same high moral feelings and deep religious convictions. Mother and son were as much alike as men and women can resemble each other without blending, and so losing their respective masculine and feminine dispositions and manners.

That prompt decision, that unhesitating resolve, that energetic activity, that unwavering confidence in the goodness of his object and his opinion too, and that persevering determination until he accomplished his purpose, which distinguished Mr. Thomas Wilson above any man I ever knew were not to be discovered in the life of his son. But that gentle and retiring spirit, that readiness quietly to co-operate with others in doing good, that kindly disposition which made it pleasant for others to co-operate with him, he inherited from his mother. Where the father was prompt, the son was cautious; where the father was confident, the son was hesitating; while the father would do a good work, the son would be staying to consider how it could be done in the best manner. Both were most estimable men, living for God and the good of others; but they were estimable for different, and in some respects opposite, excellences. The father was the man to do great good in public life, and he did it by his untiring energy and activity: the son was the man to do great good quietly by suggesting, assisting, encouraging others,

leaving the public work to more forward and busy friends. The father was ever before the public, and subjected to the criticism, favourable and unfavourable, of many observers: the son, less known even by those who had the benefit of his unobtrusive generosity, was seldom criticised by friends or foes. Personal foes he could have none, but there were many persons opposed to the objects he promoted, who knew little of his labours in promoting them. Had the father been endowed with the cautious spirit of his son, he never would have built half the chapels he did in his time. Had the son possessed the promptitude of his father, he would not have had patience quietly and slowly to have collected the books for the Congregational Library, intended for the benefit of the denomination of which both father and son were distinguished friends and benefactors. The son seemed to act upon the principle—Do nothing unless you can do it well: the father upon the opposite—Do what good you can, and run the risk of doing badly rather than doing nothing at all. As I knew them both intimately for many years, I am thankful for the good both accomplished, though in ways so very different.

Joshua Wilson was born on the 27th of October, 1795. He received his early education under the care of the Rev. William Harris, of Cambridge, afterwards Dr. Harris, the theological tutor of Hoxton Academy, and minister of the old Independent Meeting-house, erected in Church-street, Stoke Newington, by the Abney family and other friends of Dr. Watts. Entered at the Inner Temple, and called to the bar by that fraternity, he was accustomed in early life to designate himself of that Inn of Court. But of all the professions ever devised by mortal ingenuity, that of a barrister would seem the last that he or his friends for him ought to have selected. He might read law with some little interest; but to take any interest in law-suits, to speak earnestly on any side of a cause in which he felt no concern, to reply roughly and rudely to an opponent, to talk against time severely of one man, sarcastically of another, angrily of a third, were exercises in which all who knew him must admit he would certainly and utterly have failed. Although he was called to the bar, I do not suppose that either he ever intended or his friends ever expected him to practise. He could expect nothing better than the innocent gratification of appending to his name the respectable addition, "of the Inner Temple."

If, however, Joshua Wilson was not made to talk extemporaneously, he was made to think carefully, accurately, wisely, and perseveringly upon whatever subjects engaged his attention. Only important subjects did engage his attention. He felt as little interest in small matters, the gossip of the idle, the amusements of the sportive, the fashions of the gay, the passing events of the hour, as any intelligent man I have ever

known. He did, I believe, read the newspapers, but he seemed to care very little about their news, and still less about their opinions. In politics he steadily adhered to great principles, but cared little for the disputes of parties. Lord John Russell was the only political leader of whom I ever heard him speak with much interest ; but then Lord John bore a family name which he venerated, and was at that time zealously engaged in the cause of religious liberty, especially in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

If he felt little interest in small matters, he felt quite as little in what some of his friends regarded as great and grand subjects, the abstruse questions of theology, such as the freedom of the will, the grounds of human responsibility, the predestination of all things by God and the liberty left for the voluntary action of men in opposition to His will and purposes. On such subjects he never talked freely. When he read about them, as he did frequently, it was to know the opinions and arguments of the writers rather than to form his own opinions or regulate his own judgment on the subjects about which they wrote. He knew all about the metaphysicians excepting their metaphysics. Of Jonathan Edwards, Edward Williams, Andrew Fuller, and such writers, he knew everything worth knowing, although in their writings, or rather in the subjects on which they wrote, he felt no especial interest. In talking with him about these men I was surprised to observe the contrast between his acquaintance with their arguments and his indifference to their conclusions.

His favourite study undoubtedly was history, and especially the history of English Nonconformity. Of Nonconformist ministers and churches he seemed to me to know all that was worth knowing, and a great deal that many readers would think not worth the time and trouble of learning. His knowledge was as remarkable for its minute accuracy as it was for its wide extent. It may seem presumptuous to say of him, but I do presume to say it : I believe no man ever knew so much about the minute history of Nonconformity as our lamented friend. He was thoroughly acquainted with the biography of every Nonconformist minister who has been at all distinguished for his preaching, his writings, his labours, his good services of any kind. On hearing him talk of Owen or Baxter, of Howe or Bates, of Watts or Doddridge, a stranger would suppose he had made the life and works of that man his long and especial study. But if in the course of conversation Nonconformist ministers of small celebrity were mentioned, he was never at a loss to give some account of them. He must have dearly loved Nonconformity, or he would not have devoted so much of his time to pleasant intercourse with its founders and their followers, as they sustained it down to his own age.

He knew more than any man I ever conversed with of the outside,

as well as the inside, of books relating to Dissenting literature. By the outside I do not mean the titles, dates, and editions with which some critics are so wonderfully well acquainted, but the events which gave occasion for them, the circumstances under which they were written, the certainty or the doubtfulness of the author, the object and intention of his writing, the manner and extent in which his purpose was accomplished, the influence of his work upon others, and the estimation in which it was held by various parties, until it was gradually forgotten, or took its place in the permanent literature of the language. How much he knew of the inside of books connected with Dissenting literature I need not stay to explain, as it will appear in all that can be said about him. By Dissenting literature, I mean all that relates to Dissenters, whether written by them or by their opponents, or indeed by anybody, friend or foe, who had anything to say about them or their works.

His knowledge of Nonconformist history was of great value and importance in conducting the prolonged and expensive litigation respecting the property of Lady Hewley. The lawyers engaged on the side of the Evangelical Dissenters were supplied by him with information on all historical questions connected with the suit, which must have been of great value and importance to the Equity Judges who had to pronounce their decision upon the case. This was especially apparent in the elaborate judgment pronounced by Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, as well as in the final decision of the House of Lords, in the settlement of many important questions connected with the suit, especially those which referred to the several classes of Dissenters whose poor ministers should have the benefit of the property, and whose representatives might be appointed trustees. His information, although not always so strictly observed as it ought to have been, was of far greater value than any that could have been supplied by any other person. The differences and relations between the Presbyterians and Congregationalists in Lady Hewley's time, the transition through which both parties were then passing, and its influence in some places bringing the two parties nearer together, and in others separating them more widely, were stated by him with so much accuracy and extent of information as showed his extraordinary, I may say unequalled, acquaintance with a very intricate, and to many Dissenting readers a very uninteresting, subject.

In the subsequent attempts, or rather proposals, of those who, encouraged by the success of this suit, desired to recover the old meeting-houses, many of them well endowed, from their Unitarian possessors, he was greatly interested. The passing of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill was to him a painful disappointment. He did what he could to oppose it.



As, however, the fighting about dead men's chapels and money by living Christians is not a very edifying spectacle, it was perhaps quite as well for both parties that the law should have been enacted.

In the periodical literature of the Dissenters Mr. Wilson felt a lively interest. When the *Congregational Magazine* was projected more than fifty years ago, he did much to promote its publication, and especially to induce Mr. Redford, then of Uxbridge, to become its editor. Soon afterwards, on Mr. Redford leaving Uxbridge, he did much to encourage Mr. Blackburn, of Claremont Chapel, to undertake the time and labour of editing it in connection with Dr. Fletcher of Stepney, and Mr. Orme of Camberwell. In its early numbers were several statistical articles on the history of the Congregational Churches in several counties of England, compiled by Mr. Whitridge, of Oswestry. The materials were supplied by persons acquainted with the several localities. Although Mr. Wilson was not their author, their completeness, as well as their minute accuracy, may be attributed to his careful inspection of the papers as they were prepared for the press. This appears from several letters of Mr. Whitridge found among his papers. How far he completed them by his own additions I am unable to ascertain, but at the time many persons supposed them to be chiefly his own production. If this supposition were incorrect, they everywhere betray the marks of his superintendence and care.

When Mr. Conder was about to retire from the care and responsibility of the *Edectic Review*, he was so anxious that some competent person should undertake its management, that had not Dr. Price become its proprietor, he was, I believe, prepared to incur the pecuniary responsibility of continuing it for a time, in the hope of its increased circulation. On the publication of the *British Quarterly*, although at first he was afraid it would injure the circulation of the *Edectic*, he cordially united with others to ensure its support, under the management of Dr. Vaughan. In its success no one of its friends rejoiced more than himself.

With any really valuable book written by an Independent minister he seemed as much pleased, if not as proud, as if it had been written by himself. With the good writers of the Dissenters he was as much delighted as his father was with their good preachers. If they were popular, he rejoiced in their popularity; if they were not, while really meritorious, he did much, sometimes at considerable cost, to cheer and encourage them. His favourite writer and preacher was Robert Hall, of whom he was accustomed to speak in the most extravagant terms—the only man whom I ever heard him laud extravagantly.

Of the Congregational Lecture it may be truly said he was not only the founder but, at its commencement, the only friend who took an

active part in promoting its continuance and success. He corresponded with the lecturers, provided for their accommodation, ensured their payment, and made the arrangements which were needful for the convenience of their hearers. Whatever advantages have been secured by these annual lectures, they may be attributed to his activity and perseverance.

Mr. Wilson was not only more deeply interested in Dissenting literature, but also more firm and decided in Dissenting principles than most of the Dissenters of his time. I do not say he never went to church, but I never heard of his going there; and I think it must have been something very special that could have allured him to attend any of its services. He seemed to feel it to be his duty, by his consistent conduct, quietly to protest against the religious establishment of the country. In one respect he was the only consistent Dissenter I ever knew. To be married in church seemed to him a profession of conformity. To accept on that occasion the blessing of the Church seemed to him a concession of principle. What right had he to claim the services of a clergyman who was acting by the authority of the State, and endowed with especial power of changing the civil condition of men and women? Young men of his day could not, or would not, understand his reasoning. Young Dissenting ministers, the writer among the rest, all went to church to be married, and showed very little compunction in doing so. But Mr. Wilson was a better Dissenter than any of us. In writing about him I must make my confession. But he goes to church to be married! He was not the man to conform for one hour of his life. But what could he do? He had passed his fortieth year. He had met at Liverpool with a lady whom any man might be proud to call his wife. It is said, "Where there is a will, there is a way." He certainly had the will; he found the way along the road to Edinburgh. He made his temporary residence there in the house of the late Dr. Pater-son. There, without the acknowledgment of any ecclesiastical authority, he consecrated the civil contract by prayer, and found the blessing of God to rest upon it, not for that day only, but until it was terminated by the mournful severance of death.

He was, as might have been expected, a zealous opponent of the old marriage law of England. However lightly others felt its burden, he thought their consistency as Dissenters required them to feel it as very hard and oppressive. They ought to insist upon the repeal or modification of the law. He published "An Appeal" showing its injustice, and calling upon all parties interested to work strenuously for its abolition. The change was accomplished in less time and with far less trouble than he expected. He always looked with great satisfaction upon his successful opposition to the old marriage law.

Probably the greatest service he rendered to the Congregational body was in founding the Congregational Library. He spent many years in collecting books for the purpose, at an expense which I will not venture to estimate. From early life his heart was set upon that object, and he spared no effort to accomplish it. Whatever may have been the zeal and determination of his father in building chapels, he was quite as zealous and determined in purchasing books. His was quieter work, and the quiet manner in which he could accomplish it was in harmony with his quiet and unobtrusive spirit. He seldom talked about it. I knew him well while he was engaged in accomplishing this object; but I do not remember that, unless there were some book the acquisition of which greatly delighted him, he ever mentioned the name of any book which he had procured. At the commencement of the library he sent to it more than three thousand volumes, and afterwards made several additions. While for the New Memorial Hall we are indebted to the generosity of several friends, I hope his memorial in some form will be perpetuated there, as that of the friend who, more than any other, deserves to be remembered in connection with it. His books will be preserved there; his example stimulated others; his labours were devoted to it as far as he was able; his interest in it lasted with his life; were it not for him, it would probably never have been existed.

The quiet and unobtrusive spirit of Mr. Wilson prevented to a considerable extent the amount of his generous contributions from being generally known, or correctly estimated by his intimate friends, or even by the members of his own family. He regularly and conscientiously reserved a considerable proportion of his income for the promotion of evangelical religion chiefly, but not exclusively, through the instrumentality of Dissenting institutions. I believe he scarcely ever refused to contribute to such objects as approved themselves to his considerate judgment. He might not have been an impulsive giver, for it was natural to him to consider carefully how he could do the most good with the means which God had placed at his disposal. To some objects he would have liked to contribute more largely than he did; but had he done so, it would have caused the refusal of other claims as imperative if not as agreeable. What he gave, he gave considerately as well as generously, although his gifts, estimated severally as the recipients estimated them, did not appear so large as they would have done had he given to fewer objects. To some objects, however, he gave very largely, and his name appears among the first in their lists of contributors. I have just looked at the last report of the English Congregational Chapel Building Society, and found there appended to his name in the list of subscribers the sum of £2,623. Of the many wealthy

gentlemen interested in that society, only seven have contributed more largely, or rather I should say only six, as one of the names preceding his is that of a firm, not of an individual.

Mr. Wilson has done the work of his life, and done it well. His influence upon the character and history of Protestant Dissenters has been not inconsiderable, and in some respects singularly beneficial. For the literature of Congregationalism he has done more, I believe, than any man of his time. In that respect, so important to our denomination, there will arise, I trust and hope, others to imitate his example and carry on his work in the same persevering spirit, though I can scarcely hope in the same gentle and unobtrusive manner. The state of his health in his later years prevented him from taking so active a part in Christian societies as would have been pleasant to himself and agreeable to others. Death came upon him in one sense not unexpectedly, as both he and his friends were aware of the danger to which he was exposed from sudden attacks of fainting and insensibility; in another sense quite unexpectedly, as the attack in which he yielded his life was apparently in no respect different from many from which he had previously recovered. "He was not, for God took him." I will not attempt any further estimate of his character or works. As I have observed, he was not his father; but his excellences exactly supplemented those of his father. Concerning father and son together, yet in contrast, I will close by saying, I have no recollection of any father and son who have done so much service to the cause of Evangelical Non-conformity as Thomas and Joshua Wilson.

ROBERT HALLEY.

P.S.—By an inadvertence in my last paper, I represented Mr. Jay as preaching before the Dukes of Kent and Sussex. Only the Duke of Sussex was present on that occasion.

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## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

NO. XI.

STEP by step, as we advance in the consideration of the Ritual of the Temple worship, we are startled by the fresh light which is shed on the language of the New Testament. As we hear the words of the Apostles and Evangelists, translated into our own vernacular, we are little apt to realise the force which they bore to the early Christian. Thus, when we hear of "Sacrifice and offering," we are apt to regard the expression as a poetical or rhetorical pleonasm. Each word, however, had its special and well-understood meaning in the minds of those who were addressed in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

The writer of that Epistle, in using these words, quotes the language of the LXX. version, which in this place differs very widely from the Hebrew original. "Zevahim and Minchoth," wrote the Psalmist, "Thou wouldest not: mine ear hast Thou pierced;"—a reference, there can be little doubt, to the voluntary servitude of a Hebrew to a Hebrew, which was marked, if prolonged over one or more Sabbatic years to its necessary close in the year of Jubilee, by the piercing of the ear for a ring. This is what the LXX. have rendered, "body" or "a body Thou hast prepared for me. In holocausts and sin-offerings," continues the text, "Thou hast not taken pleasure."

Our attention has hitherto been directed to those offerings, prescribed by the Law of Moses, which bear the name of Zevahim, or Victims. The word is generally translated by the English word "sacrifices," which has, however, a far more comprehensive import. As applied to the Ritual of the Temple, the word must always be understood as implying the slaughter of an animal of one of the five specified genera of beasts or of birds.

The word Mincha, in the plural Minchoth, has no good English equivalent. St. Jerome has translated it *sacrificium*; so that such a passage as the 37th verse of the 7th chapter of Leviticus loses one of its clauses, in the Vulgate. The great writers of the seventeenth century have translated it by the words *munus*, or *donum*, which are rather the equivalent of the word *Corban*. \* Our own Authorised version employs the term "meat-offering;" † which has the advantage of being a separate phrase, but the disadvantage of being a compound word; and the still greater disadvantage occasioned by the gradual change of the English language. Meat, with us at the present day, means flesh. In the Authorised version, at all events with reference to this portion of the Ritual, it means flour, or meal. The Latin *mola* is the true equivalent of Mincha; and the use of meal, in conjunction with the sacrifice of a victim, is mentioned by Homer. For the sake of distinctness we therefore shall make use of the Hebrew term.

The Mincha, then, implies an offering of a vegetable nature or origin. It accompanied the Zevahim or slaughtered victims. Thus the term is applied to flour, to incense, and, with the addition of the word Nasik, to wine; the libation, or poured-forth offering, being a feature common to Greek, Roman, and Jewish rites. The Mincha is, however, of two kinds, that which was offered by itself, and that which was offered together with a victim. In the latter case it was always accompanied by wine, and is called the Mincha Nasikim or Nesikim.

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\* Cf. Numbers vii. 12. *θύμα* and *θύσια*, in Greek, denote everything that is burned on an altar.

† Levit. ii. 1.

This latter description of offering was made both for the congregation and for individuals. It has been before pointed out that all sacrifices for private individuals were comprehended under four heads, namely, holocausts, offerings for sin, offerings for error, and peace-offerings; and consisted of members of five species of animals. Of these it is explained, in the book Siphri, that the holocaust of a bird does not involve a mincha; the law on the subject being indicated by the book of Numbers.\* From the same passage it is inferred that neither the sacrifice for sin, nor that for error, requires the addition of the mincha. This addition is thus limited to the holocaust (of a beast); the vow; and the spontaneous oblation, free-will offering, or Eucharist. Thus neither the sacrifice of the first-born, nor that of the Passover, was accompanied by a mincha, as they were neither holocausts, vows, nor eucharistic offerings. The sacrifices for the leper, both for sin and for error, did, however, require this addition.

The *Mincha nasikim*, or *munus libaminum*, thus defined, consisted of flour united with oil. The accompanying libation was of wine, unmixed with water.† The whole addition was metaphorically called the libation; because flour was never offered without wine, nor wine without flour.

The measure of flour that was offered with the holocaust, and that of wine with the peace-offerings, varied according to the nature of the sacrifice. The principal rules were these: If the victim were a goat, of any kind, or a lamb not more than a year old, the mincha consisted of an omer, or tenth deal, of flour, mixed with a quarter of a hin of oil, accompanied by the libation of the third part of a hin of wine. In the case of holocausts and peace-offerings, this addition was made to every victim, whatever their number. In English measures it was nearly equivalent to five pints of flour, a quart of oil, and a quart and three gills of wine. If the victim were one of the larger flock, as a ram, the quantity of flour was doubled, that of oil and wine being the same. If the victim were of the ox family, whether young or old, the mincha consisted of three omers of flour, half a hin of oil, and an equal quantity of wine, being equal to fifteen pints of flour, half a gallon of oil, and half a gallon of wine, for each victim.

No exception was made to the above rules, save in the single case of the lamb offered on the second day of the Passover, when the omer of first fruits was brought. ‡ The holocaust of this lamb required the addition of an omer of flour mixed with the third part of a hin of oil, and accompanied by the quarter of a hin of wine. The sacrifice of the leper required a mincha of three omers of flour, one for each of the prescribed victims.

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\* Numbers xv. 3.

† Numbers xv. 5.

‡ Numbers xxviii. 26.

The Minchoth which did not depend on victims were of two kinds ; public, and private. The public offering was made on behalf of the whole people. It included the "omer of agitation," a wave-offering ;\* a handful out of which was burnt on the altar, and the remainder was eaten by the priests. The second example is in the case of the two loaves offered at the Festival of Pentecost.† The third was the shew-bread, which the priests eat on the Sabbath. This consisted of twelve loaves or cakes, each of which contained two omers of flour. The form of these loaves is described in the tract Menahoth or Minchoth ‡ (for the use of points does not prevent scholars of equal authority from transliterating Hebrew words in very different fashions). For each of the two loaves, the length was seven palms, the width four ; and the horns of the loaf were to be four digits each. In English measures this is equivalent to  $18\frac{3}{4}$  inches long by  $10\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide, with corner pieces of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches each. For the shew-bread, the length was ten palms, the width five, and the horns seven digits ; being equal to  $26\frac{3}{4}$  inches by  $13\frac{1}{4}$  inches, with corners of  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches. This kind of offering superseded the sanctity of the Sabbath.

The private Minchoth were of five kinds. The first, that which was to be offered on account of certain offences ; the second, with reference to the correction of errors ; the third, that which was attached to certain sacrifices, and called the mincha of translation ; the fourth, that which every priest, including the High Priest, offered, only once in his life ; the fifth, that which was offered on account of a vow or oblation.

With regard to the first of these, anyone who had erred with regard to the sanctity of the Sanctuary, or the holy things, or in rash swearing, or in false witness, whether of error or of purpose, was bound, as before explained, to offer a sacrifice. If he was too poor to be able to do so, he was to offer the tenth part of an epha of flour, without oil or frankincense. This was called the sinner's mincha. A handful of this was burned on the altar ; and the remainder was eaten by the priests. The second example is that of the offering to be made in case of the administration of the water of jealousy. It differed from all others, consisting of barley meal, without oil or incense, and was called the mincha of jealousy.

The third species of private mincha was in the case of the vow to offer an Eucharistic Sacrifice, or to be a Nazarite for a fixed time, on the completion of the term. In these cases certain loaves were to be added to the victim, but as the term mincha is not applied to these loaves in the Pentateuch, the rules of that offering did not apply. If a priest brought

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\* Levit. xxiii. 10 ; Numbers xxviii. 26.

† Levit. xxiii. 17.

‡ De Muneribus xi. 4.



the victim, he eat the accompanying loaf, and if it was an ordinary Israelite it was burned.

The fourth was the *mincha* of the Anointed Priest, which the High Priest offered daily with the morning and evening sacrifice. These *sartagines*, or cakes of flour, incense, and oil,\* were made out of an omer of flour, and contained the twentieth of an epha, or about two and a half pints each.

The offering, which was obligatory on every priest, once only in his life, was the same in the case of the High Priest, and of every other priest. It was due when he first put on the sacred garments; and consisted of an omer of flour, which was entirely burnt, under the title of the priest's *mincha*. A priest was apt, or acceptable, for the service of the Temple from the time of his attaining his legal majority, of thirteen years and one day; but the other priests excluded him from the Temple until he attained the age of twenty. This provision explains the statement of Josephus that "the lad Aristobulus, having attained his seventeenth year, came according to the Law to the altar, to perform the sacrifices, having on the ornaments of the High Priest."† Whiston has added a note to his translation of the Antiquities, which rather befits an ignorant man than a scholar of his acumen: "This entirely confutes the Talmudists, who pretend that no one under twenty years of age could officiate as High Priest among the Jews." The Oral Law has no such provision, and the practice, as explained by Maimonides, could not apply in the case of a youthful High Priest.

The fifth is the voluntary *mincha*; which consisted either of five species of meal, mingled with oil, or of two kinds, baked as loaves or cakes, which are all described under specific names in the Law. All these offerings, as described, required flour, oil, and incense, of which a handful was burned on the altar, and the remainder, unless the offering had been made by a priest, in which case it was to be burnt, was eaten by the priest.

The foregoing comprise all the victims and additional offerings of meat, oil, and wine, which were offered on the altar of the Temple, according to the Law. The only other offering of a similar nature was that of incense. Four aromatic substances are named in the Pentateuch as the elements of this mixture, which are translated stacte, onycha, galbanum, and frankincense.‡ The word spices, which occurs in the A.V., is not the accurate translation; the word scents, or odours, being the true meaning of the Hebrew, and the almost identical Arabic term employed. Of these perfumes three were resinous gums. The fourth, called onycha in the A. V., and schecheleth (shell), in the Hebrew, is the operculum of a shell, that of a species of *strombus*, which gives a musky odour when

\* Lev. vi. 15.

† Ant. xv. 3. 3.

‡ Ex. xxx. 32.

burnt, and is still used in the East as a perfume. Of the gums, the first, which is called tear, drop, or gum alone, is probably the juice of the *Styrax Benzoini*, known as gum Benjamin. Galbanum is a resinous gum, brought down the Persian Gulf. The plant which produces it is said, in the Pharmacopœia, to be unknown, though several plants have been raised from seeds found adhering to the gum. Gesenius says it is the *Ferula galbanifera*. Libanum, the third ingredient, is the olibanum of the Pharmacopœia, the product of the *Boswellia thurifera*. It is known to us as a reddish or light yellow gum; but owes its name to its milky whiteness when very pure.

There is no passage in the written Law that is more fully illustrated by tradition than that which prescribes the composition of the incense. It is said to be one of the traditions of Mount Sinai, that God showed to Moses eleven species of perfumes which were to be mingled in the incense. To these were added salt of Sodom, which probably means the pure and lustrous rock salt that is found in cliffs of 200 or 300 feet high to the south of the Dead Sea; and amber of Jordan, which is no doubt the bitumen found floating on the Dead Sea. Besides this a small portion of a certain plant, which is said to have had the property of causing the fumes to ascend "like a stick," in a column of smoke, was added by the hereditary incense-maker, the son of Abtines. This officer is repeatedly referred to in the Talmud. The name and species of the plant in question were kept as profound secrets in the family, which is censured in the Mishna on that account. In the first Mishna of the Codex Keritoth, Maimonides describes minutely the ingredients of this incense, and gives the weights of most of them. Three hundred and sixty-eight minæ in weight were made in the course of the year; being equal to 644 troy pounds. Half a mina was burned after each morning and evening sacrifice throughout the year, and three minæ were allowed for the Day of Expiation. Maimonides says that to sixty minæ of each of the four perfumes named in the Book of Exodus, were added myrrh, ambra, spikenard, and saffron, sixteen minæ of each; nine minæ of cinnamon, and three minæ of the kelepha, or unknown plant. To make up the specified weight would require the addition of fifty-eight minæ of the two mineral ingredients taken from the valley of the Jordan. Thus all the three kingdoms of nature contributed to the incense of the daily sacrifice; and from the golden altar of the Temple ascended, morning and evening, a tribute more emblematical of the return of gratitude and love to Him who has clad the earth with beauty, than were the fumes of the slaughtered victims and burned meat, that arose from the brazen altar without.

Any explanation of any of the rites or sacrifices instituted by the Divine Law as symbolical, was contrary to the entire spirit of the Jewish

legislation. However little we may be accustomed to regard the Divine injunctions in the light of the Halacha, or Synhedral decisions, we must yet admit the simple grandeur of their motive. To learn what God the Lord said, to comprehend the minutest injunction, as well as the gravest, and to pay an equal and unhesitating obedience to each, was the sum of righteousness, as the term is used by St. Luke : " Righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." To attempt to give or to seek a reason for any Divine command, was held to be impious. In the late period of the declining polity, indeed, an allegorising sense was attached to much of the Bible. This was not a Jewish, but a Greek, invention, although it came to Judæa not directly through the sect of the Hellenists, but by way of Alexandria, from the half-heretical Egyptian Jews. The great work of Philo so turns the whole of the Bible into allegory, that the reader is left in doubt whether his teacher held that Sampson and David, Saul and Abraham, were really men who ever lived and moved upon the earth, or merely poetical, mythical impersonations, brought forward to illustrate mysterious teaching, but no more actual entities than the beasts of the Fables of Æsop. As to how much of this Alexandrine symbolism, as well as of the minute verbal criticism of the Mishnic doctors, has percolated into Christian teaching, and with what result, the present is not the occasion to inquire. When we read, in the language of a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, " this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia," or " that rock was Christ," we read the very phraseology of Philo. And we also have a marked lesson how far from tenable is the reliance that was placed, even by Luther himself, on what he called the *ipsissima verba*, — *Hoc est Corpus meum*.

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### THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."\*

THOSE of us who cannot afford to gratify a taste for first editions may sometimes be disposed to question the interest attaching to them. Southey expressed the feeling when he said that he would have no book in his library that he could not fling at Satan, should he appear; but he certainly would not have put an *editio princeps* to any such use, and yet he certainly would not have refused an *editio princeps* of any famous book, if he could have got it. So with the rest of us. We disparage that which we cannot obtain: disparage it, indeed, out of an excess of secret desire. The very manner of the denial proves our

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\* The "Pilgrim's Progress," as originally published by John Bunyan, being a *fac-simile* reproduction of the first edition. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1875.

belief that there *is* a wonderful charm about early copies. Who, with any care for books, would not feel exalted in his own estimation and in the eyes of his fellows, if he became possessed of a first folio, or a first quarto of "Shakspeare?" Who would not take down with reverence a first copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost?" But, not to mention great books, who does not feel a secret pride in the possession of any rare old specimen of printing—a mere tract of half a dozen pages, a broad-sheet even, a trifling block-book, a ballad such as Autolycus might have taken out of his pack for the delight of wondering clowns? Nay, even when they stand in a degree infinitely lower as regards rarity, the collector values old books. In every library, however small, there are a few volumes in dark brown binding, with yellow paper, and faded ink, which receive many an affectionate glance, and are taken down sometimes and handled with intense satisfaction, from the mere pleasure of a sense of possessing something old. Their contents may not be of special interest; or later editions, with additions and notes, may be far more useful; or the authors may have gone wholly out of date. But still we love them for their age and rarity; they hold honourable places on our shelves; we consult them by preference, when this is possible; only to look at them reposing in the double distinction of age and uselessness, is worth something.

These rough notes of a feeling common to all bookmen, help to explain the interest with which we regard this re-print of a great book—page for page, line for line, letter for letter, with all its curious eccentricities of spelling and italics, its broad margins and narrow pages of type, its quaint side-notes, its uncouth yet expressive wood-cuts, just as Bunyan issued it from the press. There is no sense of loss or envy in this admiration. There is only one copy of the original book in existence, so that only one of us can have it; and we are not disposed to wish that it were elsewhere than in the hands of its present owner. Mr. Holford, no doubt, is a lucky man to own it; but there is no bitterness in the acknowledgment, for we feel that he is a kindly and generous man in allowing his unique original to be copied, literally, for the delight of all of us. By his consent, we can turn at leisure over the pages of the "compact volume, printed on yellowish grey paper, from apparently new type," and bearing on the title-page this inscription: "The Pilgrim's Progress from This World, to That which is to come: Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream Wherein is Discovered, The manner of his setting out, His Dangerous Journey; And safe Arrival at the Desired Countrey. *I have used Similitudes*, Hos. 12. 10. By *John Bunyan*. Licensed and Entred according to Order. London, Printed for *Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock* in the *Poultry* near *Cornhil*, 1678."

As we look at the book, we rather feel inclined to speculate on what Nathaniel Ponder—a fine Shandean name for a bookseller—thought of it when Bunyan's manuscript was placed in his hands—that precious M.S., written amid the distractions of Bedford Gaol, polished and re-written after the author's liberation, kept almost for the Horatian interval, and then given to the world, to become one of its most cherished treasures. We can fancy Bunyan carrying it from the little meeting-house in Southwark, through the quaint, old-fashioned, narrow streets, to the bookseller's shop at the sign of the Peacock, and discussing with grave Nathaniel Ponder the size and price of the volume, and its chances of success. But neither Bunyan nor Ponder could have imagined the fate in store for the book, or the monument it would raise in honour of its author. It was in 1678—six years after Bunyan's liberation from his twelve years' imprisonment—that the first part, the *Pilgrimage of Christian*, was published. It was poorly printed, cheap, intended for the common folk. With them it leapt into popularity. Before the year was out another edition was called for. Within the next four years the book was re-printed six times. The eighth edition appeared in 1682. Two years later, in 1684, the ninth edition, containing the second part—the *Pilgrimage of Christiana*—was published. A tenth edition followed in the next year. By this time, too, the book had become popular out of England. In Scotland it became a household treasure. So also in the American Colonies, where it was issued by thousands. Many of the French Huguenots made it their own. It was read amongst the Protestants of Holland. Since then, what need is there to tell of the diffusion of the immortal allegory? It is translated into the languages of all the chief countries of the world. Wherever the English race has planted itself, on well-nigh every spot in the habitable globe, there is the "*Pilgrim's Progress*"—a classic for the educated, a textbook for the unlearned, the grave delight of age, a mysterious fascination for childhood. In all varieties of type, and size, and binding, and illustration, it is to be found in all libraries, from the humblest to the highest: the poorest bookshelf has its Bunyan; the characters of the great *Progress* run familiarly through our literature, and season our familiar talk. It is like Fuller's account of the dispersion of Wickliffe's ashes: "They cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." So it is with Bunyan. The quaint, old-fashioned little volume issued, now close upon two hundred years ago, from the shop of Nathaniel Ponder, at the sign of the Peacock, has its representatives all the world over, and pilgrims by the million

have been cheered, and comforted, and, strengthened by the example of Christian and Hopeful, have gone manfully with them through Vanity Fair, have rested with them on the Delectable Mountains, have crossed the great river, and entered in triumph the City of the shining ones.

No doubt, in later editions, especially in those luxurious volumes issued in recent years—all gold and colour outside, ample in width of page and breadth of margin, sumptuous in type, enriched with illustrations upon which all the fancy of the artist and the skill of the engraver have been lavished—Bunyan appears to greater advantage than in the earliest form of his great allegory. He is presented to us, so to speak, in Court dress, tricked out with all sorts of bravery, in silk and jewels, decked in all the hues of the rainbow, finer even than Nathaniel Ponder's peacock. The tinker poet and preacher is transformed into a great dignitary of literature; he takes his place with a stately grace in drawing rooms, and boudoirs, and on the shelves of daintily appointed libraries, where no familiar touch is permitted—whence "the vulgar" are shut out. Yet, if we were put to choice, we should take this reprint of the humble first edition, in preference to all the fine tall copies, with their adornments inside and out. It carries us back again to the author himself—that is one great thing, for the nearer we are to a writer, the better we seem to understand and appreciate him. It gives us, again, a pure and uncorrupted text. We have here Bunyan's own book, as Bunyan wrote it—not as it has been altered, transformed, and modernised, to suit the fancy of editors who think themselves superior to their author, or to fit the taste of times which are out of joint with the quaint archaisms of an original. Then, it is a book which we need not be afraid to use. Good thick paper; with a pleasant tone of yellowish grey; clear type, with eccentric italics and capitals; a strong useful binding, with a little stamped ornament bordering it on one side; a book that lies open flat as you read it, and that delights the eye with its broad margin, broken here and there by homely side notes—these are the characteristics of this re-print. The publisher vouches for the accuracy of his re-production—text and appearance, he says, is a *fac-simile* of the original; and we see no reason to doubt him. It looks real and honest; the sort of book, indeed, that would be turned out from the sign of the Peacock, in the Poultry, two centuries ago, and that might be sold cheap to the common folk, and might pass from hand to hand in familiar study. Bunyan meant his book to be so used. He says of it:—

*"This Book is writ in such a Dialect,  
As may the minds of listless men affect:"*

The appearance of the book corresponds with its story. It was a homely story he had to tell, in a homely way, and homeliness is the

great external characteristic of the first edition, with its irregular capitals, its profuse italics, its curious variety and even carelessness of typographical arrangement, and the rough directness and simplicity of the wood-cuts. To represent these characteristics, the publisher tells us, no pains have been spared. "In all those matters of orthography, grammar, rough or quaint expression, typographical peculiarity, &c., absolute reproduction has been the one aim. Indeed, as regards typography, the present edition is strictly a lineal descendant of that of 1678; for the type now used has been cast from moulds made in 1720, which were taken from the Dutch type used for that first issue. The paper, too, is a close imitation of that manufactured two centuries ago. It will be noticed (the preface continues) that the type of the Second Part is slightly smaller than that of the First Part; and here also the *fac-simile* principle has been adhered to. The explanation of this change of type is to be found in the fact, of which the modern reader need scarcely be reminded, that the Second Part was not issued with the First, but six years later, in 1684." One variation from the original has been permitted, and we think rightly so, "While (says the publisher) the volume is a page for page *fac simile* of the original, it has been thought needful to incorporate the conversation between Christian and Mr. Worldly Wiseman which first appeared in the second edition, printed the same year as the first (and was retained in all subsequent editions) as being necessary to complete the sense of that part of the book in which it occurs."

The illustrations in this reprint—copied faithfully from the original woodcuts—are amongst the most curious features of the volume. In the frontispiece we have a rough portrait of Bunyan himself, as the Dreamer, fast asleep, his head resting upon one hand, and the arm supported by the roof of a cave, cross-barred over the entrance, and with a strangely human-faced, contemplative looking lion, lying in the entrance. In the background is a cluster of houses, with a church, steeple-crowned and cross-topped, in the middle of them. This is labelled "Destruction." Christian, three times as big as the whole city, has just left it, and, staff in one hand and a book in the other, and his pack fastened on his shoulders, begins to climb the hill towards the strait gate, which is visible in the far distance, with a sun of seven points showing right over it. Three birds, winging their flight towards the gate, seem to direct the traveller on his way. The style of the illustration is as rough as may be—wide open lines making the black or shadow part, large blank spaces of white doing duty for the lights. Yet, though so crude and inartistic, it has a strangely sufficient kind of strength and suggestiveness; there is no mistaking the meaning or the action—the Dreamer sleeps with unquestionable soundness; Christian is plainly in earnest in his toilsome march; the birds fly swift and straight.



Altogether, in the First Part, there are fourteen engravings; but in the Second Part there are only three. In character they correspond generally with that already described. We have seen Christian setting out on his pilgrimage. Next we have his meeting with Evangelist, a figure clad in a flowing robe, and with a saint's nimbus, or glory, encircling his head. To him, in rags and tatters, poor Christian offers a striking contrast. Then comes Mr. Worldly Wiseman, handsomely dressed, and with some badge of dignity wrought upon his sleeve, endeavouring to dissuade Christian from his journey, and persuading him for a time to go wrong, until he is rescued by Evangelist again. Next we have Christian safe arrived at the Gate, not as yet opened by Good Will, though the sun's rays are streaming in great strong lines upon and about the pilgrim, out of a thick cloud overhead. A little further on, Christian is inside the Gate, his rags are changed for a figured royal robe, his pack has fallen off into a kind of tomb, with a huge scroll ornament carved upon it. Flowers spring up about his path; but there is a stormy sky in the distance, and the pathway is rugged, steep, and barred by high rocks, amongst which Christian goes tremblingly. Beneath the plate is the inscription:—

Who's this; the Pilgrim. How! 'tis very true,  
 Old things are past away, all's become new.  
 Strange! he's another Man upon my word,  
 They be fine Feathers that make a fine bird.

Presently, to find solace in his fatigues, we have Christian, clothed quite as a gentleman of the period, seated in the pleasant arbour on the hill-side, while beneath him Formalist and Hypocrite are wandering off, the one into the path of Danger that "led him into a great wood" and the other into the path of Destruction, that led him "into a wide field full of dark Mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rise no more." Here Christian loses his roll, and has to grope wearily back for it, till he finds it under the seat of the arbour. Then he resumes his journey, till another wood-cut discloses him to us at the hill of the lions. It is a strangely quaint conception this. Christian is in the foreground, his back to the spectator, his robe figured from top to bottom, his attitude serenely calm. On each side is a great rock; then there is the path upwards—the lions perched on it in utter defiance of the laws of perspective. They regard him with a sort of tender interest, rather than with hostile intentions; and he scarcely needs the encouragement of the Porter, who stands in a Roman archway at the top of the hill, clad in flowing robes, and holding a staff in his hand. In the back-ground are trees—at least we must call them so—a distant mountain, and overhead is a cloudy sky, with a strange black curved mark going right across it.

In the next plate, Christian, in complete armour—supplied by the four maidens, Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence—is leaving the house for his encounter with Apollyon. He comes down the rugged path with a firm step, spear in hand, sword buckled on, a shield hanging at his back. The Porter, with his legs very wide apart, and his official robe put off, stands in the doorway, benevolently surveying him, as he moves away

“clad with northern steel from top to toe.

He soon meets Apollyon, a fearful creature, with horns and wings, a scaly body, a long forked tail, hooked claws—only three on his extended hand—his mouth belching flame, and a dart in his upraised hand ready to throw. Christian, in true fighting attitude, standing strong and firm on his legs like a man, is a match for the foe. His spear is broken, but his good sword pierces the breast of the fiend, and from the wound gushes out a great stream of fiery blood, reaching to the ground. In this picture, it should be noted, Christian wears spurs, with very large rowels: in the artist's idea he is a knight, armed *cap-à-pie*, but the armour would scarcely pass muster with an archæologist. Christian at the Mouth of Hell forms the subject of the next plate, amidst flame and smoke, and evil spirits of the true mediæval type. He is armed as before, but with no spurs. There now occurs a long pause, for we have no more pictures until we get to Vanity Fair. Then there are three in quick succession. In the first, Christian and Faithful are chained on a stage, the mob pelting them with stones, and all the riot of the fair going on about them. The second is the trial of Faithful—depicted at the moment when he is giving his answer to the judge, who sits aloft in a chair of state, robed in ermine, and wearing a cap of dignity; below are the false witnesses and the guards; the architecture is Roman, and the plate is probably roughly imitated from some engraving of our Lord before Pilate. The third picture of the series is the martyrdom of Faithful; he is bound to the stake, the flames and smoke rise around him, the soldiers and spectators mock him, but he maintains an attitude of heroic firmness. Above, in the clouds, is a fiery chariot, drawn by two horses, in which we see the soul of the martyr ascending to heaven. The Giant Despair figures in the next picture, a huge monster with two heads, one of them in his breast, with an enormous club in one hand brandished on high, and with a great forked tail sweeping the ground. The two pilgrims, taken prisoners, look dismally out from a barred window of the castle—a building, by the way, which affords the Giant very scanty lodging room, while the appearance of the imprisoned pilgrims fails to accord with the statement in the text, that they “were put into a very dark dungeon . . . without any light.” Escape from the castle

of Giant Despair is followed by the encounter of Christian and Hopeful with the Shepherds, on the Delectable Mountains. There are three Shepherds, and they and the two Pilgrims—Christian being again in full armour—lean on their staves and have a comfortable chat, the sheep all looking up at them with a sort of friendly interest, quite undisturbed by a dog, with a very curly tail, who also watches the conference as if he proposed to take part in it.

This is the last of the illustrations to the First Part. The three which are given in the Second Part should also be noticed. The frontispiece is in a freer and bolder style than that of the First Part, and the designer pays a little attention both to drawing and to light and shade. We have again the Dreamer, fast asleep in the foreground ; but only the upper part of his body is visible. Behind him, on a smaller scale, is represented the beginning of Christiana's pilgrimage. The city of Destruction, which by this time has got three churches, is a little to the right of the picture, and a broad road leads directly from it up to the castle of the lord of the city. This personage, Satan himself, armed with a gigantic club, and with exaggerated horns, stands in the doorway of the castle, his black figure showing forcibly against the light through the arch. Along the middle distance—proportion being reasonably observed—are fields and trees. In the distance, on the left, is the gate through which the pilgrims must pass ; above it is a black circle, enclosing a sun of six points ; and towards the gate is hastening a great winged beast, with a long curved and forked tail, as if to dispute the entrance of the pilgrims. Christiana, one arm raised as in encouragement, and with Mercy tucked under the other, is beginning to mount a narrow winding path, leading up to the gate, and labelled in a bold running hand, "The Pilgrim's Progress Part 2d." The four children, curly headed, and wearing long cloaks, trudge after the two women. The whole party is resolute and animated, full of quick movement—quite fulfilling the description on the title-page which faces the picture : "The manner of the setting out of Christian's Wife and Children, their Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired Country."

The next picture shows the pilgrims after leaving the Interpreter's House. Mr. Great-heart marches in front ; a man of gigantic stature, of a composed, but cheerful countenance, and with a mighty sword, unsheathed, carried in both hands, and resting across his left shoulder. Behind him are the two women, and with them the four children, grown up, however, in a surprising manner in so short an interval. At the top of the rising ground in the distance are the three Slothful Ones, hanging dismally upon a gallows. "Behold," says the inscription at the foot :—

*"Behold here how the slothful are a signe  
Hung up, cause holy ways they did decline  
See here too how the Child did play the man,  
And weak grow strong, when Great-heart leads the Van."*

The last illustration shows the downfall of Doubting Castle. The ruins are falling in all directions, the ground is strewn with bones and skulls, and with the giant's boots, and the great key of the castle. In front the head of Giant Despair is erected on a lofty pole, and the pilgrims, a full dozen of them, make merry around it, smiling, singing, and playing upon instruments resembling the guitar. Poor little Mr. Ready-to-Halt, brandishing his crutch, stands in the foreground. Though small, however, he exults in the Giant's downfall. Perhaps the design meant us to understand that he has just helped to carve the commemorative inscription, "these verses following, upon a marble-stone" :—

*"This is the Head of him, Whose Name only  
In former times, did Pilgrims terrify.  
His Castle's down, and Diffidence his Wife,  
Brave Master Great-heart has bereft of Life.  
Despondencie, his Daughter, Much-afraid;  
Great-heart, for them, also the Man has plaid.  
Who hereof doubts, if he'l but cast his Eye,  
Up hither, may his Scruples satisfy.  
This Head, also when doubting Cripples dance,  
Doth shew from Fears they have Deliverance."*

The italics and the capital letters in this quotation are the same as those in the original; and they are very characteristic of the book throughout. By the kindness of the printers,\* we can give the old-fashioned type—the same as that used in the *fac-simile*. We wish we could also give a specimen of the wood-cuts. Failing this aid of sight, we must trust to the foregoing description to bring them in some degree before the mind of the reader.

From this examination of Bunyan's great allegory, presented to us in the very form and manner in which he first published it, we go back naturally to the origin of the work, and speculate upon how he came to think of it, in the dreary hours of his prison life; and how, conceiving it, he was able to execute the design with such wealth of imagination, such facility in the delineation of character, such admirable, clear,

\* Messrs. Unwin Brothers, the Printers of this Magazine, have done their part in the reprint with admirable care, perfect skill, and with the obvious interest in it which places printing amongst the fine arts. None but those who have had to do with exact reproductions can tell how much thought, patience, and self-control such work demands.

idiomatic English. He was an unlearned man, no great student at any time, and mostly deprived of the means of study. There is no trace of his acquaintance with great writers—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, seem to have been excluded from his range of reading. The literature he delighted in was a purely religious character, and this not extensive, for in his various works he mentions few books. In prison he had only two—the Bible, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs. Nor had he any advantage in hearing preachers or speakers of note. His life, until he settled in London, was a village life: or the life of a small town, and of a small sect even there; or a life in prison. His associates and connections were of the humblest. No advantages of birth, training, or companionship fell to his lot. Yet, despite all drawbacks, hindrances, and deficiencies, he produced the greatest book of its kind ever written—at once lofty and homely; sublime in its elevation of theme, familiar in its method of treatment; always, however, stately in its progress; as full of incident as Shakspeare's dramas; as enthralling as any novel or great imaginative poem, even of the highest type; abounding in character-studies of the subtlest penetration, and drawn with the freest, broadest, and yet sometimes with the most delicate strokes; real beyond expression, yet removed from all the grossness of common life; humorous with all the sadness of a great humourist; terribly earnest, yet so tender and loving that each new reading seems to soften the heart—a book, in short, which, as Southey finely says, "makes its way through the fancy, to the understanding and the heart; the child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age."

The germ of the book and the secret of Bunyan's genius are disclosed to us incidentally by himself, in that wonderfully charming autobiography which deserves to be bound up with the "*Pilgrim's Progress*"—as the key to it. In this work, the "*Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*," we read the beginning of the allegory:—

"About this time the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds; methought also that betwixt me and them I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I bethought myself to go again and again, still praying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time; at the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through

which I attempted to pass : now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in ; but all in vain, even until I was well-nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in ; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body ; then I was exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

"Now this mountain and wall were thus made out to me : the mountain signifies the Church of the living God ; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein ; the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians and the world ; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought was Jesus Christ, who is 'the way' to God the Father. But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not but with great difficulty enter in thereat, it shewed me, that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left that wicked world behind them ; for here was only room for body and soul—but not for body, and soul, and sin. This resemblance abode upon my spirit many days ; all which time I saw myself in a forlorn and sad condition, but yet was provoked to a vehement hunger and desire to be one of that number that did sit in the sunshine."

Here, then, is the beginning of Christian's pilgrimage, and of the rest of it much is traceable in the "Grace Abounding." It was the story of one life, his own, of strivings and struggles which were self-endured ; of contests and fears, and hopes warring in his own soul ; conceived in restless walks between Elstow and Bedford, when he was troubled about thoughts of the world to come ; written out in Bedford Gaol, where he had found peace, and was a sufferer for truth and conscience sake. In the "Grace Abounding," we have the history, written in little, but so put as to throw a flood of light upon the greater work. In his "Apology" for the "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan gives us another hint of his own feeling about the book. Addressing the reader he exclaims, in verses as quaint and sweet as George Herbert's own :—

*"Would'st thou divert thy self from Melancholly?  
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?  
Would'st thou read Riddles, & their Explanation?  
Or else be drowned in thy Contemplation?  
Dost thou love picking meat? or would'st thou see  
A man i'th Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?  
Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?  
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh, and weep?  
Wouldest thou loose thy self, and catch no harm?  
And find thy self again without a charm? (what  
Would'st thou read thy self, and read thou know'st not  
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,  
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,  
And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together."*

His Book ! Yes, though some endeavoured to rob him of the credit of it, and others tried to make imitations, palming these off as the work of the real author. To these Bunyan gave an answer, in the advertisement to his "Holy War," and with the quotation of it, this paper may fitly end :—

"Some say the Pilgrim's Progress is not mine,  
 Insinuating as if I would shine  
 In name and fame by the worth of another,  
 Like some made rich, by robbing of their brother.  
 Or, that I am so fond of being sire,  
 I'll father bastards ; or, if need require,  
 I'll tell a lie to get applause.  
 I scorn it ; John such dirt-heap never was  
 Since God converted him. Let this suffice  
 To show why I my Pilgrim patronise.

*It came from mine own heart, so to my head,  
 And thence into my fingers trickled :  
 Then to my pen, from whence immediately  
 On paper I did dribble it daintily.*

Manner, and matter too, was all my own ;  
 Nor was it unto any mortal known,  
 Till I had done it. Nor did any then,  
 By books, by wits, by tongue, or hand, or pen,  
 Add five words to it, or write half a line  
 Thereof : the whole and every whit is mine,  
 For none in all the world, without a lie,  
 Can say that ' This is mine,' excepting I."

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### THE BISHOP OF NATAL.

IT was surely an ill wind which bore Dr. Colenso to this country in the troublous year of 1874, and so added another to the complications and perplexities, already sufficiently numerous and involved, of the unfortunate rulers of the Church. Any Bishop, whose only care is to keep the peace himself, and to induce his clergy on both sides to keep it also ; whose own heart is so full of trust in the Establishment and admiration of all the blessings it confers upon the nation in general, and his own diocese and home in particular, that he can hardly understand the state of mind which would allow a man to peril so venerable an institution for the sake of some "crotchet" (for with men of this stamp every principle which others care to fight for, and which thus becomes an annoyance to themselves, is a "crotchet") ; but who has been chafing under the constant agitation and disquietude in which he has been kept by the fierce earnestness which has developed itself among his clergy and laity,—might well hear with a feeling approaching to consternation of the new source of difficulty with which, as one re-



sponsible for the peace of the Church, the arrival of the notorious Bishop of Natal threatened him. The experiences of last year must, in truth, have tried any prelate of this type to the utmost. To be badgered in Parliament, and bullied by deputations out of it; to be dragged to discussions on Rubrics in Convocation and on new ecclesiastical courts in the House of Lords; to be mildly patronised by ecclesiastical laymen, and shamefully brow-beaten by laymen who are anything but ecclesiastical; and to have throughout the whole of this disturbance of the ordinary habits of life the conviction that the Church itself must ultimately be the sufferer from this state of unrest and fussy activity,—must have been a severe trial to one, even with as moderate an ambition and as little love for conflicts as Norval's father, "whose only care was to increase his store, and keep his only son, myself, at home." Prelates of this kind, it is just to say, belong to the past rather than to the present generation, and yet there are some who take no share and feel comparatively little interest in the conflicts of the day, who must have been very much annoyed at the position in which they have been placed. Things are come to a pretty pass when a Bishop cannot have his quiet dinner-party, with a modest allowance of croquet and flirtation for his young people, without being summoned in hot haste to the defence of the Establishment, menaced by the fervid zeal of too unworldly and devoted a champion of the Church, with the certainty of being held up to public contempt in the press, and denounced as little better than a traitor by hot-headed clergymen if he should venture to think that the danger was not so pressing as the urgent telegram of the Episcopal "whip" represented. Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Beauchamp, Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, and, it may possibly be, even the Primate himself, must have become very objectionable to our excellent Bishop, who, if it be possible for celestial minds to be stirred to such utterances of wrath, must often have been ready to cry, "A plague on both your Houses" and your Bills. But after all, not one of these eager combatants, not even Mr. Mackonochie himself, the cause of so much trouble in the Church, not the terrible Archdeacon of Taunton or the gentlemen who wield the scourges applied by the *Church Times* and the *Church Herald* to offending Bishops, has a name of such evil omen as Dr. Colenso. The announcement that he was in England might make the cheek of a Bishop turn as pale as that of King John, when he received the unwelcome tidings that his lion-hearted brother was free.

Yet, if the Bishops had been able to forget or smooth over the past, there were circumstances connected with the visit of Bishop Colenso to this country that might have been turned to the advantage of their Church. The world has not forgotten the keen hits of the leading journals at the number of Colonial Bishops who seemed to find so much

pleasanter occupation in Pall Mall than in their own dioceses ; and, knowing the reproach which has been brought upon the Church by the presence of so many of these retired "Colonials" in this country, it might have been a bright and fortunate circumstance that, at all events, there was one of these Bishops whose visit to England was not for any selfish purpose, but was prompted by a sincere desire to see the wrong done to an aboriginal tribe in his own diocese redressed. The attitude taken by the Bishop was certainly a new one to be assumed by a member of his order, only too ready to adopt the current view of fashionable society around them. Whatever be the actual merits of the controversy between Langalibalele and the Government, there is no doubt that the white people generally condemned the native chief, and approved the measures of severity against him and his tribe. It is always so in all quarrels of this kind, and it would be unjust to be too severe upon a small body of people conscious of their weakness, and therefore liable to be thrown into a panic by any sign of disaffection or revolt. That such panics should arise from time to time is the most natural thing in the world, and when men come under their influence they are pretty sure to lose their heads, and it is fortunate if they do not also forget that they have hearts. Remembering how defenceless our colonists would be in the presence of a hostile movement of the natives, and how terrible have been the scenes enacted in other parts whenever such revolts have got headway for a time, we cannot be surprised at the unanimity with which Colonial society everywhere approves of high-handed measures to suppress everything which looks like the beginning of disaffection, and is ready to excuse any errors that may be committed, even though involving injustice and cruelty to the subject race, in order to preserve public security. But while we thus can understand those who are carried away by the strong current of popular feeling around them, and can make allowance for their mistakes, we are all the more bound to honour one who does what it is so difficult at all times to do, defies the opinion of his own circle, and at the cost of personal comfort and possibly reputation, pleads the cause of the oppressed. It is not often that an Anglican Bishop takes this position, which has more frequently been assumed by the missionaries, or ministers of the Free Churches, as in the case of Smith, in Demerara, who fell a martyr to his zeal on behalf of the slave ; Knibb, in Jamaica ; and Dr. Philip, in South Africa. We happened recently to note this fact in conversation, as telling to the honour of Nonconformists, when we were at once met with the taunt from an eminent member of the Bar : " Ah ! you are a subject race yourselves, and therefore naturally sympathise with subject races." Well, we suppose it is true, though why we should be treated as inferiors only because of a difference in religious opinions was not quite apparent to

us, probably owing to some intellectual defect arising out of this inferiority. However, if it has taught us greater love for right, made us more keenly sensitive as to the injustice done to others, and nurtured in us a broader sympathy and a stronger resolution, we have no doubt the discipline, which some English Liberals think should still be continued in the interests of liberty, has done us good.

In Natal, however, the ordinary state of parties has been reversed. The Bishop has been the champion of the natives, while some Dissenting ministers have stood forth as the defenders of the Government. A friend of ours asked Dr. Colenso how he accounted for the latter fact, which, to say the least, was remarkable. His answer, given in that spirit of kindness towards the Nonconformists which we have ourselves found in him, was simply that they did not fully understand the facts, and had too readily accepted the representations of the Colonial authorities. We have, however, neither the disposition nor the opportunity to enter here into an examination of the points at issue in this very unhappy controversy, and if we did, possibly our knowledge of the strong influences which dispose our Colonial governments to deal harshly with native tribes, would give so decided a bias in favour of Langelibalele, that our opinion would not be very judicial in its character. One thing, however, is clear to us, that the policy pursued by Dr. Colenso might have been made to tell in favour of his Church in this country, as it has certainly told very decidedly in favour of himself. All journals of Liberal tone, even if not actually of Liberal politics, have in general approved his action and commended him for it; the decision of Lord Carnarvon is understood to be in harmony with his views; and there can be no doubt that the eloquent eulogy which, with all his usual courage and nobility of spirit, the Dean of Westminster pronounced upon him as the gallant defender of the oppressed, met with a full response in many quarters where the Bishop's theology is hated, and where his name has hitherto been a word of reproach. If the Bishops could have treated one who had won for himself a popularity in circles where the clergy are not generally held in the highest esteem, with ordinary courtesy, the Church would certainly have been the gainer.

But Dr. Colenso was too flagrant an offence to a number of the Bishops to allow of any cordial recognition of his character and work. With them the first desire was, not to secure the Church the benefit of any good which he might have done, but to purge it of all complicity in the evil with which, in their judgment, he might with much more certainty be credited. That he had taken a deep interest in the people among whom he was labouring, and obtained an insight into their character, such as is possible only to a man of penetrating intellect who has made a foreign race his study; that he had won the applause of the

philanthropists of this country by the practical sagacity and fearless courage which he had shown in the advocacy of their cause,—all went for nothing. He is known as the assailant of the authority of the Pentateuch, and, what we fear in the estimation of many was as bad, if not worse, a rebel against what Anglican Catholics are pleased to regard as "Catholic authority:" and this is more than sufficient to counterbalance any merit which may be thought to belong to him, or any service he may have done. Dr. Colenso is, in fact, a living proof of the supremacy of the State over the Anglican Church. All the vapouring boasts of spiritual independence in which some love to indulge, go for nothing in face of the fact that here is a Bishop condemned by one who claimed to be his Metropolitan, obnoxious to good Churchmen everywhere, and censured by Convocation as a teacher of deadly heresy, who yet remains a Bishop of the Anglican Church. If the voice of the Church had any power, he would be a heathen man and a publican; but, on the contrary, he is as much a prelate as the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. So has the State pronounced, and the Church has simply no power of resistance whatever.

All this must be very unpleasant to several of the Bishops. They regard (and certainly not without reason) Dr. Colenso as an unbeliever in truths with which they consider the authority of the Bible and the existence of Christianity as indissolubly bound up, and their mingled dread and abhorrence of him on that ground is deepened by the fact that he has appealed to Cæsar, and relies upon the authority of Cæsar to support him against the Church. With these views how could they give him the right hand of fellowship? Had they simply ignored his presence in the country, it would have been impossible to condemn them; but even Bishops should have some regard to external proprieties; some consideration, if not for public opinion, at least for their own consistency; some recollection of the position which they fill, and of what is due to it. They have no right to deport themselves as though they were the heads of an independent Church, when they are nothing more than principal officers in a great political establishment. It is not the "Catholic Church" whose representatives they claim to be, which has given them jurisdiction as Bishops, but the English State. It is true, Episcopal hands were laid upon them, and from Episcopal hands they received their commission, but they were the objects of lay choice. The Prime Minister, in fact, gave them rank and status and power, without which they would have no more authority in their respective dioceses than the humblest Dissenting minister. For them to take upon themselves the airs of great ecclesiastical seignors, and to forget both the hole of the pit out of which they were digged, and the hand by which they were fashioned, is ludicrous; to do it in such a way as to show their contempt

for the State which has placed them where they are, is indecorous and unseemly.

A less judicious proceeding than the interference of the Bishops to prevent Dr. Colenso from preaching has not been witnessed of late years, and it is all the worse because of the tolerance which the same prelates have extended to men whose teaching is even more obnoxious to the nation generally, if for no other reason, because it is likely to work, and is in fact working, more mischief. If Bishop Mackarness had desired an opportunity of exercising his authority, and at the same time of doing his part in the great work indicated for him and his brethren by the Prime Minister of putting down Ritualism, he might find many of the clergy whom it would be wise to subject to Episcopal discipline, but we have never heard either of him or his brethren in Lincoln and London giving any such sign of spirit and energy. But while Ritualists enjoy unrestricted freedom, they had not the grace, however, still less the common sense, to allow one who is still a Bishop of their own Church as much as themselves, to preach in a church in their diocese. They forgot that men who are accustomed to act on principle, and who try to preserve some degree of consistency in their own actions, would begin to ask how these right reverend fathers could continue in connection with a Church among whose Bishops was a heretic so gross, that they felt bound to silence him whenever they had the chance of thus showing their zeal for the truth. They failed, too, to take an accurate measure of their own helplessness, and to see that their action would only bring themselves into contempt. Good Bishop Wordsworth, indeed, goes on prosing in his circular letters and fondly dreaming that men regard them with respect, and he may at least have the consolation that Dr. Colenso did not intrude into his diocese. But even this poor comfort has not fallen to the lot of his brethren. Bishop Mackarness silences his offending brother in one church, only to have his sermon read there to an immense congregation, while Dr. Colenso himself preaches in one of the most important pulpits in the university, to an audience of influential and intelligent men, roused to sympathy in his favour by the proceedings taken against him. The Bishop of London, indeed, may congratulate himself that he was more successful, if he is unmoved by the hisses which followed the announcement of his action at St. James's, or can forget that it was only the Bishop of Natal's own self-restraint which prevented him from preaching in Westminster Abbey, or can reconcile himself to the widespread contempt his conduct has provoked. In short, if the Bishops had desired to raise Dr. Colenso in popular favour, they could not have done it more effectually. For a brief period he was the hero of the hour, and there can be no doubt that he has a higher place in public estimation because of this attempt to victimise him.

We write this, we need hardly say, without any desire to justify Dr. Colenso's opinions, some of which are quite as offensive to us as to any Bishop on the Bench, but whatever those opinions be, they have not deprived him of his dignity, or expelled him from the fellowship of the Anglican Church; and if one of her Bishops is open to treatment of this character, we know not what comes of that comprehensiveness which is so constantly attributed to her, or of that freedom from everything like arbitrary power which her clergy are said to enjoy. It might have been expected that the Primate, who on occasion can set forth such liberal ideas of the constitution and principles of the Church, and compare it in this respect with Dissenting communities, of course to their disadvantage, would have interposed to assert the liberty of the Establishment in opposition to the narrower views of his High Church colleagues. But he said not a word, and it was understood that on the Bench there were at most only two who would have pursued a different course from that taken in Oxford and London, and, happily for themselves, their courage was not put to the test. The result is, that the Bishops have practically assumed an irresponsible and despotic power, which they may exercise, if they can only agree among themselves, in such a manner as to silence an obnoxious clergyman. So much for the moderation, liberty, and settled rights of the Establishment and its clergy.

Dr. Colenso first became known to fame by his notorious work on the Pentateuch, which certainly attracted more attention than was due to its literary or critical merits, because of the position held by the author and because of the *naïveté* of the confessions with which it was prefaced. That a Bishop of the Church of England should deliberately set himself to overthrow the authority of the Mosaic records was a remarkable fact; that he should gravely tell the world that it was a Zulu whose simple questioning had first set him on the track of inquiry which had resulted in his treatise, was still more extraordinary and astounding. It seemed as if this learned divine, who had undertaken to superintend missionary work among the Zulus, had hardly mastered the elementary facts in connection with the history of the religion he had not only to teach but to defend against the objections of the heathen, until he was confronted with difficulties which suggested themselves to the untutored minds of his own pupils. There was in the first part of his work a simplicity, a directness, a transparent honesty which must impress all who are brought into contact with Dr. Colenso; but we always failed to see in it the signs of that genius which his ardent admirers ascribe to him, and which they profess to find in his book. We have sometimes doubted whether he himself was fully alive to the gravity of the issues he has raised. His own personal religion would probably remain, as we fully believe it remains now, unaffected by any conclusions to which he might

be forced by the evidence, and we question whether he quite perceives how differently other people regard such speculations. This may explain the cold-blooded style in which his reasonings are often set forth, giving an expression of hardness, and even irreverence, which is altogether out of harmony with his character. He is, in fact, pre-eminently a mathematician, and made a mistake when he entered into the field of theology at all. The late Bishop Wilberforce's joke, that he was jealous of Moses for writing a book of Numbers before him, is not without point. Dr. Colenso saw at least that he had a wide field for the exercise of his mathematical powers in the examination of the Pentateuch, and he plunged all too recklessly into it, and forgot that questions such as those he raised would never be settled by sums in addition and multiplication. His book has certainly produced no such results as were at first expected from it, and we believe will not materially affect the course of the controversy, still less influence the ultimate decision.

Dr. Colenso's ability was, as was pretty sure to occur under the circumstances, considerably exaggerated. He impresses us as a man of considerable vigour, both mental and physical, but without a single gleam of imagination, and, in fact, destitute of many of the qualities most important for success in such a work as that which he undertook when he set himself to correct the notions of the Christian world relative to the Pentateuch. Force, acuteness, directness, and honesty he has, but we have found no indications in him of intellectual brilliancy or spiritual insight, and as the later parts of his book were published, especially those dealing with theological or critical questions, his weakness became more apparent. The reception which his book met gave him a fame which otherwise he could never have won, and in all probability stamped a character on its own later portions which was not originally foreseen even by himself. It is curious to note the comments made upon him and his volumes by a *confrère* in the struggle for liberty of Biblical criticism, Dr. Rowland Williams, which are scattered through his memoirs and correspondence recently published. It is clear that the Vicar of Broadchalk was more in sympathy than in agreement with the Bishop, and he more than once indicates points of difference which had presented themselves both to himself and others who were in sympathy with Dr. Colenso as against his assailants. A very true idea of the Bishop's character, and of the defects of his criticism, may be gathered from these notes of a scholar who felt drawn to anyone who was maintaining the right of the freest investigation, but who evidently did not relish the mode in which Dr. Colenso was exercising it. "You will not doubt," he says, writing in acknowledgment of the second part of the Bishop's "Critical Examination," "that my sympathies have been substantially with you all along; although, as



an ex-Fellow of the least arithmetical body in Europe, I was less inclined, or qualified, than mankind in general 'to do sums upon Mount Sinai.' The ground upon which you enter in your second part is to me more interesting, and at the same time more debateable." Exactly; and it is abundantly evident, from various references, that Dr. Rowland Williams was far from satisfied with the results reached by his friend, and not always prepared to approve of the processes by which they had been reached. Thus he says in the same letter: "I am not yet prepared to bring the name of Jehovah down to the date of Samuel;" and probably, if he had spoken out all that was in his mind, might have added that it required no little confidence, not to say presumption, in any man to commit himself to such a position. He certainly must have been conscious of the difficulties which beset all attempts to determine the age of Hebrew writings on the ground of internal evidence, for he says, as illustrative of his statements, that many of Colenso's arguments from the names of the Psalms afford "openings for cavil, and even for fair doubt. I have been in the habit of thinking Psalm lxviii. one of the earliest in the collection;" and then asks: "How can I be confident of such an impression when the judgment of such men as Ewald brings down the Psalm to the return from Babylon?" The conclusion which will suggest itself to most men will be the weakness of any argument resting upon a foundation so uncertain; and thus the result is unfavourable to Dr. Colenso's book, in which so much hangs upon the truth of assumptions about which the most eminent scholars differ. There is a still more significant passage about Colenso himself in reply to the letter of a friend. "What you say of Bishop Colenso I can understand; but think you hardly make adequate allowance for the *reaction* against much and constant abuse, which even in a man of average modesty generates a supposed, though perhaps mistaken, necessity of self-assertion." This was at one time very apparent in the Bishop, and especially so, we think, in the later portions of his work, some of whose later deliverances justified a suspicion that opposition had goaded him on to extremes from which he would at first have recoiled.

Of this self-assertion, however, if there was once a fear that it might become so pronounced as to be offensive, there has been nothing during his recent visit to this country. His refusal to take advantage of Dean Stanley's kindness and defy the Bishop of London by preaching in the Abbey, was a dignified act of modesty, which ought to have been felt as a severe reproof by his brother prelate. It could hardly have been out of consideration for the Dean that he took this course, for Dean Stanley never seems to be so happy as when he is breasting some strong current of ecclesiastical opposition, and proving by some act of special daring his genuine love of liberty.

It seems to have been prompted rather by a manly and generous feeling which made him shrink from making himself the centre figure in a great fight. A self-assertive man, however, would hardly have acted thus. To tell the truth, we do not think the congregation lost anything, and he gained very much, by simply obeying the instincts of a nature which appears to be thoroughly manly and unaffectedly simple and modest. He is a brave man who will fight when to fight is necessary, and who will not yield a point when conscience or a sense of right would require him to make a stand, and all such men seem self-confident when fierce opposition drives them into a struggle for life; and this was really the case with him when a powerful party were doing their best to free the Church from the scandal which he caused it. When the Bishop of Capetown proceeded against him, and when an attempt was made to deprive him of his income and shame him out of heresy, he could not but do battle and he did it stoutly,—just as stoutly as he has lately maintained the rights of Langelibalele. But except under such conditions we cannot conceive of him as self-assertive.

He is a man who is all the better for sunshine, which at once reveals him as a genial companion and a true friend, considerate for the feelings of others and not prone to obtrude opinions or interests of his own. He made a mistake when he became a Bishop, and he makes a mistake in continuing one. It is not our place to question his honesty, or that of others who are more or less in sympathy with his views, in remaining members of the Establishment, but we must say we do not understand them. We believe in liberty as strongly as they do, but we must interpret language on a new principle before we can believe that the law of the Establishment admits of such liberty as they claim. It is a fair subject for discussion whether a National Church is not bound in common justice to admit it; but that is not the question here. The law is there to be applied, its conditions are distinctly laid down, the formularies to be accepted or used prescribed, and the question is, how far it is possible to reconcile them with such views as Bishop Colenso teaches. Happily for ourselves the problem is not one which we are called upon to solve.

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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Expositor.* No. 1. January, 1875.

Edited by the Rev. SAMUEL COX.

London: Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. COX begins well—exceedingly well; and we think that future numbers of his new Magazine will fully sustain the fair

promise with which he begins. The contents of *The Expositor* are accurately described by its name. The first article is a very interesting discussion by the Editor of the narrative in Joshua, which has so greatly perplexed Dr. Tyndall;

and Mr. Cox makes a very strong case for his theory that the Scripture story does not require anyone to believe that the sun and the moon really "stood still." There is an article on the Septuagint, by Dr. Farrar; on Anthropomorphic Religion, by Mr. Plumptre; on the First Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, by Dr. Morison, of Glasgow; on the Sermon on the Mount by "Carpus;" and on The Glorious Company of the Apostles, which the Editor has expanded from Notes of the late Mr. Lynch. We cordially wish *The Expositor* success.

*The British Quarterly Review*. January, 1875: Hodder and Stoughton.

UNDER its present editorship *The British Quarterly* maintains, and more than maintains, its position. It is equally learned and vigorous, and all Liberal politicians as well as Evangelical Nonconformists ought to give it their most cordial support. We have read, however, with the very keenest regret, the first article in the current number. It is brilliantly written, but in our judgment betrays a complete misapprehension of the principles on which the controversy between Germany and Rome should be judged. In a Nonconformist review the supremacy of conscience—both against the State and against the Church—ought to be firmly and unambiguously maintained; but the Reviewer, notwithstanding some qualifying sentences, appears to be so intoxicated with the idea of nationality that he is ready to sustain it at any cost. The preposterous pretensions of the Pope are no justification of the oppressive practice of Prince Bismarck; and if the principles of the article are sound, Roman Catholic emancipation was an enormous blunder, and the Act of 1825 ought to be at once repealed. In a future number we may discuss the grounds on which *The British Quarterly* expresses its strong and enthusiastic sympathy with the policy of Prussia; meanwhile we can only protest against its being supposed that English Nonconformists can approve of the imprisonment of Roman Catholic bishops who have not been condemned for any other offence than that of refusing to acknowledge the ecclesiastical supremacy

of the State. The argument of the article really amounts to this:—Prussia must either disestablish the Roman Catholic Church or persecute it; Prussia is not prepared for disestablishment, therefore it must persecute. We admit that this is a fairly accurate statement of the case; but our inference is, that in refusing to accept the alternative of disestablishment, Prussia is guilty of a crime which deserves the strongest condemnation.

*Songs for the Weary*. By ELIZABETH A. GODWIN. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

EXPERIENCE is the best guarantee of utility, and we have met with some to whom these songs have brought consolation and support. It is a fact too often lost sight of (by critics, we mean, not by authors) that there are multitudes whom the absence of vigour or sweetness does not prevent from enjoying "good sentiment," and the sun of whose enjoyment is never beclouded by a mixture of metaphors such as the following:—

"I only thought of the burden,  
The cross that before me lay;  
So hard, so heavy to carry,  
That it darkened the light of day."

*Dream Children, and Other Poems*. By STEPHEN CLARKE. London: E. Marlborough and Co.

A SMALL volume of poetry, mostly pastoral or domestic, and not altogether destitute of poetic power. Yet there is much that ought to be carefully pruned, and almost as much that ought to be hewn down altogether. Of the latter kind instances need not be given; of the former, take the following at random:—

"Like silence, evening fell;  
Those immemorial trees,  
Which arched above my head so well,  
Shook golden in the breeze.  
And deepening the august repose,  
The hymn from: neighb'ring temples rose."

And again:—

"Their dripping linen *having hung*,  
The housewives stand with noisy tongue,  
While sheep are browsing near,  
And groups of merry lambskins play,  
And silent geese together stray,  
As wont throughout the year."

We will not say that these are beyond pruning.

# *The Congregationalist.*

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MARCH, 1875.

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MR. MOODY AND MR. SANKEY.

**A**N article which appeared in the CONGREGATIONALIST for December, 1872, under the title "Have we Forgotten Christ?" closed with the following words :—

"Already there are signs that the power of Christ is ready to reveal itself again. In every part of the country, the despondency which has been occasioned by the depressed condition of the spiritual life in Christian people themselves, and the inconsiderable success of the Gospel among those who are outside, is giving place to courage and hope. Are we ready to receive the returning Christ? Many have prayed Him to come back, or rather to reveal His presence, which has never really been withdrawn from us. Have we learnt how sorely we need Him? Are we prepared to fall at His feet and to confess that 'apart' from Him we 'can do nothing'? If we meet Him as we should, there are the strongest reasons to believe that He is about to baptize us afresh with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

During my absence in the East, the CONGREGATIONALIST contained a series of articles on "Religious Revivals," written before I left England; and I had so deep a conviction that a great manifestation of the power of God was at hand, that I returned with a strong hope that I should find Church after Church, in different parts of the country, bright with a new joy, and on fire with a new zeal. The hope was not fulfilled, and yet it was not altogether disappointed. At Derby, at Ipswich, and in some other places, there was already the dawn of a new day; and in many directions the darkness was beginning to melt, and those who had been long watching for the morning were growing more and more confident that the night was nearly gone.

In what form the new spiritual movement would come, or by what agencies, it seemed impossible to predict. In the series of articles to which I have referred, it was earnestly maintained that "if in our own times God comes to us in the greatness of His power and in triumphant love, His coming may not be manifested in precisely the same forms as in any of the great Religious Revivals of former days, and may not produce the same effects."\* The reformation of monasticism, and the great religious movement associated with it, extending from the close of the eleventh century far into the thirteenth; the Waldensian revival, which covered a part of the same period; the very remarkable outburst of religious life in the Low Countries in the fifteenth century; the Protestant reformation of the sixteenth century; English Puritanism; English Methodism,—were singularly unlike each other; but they were all the results of fresh communications to the Church of the life and light and power of the Holy Ghost. In one case there was the earnest and vehement preaching of Christian morality; in another there was a clearer apprehension of those spiritual truths which touch, and perhaps cross, the boundaries of Mysticism; in another there was a revolt against a priesthood that had separated the Church from God, and a re-discovery of the doctrine of Justification by Faith; in another a strong assertion of the necessity of the new birth. The men who, under God, did the work, differed greatly: they were monks; they were common people; they were popular orators; they were scholars. Some of them wrote books, others preached sermons. Some had remarkable powers of organisation, and have stamped their names on great and permanent ecclesiastical institutions; others left the new life to take form according to its own laws, or to quicken the existing organisation of the Church.

I thought it possible that in our own time the power of God might be specially manifested among children and young people. Nor has this expectation proved altogether unfounded. In several parts of England there has sprung up a beautiful and happy religious life among children, which is the promise of very large results, if we remember with devoutness and faith the words of Christ: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

But I certainly did not suppose that several of the great towns of the three kingdoms were to witness a remarkable religious movement, originated by two American strangers, one of them a man who had been trained for his work by his experience as a Sunday-school superintendent, and the other with a fine baritone voice and playing an American organ.

A few years ago I had read, week after week, with great interest the reports in the *Chicago Advance* of Mr. Moody's addresses at the noon-

\* CONGREGATIONALIST, Jan. 1873, page 2.

day prayer-meeting in that city ; but I had never heard of him as an evangelist. Indeed, until he came to England he had never taken an evangelistic journey.

It is not my purpose to attempt any general view of what these two guests of ours have done—or rather, of what God has done through them—since they have been on this side of the Atlantic. They began their work, I believe, in York ; but in York they had very little success. Their first great impression was made in Newcastle. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee the impression was still greater ; in Dublin and Belfast greater still. At Manchester and Sheffield they collected vast crowds of people, and there is reason to believe that in both places a very considerable number of persons were led to repent of sin and to confess the authority and mercy of Christ.

During the last fortnight of the month of January they were in Birmingham. Their first meeting was held on Sunday morning, January 17th, at eight o'clock, in the Town Hall. The meeting was for "Christian workers," and the admission was by ticket. The morning was cheerless, damp, and raw ; but the great building was crowded in every part. In the afternoon they held an open service in the Hall, and thousands went away unable to get in. The great test, however, of the measure of the expectation which they had excited came in the evening. Last October twelvemonth, when Mr. Bright addressed his constituents after his return to the Cabinet, he spoke in Bingley Hall, a building used for the annual cattle show, and as a drill-hall for the volunteers. Various estimates were made of the number of people that listened to Mr. Bright on that occasion ; it seems probable that most of them fell far short of the truth. At Mr. Bright's meeting in October, 1873, there were no seats on the floor of the hall, and without seats there is now reason to believe that the hall will hold between twenty and twenty-five thousand people : it was crowded in every part. For the recent religious meetings, the "Moody and Sankey Committee" hired upwards of nine thousand chairs. On the very first Sunday evening, long before eight o'clock, when the service commenced, not only were all the chairs occupied, but several thousands of people were standing, and thousands more could not gain admission. It is difficult to estimate accurately the real magnitude of such a crowd ; but I am inclined to think there were thirteen thousand people present. Every night through the first week the Hall was thronged in the same way, and there were vast crowds outside.

On Sunday morning, January 24th, it was filled with people who obtained admission by ticket, and who before they received their tickets declared that they were not in the habit of attending any place of worship. In the afternoon of the same day it was filled with women,

and a second service was held in the Town Hall for the overflow. In the evening it was filled with men. There was a break on the Monday of the second week, when Mr. Moody had an engagement at Manchester, to meet those who professed to have received Christ during his visit to that city. Mr. Bright spoke in the Hall that night, and it was most inconveniently crowded; but some of the police were of opinion that on several of the following evenings the crowd that filled the Hall for the religious services was denser than that which filled it for the political demonstration. Night after night, long before the hour of service, long rows of carriages stood in the street, filled with persons who hoped that when the crowd about the doors had thinned, they might be able to find standing room just inside, and thousands streamed away because they found they had come too late to have a chance of pressing in.

In addition to the evening service, there was a prayer-meeting every morning at twelve o'clock, at which Mr. Moody gave an address of twenty or twenty-five minutes' length, and Mr. Sankey sang. The meeting was held at first in the Town Hall, which was generally quite full; on the last four days it was held in Bingley Hall, and the attendance varied from four to six thousand. At three o'clock after the first day or two, Mr. Moody gave a "Bible lecture"; he began in Carr's Lane Chapel, which was soon found to be too small. It was then transferred to Bingley Hall, and the attendance varied from five to seven thousand.

How is all this to be accounted for?

"You advertised the Americans well," it has been said, "by holding special prayer-meetings every day for three weeks before they came—prayer-meetings in which all the Evangelical Nonconformists and some of the Evangelical clergy united." Well, no doubt the prayer-meetings were a kind of "advertisement" of the services, and assisted to attract large numbers on the first few days.

It is said again: "The local newspapers helped you. One of them published a series of articles on Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey before they came, describing the impression they had produced in Scotland and Ireland. The *Morning News* generally gave several columns day after day to reports of the services; the *Daily Post*, though prevented by pressure on its space from reporting the services at equal length, gave great prominence to them; and even the local Conservative organ, the *Daily Gazette*, always had enough about 'Messrs. Moody and Sankey' to attract attention." Granted; the Birmingham newspapers helped us greatly.

It is also true that the local Committee advertised the services most efficiently. The walls of the town were covered with their placards, and



these were constantly renewed. Further, it must be acknowledged that when once it was known that Bingley Hall had been filled to hear the strangers, a certain measure of popular excitement and curiosity was created, which made it almost certain that the hall would be filled again.

I have had some experience, however, of popular agitation. I think I know pretty well what is likely to be effected by newspaper articles and advertisements; and these do not seem to me to explain the interest which the services created from the very first. They explain still less the deepening of the interest from day to day; they do not explain at all the effects which I believe have been produced.

Some people have said that it is easy to get crowds of women to "hysterical" religious services. But although the morning and afternoon meetings were largely attended by women, I believe that the majority of the evening congregation always consisted of men, and of men of all kinds—rough lads of seventeen or eighteen, working-men, clerks, tradesmen, and manufacturers. I happen to have on my desk a list of persons that came into Carr's Lane Lecture-room one evening to tell me that they had "found Christ" during the fortnight that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were here; out of twenty-one on the list, eleven are men. I have another list of persons who came to me the same evening who had been quickened to earnest religious anxiety, but were not yet at rest; out of thirteen, eight are men. I believe that these lists imperfectly represent the proportion of men to women among those who were impressed by the services, for I generally find that men are slower to express religious decision than women.

Nor were the services at all "hysterical;" the first sign of hysterical excitement was instantly repressed by Mr. Moody, and although I attended a very large number of the meetings, I saw nothing of the kind again. It was very curious, too, that although the crowds were so enormous, very few women fainted. I do not remember more than three or four cases.

The most plausible explanation that I have heard from an "outsider" was suggested to me by a Unitarian friend, who said that since all the Evangelical Nonconformists and some Evangelical Church people united to make the meetings a success, it was inevitable that many thousands of people should come together. But it so happens that of all the towns in the kingdom of which I know anything, Birmingham is the least curious to listen to strangers, whatever their reputation and on whatever subject they may have to speak. The Birmingham people are very loyal to their own leaders, and seem to care very little about men who come from a distance. The evangelical Nonconformists are no exception to this rule.

How, I ask again, is the great interest of the people in these services to be accounted for? The truest, simplest, and most complete reply to the question which I can give is, that the power of God was manifested in an extraordinary degree in connection with them; but there were concurrent circumstances which deserve notice.

(1) As I have said, I attribute very much to the attention and expectation excited by the preliminary prayer-meetings; I attribute still more to the articles in the local newspapers, describing the impressions which had been produced by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in other parts of the kingdom. I also attribute very much to the reports of "revival work" which have appeared for many months in such newspapers as *The Christian World* and *The Christian*—reports which have convinced large numbers of religious persons that the services of our American visitors have originated a religious movement more remarkable than any we have seen in England since the middle of the last century. Thirty thousand copies\* of *The Christian*, containing an account of the services at Manchester, were distributed in the congregations of the town a week or two before Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey came to us.

(2) I attribute very much to a fact which is perhaps not sufficiently recognised by any of us. There are, I believe, a very large number of persons—many of them regularly attending public worship, many of them never crossing the threshold of church or chapel—who have had deep religious impressions, which have not issued in a clear decision to serve Christ, but which have left a dull aching of heart for God. The sense of dissatisfaction with their condition never wholly leaves them; it sometimes makes them very restless. But when they listen to the preaching of most of us, they feel as if we were moving in regions which are inaccessible to them. If they come to our places of worship, they come without any hope of receiving help. Many of them, having found that we do not help them, never come at all. When such people heard that within a very few months thousands of men and women had declared that, while listening to Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, they had passed from religious indifference or despondency into the clear light of God, they began to think that for them too there might be hope. I think it probable that many of the "converts" will be found to have belonged to this forgotten class.

(3) There must be large numbers of persons in Birmingham who have relatives and friends in the towns that the American evangelists had visited before coming to us; and I have no doubt that mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins, old school-fellows, and old shop-mates wrote urgent letters to them entreating them to attend the services. At one meeting for "inquirers," I met a young man who seemed quite careless about

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\* I think this was the number, but am not quite certain.

religious thought and duty, and I asked him how it was that he remained to that meeting. He told me he had promised his friends "to go to the Moody and Sankey meetings;" and he seemed to suppose that to remain to the inquirers' meeting was part of the process to which he was pledged to submit himself.

(4) After the first day or two, the services were "advertised" in a very much more efficient manner than by newspapers or placards: every evening, at the "after-meeting," a considerable number of persons received Christ as their "Prince and Saviour," and, judging from those with whom I conversed, most of them went home with overflowing joy. I had seen occasional instances before of instant transition from religious anxiety to the clear and triumphant consciousness of restoration to God; but what struck me in the gallery of Bingley Hall was the fact that this instant transition took place with nearly every person with whom I talked. They had come up into the gallery anxious, restless, feeling after God in the darkness, and when, after a conversation of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, they went away, their faces were filled with light, and they left me not only at peace with God but filled with joy. I have seen the sunrise from the top of Helvellyn and the top of the Righi, and there is something very glorious in it; but to see the light of heaven suddenly strike on man after man in the course of one evening is very much more thrilling. These people carried their new joy with them to their homes and their workshops. It could not be hid. On the Sunday after Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey had left us, I invited those members of my own congregation to meet me who had come to Christ during the services of the preceding fortnight. A few who were still out at sea longing to make their way to quiet water came with them. Nothing was easier than to tell the difference between the two classes; I think I could have separated them into two divisions without asking a question and with scarcely a mistake. Those who were still "inquirers," if they did not look anxious and troubled, looked like other people; the "converts" were bright with their new joy. It is as yet too early to obtain any general information about the extent of the influence which I have attributed to the converts themselves; but among the names that I have on several lists of persons that I saw myself, I find the names of two clerks who sat side by side at the same desk, three pairs of brothers and sisters, three husbands with their wives; and four brothers—rough, working men—all of whom have been awakened to religious thought by Mr. Moody's addresses.\*

(5) Nearly all the "living" and active members of the various Evan-

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\* Some of these are not persons with whom I had conversation at the "after meetings," but are persons who have given their names to me as wishing to enter Carr's Lane Church.

gelical Churches hoped that the services would achieve great results ; and many Christian people whose religious life was depressed and sad, trusted that they might find their way to the light.

(6) Direct efforts were made to induce those who had not been at any of the meetings to come to them. In one manufactory in which 600 people are employed, I believe that there was an attempt to induce all who were not in the habit of attending public worship to go to the special meeting that was held for that class of persons. Hand-bills were distributed from house to house in the poorer parts of the town. Very many persons of all ranks, who had become interested in the services, urgently pressed their friends to go with them to hear the American strangers.

(7) The services themselves were attractive.

Mr. Sankey's solos evidently touched very many hearts ; and the effect produced by the manner in which the vast audiences united in such songs as "Hold the fort, for I am coming," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "The great Physician now is near," was sometimes very thrilling. The "songs" have been sharply criticised. It is very easy to criticise them ; it might be more profitable to consider why it is that both the music and the words are so popular and effective. About their popularity there can be no doubt. There were sometimes ten or twelve thousand people in Bingley Hall for more than an hour before the service began. With intervals of a few minutes they occupied themselves with the more popular of the hymns and melodies ; and the delight with which they sang them was obvious. Passing along the streets I hear men whistling "Safe in the arms of Jesus." I have long held the conviction, and often expressed it, that the reformation in our Psalmody which has been going on for the last five-and-twenty years, though it was very necessary, and though in some particulars it has been very admirable, is, in some respects, unsatisfactory.

The tunes which were sung by Nonconformist congregations thirty years ago were often vulgar, but they were real tunes, easily learnt, easily remembered ; and they haunted people during the week. Most of them were destitute of artistic merit, but the people liked them, and they were the natural expression of their emotion. Many of the new tunes are not "tunes" at all. They are not vulgar, but they are uninteresting. They differ from their predecessors very much as the dulness of a "respectable" dinner-party differs from the merriment of a pic-nic, at which the people are just a little unrefined, but at which they have resolved to enjoy themselves. I do not like either, but on the whole I prefer the pic-nic. The men who have composed or adapted the new tunes are for the most part organists, who know very much more about how to get solemn effects out of their instrument than how to give the people

something to sing. Mr. Sankey's melodies—whatever their demerits—are caught by thousands of people of all kinds, cultivated and uncultivated, men, women, and children, and are sung "with a will."

I agree with those who say that we ought, if possible, to get really good music for God's service, but it must be on one condition: that we do not sacrifice "God's service" to the "good music." Our first business is to enable Christian congregations to give free and happy expression to their joy and trust in God's love, and their reverence for God's majesty: the promotion of their musical taste is a matter of only secondary importance. Moreover, my contention is that much of the new music differs from the old chiefly in one particular: there is not more musical genius in it, but less life. Let a scientific musician write tunes which lay hold of the imagination and heart of all kinds of men as powerfully as some of those which Mr. Sankey has brought together in his little book, and most of Mr. Sankey's melodies will soon be forgotten.

The same principles are applicable to the hymns. Critics have said that they are "childish," that they have no "literary merit," that there is something ridiculous in hearing a congregation of grown people singing with enthusiasm "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." Well, the fact that hymns which are simple even to childishness are sung by grown people with so much earnestness, that hymns with no "literary merit" kindle new fire in the hearts of men and women who know something of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, is surely worth investigating. Is it the "childishness" which accounts for their power? Is it the absence of "literary merit"? I think not. Give the people a collection of hymns characterised by equal fervour, expressing with the same directness the elementary convictions and the deepest emotions of the Christian heart, and if they have also the literary merit which is absent from many, at least, of Mr. Sankey's Songs, they will become equally popular, and their popularity will be more enduring. But our hymn-books are too stiff and cold. People want to sing, not what they *think*, but what they *feel*; and if they are asked to sing hymns in which there is no glow of feeling, and in which the thought is perfectly commonplace, they will not sing at all. "I am so glad that Jesus loves me" is a childish way of expressing our joy in the love of Christ; but if hymn-writers will not help us to express it in a more masculine way, we must express it as best we can. How few hymns there are in our language which express thanksgiving for salvation in a popular and really lyrical form! how few which express exultation in the large freedom which is the inheritance of those in Christ! Again, it is of no use asking people to sing to God in a language remote from the language of their common life: hence one of the difficulties of writing a really good hymn. There is similar difficulty in writing good secular

songs ; we have an infinite number of songs which are musical in their language, and graceful in their thought, but which have never found their way to the heart of the nation ; the number of songs which have really high literary merit and are also popular is perhaps smaller than the number of successful hymns. Mr. Binney's "Eternal Light" has the simplicity, fervour, and dignity which constitute a perfect hymn ; but I am not sure whether its dignity does not impose a kind of strain upon very many minds, which though very good for them occasionally, interferes with their delight in singing it. There are, however, comparatively few hymns which combine the simplicity necessary both for the cultivated and uncultivated in acts of happy thanksgiving, praise, and worship, with elevation of thought and manner.

But it was not the singing only which made the services interesting : there was great animation and variety in them. In the evening they began with a hymn which the people sang together ; but what would be the "order" of the service no one knew, and I suspect Mr. Moody did not know beforehand. Every man who is accustomed to conduct public meetings for any purpose can easily tell whether the people are interested : Mr. Moody has this instinctive perception in a remarkable degree.

After the first hymn somebody generally offered a short prayer ; if it was clear that the heart of the audience went with the prayer, he would then read a chapter and make a few remarks upon it as he read ; if not, he would ask Mr. Sankey to sing a solo, or a solo with a chorus in which the people joined, or else one of the most popular hymns. Then he would read the chapter, and perhaps have another hymn or offer a short prayer himself. Then would come another hymn, and then the sermon. Sometimes the sermon was followed by a solo from Mr. Sankey, sometimes by a hymn in which all united, sometimes by a prayer. Everything was determined by what was felt to be the actual mood of the moment. Generally the whole service was over in a little more than an hour and a quarter. Then came the "after-meeting," of which I will say something presently.

Of Mr. Moody's own power I find it difficult to speak. It is so real, and yet so unlike the power of ordinary preachers, that I hardly know how to analyse it. Its reality is indisputable. Any man who can interest and impress an audience varying from three thousand to six thousand people for half an hour in the morning, and for three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon, and who can interest a third audience of thirteen or fifteen thousand people for three-quarters of an hour again in the evening, must have power of some kind. Of course, some people listened without caring much for what he said, but though I generally sat in a position which enabled me to see the kind of impression he produced, I rarely saw many faces which did not indicate the most active and earnest interest.

The people were of all sorts, young and old, rich and poor, keen tradesmen, manufacturers, and merchants, and young ladies who had just left school, rough boys who knew more about dogs and pigeons than about books, and cultivated women. For a time I could not understand it—I am not sure that I understand it now. At the first meeting, Mr. Moody's address was simple, direct, kindly, and hopeful; it had a touch of humour and a touch of pathos; it was lit up with a story or two that filled most eyes with tears; but there seemed nothing in it very remarkable. Yet it *told*. A prayer-meeting with an address, at eight o'clock on a damp, cold January morning, was hardly the kind of thing—let me say it frankly—that I should generally regard as attractive; but I enjoyed it heartily; it seemed one of the happiest meetings I had ever attended; there was warmth and there was sunlight in it. At the evening meeting the same day, at Bingley Hall, I was still unable to make out how it was that he had done so much in other parts of the kingdom. I listened with interest; everybody listened with interest; and I was conscious again of a certain warmth and brightness which made the service very pleasant, but I could not see that there was much to impress those that were careless about religious duty. The next morning at the prayer-meeting the address was more incisive and striking, and at the evening service I began to see that the stranger had a faculty for making the elementary truths of the Gospel intensely clear and vivid. But it still seemed most remarkable that he should have done so much, and on Tuesday I told Mr. Moody that the work was most plainly of God, for I could see no real relation between him and what he had done. He laughed cheerily, and said he should be very sorry if it were otherwise. I began to wonder whether what I had supposed to be a law of the Divine kingdom was perfectly uniform. I thought that there were scores of us who could preach as effectively as Mr. Moody, and who might therefore, with God's good help, be equally successful.

In the course of a day or two my mistake was corrected; but to the last there were sensible people who listened to him with a kind of interest and delight with which they never listen to very "distinguished" and eloquent preachers, and who yet thought that though Mr. Moody was "very simple and earnest" he had no particular power as a speaker. I do not intend to suggest any comparison between Mr. Moody and our great English orator, but I have met people who have talked in the same way about Mr. Bright, and who seemed to think that to speak like Mr. Bright was possible to nearly everybody.

One of the elements of Mr. Moody's power consists in his perfect naturalness. He has something to say, and he says it—says it as simply and directly to thirteen thousand people as to thirteen. He has nothing of the impudence into which some speakers are betrayed when they try



to be easy and unconventional; but he talks in a perfectly unconstrained and straightforward way, just as he would talk to half a dozen old friends at his fire-side. The effect of this is very intelligible. You no more think of criticising him than you think of criticising a man that you meet in the street, and who tells you the shortest way to a railway station. I can criticise most preachers and speakers; I criticised Dr. Guthrie, though I was either laughing or crying the greater part of the time that I was listening to him; but somehow I did not think of criticising Mr. Moody till I had got home. Generally there seemed nothing to criticise; once or twice, in the simplest and most inartistic manner, he said things which at the moment he said them I felt were of the kind to give a popular speaker a great triumph, but his whole manner threw me out of the critical attitude. Some men force you to be critical. It is impossible to take a single coin from them without ringing it on the table and looking to see whether it is properly "milled." From first to last, they provoke "watchful jealousy." It is clear that they are taking a great deal of trouble with their sentences; it is disrespectful not to examine their work. It is clear, too, that they are giving you their best thoughts, their best arguments, and their best illustrations, and they show them to you just as a collector of gems shows you his last triumphant acquisition. It is impossible—it is almost insulting—not to criticise. When a speech or sermon is plainly a work of art, criticism is inevitable. It is not necessary for anyone to paint pictures, to sing songs, or to deliver artistic addresses; but if a man insists on being an artist, and lets you know it, he forces upon you a critical examination of his performance.

Mr. Moody—so it seems to me—has an "art" of a very effective kind; but he is infinitely more than an artist, and therefore most people listen without criticising. This is an immense element of power. If our congregations came to hear us preach, instead of coming to hear *how* we preach, the effect of our sermons would be immeasurably increased. Now and then Mr. Moody quoted a text in a very illegitimate sense; now and then he advanced an argument which would not hold water; now and then he laid down principles which seemed untenable; and there was a momentary protest on the part of the critical faculty; but the protest was only momentary. I was not thrown out of sympathy with him.

It is objected that he is too "familiar" with sacred things. Generally—not always—the objection comes from persons who are extremely *unfamiliar* with them. The fault that is charged against him—if it be a fault—is perhaps not too common in these days. There are not too many people who live, and move, and have their being in the fair

provinces of Christian truth, and Christian hope, and Christian joy. Mr. Moody is, no doubt, very "familiar" with the things about which he talks. He is like a man who keeps Sunday every day in the week ; his mind does not put on Sunday clothes when he begins to speak about religion. Religious truth is the subject of his constant thought ; he does not therefore assume the "Bible tone" when he begins to pray or preach. In one of Mr. Ruskin's books there is a very remarkable passage on ecclesiastical architecture, which has occurred to me very often while thinking of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. Mr. Ruskin says that the great builders of the Middle Ages never thought of building a church in a different style from that in which they built a house. There was no "ecclesiastical" style of architecture. There were houses in every street with doors and windows and niches in the walls for saints, just like the doors and windows and niches of the cathedral. The cathedral was larger, the materials used in it were richer, the work was very much more elaborate ; but when a man went to worship God he did not feel that he was in a building different in style from the common buildings about him. Mr. Ruskin does not discuss the question whether for religious reasons it is desirable to have an "ecclesiastical" style of architecture, but he insists that those who erected the great ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages did not intend to produce the kind of feeling which these buildings produce upon ourselves. We feel, when we are in Lincoln or Notre Dame, that we are in a building which is so distinctively religious that it would be almost profane to apply the style to common uses. This is because our houses are not built in the same style as the churches ; but when those great churches were erected they were illustrations of the ordinary house architecture carried to perfection. This is Mr. Ruskin's theory ; and he maintains that we can never have good church architecture until our house architecture is sufficiently noble to be used for church purposes.

Now the architecture—if I may so speak—of Mr. Moody's discourses is not ecclesiastical. The windows, and the doors, and the furniture, and the decorations are of the kind with which we are familiar in our every-day life. He does not tell stories because they are amusing ; but if an amusing story helps him to make a truth clearer, or to expose a common mistake, he does not refuse to tell it merely because it is amusing. The common things of common life are about him all the time he is speaking. He uses the words of the home and the street : the plainer they are the better he likes them. The gowns and bands which some of our preachers wear are the symbols of the special costume in which they think it proper to array religious truth. Mr. Moody does without gown and bands, and speaks to men as he would speak to them at a meeting of the "United Kingdom Alliance," or at a political

meeting during a contested election. He has given himself to God, all that he has, all that he is, and he uses every faculty and resource of his nature to prevail upon men to hate sin and to trust and love Christ. To him nothing is common or unclean. He has humour, and he uses it ; he has passion, and he uses it ; he can tell racy anecdotes, and he tells them ; he can make people cry as well as laugh, and he does it.

Some people say that he is "irreverent." If he is, I must have been singularly fortunate, for I never heard him say anything which justifies the charge. But what people seem to mean is that he does not regard with religious respect every one that is mentioned in the Bible. Why should he? When he said that Bartimæus, after getting his sight, was eager to go home and to "see what kind of a looking woman he had for a wife, for you know that as yet he had never seen *Mrs.* Bartimæus," some people who saw the report in the newspapers thought this was a proof of the irreverence of which he is said to be guilty. But I do not know that there is any reason for speaking reverently either of Bartimæus or of his wife. As a matter of taste most of us would prefer to describe the woman as "the wife" of the blind man ; but why the "*Mrs.*" should be thought irreverent it is difficult to understand. Reverence is due to God alone, and to Him in whom God is manifest in the flesh ; of God, of our Lord Jesus Christ, there was never a word which was not inspired by fervent love, perfect trust, and devout worship. Of great saints, good men will speak with affection and respect ; and it was thus that Mr. Moody spoke of them.

There was something in his way of telling Scripture narratives from which preachers may learn very much. The Oriental drapery was stripped off, and he told the stories as though they had happened in Chicago just before he had left home, or in Birmingham an hour or two before the service began. At times this gave the stories a certain air of grotesqueness, but it made the moral element in them intensely real. We are in the habit of making a double demand on our hearers ; we ask them, first, to reproduce, by a strong effort of imagination, the Oriental circumstances of the narratives, and we then ask them to apprehend the human passions and follies and virtues which the narratives illustrate. I believe that they get so interested in the mere drapery that the substantial facts are often missed ; or else the enduring human element looks so strange in its unfamiliar costume that its power is lost. I have heard men say that of late years the scenery and the dresses at the great theatres are wonderfully improved, but that the acting is very inferior to what it once was. Mr. Moody cares nothing for the scenery and the dresses. If he were a "manager" he might bring Julius Cæsar on to the stage in the uniform of an American general, and Hamlet might put on his "Ulster" when he was going out to meet the ghost,

but he would insist on making the plot and passion of the play intensely and vividly real.\*

Of the aspects of truth on which he dwells it is not necessary to say much. His great topic is the infinite love and power of Christ. That Christ wants to save men, and can do it, is the substance of nearly all his discourses. I asked him, after one of the morning services, whether he never used the element of terror in his preaching? He said that he did sometimes, but that "a man's heart ought to be very tender" when speaking about the doom of the impenitent; that the manner in which some preachers threatened unbelievers with the wrath to come, as though they had a kind of satisfaction in thinking of the sufferings of the lost, was to him very shocking. He added that in the course of his visit to a town he generally preached one sermon on hell and one on heaven. That night he preached on the text, "Son, remember:" I greatly regret that I happened to be absent; I should like to have heard how he dealt with this difficult subject. As the readers of the CONGREGATIONALIST know, I believe that in modern preaching there is too little said about the awful words of our Lord concerning the destiny of those who resist His authority and reject His salvation. The unwillingness of most of us to speak of this terrible subject ought to suggest very earnest self-examination. Christ's love for men, which was infinitely more tender than ours, did not prevent Him from speaking of "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched," and it is surely presumptuous of us to assume that we are prevented from speaking of future punishment by the depth of our sympathy with the Divine mercy.

The possibility of "instantaneous conversion" was one of the points on which he insisted incessantly. I think I should prefer to speak of the certainty of Christ's immediate response to a frank trust in His love, and a frank submission to His authority. These, however, are only two ways of presenting the same truth; and the vigour and earnestness with which he charged his hearers to obtain *at once* the pardon of sin and power to break away from a sinful life were extremely effective.

Almost invariably the preaching was followed by an "after meeting." Cards of admission to the meetings for inquirers had been distributed among the ministers who co-operated with the movement, to be given by them to ladies and gentlemen to whom they could entrust the duty of conversing with persons agitated by religious anxiety and needing sympathy and advice. The intention of this arrangement was to prevent "inquirers" from being left in the hands of unwise and incompetent

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\* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be well to say I do not intend to suggest that all preachers ought to strip off the "Oriental drapery" from the Bible stories. Can we not keep the proper "drapery," and yet make the stories real?

people. How many of these "cards" were distributed I do not know ; in my own church I gave away between a dozen and a score ; and it was pleasant to me to see many of my friends at their work night after night. The arrangement broke down. The number of persons who remained for the "after meeting" was so large that a general appeal had to be made again and again to Christian people in the congregation to give their help. Some responded who had more enthusiasm than good sense. But, notwithstanding this, the results of the "after meeting" were extraordinary. I have already spoken of the number of persons with whom I conversed myself, to whom, while I was conversing with them, the light came which springs from the discovery of God's love and power, and from the acceptance of His will as the law of life. Testimony after testimony has reached me from "converts," to whom the same light came while conversing with others. "I went up into the gallery," said one young man to me, a day or two ago, "and Mr. Sankey walked up and down with me, and talked to me as though he had been my own father ; and I found Christ."

The preaching without the "after meeting" would not have accomplished one-fifth of the results. It was in the quiet, unexciting talk with individuals that the impressions produced by Mr. Moody's addresses issued in a happy trust in Christ, and a clear decision to live a Christian life. The galleries were a beautiful sight. Mr. Moody's quaint directions were almost universally followed : "Let the young men talk to the young men, the maidens to the maidens, the elder women to the elder women, and the elder men to the elder men." Cultivated young ladies were sitting or standing with girls of their own age, sometimes with two or three together, whose eager faces indicated the earnestness of their desire to understand how they were to lay hold of the great blessing, which they seemed to be touching but could not grasp. Young men were talking to lads—some of their own social position, others with black hands and rough clothes, which were suggestive of gun-making and rolling-mills and brass foundries. Ladies of refinement were trying to make the truth clear to women whose worn faces and poor dress told of the hardships of their daily life. Men of business, local politicians, were at the same work with men of forty and fifty years of age. And there was the brightness of hope and faith in the tone and manner and bearing of nearly all of them. Christian people who want to know the real nature of the work of our American brethren, and to catch its spirit, should take care to spend a few hours at the "after meeting." If they go twice, they will find it hard to keep away.

Separate arrangements were made for those of the young men who preferred an after meeting of their own. A Presbyterian church in

the neighbourhood of the Hall was thrown open for them, and the attendance was generally very large.

Mr. Moody does not approve of the publication in newspapers of the number of persons who have declared that they have been led to begin a Christian life as the result of these services, and I therefore do not feel at liberty to publish in these pages the information on this point which is in my possession. A week after he had left us he returned to hold a farewell meeting for "converts" and "inquirers." Ministers sat at the office of the Young Men's Christian Association to receive applications for tickets from both these classes of persons. In every case I believe that there was personal conversation with the applicants. Their names and addresses were registered, and the congregations with which they were already connected, or with which they intended to connect themselves. One hundred and twenty names have been sent to me of persons who are already attendants at Carr's Lane, or who mean to attend there. These include eighty-five professed "converts," and thirty-five persons who have been awakened to religious earnestness, but who cannot say that they have rest of heart in Christ. The large majority of them, so far as I have been able at present to analyse the list, are working people, and most of them young men and women. In some cases the young men told me that they had been in the habit of swearing and using bad language up to the night when the truth came to them. "And never since then?" I have asked. They smiled, as though I had asked a very unnecessary question, and answered, "Never, sir." And when I talked to them about their conduct at home to their parents, and about their temper, it still seemed that I was going over ground that they had already gone over for themselves: "Things don't put me about now, sir, as they used," was the answer of a rough boy of seventeen or eighteen. I heard through a friend, that a manufacturer, who had a violent temper, and who had been accustomed to swear a great deal at his men, was suddenly so much changed that the men noticed it, and, of course, inferred that he had been to "Moody;" for a whole week they tried, "for the fun of it," to get him to swear at them again, but failed. I heard of another case that was very sad. A poor girl came to one of the meetings and was deeply impressed; when she got home, her father, who was half drunk, insisted on knowing where she had been, and when she told him, he was in a great rage and violently abused her. She bore this quietly, and went to bed. The neighbours, however, got to know it, and the next morning, as she went to work, they hooted at her and chaffed her in the street. When she reached the shop where she is employed, her shopmates began to tease her and annoy her; she bore it a long time, but at last gave way and turned upon them in a burst of

passion, and poured out on them a torrent of curses. The deepest remorse came upon the poor girl, and she thought that it was impossible for her to be recovered from her fall. I have no doubt that the Christian lady who is caring for her told her of one who though he denied Christ with oaths and curses was forgiven, and restored to all the honours and joys of his Apostleship.

The effect of this work has extended beyond those who were present at the services; and very much of the good that has been effected is never likely to be known. Since I began to write this paper, a son of one of the members of my own Church, a lad of seventeen, came to me and said he wished to enter the Church. I talked to him for a few minutes, and took for granted that Mr. Moody's services had led him to religious decision. He had all the brightness and joyousness which I have come to regard as characteristic of the typical "Moody convert." I asked him which of the services had had the greatest effect on him, and he said that his business engagements had prevented him from going to any of them. "How was it, then," I asked, "that you came to trust in Christ?" "Well, sir," he said, "I could not go to the meetings, but I heard a great deal of what these two gentlemen were doing, and I came to the conclusion that they could not be doing it themselves, but that God must be doing it; and then I came to see that I could look to God myself and get all the good."

Some of the most remarkable results of the visit of our American friends are to be found, perhaps, among those who have long been members of Christian Churches. I hardly know how to describe the change which has passed over them. It is like the change which comes upon a landscape when clouds which have been hanging over it for hours suddenly vanish, and the sunlight seems to fill both heaven and earth. There is a joyousness, and an elasticity of spirit, and a hopefulness, which have completely transformed them; and the transformation shows itself in the unostentatious eagerness with which they are taking up Christian work.

If I thought it worth while, I could speak of some things in this work which are not to my taste, and some things which my judgment disapproves. But before Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey came to Birmingham I had arrived at the conclusion that what was said of the early evangelists at Antioch was the truest account of the work of these American evangelists in Scotland and Ireland, "The hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." This conviction has been deepened and confirmed by all that I have seen of them. When Whitfield and Wesley were renewing the religious life of England, there were learned, orthodox, and devout ministers who were distressed by "The Decay of the Dissenting Interest," and the low



state of religion throughout the country, there were ministers who had written pamphlets on these subjects in the hope of re-awakening in the Christian Churches of that time the faith and zeal of earlier and better days, but who regarded Whitfield and Wesley with a distrust like that with which Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey are now regarded by some excellent people. The very objections which are urged against Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were urged against the leaders of the great Evangelical revival which saved England from sinking into atheism. The result was inevitable; these ministers and their churches missed the blessing for which they had been longing and praying. When "the power of God" is with men who preach what we acknowledge to be the great truths of the Gospel, it is surely our clear duty to co-operate with them heartily and frankly. If in their methods, and if in their very conception of Christian truth and the Christian life, there are some things which we cannot accept, these may surely be borne with and even forgotten. Those men especially who are in the habit of insisting on "breadth" of sympathy with all in whom there is genuine Christian earnestness, and who are always saying that rigid accuracy in doctrinal definitions is of inferior importance to a living faith in Christ, ought to be able to rise above the kind of objections which seem likely to alienate some of them from this work.

It is possible that in some places our American visitors may not achieve the kind of success which has hitherto followed them. Before they came to Birmingham I felt very doubtful whether they would accomplish here what they had accomplished in Dublin and Belfast. I believe they will accomplish very little in any place where they are not sustained by the hearty sympathy of Christian people, and where Christian Churches do not earnestly entreat God to manifest in connection with their work the transcendent greatness of His power and love. There were people among whom our Lord Himself "could do no mighty works, because of their unbelief."

R. W. DALE.

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## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

### XV.—THE WILDERNESS OF SHUR.

SOME travellers speak of the first three days in the desert as not only extremely monotonous, but almost intolerable: to me they were days of intense interest and enjoyment. The pure dry air, the stainless sky, the unfamiliar incidents of tent life, and the complete escape from everything that could interrupt that dreamy intellectual repose which to some busy men is so welcome, made those days

among the very pleasantest in the whole journey. But if a traveller is on the look-out for incidents with which to fill his note-book, or for striking scenery to be eloquently described to friends at home, I can imagine that the first part of the desert journey is very disappointing. The "incidents" are not of a kind to work up into interesting and amusing stories; the "scenery," although it has a perfect and unique charm to an eye unaccustomed to it, admits of no description. We soon got over the difficulties of camel-riding, and when these were once mastered, the chief thing I was afraid of was lest the easy, lounging motion should send me off to sleep. That word "sleep," by the way, helps me to give the impression which I have of the early part of our desert journey: it united the refreshment and delight of a long and tranquil night's rest with the interest of travelling in a strange country among a strange people.

Our first encampment after leaving Ain Musa was just beyond Wady Sadur. This wady, which descends from a break in the great mountain wall on the east, becomes almost indistinguishable long before it reaches the sea. I doubt whether we should have known that we were crossing a wady had we not been told,—the depression below the general level of the desert is so slight. There was, of course, no water in it at that time of the year; and the traces of vegetation were so scanty as hardly to suggest that it was ever even damp. Thursday morning (March 6) three of us, as usual, walked for three hours, starting at 7.15 and mounting our camels at 10.15. There was a fresh breeze, and the walk was delightful. We crossed Wady Wardan, which is very distinctly marked as a winter water-course, and is dotted about with stunted shrubs, and here and there with pretty little flowers. We also crossed Wady Amarah, and encamped at Hajar er Rekkab (the Stirrup Stone). The Stone is a huge block about thirty feet in height, lying near the circumference of a circular valley surrounded by low hills. The last half-hour's ride was very different from the rest of the ride from Ain Musa; the dead level of the desert was broken, and the hills, though neither lofty nor remarkable in form, were pleasant to the eye.

At Hajarer Rekkab, Salem gave the Arabs some coffee and tobacco, and they made merry. It was always a picturesque sight to see them when their work was done. There were, I think, five parties of them, representing five different tribes. The men of each tribe made their camels lie down in a circle; in the middle of it they kindled a fire and baked their bread. They had notents, but sat round the fire, talking and singing, and eating and smoking, long after dark; and then, wrapping their heavy outer garments round them, went off to sleep under the shelter of their huge beasts, which protected them against the wind. That night, exhilarated by the coffee, they forgot at least one-half of the Arab proverb,

"Trust in God, but tie up your camels;" for in the morning we were informed that fourteen of the animals had gone astray, and were nowhere to be seen. There was some suspicion that the men had sent off their camels intentionally, in order to have an excuse for breaking their engagement, but they stoutly maintained that the loss of the animals was accidental. There was great excitement; men running in different directions to try to find the stray beasts, Salem fuming and storming at the treachery or negligence. An hour or two passed, and there was no sign of the lost camels. We were all perfectly helpless; tents and baggage were made ready to load, but had to lie on the ground. At last Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I thought that we would walk on, and leave Salem and the baggage to follow us in the course of the morning. Hassan rode after us with the lunch tent, and soon caught us.

Just before breakfast a few drops of rain had fallen, but the rain was very light, and did not last more than about five minutes. The morning was fresh and exhilarating. When we had been walking nearly an hour, we saw on our left what looked like a great round ball lying on the ground. Getting nearer to it, we found that it was a palm-tree, about twenty feet in height and rather curiously grown. There was a little vegetation near it, and rushes were growing, but no running water was visible. This was Ain Hawwarah, the traditional Marah of the book of Exodus: "So Moses brought Israel from the Red sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur; and they were *three days* in the wilderness, and found no water. And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter." (Exodus xv. 22, 23.) We had left Ain Musa on Wednesday morning, and reached Ain Hawwarah early on the *third day*, travelling rather more than twenty miles a day. A few miles farther on we struck a real valley, five or six hundred yards broad: this was Wady Gharandel. It runs from the north-east to the south-west. We walked down it about two miles before halting. Flocks of sheep and goats were feeding on the scanty shrubs, and the soil had in many places quite a greenish look from the vegetation. In the bottom of the valley there was a stream of water two or three inches deep and about thirty feet wide. This separated itself into three smaller streams, which gradually lost themselves in the gravel and sand. We pitched our lunch tent near some palm-trees, of which there were twenty or thirty; only one of them was of any considerable height. At lunch, some Arabs brought us delicious goats' milk. They were very well pleased with the coppers we gave them as backsheesh, and still better pleased with some tobacco which I gave them from my pouch. After lunch I noticed that Hassan cleaned the plates with sand.

It was very delightful to see trees once more, and the water was

pleasant to drink. We wandered about for some time among the palms, traced the course of the stream some distance up the Wady, and then I got out my writing-case, and lay on the rugs at the door of the lunch tent and began a letter to a friend in England, dated "Elim (Exodus xv. 27), March 7th, 1873." It is not certain, indeed, that this Wady is the Elim of the Exodus, "where were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm-trees;" but Wady Usert—which lies a few miles further south, and is the other claimant for the honour of representing the ancient oasis—is now far less fertile than Gharandel.

It was afternoon before Salem arrived, and when he came he told us that the lost camels had not been recovered, and that the drivers sent to look after them had not returned. With our riding camels, and some camels he had got from the people near Wady Gharandel, he had succeeded in bringing on all the tents and baggage, and the only inconvenience we suffered was the loss of half a day. We had reached the Wady soon after eleven, and might have travelled four hours more before encamping; but we had to encamp where he found us, near the pleasant palm-trees. He made up the number of his camels by arrangements with the Arabs in the neighbourhood.

The delay occasioned by the loss of the camels afforded us the opportunity of wandering about the Wady. Just behind our camp, southward, there rose a hill of two or three hundred feet in height, which we ascended for the sake of the view. There were fragments of coarse pottery lying about the summit: whether it was ancient or modern, whether it was left there by the Israelites, or by ancient Egyptians on their way to the mines in the heart of the peninsula, or by modern Bedouin, we had not knowledge enough to tell. The view from the hill was very striking. The monotony of the desert was over, and we saw that we were now approaching a district perfectly different from that which we had been crossing since leaving the Wells of Moses.

When we started at 7.20 the next morning (Saturday, March 8th) the sun was already quite hot. We met a couple of Arabs, who were walking like ourselves, and wanted to sell us some little pieces of turquoise and some small Egyptian "antiquities." As Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I were alone, and could not speak Arabic, and as the Arabs could speak no language but their own, there was not a very free exchange of ideas, and we were not sufficiently attracted by their wares to attempt an exchange of another kind. In the course of the morning we passed a heap of stones about which we could get no clear account. The traditions about it are conflicting. One story represents it as a cairn over somebody's horse; Salem said that it had something to do with a creature that made a noise at night; but his account was quite unintelligible. It was curious to notice how the proper "ritual" was

observed by the Arabs, although they were unable to give any explanation of it. As man after man passed the cairn, every one either threw a handful of dust on it or uttered a deep growling curse. Later in the day we passed a small circle of stones, which we were told was a grave. I find in the report of the Sinaitic Explorations that it is the grave of the "Bride of Temman." This lady was a "saint," who used to sit on this spot and receive alms; she is buried where she sat, and the passing Arabs generally leave some little offering, such as a few inches of dirty rag, on her grave.

We now saw Mount Serbal, for the first time, in the remote distance; nearer at hand was the "triple crest of Sarbut el Jemel," which was very impressive, and which for a time we mistook for Serbal. For two or three hours we passed through a succession of amphitheatres formed by round sand-hills. In Wady Useit, which we reached after walking about two hours, there is some vegetation, though not nearly so much as in Wady Gharandel. Near the spring are fifteen or twenty palm-trees; but what struck me most was the *retem*—the "juniper" of the story of Elijah—which we saw for the first time in this Wady, and which was covered profusely with blossom. It is a kind of broom, and when in full flower is very beautiful. We tasted the water of the spring, and found it was brackish; indeed, it leaves a crust of salt on the ground where it flows. An hour or two later we struck another valley—Wady Ethal—where we lunched, without the tent, under the shade of a couple of palm-trees and with some small shrubs about us. A mountain of considerable height, Jebel Hammam Farun, was visible from the spot where we halted, and looked very fine. The mountain runs down to the Gulf; on the shore at its foot there are some hot springs, which give the mountain its name. Although the Bedouin tradition places the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host many miles further north, the unhappy monarch of Egypt is supposed to be somehow connected with these springs. "Here," says the legend, "Pharaoh was overwhelmed and gave his last gasp; so the sea waxed warm, and has remained so ever since. But he still lies under the sand, and sometimes rises in wrath, causing the sea to boil furiously and angry winds to blow."

After lunch, instead of mounting our camels, we walked on for four hours till we reached camp. The walk was a very striking one. We first entered Wady Shebeikeh and then Wady Taiybeh, which is about four miles in length. The Wady is narrow, and limestone cliffs rise precipitately on both sides. Vegetation extends, with occasional gaps of barrenness, through the whole valley. At one or two points there are clusters of beautiful palm-trees. Where it opens on to the sandy shore of the gulf the valley is singularly impressive: the cliffs on each side are

about three or four hundred feet in height ; on the southern side the cliff is composed of "lava, conglomerates, &c.,"\* and there are bands of strongly contrasted colour—rich brown, black, and bright red. A similar cliff occurs in the Wady, at some little distance before reaching the sea.

We went on for about three miles along the sand before reaching the tents ; I was very tired, for we had walked altogether nearly twenty miles in the course of the day, and while the coffee was being prepared, I sat down on a camel saddle which was lying in the shade of a tent. I suppose I looked weary and thirsty, and an Arab boy that we had with us, whose name was Mansour, a lad about ten years of age, came up to me with a little tin cup, which he had filled, not from our own water-bottles, but from the water-skin of one of his own people. He gave it me with a smile and with perfect grace of manner. It was very dirty and very warm, but I took enough to cool my mouth, and as I was drinking I remembered with sympathy a sentence of Palmer's in his "Desert of the Exodus," in which he speaks of envying the street dogs the cool puddles of his native land. After I had drunk a few spoonfuls, I put the little cup down on the sand and dropped into a reverie while I smoked a most delicious and refreshing pipe. Presently, I was roused by the "chuck, chuck" of a dozen chickens. They had got round my little tin cup, and were taking turns in having a drink. I never saw such well-behaved chickens in my life. When my children at home give the fowls food or water, there is a scramble for it ; perhaps the chickens of the East are less eager and impatient than the chickens of the West, or perhaps the wise little creatures knew that if they fought for the water they would turn the little cup over and spill it ; whatever the reason was, every chicken put its head into the cup separately and had its drink, and the rest waited for their turn with very much more patience than I have sometimes seen manifested at a public dinner in England where "gentlemen" had paid five-and-twenty shillings a head for their dinner.

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### DR. REYNOLDS ON JOHN THE BAPTIST.†

THE announcement which was made two or three years ago that Dr. Reynolds had selected "John the Baptist" as the subject of his Congregational Union Lectures, created some surprise and some amusement. What could have attracted the learned, refined, and gentle-

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\* Ordnance Survey.

† *John the Baptist.* The Congregational Union Lecture for 1874. By Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D. London : Hodder and Stoughton.

hearted president of Cheshunt to the stern prophet of righteousness, whose raiment of camel's hair was a true symbol of the rough vigour of his rugged and passionate preaching? That the stormy spirit of Edward Irving should have been drawn to the Baptist was natural; but Henry Reynolds might surely have found a fitter subject in that other John whom Jesus loved. People wondered, too, how he would be able to build up a big book out of the very scanty information about the Baptist contained in the New Testament. Some men, who knew the extent and wealth of Dr. Reynolds's reading, thought that they could prophesy his mode of treatment. Did not the Old Testament pass into the New through John the Baptist? Did he not stand between the ancient and vanished glories of Judaism, and the diviner glories of the kingdom of heaven? What more natural than to take John for a text, and then to discourse on the relations of the Law which came by Moses, and the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ? To do this it would be necessary first to give an account of Judaism, and then an account of Christianity, and finally to discuss their mutual connection, and how it was that one passed into the other. We have a suspicion that Dr. Reynolds must have been tempted to look at the subject in this large and encyclopædic way, but that he found that his Lectures would fill a score of volumes instead of one, unless he exercised firm self-restraint.

Now that the volume is published, we think that his friends will say that his choice, which when they first heard of it seemed perplexing, was, after all, a wise one. For, in the first place, there are very few books in any language specially devoted to the Baptist, and there was no English book which even pretended to bring together the results of recent learning in order to illustrate the Baptist's character and ministry. Dr. Reynolds had a clear field. Further, it is very plain that even if the intention of writing a book on John had not been seriously entertained by Dr. Reynolds till recently, his reading had given him a complete mastery of the subject. He has also succeeded in making some incidental, but valuable, contributions to the apologetic controversy of our own time.

The book is a perfect Thesaurus of learning, and yet it is a book which an unlearned man may read with keen interest. This is one of its great merits. The scholar's gown is worn easily and gracefully. The reading has not been done hurriedly for the occasion, and therefore it is used with a firm and facile hand. At times the lecturer rises to a masculine and noble eloquence. Let the following paragraphs be taken as illustrating the brilliance and animation of Dr. Reynolds' manner:—

"The parents of John and of Jesus must have endured the stormy and dread magnificence of Herod's reign. They must have realised all the indignation of the priestly race over the murder of Aristobulus, and the cruel



death of Mariamne and her sons and of the aged Hyrcanus. They must have felt the grinding oppression and extortion which enabled Herod to cover the land with fortresses and palaces, and to lavish Jewish wealth on foreign cities. They must have watched the growth of Gentile customs, games, and unlawful symbolism, which almost made Cæsarea into a pagan city, and dared to place the Roman eagle on the main entrance of the Temple. When Herod pillaged David's tomb, when he practically abolished the great council of the nation, when he blinded Jochanan the scholar of Hilliel, and when from his hideous death-bed he issued his last bloody edicts of wholesale massacre, the gentle spirits of those who were waiting for the consolation of Israel must have been lacerated and bewildered by a sense of unutterable wrong. The massacre at Bethlehem, unmentioned by Josephus, might easily be overlooked amid the long catalogue of horrors, even if the historian had no other reason for his reticence.

"The troubled accession of Archelaus to the throne of Judæa, and the division of Herod's dominions into several tetrarchies, doubtless brought back to their minds the old rivalries of earlier days. At one time the extortions of Archelaus were being tried by imperial tribunals in Rome, and Antipas was rushing post-haste thither, hoping to supplant his brother and secure his inheritance. During the absence of the Herodian princes, Roman procurators were gradually assuming supreme power in Jerusalem. Thus Sabinus seized the citadels, and provoked the desperate animosity of the people. Slaughter and the crucifixion of thousands followed the insurrection, and ultimately crushed it. The wish of the people, openly expressed, to have a Roman ruler rather than Archelaus, reveals the bitter hatred inspired by the tyranny of Herod. 'At no time of their history, not even after their return from exile, had the nation been more wretched.'\*

"There were" (says Josephus, in his usual tone of exaggeration) "ten thousand other disorders in Judæa, which were like tumults, because a great number put themselves in a warlike posture, either out of hope of gain to themselves, or out of enmity to the Jews. In particular, two thousand of Herod's old soldiers, who had been already disbanded, got together in Judæa itself, and fought against the king's troops, although Archiabus, Herod's first cousin, opposed them; but as he was driven out of the plains into the mountainous parts by the military skill of those men, he kept himself in the fastnesses that were there, and saved what he could."†

"In similar style we are told of the sack of Herod's city of Sepphoris, by men of the same wild fanatical spirit, under the leadership of Judas of Gamala, possibly the Theudas to whom Gamaliel referred; of the burning, by the party of Simon, of 'the royal palace of Amathus, near the river Jordan.' We hear of the giant Athronges and his four brethren, who by sheer physical strength usurped the title and honours of royalty, and came into direct conflict with the representatives of Archelaus. 'Judæa,' says Josephus, 'was full of robberies, and as the several companies of the seditious lighted upon anyone to head them, he was created a king, in order to do mischief to the public.'‡

"It became more and more apparent that these semi-native princes were mere puppets in the hands of Rome, that the sceptre of the Hasmonean

\* "Keim, p. 251." † "*Antiq.* xvii. 10. 4." ‡ "*Antiq.* xvii. 10. 7."

dynasty had fallen from its grasp, and had for ever departed from Judah. At length even Josephus tells, without a blush,\* of the deposition of Archelaus, of the arrival of Roman procurators in his place, and their succession under the suzerainty of the pro-consul of Syria. Roman noblemen of various degrees of excellence make their appearance on the scene, while Josephus simply says, 'Coponius, a man of equestrian order, was sent, together with him (Quirinus), to have supreme power over the Jews.'

"The effort of Quirinus to enforce and accomplish the census of the people (A.U.C. 759-760) roused the wildest resistance, and Judas the Gaulonite, with Zadok the Pharisee, might have anticipated the final revolt against Rome, if there had not been a division of interests in the Pharisaic camp. As it was, the help of the Syrian army enabled Coponius to crush Judas and his zealots, and leave the seeds of undying hatred to the Roman slavery germinating in the national conscience.

"Few things are much more affecting than to read Josephus's unimpassioned account of the succession of procurators of Judæa, and their immediate interference with the occupants of the high-priestly office. Thus the names of Coponius, Marcus Ambivius, Annius Rufus, Valerius Gratus, and Pontius Pilate, are barely mentioned, and, with the exception of the last, little more is said of them.

"During the remaining years of Augustus a policy of something like reconciliation prevailed, and his contributions to the Temple worship produced partial restoration of better feeling. It was during the procuratorship of Annius Rufus that Augustus died (A.U.C. 767). The representatives of Tiberius who followed, viz. Valerius Gratus and Pontius Pilate, carried the tyrannical spirit of their master into their relations with Judæa. Valerius Gratus frequently changed the high priests, until he satisfied himself that in the person of Caiaphas he should find a ready instrument of his will. The haughty insolence of Pilate, and his endeavour to bring the effigies of the Cæsar into Jerusalem, roused such stern and desperate animosity, such a willingness on the part of the Jews to die rather than to defile their sacred city, that Pilate desisted from his unwise intention, and presently commanded the images to be carried from Jerusalem to Cæsarea.†

"The Jews refused the benevolent intention of Pilate to supply Jerusalem with water, mainly because he proposed devoting to the purpose some of the Temple treasure. They suffered grievously for their seditious outbreak, but the intensity of their hatred smouldered on until, in the tenth year of his presidency, Pilate was recalled to Rome, which however he did not reach until Tiberius was dead.

"Among other scattered incidents, we hear of the gross peculation of which some few Jews resident in Rome were guilty, which led to the expulsion, by Tiberius, from the metropolis, of no fewer than four thousand Jews, who thus became the scape-goat of their brethren's sins. Incidents like these must have been detailed in the market-places of the crowded cities and villages of Galilee, and deeply stirred the sacred fellowship of the hill country of Judæa. The priesthood had degenerated into the mere tool of the Roman

\* "*Antiq.* xvii. 13. 3. Josephus affects to soften the matter by a dream, which, in the opinion of an Essene who endeavoured thus to interpret it, portended the result."

† "*Antiq.* xviii. 3. 1."

president. The throne of David had once more been trampled into dust. Profligacy and cunning had usurped the place of bold and spiritual patriotism. A fringe of Gentile forces and influences had surrounded the sacred institutions of Judaism. Greek games had been celebrated in Cæsarea, if not under the very shadow of the temple of Jerusalem. The tower of Hyrcanus, where the high-priestly vestments were kept, had been transformed into a great Roman fortress, and had been so built into the very *enceinte* of the Temple, as to dominate over its worship. The great council of the nation was made dependent upon the whim of a Roman official for the execution of its most solemn decrees. Tumults, collision of personal interests, war and bloodshed, uncertainty and haunting fear of something worse, vexed the daily life of the people. Even the mountain solitudes, where John was pondering his Divine commission, must have often been thronged by red-handed ruffians and religious fanatics; and the villagers of Galilee must have seen the building and the demolition of the glittering palaces and flourishing cities in the spurs of Lebanon or on the banks of the great inland lake."

We have said that incidentally Dr. Reynolds has made some valuable contributions to apologetics. He has indicated the direction in which apologetic writers might find new materials rather than worked out the arguments he suggests. The following passages admitted of great expansion. They touch both the controversy with unbelief and the controversy on the Atonement:—

"It is clear, from each Gospel, that a discussion took place in his presence, involving the possible revivification of John.

"Hence there was prevailing the kind of remark and eager expectation, out of which it was not unlikely that a mythical report of the resurrection of John might have arisen. A surmise was undoubtedly hazarded by some that he had broken the bands of death. It must have been by those who were ignorant of the previous relations between John and Jesus, and who were disciples neither of John nor of Jesus. The myth did not flourish, although there were strong inducements in the hearts of John's eager partisans to believe in his continued ministry, and to welcome such a vindication of his preternatural mission. The simple explanation is, that it was only a passing hallucination: it most probably arose in the breast of a superstitious and weak tyrant, struck with momentary remorse for his dark deed of blood, and it disappeared at once before the well-known facts of the case. John perished; he was buried; and his sepulchre soon became a sacred shrine to his followers. But the influence of his life-work did not die with him. The community which he founded reveals some traces of its existence even to the present day. Ideas prevailing before his time, and practices to which he lent the sanction of his great name, were readily associated with the grand memory of the Baptist, and with belief in him as the last and greatest of the prophets; but the existence of this early rumour, the undoubted sublimity of his position, and the perpetuation of his personal influence, *did not avail to create a mythical legend of his resurrection, nor did it expand itself into evidential details.* Even the rumour vanished. History tells us that he died a cruel death; that he fell as a martyr to truth and virtue. He was laid in the grave. After-generations did

him reverence, but their subjective consciousness did not call him from his eternal repose, or see him seated in a human body at the right hand of power.

"Here we have a striking note of divergence from the career of the Lord and Head of the Christian Church, to which modern criticism might, with advantage, take heed.

"The external resemblance between our Lord and John was in many respects so great, that those who looked at both from a distance could confound them with each other, and actually imagine the one to be a metempsychosis of the other; but the real relation between them is of a profoundly different order. They were alike lofty and sublime expressions of the Old Covenant; they presented, in living and expressive form, its highest teachings and its deepest spirit. John was indeed the last flower on the gorgeous, but long barren stock of Judaism, but he represented rather the falling and perishable petals of the flower, which, in dying, fulfilled its course; while Christ was the rich and pregnant seed of the kingdom of God, which, though it might itself fall to the earth and die, yet in dying would bring forth much fruit.

"They were both priests unto God; and more than this, they alike offered themselves as a sacrifice to the holy Will of God. But the death of John was the abrupt close of a ministry that might have been singularly beneficial to mankind, and which, humanly speaking, would, if prolonged, have exercised a mighty influence on the full manifestation to his generation of the Eternal Light. His imprisonment and death cut short his true work. On the other hand, the death of Christ was the climax and completion of an earthly ministry, was a chief purpose of His human service; occurs as a sublime event in a perfect and endless life, and provides the fearful prelude to His more glorious and effective ministry as the great High Priest of our profession. The mission of John acquires a tragic interest from its melancholy end; but no doctrine that he taught was made more obvious, no position that he took became more significant, no influence that he exerted on his nation or on mankind was augmented, by that death. We may learn from his fate the danger of honesty, the perils of moral courage, the sublimity of the quiet endurance of wrong. When he hesitated and questioned Divine Providence, and interrogated Jesus from His prison, he was thinking more of his nation than of himself. We hear of no exceeding sorrow, no mighty cry of anguish, no sweat of blood, no covenant made in his death. 'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?' is the last and only murmur that escapes from the cloud that unwrapped him. He was grand in his simplicity; he was 'more than a prophet.' His austere life recommended abstinence and mortification. His burning words proclaimed the coming of a day of wrath and a kingdom of righteousness; but his words were not made more energetic, and his legacy to Israel did not become one whit more significant, either by the fact or the method of his death. On the other hand, the death of Christ was, from the first, a foreseen purpose, an anticipated work, a baptism that he yearned for. It was the sign that He would give of His right to cleanse the Temple; the proof to Israel that He was the Good Shepherd: the mode in which he should fulfil all righteousness and all prophecy; the most expressive utterance of the love and justice of His Father; the indispensable condition in His ransom of the world. But if the record of *Christ's*

life had ended as did that of Peter or Paul or John, and we had received from His contemporaries only the memory of the perfect beauty of His character, the creative originality of His teaching, together with the chronicle of His miraculous healings, and the portraiture of His holy gentleness and His sublime fervour and passion of piety—even if the record had told us more than this, and led us to believe that He spake of a God-consciousness unique in the history of human thought and literature; and if, then and there, the record and the portraiture had terminated abruptly, it is certain that the most essential consideration towards comprehending Christ would have been absent. His power over mankind might have been signal and memorable, but it would have been deprived of almost all that gives it enduring influence. His promises would have had no realisation, His discourses would have lost the chief key to their interpretation, and His hold on the human heart would never have been a factor in the evolution of humanity."

We do not remember, however, that the Lectures emphasise the contrast between our Lord and the Forerunner on one point that struck their contemporaries: "John did no miracles;" Christ wrought innumerable miracles. How was it that the "mythical tendencies" of the times did not surround the Baptist with the glory of supernatural works, if these tendencies were able to create so strong a belief in the supernatural powers of his Master? There were deep reasons why John should work no miracles, and why Jesus Christ should work many miracles, and miracles of many kinds; but these reasons were not likely to be appreciated by persons in that temper of mind which the mythical theory ascribes to the Christians of the apostolic and post-apostolic age. The contents of the preaching of John as contrasted with the preaching of Christ, and the work of John as contrasted with the work of Christ, fully account for the fact that Christ healed the sick and raised the dead, while John did neither; but how was it that this contrast controlled the imagination and fanaticism of such men as those who could develop the miraculous narratives of the four Gospels? John preached no new truth that needed the support of miraculous evidence. He took his stand on the ancient prophecies; he appealed to the consciences of men. That "the kingdom of heaven was at hand" was a declaration for which the people might have challenged some supernatural proof; but they wanted none: this was a truth which they were eager to believe. But Christ's claims and teaching were of a kind which could not be received apart from such a demonstration of His authority as was supplied by His miraculous works. Further, it would have been contrary to the whole intentions of John's ministry for the people to have been trained to look to *him* personally for spiritual blessings; but Christ had come to work out for men a great spiritual deliverance, and the habits of mind which were formed in the disciples by His beneficent miracles, the trust in His power and love for relief

from physical evils, prepared and disciplined them for that deeper faith in Him which is the true attitude of all who desire eternal salvation.

The first two Lectures discuss the Significance and Sources of the Biography of John and the Biblical Record of his Nativity. The third considers him as the Exponent of the Old Testament Dispensation—Priest, Ascetic, and “more than a Prophet.” The fourth illustrates the Preaching in the Wilderness; the fifth, his Transitional Work; the sixth, his Public Ministry after our Lord’s Baptism; the seventh, the Ministry of the Prison; the eighth is devoted to the Results, Echoes, and Lessons of his Ministry as a whole.

The book is so rich in passages which we should like to quote that we hardly know which to choose. Here is a suggestive page on the Priesthood:—

“Functions of transcendent importance were performed by the Jewish priest, and he was the last of the great national institutions of Israel to disappear in the fire and blood of the closing days of its national life. All religions based on the localisation of Deity, on the sanctity of *things*, or on fetishism in any form, however refined, have required the consecration either of a caste or order of men to perform the rites and celebrate the mysteries demanded by such a belief. As the moral element entered more and more strongly into religious ideas and worship, and consequently threw the ceremonial into the background, or left it only a secondary place, priestly perfunctoriness gave way to prophetic impulses, and the principle of an *order* began to develop itself, first within the enclosure of the hereditary class, and then altogether independently of it. So we find it in the history of Greek religion and priesthoods; so, also, in the protest made by Buddhism against the Hindu system, which treated special races of men as peculiarly related to Deity. The sublime conception of ‘humanity’ as being, in all its various nations and individuals, equally acceptable to God, is closely associated with the doctrine of the personal access of every soul to the eternal Father, and therefore cuts at the root of the priestly functions of either caste or class. If God is *everywhere* and at *all* times accessible to man, then no ceremonial performed by a special man or class of men can be permanently required. There was a time when the most favoured people of antiquity were being taught the lesson of God’s sanctity and nearness, and the method by which the judicial barrier that separated between God and man should be ultimately done away. There was a period in the Divine education of the race when temple, altar, sacrifice, blood, incense, and divers purifications were all necessary to awaken the consciousness of God, the sense of sin, the knowledge of the curse of separation from God; and during the whole of this period the priest was necessary to teach, to converse, and to enforce these lessons, to keep up a living parable of the way in which, eventually, all might behold the glory of the Lord with unveiled face. Though a conviction of helplessness and ignorance tends to obliterate the sense of individual responsibility, yet before conscience has responded to the call for personal consecration, and so long as men entertain dread suspicions of the character of God, and shrink from direct communion with Him, they will throw upon a

priesthood the obligations really incumbent upon themselves. So was it with the people of Jehovah. Carnal ordinances of this class were imposed upon Israel until a LIFE should be enacted before their eyes of such sanctity and comprehensiveness, that it would contain within itself all the significance of the temple and the Shekinah; until One should come who would Himself be the Priest and the Victim, the offering and the offerer, the altar and the fire; who would at once provide the blood and the incense, the holy place and the veil, and be Himself the Sabbath, the Passover, the Atonement, and the Jubilee; all the defence, all the shield, all the sword that the kingdom of God on earth would require. The mystery of His life, the fulness of its meaning and office, would not have been perceived apart from this agelong preparation for Him. He became the fulfilment of the hope that was cherished and expressed in all the costly and mysterious ceremonial of Judaism, and the comprehensive and conclusive answer to the questionings which had been propounded in the priesthoods of all nations."

Here is another on John's warnings to the impenitent:—

"Did John conceive of the ultimate judgment to be inflicted upon the wicked, the fruitless, and the faithless, as stretching out into the future life, and involving the endless torment of those subjected to the baptism of fire? The phrases used unquestionably speak of two classes of things—(1) unfruitful persons or institutions, which are like barren trees, to be cut down and destroyed, and (2) worthless ingredients mingled with the life and work of individuals, which, like chaff and dross, are to be separated from that to which they cling, and are themselves to be burned up. In this latter case the 'fire' performs its purifying process by absolutely annihilating the evil passion, by reducing to dust and ashes all useless and pretentious work. That the fire is 'quenchless' is a glorious assurance, for in this lies the hope of deliverance. In the former case there is no hint of anything but the destruction of the worthless trunk, the fruitless branch, the useless root. When these are cast into the fire, they are no longer wood; they are, in view of the older physics, destroyed for ever. It cannot be said that John looked farther than the judgment on the present forms of life, than the severance of good and evil persons by the work of the Messiah, than the removal of the evil from the good, and the destruction by the hands of Him who is a 'consuming fire' of all that do wickedly, and of all sinful deeds."

Here and there we should be disposed to differ from the lecturer. His illustration, for instance, of the remarkable and startling words, "The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he," hardly seems courageous enough. We are inclined to think that a close examination of the whole passage in Josephus *de Macc.*, from which the words on page 374 are quoted, diminishes the apparent value of the quotation as a proof that the idea of vicarious suffering was not unfamiliar to the Jewish people. There are also one or two points which we wish that Dr. Reynolds had fully discussed. Are there not indications in the Gospel that our Lord was not personally "drawn" to John; that while He recognised the Baptist's greatness and nobility, John's character and



temperament were of a kind which had no charm for Him? The other John, Jesus loved; and Jesus loved him not because he was a very gentle and amiable man, as some people seem to suppose, but because, with all his vehemence and fire, there were infinite possibilities of affection in him. The Baptist does not seem to have been a man of that kind. Our Lord came to him to be baptised, and returned to him after the temptation, but appears to have spent very little time with him on either occasion. Is it possible that the absence of the manifestation of any special personal friendship towards him on Christ's part might have had something to do with the inquiry, "Art thou He that should come?" Dr. Reynolds' treatment of the question is very able, and vindicates the Baptist against the suspicion that his faith was faltering; and yet there is something in the inquiry which suggests that John was ill at ease. Had he began to doubt the truth of his own earlier testimony to Jesus, he would hardly have sent to Jesus to have the doubt resolved; but was there not an element of personal disappointment in the temper of mind which suggested the inquiry, as well as a discovery that Jesus was not quite the kind of Messiah he had been expecting?

We must close by thanking Dr. Reynolds for a very noble book, and by expressing the hope that he may have the strength for many years to come to use his great resources for the advantage not only of students of Cheshunt, but of the whole Christian Church.



## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

### NO. XII.—THE CALENDAR.

THE calendars of ancient nations formed an integral part of their religious and political laws. They were, for the most part, committed to the charge of the priesthood. In Rome, the rules which prescribed whether a day was one on which it was lawful or unlawful to carry on legal procedure attained very great complexity; and were jealously guarded by those who derived advantage from this professional knowledge. The calendar of the Jews, although agreeing to a certain extent with that which regulated the recurrence of the Greek festivals, was marked by features altogether peculiar to itself. Chief among these may be mentioned the fact that, while all other modes of dividing the year have been the expression and the measure of the astronomical knowledge possessed by the educated men of the nation among whom they prevailed; and while the increase of that knowledge has given greater precision and truth to the almanack; the Hebrew reckoning was so ordered as to be entirely independent of astral

science. As it was in the days of Moses, so it was in those of Ezra ; so it was in those of Herod ; so it would be to-morrow, if the Jews were to return to the Holy Land under the direction of their ancient Law.

The earliest calendar referred to in the Bible appears to have been that of what is called the vague Egyptian year, consisting of 365 days. This year was called vague, or wandering, because, in consequence of being about a quarter of a day shorter than true time, it gradually shifted with reference to the seasons, commencing a day earlier every four years. Thus in the course of 752 years the first day of Thoth, the first month, shifted from midsummer to midwinter ; and in 1,504 years the entire circuit of the seasons had been traversed, 1,505 Egyptian being equal to 1,504 equinoctial or sidereal years.

In the seventh and eighth chapters of the Book of Genesis we find, by comparing the different verses, that from the seventeenth day of the second month, to the seventeenth day of the seventh month, was a period of 150 days. This gives the length of thirty days for a month, which was that of the months of the Egyptian year, the five additional days, or *epagomenæ*, being added at the close of the twelfth month. The Sacred Jewish year, on the contrary, contained either twelve or thirteen lunar months, and thus varied in length from 354 to 383 days.

The Sacred year of the Greeks, or that by which the recurrence of the Olympic Games and other annual festivals was regulated, was also a lunar year. It commenced at midsummer, while the Sacred year of the Jews commenced in spring. But the Greeks were also acquainted with a sidereal year, divided into 360 degrees, and into twelve zodiacal signs, which they cited according to the names which we have borrowed from the ancient astronomers. Thus the commencement of the Olympic Games fell always on the fourteenth day of the lunar month Gargelion ; but this day might chance to fall on very different degrees of the sign Karkinson, Crabs, or Cancer.

The Jews, however, were absolutely forbidden by the tradition of the Oral Law, and by the legislation of the Senate, to form any calendar by astronomical or artificial means. They were to determine the commencement of every month by the actual observation of the new moon. If, owing to the state of the sky, the crescent was not visible on the expected day, the day following was fixed as the first of the month. The season of Passover was determined by the ripening of at least three ears of barley, one from each of the three principal divisions of Palestine ; and the full moon, at which these ears were ripe, was the Paschal full moon.

It was not until the third year of the eighty-sixth Olympiad, or 143 years after the destruction of the first Temple, that the Greek astronomer

Meton made the discovery that nineteen solar years contained, with approximate exactitude, 235 lunar months. This allowed of a division of the period in question into twelve years of twelve months, interspersed with seven years of thirteen months. So important was this discovery, that the period of Meton was dignified by the title of the Golden Number, by reference to which the Epact, or age of the moon at the beginning of each year, is still to be found in our almanacks.

One prime reason of the prohibition, by the Law of Moses, of the construction or use of a calendar in the Holy Land, was the desire to discourage judicial astrology, which at the time of the Exodus was the very highest branch of Pagan learning, and which, as we may see from the ancient pottery of Moab, and know from other sources of information, was intimately connected with idolatry.

Apart from this, we may observe that as the science of Greece was not sufficiently advanced to form an approximately correct calendar until 1,107 years after the Exodus, any attempt which could have been made, in the time of Moses, to give artificially to the recurrence of the Jewish festivals that absolute certitude which was a constant element of the ancient Law, would have involved failure and confusion, and would thus have been altogether inconsistent with the unflinching regularity and declared immutability of the Law itself. By referring to the fixed ordinances of nature, instead of to the imperfect science of man, an unchangeable fixity, and at the same time an absolute truth, was impressed on the Jewish calendar. On any month it was possible for the appointed festivals to be a day in arrear of the true lunar time. In three or four years out of every cycle of nineteen years, it was even possible for the Passover to be a month in arrear of the accurate season. For this possibility a provision was made by the legalising of a pasque in the second month, in case of a mistake or misfortune at the proper time. But these two possibilities comprised the entire range of doubt. No accumulation of error was possible, as in the case of the Egyptian and of the Julian years. As in all the divine order, the simplest was also the most truthful course.

The question of the intercalation of Veadar, the thirteenth month, was decided by a council held on the first day of Ethanim, or Tisri, the seventh month of the Sacred year. It is a remarkable instance of the scrupulous care with which the Law of Moses was fenced, or hedged (as it was called), that the High Priest was forbidden to take part in this decision. The reason for this exclusion was, that the severity of the observances incumbent on the High Priest on the Day of Atonement was so great, as to give him every reason for wishing that day to occur as early in the year—that is to say, as near midsummer—as possible. He thus had a direct interest not to intercalate a month,

which would throw the succeeding Day of Atonement a month later ; and this interest was held to be enough to debar him from acting as a judge in the matter.

The close connection that exists between the order of a complex ritual and that of the ecclesiastical year, is much obscured by civilisation. In our own varying and uncertain climate we have but little idea of the fixity of the seasons which obtains in Italy, in Greece, and in Palestine. In our well-lighted cities and churches we have no practical knowledge of the importance of moonlight for all great gatherings of people which involve journeys or nightly exposure. The Law of Moses was framed in wise accordance with the requirements of the climate of Palestine and the habits of a rustic population. The three great annual feasts were appointed during the dry seasons of the year ; the two of them which were most important, from their duration, were fixed at the full of the moon. Pasque, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, coincided with the commencement of barley harvest, the close of wheat harvest, and the closing season of the vintage.

The festivals of the Romish Church, which seem chiefly to be adaptations of the more ancient Pagan festivals of Italy, are regulated in a similar manner. Easter and Pentecost, indeed, are said to correspond with the Jewish Passover and Feast of Weeks ; but the spirit of constant contradiction to the ancient Law which inspires every Papal ordinance has so wrought, as to make it almost impossible that Easter Day can ever fall on the day but one following the Jewish Passover—that is to say, on the right anniversary. On the other hand, the Jews, regarding the prohibition to construct a calendar as limited to the Holy Land, have introduced certain rules, as to the incidence of feasts, which are foreign to the ancient order, and which seem to have originated in the wish to make out that the narrative of the Gospels was untrue.

One peculiarity, however, of the ecclesiastical year of the Romish, Greek, and Anglican Churches, seems to have been taken directly from the Oral Law. It is that of the commencement of an ecclesiastical year a month earlier than the civil or ordinary year. In the time of Charlemagne, and before that date, the year throughout Christendom commenced at Christmas. But Advent, or the first ecclesiastical season, contains four Sundays before that festival. In the same manner the month Adar, the twelfth month of the Sacred Regnal year, was the first month of the ecclesiastical year. The first Sabbath in Adar was known as "the first Sabbath." The provisions for the due celebration of the Passover commenced with this last of the wintry months.

We thus find that there existed no less than six different commencements, or divisions of the year, among the Jews, each appointed for a special purpose. The first day of Adar commenced the ecclesiastical

year, the month Adar being occupied with various preparations for the great festival Pasque. The first of Nisan, which Maimonides informs us could never fall earlier than the fifth day of our present March, was the beginning of the year for reckoning the reigns of sovereigns, and for the determination of the festivals. The first Sabbath of Nisan was the second great Sabbath, the mention of which by St. Luke has given rise to such volumes of disquisition by writers who have found it easier to argue in favour of their own imaginations than to study the literature of the subject they professed to teach. Only a few months since the author of a book on the New Testament proposed to strike this word out of the text, for the reason that he did not understand it!

The first day of Elul, the sixth month, was the beginning of the year for the tithing of cattle. The first day of Tisri, the seventh month, was the season for fixing intercalations, jubilees, and the time for commencing the next ensuing month of Nisan. It was also the commencement of the year for the plantation of trees and herbs.

The tenth day of Tisri, which was the great Day of Expiation, the most solemn of all the fixed celebrations of the Law, was the commencement of the year of jubilee, which thus included the latter portion of the Sabbatic year, and the first part of the first year of the first week. Acquaintance with this provision of the Jewish Law would have obviated much controversy as to whether the year of jubilee, as falling on the fiftieth year, postponed the commencement of the following week of years. The Papal authority decided that it did, and that the septennial reckoning of the Jews was thus brought into correspondence with the decennial reckoning. One of the most precious of all the methods for verifying the dates of the Old Testament is destroyed by this hypothesis, which is both ignorant and false. Pope Pius IX. has declared the present year, 1875, to be a year of jubilee; as the Popes have long doubled the number of these years, for the sake of advantages which are said to be of a spiritual nature, and which have certainly been of considerable utility to the finances of the Papal See.

Lastly, the first day of Sebat, the eleventh month according to the school of Schamai, but the fifteenth day of that month according to the school of Hillel, was the beginning of the year for the tithing of olives and of fruit-trees.

The perfectly natural character of the Jewish year, and the constant indication of the same phase of the moon by the same day of the month, in all periods of every year, is, no doubt, one of the causes of a remarkable phenomenon in the history of Palestine. Events of the most signal importance, in different periods of history, are referred to the same day of the year with a regularity that might excite suspicion, if no reason could be alleged for the coincidence. Thus Josephus

writes\* of the capture of Jerusalem by Herod and Sosius, in the third year of the hundred and eighty-fifth Olympiad, that it occurred on the fast in the third month, which was the fast on account of the schism of Jeroboam, on which very day the city had been taken by Pompey twenty-seven years before. One hundred and three years later, Gerizim was taken by the Romans on the same day of the year.† Again, the same great historian writes, with reference to the final overthrow of Jerusalem, "as all was burning came that eighth day of the month Gorpæus (Elul) on Jerusalem,"‡ the conflagration thus commencing on the anniversary of the re-dedication of the walls of the city by Nehemiah, and of the murder of the high priest Ananias by the brigand Manahem. On the same day, three years before the capture of the city, occurred that famous naval fight on the Lake of Gennesaret which rendered Vespasian master of Galilee.

One of the latest utterances of Hebrew prophecy§ refers to the four great fasts of the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, and the tenth months. Of these the first follows that to which we have just alluded, the fast of Jeroboam, on the 27th day of Sivan. The fast of the fourth month fell on the 17th day of Tamuz, and commemorates the occurrence, on that day, of five signal calamities to the Jewish people. These were, (1) the breaking of the tables of the Law by Moses on his descent from the mount;|| (2) the breaking down the wall of the city by Nebuchadnezzar; (3) the burning of the roll of the Law by the Greek general Aposthumus; (4) the erection of an idol in the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes; and (5) the final cessation of the daily sacrifice, during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus. The fast of the fifth month was that of the ninth of Ab, which was observed with even greater severity than the foregoing. Five signal calamities are deplored as occurring on this day. The first of these was the declaration¶ of the Divine decree that none of the generation that left Egypt should enter the Promised Land, with the exception of Joshua and Caleb. The overthrow of the first Temple, and also that of the second Temple, took place on the same fatal day. So did the fall of Bithur, the last stronghold of Jewish independence; and the ploughing up of the site of Jerusalem by the Romans.

The fast of the seventh month was that of the tenth of Tisri, or Ethanim, the great Day of Atonement, of the special ritual proper to which day we shall subsequently give an account. Even this solemn day had witnessed great crimes, being noted in Jewish tradition as the day of the murder, in the inner court of the Temple itself, of the High Priest Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, slain "between the Temple and the

\* Ant. xiv. 16. 4.

† Bell. vi. 8. 5; ii. 17. 9; iii. 10. 9.

|| Exod. xxvii. 19.

† Bell. iii. 7. 32.

§ Zech. viii. 19, vii. 3.

¶ Numb. xiv. 23.

Altar." It is recorded that on the year of this pontifide the fast fell on the Sabbath. Astronomical calculation confirms this statement, and adds the further significant coincidence that, forty years before the murder of Zechariah, the usurping queen Athaliah was seized in the Temple and slain, by order of the High Priest Jehoiada, on the occasion of the same fast, which on that year also fell on the Sabbath day.

The fast of the tenth month occupies the eighth, ninth, and tenth days of the month Tebeth, and commemorates the three days of darkness in Egypt. The last of these days, the tenth, is observed to this day by the Jews, both within and without the Holy Land, as the anniversary of the day on which Nebuchadnezzar commenced the siege of Jerusalem. The date is given by Ezekiel.

Two important annual festivals were appointed during the time of the second Temple, by the Sanhedrim, which were not ordained by the Pentateuch. These were the Feast of Purim, of the origin of which, in the reign of Xerxes, 102 years after the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, we have an account in the Book of Esther. The roll of this Book is still read in the synagogues on this anniversary, and it was proper to carry palms on the fourteenth day of Adar, in commemoration of the escape of the Jews from destruction. It would be difficult to point anywhere in history to the existence of two more ancient, unbroken, and unimpeachable traditions than those which connect the Passover with the Exodus, and the Feast of Purim with the events recorded in the Book of Esther.

Three hundred and ten years later than the establishment of the Feast of Purim, and thirteen hundred and seventy-six years after the Exodus, the Encænia, or Feast of Lights, was first celebrated by Judas Maccabeus, on the twenty-fifth day of the month Cisleu, on the occasion of the restoration of the services of the Temple after their interruption by Antiochus Epiphanes ; who had desecrated the altar, erected by Zerobabel of stone, on the site of the brazen altar of Solomon, by offering swine upon it. Palms were borne upon this day, as well as on the Feast of Purim and the first of Nisan. It is remarkable that this festival, (which there is some reason to believe was the day on which the angel appeared to Zacharias,) fell on the anniversary of the appearance to David of the form of the angel who was destroying Jerusalem ; and of the erection by that king, on the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, of the first of that series of altars reared on the sacred rock of the Saknrah, still venerated by the Moslem, of which the altar overthrown by the army of Titus was the fourth, or if that temporarily erected by Ahaz be included in the count, the fifth, and last.



## BACON'S ESSAYS.

**D**R. JOHNSON'S objection to a great book as a great evil fails to apply to Bacon's Essays, for they constitute a great book in small compass. Bacon himself said of them, "They are of a nature whereof a man shall find much in experience, and little in books, so as they are neither repetitions nor fancies." And, again, he thought "they may last as long as books last." His own judgment has been ratified by the verdict of posterity. While his greater works, in magnitude, are comparatively little read, the Essays are favourite companions of every student who delights in wise and original thought, pithily expressed, and who desires to be set thinking on his own account. This remarkable suggestiveness, indeed, is the great characteristic of the work. As Dugald Stewart puts it: "In Bacon's Essays the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of the subject. The volume may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet after the twentieth perusal one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties." In a word, by the force of his genius and the pregnancy of his thought, Bacon sets us thinking for ourselves. How much the Essays suggest may be seen in Archbishop Whately's ample commentary and exposition of them; though, large as it is, even this is but an essay, far from exhausting the subject-matter of the original.

With one exception, and this an unknown writer, Bacon is our first English writer of Essays. Montaigne set the fashion by publishing his famous work in 1580, when Bacon was a young man of twenty. It is not impossible, nor indeed improbable, that the great Frenchman's book suggested to Bacon an attempt of the same kind—though with much more self-constraint in method, for he must have known Montaigne's Essays as soon as they were published, his brother, Anthony Bacon, to whom his own Essays were dedicated, having been a personal friend of Montaigne. The first Essays published in England appeared in 1596, one year before Bacon's were given to the world. These were registered at Stationers' Hall on the 2nd of June, and bore this title: "Remedies against Discontentment, drawn in seuerall Discourses from the writings of auncient Philosophers. By Anonymous. London. Printed for Rafe Blower. An. Do. 1596." Bacon's first edition was registered on the 5th of February, 1597, under the following title: "Essayes. Religious Meditations, Places of perswasion and disswasion. Seene

and allowed. At London, Printed for Humfrey Hooper, and are to be sold at the blacke Beare, in Chauncery Lane, 1597."

This first edition was a much less important work than the completed book as it now stands. It contained only ten essays—those entitled respectively, *Of Study*; *Discourse*; *Ceremonies and Respects*; *Followers and Friends*; *Suitors*; *Expense*; *Regiment of Health*; *Honour and Reputation*; *Faction and Negotiating*. By degrees, in later editions, the Essays were extended to their final number—fifty-nine, if we include the fragment of the *Essay on Fame*, published after the writer's death. The production, revision, and completion of the Essays was no light, or trifling, or hasty business. It occupied thirty years. The first edition was published in 1597; the last in 1625, just before Bacon's death. In this period the method and manner of the writer changed in many important respects. It is not within our scope to enter into the bibliography of the Essays; but the subject is very interesting to students, and may be examined minutely by the help of Mr. Arber's excellent work, "*A Harmony of Lord Bacon's Essays*," &c. published in his most valuable series of English Reprints. Here the reader may trace all the variations made by Bacon, from first to last, the differences of length, construction, arrangement, method, spelling, pointing, and the rest. These are generally indicated in the following extract from Mr. Arber's "*Introduction*:"—

"The composition, correction, and augmentation of these Essays stretched over a period of thirty years. They were commenced under Elizabeth, increased under James I., and assumed their final shape under Charles I. An author rarely maintains one style for so long a period, let him write much or little. The ordinary changes and vicissitudes of private life tell on us all, and our expression brightens or beclouds, as years wane. To this must be added the great toil, drive, and occupation of Bacon's public life, and the vast burden of the New Philosophy that constantly rested on his spirit. The marvel is that he ever found time to write the Essays at all. Bacon tells us, in the '*Advancement of Learning*' (folio ed. 1605, vol. ii.), that, 'in Philosophy the contemplations of Man do either penetrate unto God, or are circumferred to Nature, or are reflected or reverted upon himself. Out of which several inquiries, there do arise three knowledges—Divine Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, and Humane Philosophy or Humanitie. For all things are marked and stamped with this triple character of the power of God, the difference of Nature, and the use of Man.' These Essays, in their method and form, are simply the turning of his system of investigating nature upon Humanity and Society. The first ten Essays [in the first edition] are not true Essays, they are severally a succession of the sharpest Aphorisms, each isolated from each other with a ¶, and otherwise independent. They are devoid of quotation, illustration, and almost of explanation; and appear like a series of oracular sentences. When Bacon, after an interval of fifteen years, came to revise this first text, it was chiefly to expand, qualify, or illustrate it. The additions of absolute new thought are not numerous. But in the second

and further revision of 1625, he almost doubled these earlier Essays in length. A striking change in the writing meets us as we come to his second Essay 'Of Friendship,' which is the first specimen herein of the final style of 1625. That Essay represents Bacon's last manner, and all the other Essays, in their successive alterations, do but more or less approximate to it. The Essay is now a methodical discourse, generally under two or three heads. It usually begins with a quotation or an apothegm. It teems with allusions and quotations, and anecdote and repartee; and altogether is a very brilliant piece of writing. Still, however, it is a succession of distinct points, rather than a ramble round one topic."

Bacon's own estimate of his work is of special interest. In his final edition, as we have said already, he thought the Essays "might last as long as books last." In his introduction to the earliest edition he is singularly modest—the Essays are not in his view important works, but mere trifles. This introduction takes the form of "An Epistle Dedicatorie," addressed to "M. Anthony Bacon, his deare Brother." We quote it from Mr. Arber's reprint, with all the original fancies of spelling and punctuation:—

"Louing and beloued Brother, I doe nowe like some that haue an Orchard ill neighbored, that gather their fruit before it is ripe, to preuent stealing. These fragments of my conceites were going to print; To labour the state of them had bin troublesome, and subject to interpretation; to let them passe had beene to aduenture the wrong they mought receiue by vntrue Coppies, or by some garnishment, which it mought please any that should set them forth to bestow vpon them. Therefore I helde it best discretion to publish them my selfe as they passed long agoe from my pen, without any further disgrace, then the weaknesse of the Author. And as I did euer hold, there mought be as great a vanitie in retiring and withdrawing men's conceites (except they bee of some nature) from the world as in obtruding them: So in these particulars I haue played my selfe the Inquisitor, and find nothing to my vnderstanding in them contrarie or infectious to the state of Religion, or manners, but rather (as I suppose) medicinable. Only I disliked now to put them out because they will bee like the late new halfe-pence, which though the Siluer were good, yet the peeces were small. But since they would not stay with their Master, but would needes trauaile abroade, I haue preferred them to you that are next my selfe, Dedicating them, such as they are, to our loue, in depth whereof (I assure you) I sometimes wish your infirmities translated vpon my selfe, that her Maiestie mought haue the seruice of so actiue and able a mind, and I mought be with excuse confined to these contemplations and Studies for which I am fittest, so commend I you to the preservation of the diuine Maiestie. From my Chamber at Graies Jnne this 30 of Ianuarie. 1597. Your entire Louing brother. Fran. Bacon."

The latest dedication—that to the edition of 1625—contrasts with the modesty and half-dispraise of this "Epistle Dedicatorie." It is addressed to "the Right Honourable my very good Lord, the Duke of Buckingham, His Grace Lord High Admiral of England"—Villiers, the

worthless favourite of James I., and to whose illegal greed Bacon himself was sacrificed. It runs as follows :—

“ EXCELLENT LORD,

“ Solomon says, ‘ A good name is as precious ointment,’ and I assure myself such will your Grace’s name be with posterity ; for your fortune and merit both have been eminent ; and you have planted things that are like to last. I do now publish my Essays, which, of all my other works, have been most current : for that, as it seems, they come home to men’s business and bosoms. I have enlarged them both in number and weight ; so that they are indeed a new work : I thought it therefore agreeable to my affection and obligation to your Grace, to prefix your name before this, both in English and Latin ; for I do conceive that the Latin volume of them, being in the universal language, may last as long as Books last. My Instauration I dedicated to the King ; my history of Henry the Seventh, which I have now translated into Latin, and my portions of Natural History, to the Prince ; and these I dedicate to your Grace, being of the best fruits that, by the good increase which God gives to my pen and labours, I could yield. God lead your Grace by the hand. Your Grace’s most obliged and faithful servant,

FR. ST. ALBAN.”

Knowing, as we now do, Buckingham’s character, and being able to read both him and Bacon by the clear light of history, it looks like a stroke of irony to dedicate these completed Essays to a man upon whose character, motives, and conduct several of them bore with cruel force. One might almost fancy that Bacon had in his mind the idea attributed to his favourite Machiavelli—of setting forth censure in the disguise of over-praise.

The judgment formed by Bacon upon his Essays—that they may last as long as books last—has been amply verified. Their fulness of original thought, more strongly marked in him than in any other English writer, gives them a firm hold upon the mind of the reader. There is a pleasant flavour of quaintness in their terms of expression, a wonderful aptitude of quotation and illustration, a rare compression and force of manner, and a close adaptability to all times and circumstances. A few of the Essays, no doubt, belong exclusively to Bacon’s own age, but even these, though out of date for us, are nevertheless most valuable as throwing side lights upon history, and as letting us, so to speak, into the secret feeling of statesmen of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. Even in these, with all their curious devotion to the kingly person and office, and their subordination of the nation to royal interests, there are, here and there, gleams of a wider view—as if the coming revolution were unconsciously foreshadowed in the writer’s mind, and beyond it the vision of a people, strong, well-ordered, self-governed, and free. The rest of the Essays, those which deal with humanity as apart from state-craft, are as fresh and applicable now as when they were written. There is no reader, however careless, who may not see his own state and character

reflected in Bacon's pages ; no thinker, however acute or profound, who may not gather new wisdom or obtain clearer light upon the great problems of humanity from some keen flash of his genius. In some of the Essays, indeed—as in those on "Death," "Truth," "Parents and Children," "Wisdom for a Man's Self," "Innovations," "Fortune," "Ceremonies and Respects," "Vain Glory," and "Judicature"—he seems to compress into his brief space all that can be said : whatever else is written is but commentary upon his pregnant text. In some he presents the perfection of what we call Common-Sense—as in the Essays on "Health," "Counsel," "Riches," "Studies," "Anger," and others. In another set, again, he shows himself wonderfully rich in the descriptive faculty, and almost in the poetical, as in the Essays on "Houses" and "Gardens" : the latter is one of the freshest and most delightful pieces of writing in our language ; full of sweet odours, sparkling with morning dew, adorned with picturesque masses of light and shade.

It is hopeless, however, in moderate compass, to attempt an estimate of the wealth, richness, fancy, observation, acute reflection, and profound wisdom which enrich this greatest of little books. A volume might be written upon Bacon's Essays, and yet leave the theme unexhausted. The book must be read again and again to understand its fulness and greatness. It should be made a companion, to be taken up often, read frequently, an essay at a time ; as a sort of refreshment of converse with one of the wisest of men, who takes us into his confidence, and lets us talk with him, in familiar undress, whenever we are so minded. Whoever reads Bacon in this spirit cannot fail to draw from him rich stores of instruction, and to rise from each reading with larger and nobler views, heightened experience, keener insight into his own heart, and clearer ideas of the motives of others. Those who do not know him may perhaps be tempted to the study of the Essays by some examples of their contents. With this view we have drawn out a few of Bacon's reflections and aphorisms—mere examples of the rest ; gold and jewels taken almost at random from an exhaustless treasury :—

*Truth.*—The inquiry of Truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it ; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it ; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature.

*Revenge.*—Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.

*Parents and Children.*—The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears ; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune ; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

*Virtue.*—A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others ; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil ; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable.

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed, for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

*Craft.*—Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom ; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it : therefore, it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers. The ablest men that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity.

*Love.*—Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

*Statesmen.*—Men in great places are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business ; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times.

All rising to great place is by a winding stair ; and if there be factions it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed.

Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly ; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone.

*Boldness.*—The right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds and under the command of others ; for in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them except they be very great.

*Ambition.*—The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall ; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall ; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

*The Pillars of Government.*—When any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken or weakened, which are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure, men had need to pray for fair weather.

*Belief in God.*—I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind ; and therefore God never wrought miracle to convince Atheism, because His ordinary works convince it.

*Superstition.*—There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received.

*Journeys.*—Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education : in the elder, a part of experience.

*Kings.*—It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire, and many things to fear ; and yet that commonly is the case of kings.

*Counsel.*—The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel, for in other confidences men commit the parts of life, their lands, their goods, their children, their credit, some particular affair; but to such as they make their counsellors they commit the whole.

*Fortune.*—Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price.

*Cunning.*—We take cunning for a sinister, or crooked wisdom; and certainly there is a great difference between a cunning man and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability.

*Selfishness.*—It is the nature of extreme self lovers, as they will set a house on fire, as it were but to roast their eggs.

*Innovations.*—Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator, and if time of course alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?

*Despatch of Business.*—Long and curious speeches are as fit for despatch as a robe, or mantle, with a long train, is for a race.

To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air.

There be three parts of business: the preparation; the debate, or examination; and the perfection. Whereof, if you look for despatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few.

*Empty Persons.*—There is no decaying merchant, or inward beggar [secretly insolvent], hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of their wealth as empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency.

*Friends.*—It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness.

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

This communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves.

A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person.

I have given the rule—where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

*True Economies.*—It is less dishonourable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings.

*Expenses.*—A man ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.

*Taxes.*—The blessing of Judah and Issachar will never meet, that the same people, or nation, should be both the lion's whelp and the ass between burdens; neither will it be that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant or martial.



*Diet and Regimen.*—Use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries.

*Suspicious.*—Suspicious amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds—they ever fly by twilight.

*Sharp Tongues.*—He that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory.

*Riches.*—I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory.

*Prophesies.*—Men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss; as they do generally of dreams.

*Ambition.*—He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men hath a great task, but that is ever good for the public; but he that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers, is the decay of a whole age.

*Nature in Man.*—A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

*Fortune.*—If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see Fortune; for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible.

*Youth and Age.*—The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

*Beauty.*—Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and rarely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features; and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.

*Dwellings.*—Houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had.

*Gardens.*—God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man.

*Flowers.*—The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music, than in the hand.

*Followers.*—Costly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter.

*Books.*—Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously [or attentively]; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

*Studies, and the Use of Them.*—Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

*Formalism in Conduct.*—Some men's behaviour is like a verse, wherein

every syllable is measured ; how can a man comprehend great matters that breaketh his mind too much to small observations ?

*Praise.*—Praise is the reflection of virtue ; but it is glass, or body, which giveth the reflection.

*Vain Glory.*—Glorious [boastful] men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.

*Judges.*—Their office is *jus dicere* and not *jus dare* ; to interpret law, and not to make law, or give law. Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue. One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples ; for these do but corrupt the stream, the other corrupteth the fountain.

*Anger.*—Anger is certainly a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns : children, women, old folks, sick folks.

*Changes in States.*—In the youth of a State, arms do flourish ; in the middle age of a State, learning ; and then both of them together for a time ; in the declining age of a State, mechanical arts and merchandise.

*Fame.*—The poets make Fame a monster : they describe her in part finely and elegantly, and in part gravely and sententiously : they say, Look how many feathers she hath ; so many eyes she hath underneath ; so many tongues ; so many voices ; she pricks up so many ears. This is a flourish ; there follow excellent parables ; as that she gathereth strength in going ; that she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds ; that in the day-time she sitteth in a watch-tower, and flieth most by night ; that she mingleth things done with things not done ; and that she is a terror to great cities.

*Death.*—I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils.

Man, having derived his being from the earth, first lives the life of a tree, drawing his nourishment as a plant, and made ripe for death he tends downwards, and is sowed again in his mother the earth, where he perishes not, but expects a quickening.

Death arrives graciously only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burdened with grief and irons ; to the poor Christian that sits bound in the galley ; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and deposed kings ; to them whose fortune runs back, and whose spirits mutiny : unto such, death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for tiredness and rest.

The sweetest canticle is *Nunc Dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations.

We are tempted, but space forbids us, to linger for a time upon the man himself as well upon his books. But one estimate of him and of his work can alone be permitted. It is a passage from the charming *Life of Bacon* by his friend, servant, admirer, and chaplain, Dr. Rawley, the person who was most intimate with him and saw him closest. He writes :—

"I have been induced to think that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds or notions from within himself, which, notwithstanding, he vented with much caution and circumspection. His book of 'Instauratio Magna' (which in his own account was the chiefest of his works) was no slight imagination or fancy of his brain, but a settled and concocted notion, the production of many years' labour and travail. I myself have seen at least twelve copies of the 'Instauratio' revised year by year, one after another, and every year altered and amended in the frame thereof, till at last it came to that model in which it was committed to the press, as many loving creatures do lick their young ones till they bring them to their strength of limbs. In the composing of his books he did rather drive at a masculine and clear expression than at any fineness or affectation of phrases; and would often ask if the meaning were expressed plainly enough. As being one that counted words as being but ministerial or subservient to matter, and not the principal; and if his style were polite, it was because he could do no otherwise. Neither was he given to any light conceits, or descanting upon words, but did ever, purposely and industriously, avoid them. He was no plodder upon books, though he read much, and that with great judgment and rejection of impertinences incident to many authors. For he would ever interlace a moderate relaxation of his mind with his studies: as walking, or taking the air abroad in his coach, or some other befitting recreation. And yet he would lose no time, inasmuch as upon his first and immediate return, he would fall to reading again, and so suffer no moment of time to slip from him without some present improvement. His meals were refectations of the ear as well as of the stomach. I have known some, of no mean parts, that have professed to make use of their note-books when they have risen from his table. In which conversations or otherwise he was no dashing man, as some men are, but ever a countenancer and fosterer of another man's parts. He would draw a man on, and allure him to speak upon such a subject as wherein he was peculiarly skilful, and would delight to speak; and for himself he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle. His opinions and assertions were for the most part binding, and not contradicted by any; rather like oracles than discourses."

In which final sentence good Dr. Rawley has aptly described not only his patron's speech, but his Book of Essays: they are, in truth, "rather like oracles than discourses."

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### THE HOLY WEEK AT SEVILLE.

LORD BACON says, "A wise question is half a knowledge," which phrase has often occurred to us, when, after two visits to Spain, we have been asked what we thought of the country? The question has often created perplexity, and we have been obliged to rely upon the known character of the inquirer to give a proper and expected

answer. If it has been proposed by a devout and zealous Christian, we know how to reply ; but if it has been put by anyone whose religious character was colourless and undefined, we know not what to say. A moment's consideration will show the cause of this hesitation. Spain is a country of the most varied climate, which ranges from the breezy regions of the Pyrenees in the north, to the almost torrid heat of the south. In one part we have the hardy oak, and in another the graceful palm, the fruitful vine, the citron, and the orange. On this coast the immense Atlantic billows thunder against the cliffs, and on that the treacherous Mediterranean alternately smiles and destroys. There are traces of the marvellous industry and ingenuity of the Moors. The language is rich and melodious, and contains elements of Latin, Gothic, and Arabic ; while the Basque remains the puzzle of all linguists, and resembles the mysterious fossil of some old formation. The architecture of Spain contains choice examples of the delicate and fanciful ornamentation of the Moors ; and the cathedrals of Burgos, Toledo, Zaragoza, and Seville are among the sublimest monuments of the Gothic style. Spain was once a formidable political power, whose territories stretched from Austria to Peru. It has had its day of visitation. The arm of royal power has been put forth against Protestant belief, and it has become withered and impotent. The proceedings of the Inquisition, which carried on persecution with terrific consistency, have left an indelible blot upon the history of the country. It would have been better if the professed ministers of Christ had checked the course of cruelty, and from the altars, over which stood the pallid, tear-stained, and bleeding form of Incarnate Love, there had issued denunciations of the cruel wrong which drove the saints of God to torture, imprisonment, and death.

The condition of Spain is, in some respects, not improving. Formerly the people were among the most temperate and abstemious ; but now there is, if outward signs can be trusted, a marked increase in drinking, and especially of spirits, which habit was once considered the special evil of Northern populations. Political prospects are still very uncertain. In an evil hour, Amadeo of Italy accepted the crown, who, after a brief reign, in which he had to endure slights from the nobility, opposition from the Cortes, and neglect from the people, left them to do the best they could for themselves. To see him riding through the streets of Madrid, solitary and dejected, was sufficient to disenchant anyone of the illusion that royalty is necessarily happiness.

The religious condition of Spain claims our special attention, of which it is impossible to speak wisely without some discrimination. In a country of such diversified manners, local influences, and traditional sentiment, there are too many varieties of state to be properly

included in one broad and general description. Church-going is popular in some districts, and throngs attend services where sometimes they hear sensible discourses, and at others turgid rant respecting the Virgin and the Saints. In the cities there is a wide-spread infidelity, and Renan's "*Vie de Jésus*," translated into Spanish, has been extensively read and eagerly believed. The Papal Church has built up the faith of these people with wood, hay, stubble, gold, silver, and precious stones; and many, having found some portions worthless, have rashly concluded that the whole Gospel consisted of similar materials. A florid and imposing ritual has displaced sound evangelical instruction, and religious worship during the high festivals has long been of a scenic and theatrical character. The smallest village church has its apparatus for the celebration of the feasts, which consists of banners, images, relics, canopies, and a bewildering variety of priestly garments. The cathedrals vie with one another in processions, superb dresses, the use and display of gold and silver, jewelled reliquaries, and the performance of sacred music; but none approaches that of Seville for the magnificence of its rites and the splendour of its service. "*La Santa Semana*," or "*Holy Week*," is now the most imposing of all Romish celebrations. At present, during the sullen seclusion of the Pope in the Vatican, the "*Holy Week*" at Rome has become a myth and a tradition. "Here is no girandola, there are no illuminations, no benedictions *urbi et orbi*, and no special service at St. Peter's." Protestantism, long excluded from Rome as if it were a leper, and crouching under its proud walls, now rears its temples in its streets, opens its Bible, proclaims the sole mediatorship of Jesus, and once more returns to the spot where its truths were originally professed and maintained.

The distinction of the most imposing celebration of the "*Holy Week*" is confined to the city and cathedral of Seville. The services begin early in the week, and increase in splendour and significance as the days advance. On Tuesday, at the reading of that Scripture which describes the rending of the veil, there is a scenic representation of the fact by the sudden tearing of a curtain prepared for the purpose. On Wednesday evening the most solemn service, which consisted of the singing of the "*Miserere*," was performed. In Spanish cathedrals the choir is divided into two magnificent portions, and the large body of the worshippers, mostly dressed in black for this occasion, are seated on the floor between the two choirs. On this evening the vast and mighty fabric, with its seven aisles and forty-three chapels, was but dimly lighted with a melancholy taper here and there, which just showed the vast piers, as if they were supporting a firmament of gloom and darkness above. In front of the western choir stood a lofty and richly-carved *tenebrio*, or candelabrum, whose top rose into a kind of gable or

pediment, along the sloping sides of which were the forms of the Apostles holding lights, symbolical of their character and connection with Jesus Christ. These tapers were gradually extinguished, until one only was left burning in the prevalent darkness of the scene, for "of the people there was none with Him." The strains of music and voices in the eastern choir strove to represent the changes and movements of that sorrow which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." They endeavoured to express something of that mysterious isolation which our Lord endured on the cross; that plaintive, piteous appeal to God which seemed to make the darkness echo with His agonised outcry; that languishing and inexpressible weariness while all "the waves and billows" were passing over Him; and that calm, majestic surrender of His soul to His Father as He cried, "It is finished!" and gave up the ghost. Language always reveals its limitations when it attempts to describe the powerful and changing impressions produced by music and singing under such remarkable circumstances, and the remembrance of them becomes a part of our intellectual treasures.

Other celebrations of the "Holy Week" are less dignified, and rather awaken our pity than win our admiration. Among them we may mention the placing of the "Host" in the "monument," or large fabric of wood, brilliantly illuminated and intended to represent the "sepulchre." In this ceremony Archbishop Palafox and his six suffragan bishops took a conspicuous part. Afterwards came the ceremony of blessing the oil for the parishes of Seville, in which the rites were so minute and manifold that the clergy required the constant guidance of an expert "master of the ceremonies."

Late on Thursday night—in which, it there had been any general devoutness of mind, there would have been some thought of the distress of Gethsemane, and some preparation of heart for the commemoration of the sufferings of Christ on the morrow—there was the wildest uproar and most indecent revelling. There were shouts, outcries, and riot, and the excited masses of people rushed like turbulent floods through the streets of the city. It seemed to strangers like a carnival of demons. Whether this was permitted by the clergy, or carried on in defiance of them—which is probable—we could not ascertain; but it gave a dreary insight into the condition of the population of Seville. In the fourth century, Vigilantius, a presbyter in Spain, condemned the vigils and night celebrations at the temples of the martyrs. Jerome from his monastery at Bethlehem silenced his remonstrances, and the reformer retired, rather than expose himself to unprofitable martyrdom. "The principal credit of this triumph is due," says Prebendary Waddington,

"to St. Jerome, than whom the Church in her whole history has never listened to a more pernicious counsellor."

On Friday the Archbishop, the clergy, and civil magistrates prostrated themselves before a large black cross laid down in the western choir; and the day was observed with a quietness which befitted the commemoration of the Redeemer's sacrifice.

During the evenings of the week there were processions, in which "los pasos," or images, were carried through the principal streets of the city. These consisted of groups of figures which represented some of the incidents in the history of Christ just before and after His crucifixion. They resembled such forms as may be seen at Madame Tussaud's exhibition; and occasionally there was a beauty of arrangement which made the spectacle somewhat impressive. The slow march of the soldiers, the solemn music, the long files of penitents with veiled faces, and the many clergy of the city, combined to express—probably in ancient and traditional forms—reverence for the sacred events themselves.

It is frequent in Continental cities to behold a strange union of the sacred and profane. As if the minds of the people were somewhat wearied with so many religious services, Saturday morning was appointed for the exciting operations of the Lottery. This took place at the Town Hall of the city; and it was impressive to behold a multitude of faces, some of which were bright with hope, others eager with curiosity, and others gloomy with disappointment. The evening of the day was to have witnessed the closing procession of the week; but when all preparations had been made, a heavy rain rendered it impossible for its vast numbers to meet and march in customary order. It was probably to consist of some representation of the Roman soldiers watching Joseph's tomb, where was laid the wounded and unconscious form of the Redeemer. The men who were to have taken the part of soldiers were dressed in Roman costume, and had on gleaming helmets with flowing plumes. These guards, as if to keep up the idea of heathen soldiers who were unconcerned in the events of the crucifixion, resorted to the wine-shops, drank, and regaled themselves with the most airy unconcern.

On Easter Sunday morning the cathedral service was celebrated with great splendour, and the organs of the majestic pile poured forth their notes of exultation. Church festivals in Spain are, unhappily, connected with frivolous and degrading amusements. In the afternoon of the day the vast arena, capable of containing fifteen thousand persons, was, as we heard, crammed with eager and excited spectators of the bull-fight. The "Easter bulls" are an irresistible attraction to many Spaniards, and streams of people are seen flowing from all parts of the city to the rendezvous of this unseemly gratification. When the evening sets in



the theatres open, and the opera is crowded by who those appear to have left religion behind them at ten in the morning of the day.

From these scenes it is a relief and a pleasure to turn aside and consider those fellowships of Protestant believers who, in their simple service, faith in Jesus, and fervour of spirit, afford the hope that they may, by the co-operation of Divine grace, bring many to make every week holy to the Lord by the consciousness of His presence and obedience to His gracious will.

J. S. BRIGHT.

*Dorking.*

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### CANON LIDDON.

HOW significant of the great change which has passed over the Anglican Church since the commencement of the Tractarian movement, is the contrast between *the* Canon of St. Paul's forty years ago, and *the* Canon of to-day. The former, the dignitary who towered above his fellows and enjoyed an unrivalled reputation throughout the country, was Sydney Smith, who is continually spoken of as the "witty Canon:" the keen critic; the shrewd and active politician, who was zealous for reform everywhere except in the Establishment; the sparkling humorist, who, unfortunately for himself, and even more so for his Church, had been trained for a profession with whose highest aims and duties he had little sympathy, and in which his brilliant gifts were, to a large extent, wasted. The man, however, strange as he would appear in the cathedral amid the surroundings of to-day, was not such an anomaly in his own time as we, judging him from the standpoint of the present, might suppose. His Whig politics were, of course, extremely offensive; they were more so than they would be now; many of his sallies were felt to be unbecoming the sanctity and dignity (the dignity being thought quite as much of as the sanctity) of his profession; and the distinction which he enjoyed belonged to him rather in his literary than in his clerical character. But if there was felt to be any incongruity between his spirit and some of his sayings and doings and his position, it was rather because his talents attracted more attention to him than to others who belonged to the same school of thought. The Cathedral and the Canon, indeed, were so far in keeping that both were eminently unecclesiastical, and even a dignitary who could pour ridicule and contempt upon the work of Christian missionaries, in a style which would have been more appropriate to a Rationalist critic, to whom Christianity itself was an object of scorn, was hardly out of place in an age and a community so lacking in spiritual fervour and in Evangelical faith. He was, no doubt, regarded by a large body of the clergy as a discredit

to their order, but with the majority of them that was not because of the faults for which he deserved most censure, but rather for those broader views which would have deserved commendation had they been associated with sincere devotion to the great work he had to do.

There may be some (though we, certainly, are not of the number), who will doubt whether English religion will really be much the gainer by the substitution of the able, devout, and eloquent, but eminently sacerdotal Canon who now occupies the prominent place in the Chapter of St. Paul's; but none will question that he is pre-eminently the Canon of his day. He has, indeed, one colleague who is a fiercer partisan, and is more frequently found in the front when the battle of the Establishment is to be fought against Nonconformists and Liberals—the ardent and not very scrupulous champion of Denominational education whom we can always admire for his pluck, even if we cannot applaud his prudence; and there is another, who may possibly be more learned, and to whom, certainly, all Churches owe a debt of gratitude for the work he is doing in opposing the scepticism of the day. But Canon Liddon exerts so much more extensive an influence, holds so much more prominent a place in the public eye, and enjoys a popularity so much wider than either of them, that it is not invidious to call him *the* Canon of St. Paul's. And what a marvellous change, from his predecessor of ante-Tractarian times to him! The interval was, in some sense, bridged over by Henry Melville, who had as little sympathy with the advanced sacerdotalism of the one as with the latitudinarian tendencies of the other, whose High Church opinions were held in check by his decidedly Evangelical opinions, and whose power was sought in the pulpit rather than in the altar. But for his interposition between them, the contrast between Sydney Smith and Canon Liddon would have been still more complete and striking; but the tone of Church feeling has gradually risen, and it is only as we place the two extremes in juxtaposition that we become conscious of the revolution that has been wrought and which is still in progress. Forty, or even thirty years ago, no Minister would have dared to promote a divine of Dr. Liddon's strong views to the position he at present fills, and in many respects adorns, and certainly he would be a very daring man indeed who should now confer such an honour on Sydney Smith.

The fact has a significance which but few of the friends of the Establishment seem able to appreciate. It should teach them, if they were willing to learn, that their Church has entered on a new era, and with it, in all probability, on a new chapter in its destinies. For forty years the seeds of Sacramental doctrine have been scattered broadcast among them, each year adding to the number of those whose glory it is to take part in the sowing, and now the seeds are, in the natural

course of events, beginning to bear fruit after their kind. The generation which had grown up under the influences of the Evangelical movement is rapidly passing away, and of those who rise to fill their places a large proportion, and a proportion which is continually increasing, have been trained in principles more or less Ritualistic. The evil, we say, grows, because there has been a steady development of this sacerdotal movement, and each decade, almost each year, has added to the number of its clerical promoters, and consequently to the numbers affected by their teaching. Protestantism exercises a very different influence in certain strata of society to-day from what it did thirty years ago. There is no longer in them the old instinctive shrinking from Romish ideas and practices, and the unintelligent prejudice which was once too readily accepted as an evidence of Protestant feeling, has been exchanged by a national reaction for a disposition to accept novelties which the clergy commend as Catholic. The tendency is materially helped by the weakness with which certain Evangelicals have sought to accommodate themselves to the spirit of the times, and to harmonise, as far as practicable, their doctrines as well as their practices with those of the Anglican schools. One of the latest and most remarkable illustrations of this is seen in the attempt of Mr. Titcomb, who has just been made a Canon, to reconcile what of all things would seem most incapable of reconciliation, the theories of the two schools on the subject of the priesthood, by suggesting that while all Christians are priests, the clergy are an order by whom the priestly functions are discharged as representatives of the whole body. We name this not for comment, but simply to indicate the strength of the current which is at present sweeping over the Church. If it affects even Evangelical clergymen, it is not surprising that there are numbers among the laity who are carried away by it. It would be untrue, and impolitic as well, to talk of Ritualism, even in its more extreme forms, as peculiar to the clergy. We have met intelligent, independent, devout laymen who have overcome even the old English feeling against the Confessional, and seem to find pleasure in proclaiming that they have recourse to it themselves, and are pleased to know that their wives and daughters do the same. It is a singular hallucination, and possibly may not last; but in the meantime the party is not inconsiderable, and Canon Liddon is regarded by them with an affectionate loyalty as their most able and honoured leader. We were present, the other evening, at a lecture, to which a number of the party had gathered, and the mere mention of his name called forth strong expressions of feeling, which testified to the enthusiastic respect which is cherished towards him. The adherents of the party, indeed, have all the passionate fervour of neophytes, and of neophytes who have the idea that they are persecuted, and those who have dealt with their principles publicly have in many cases been pelted

with anonymous letters, which showed more of the spite of the partisan than the temper of the Christian. Thus a speaker, and one who, to our knowledge, has the highest possible respect for Canon Liddon, had referred to his recent discussion with Monsignor Capel, and though his observations were innocent enough, they very speedily drew down a tirade of abuse and insolence from some hot-headed youth who seemed quite unable to perceive that a criticism of the Canon's arguments, or a dissent from his conclusions, was perfectly consistent with the highest esteem alike for his piety and his abilities. It is a small matter, but it is just such incidents which indicate the spirit of the party, and especially the feeling with which they regard their leader.

Dr. Pusey, indeed, the patriarch of the school, at times shows a remarkable vigour in the advocacy of its principles, and no doubt exercises more influence in the shaping of its policy than is apparent to the outside world. But Canon Liddon, as a much younger man, in the very prime of his life and power, at the very centre of thought and activity, with a greater capacity for reaching and moving the popular mind, is the true chief. An Oxford Professor, of more than seventy years of age, and whose gifts, distinguished as they are, are not those by which great assemblies are moved or the minds of more than a select circle of disciples greatly stirred, can be only a nominal leader. It is on one who can bring more of personal labour and influence to the work that the chief responsibility must rest, and the Canon of St. Paul's is in every way marked out for the distinction. Between the two men there can be no rivalry, and the younger, in fact, seems to look up to the other with a reverence as much in accord with his own character as it is merited by the long experience and valued services of him to whom it is rendered; while Dr. Pusey, in his turn, must be rejoiced to feel that the work in which he has taken a paternal interest is not at all likely to suffer in the hands of his successor.

Canon Liddon is a representative of whom any Church might be proud, and it is not the least misfortune which the Evangelicals have to-day that the chief of their opponents is a man in every way so competent to deal with the questions at issue, so resolute in the maintenance of what he believes to be truth, and so universally respected by all who can appreciate great intellectual and spiritual worth. They, perhaps less than any party, have felt the broadening influences of the day, and are still too prone to judge men by their doctrinal or ecclesiastical position, and for that reason are hardly able to appreciate the great accession of force which the name and character of a man like Dr. Liddon brings to his party. In their view he is one of those who are corrupting the faith of the nation and betraying the trust of the Church, and they do not see that to impartial men outside, even to those who do not see how it is

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with anonymous letters, which showed more of the spite of the partisan than the temper of the Christian. Thus a speaker, and one who, to our knowledge, has the highest possible respect for Canon Liddon, had referred to his recent discussion with Monsignor Capel, and though his observations were innocent enough, they very speedily drew down a tirade of abuse and insolence from some hot-headed youth who seemed quite unable to perceive that a criticism of the Canon's arguments, or a dissent from his conclusions, was perfectly consistent with the highest esteem alike for his piety and his abilities. It is a small matter, but it is just such incidents which indicate the spirit of the party, and especially the feeling with which they regard their leader.

Dr. Pusey, indeed, the patriarch of the school, at times shows a remarkable vigour in the advocacy of its principles, and no doubt exercises more influence in the shaping of its policy than is apparent to the outside world. But Canon Liddon, as a much younger man, in the very prime of his life and power, at the very centre of thought and activity, with a greater capacity for reaching and moving the popular mind, is the true chief. An Oxford Professor, of more than seventy years of age, and whose gifts, distinguished as they are, are not those by which great assemblies are moved or the minds of more than a select circle of disciples greatly stirred, can be only a nominal leader. It is on one who can bring more of personal labour and influence to the work that the chief responsibility must rest, and the Canon of St. Paul's is in every way marked out for the distinction. Between the two men there can be no rivalry, and the younger, in fact, seems to look up to the other with a reverence as much in accord with his own character as it is merited by the long experience and valued services of him to whom it is rendered; while Dr. Pusey, in his turn, must be rejoiced to feel that the work in which he has taken a paternal interest is not at all likely to suffer in the hands of his successor.

Canon Liddon is a representative of whom any Church might be proud, and it is not the least misfortune which the Evangelicals have to-day that the chief of their opponents is a man in every way so competent to deal with the questions at issue, so resolute in the maintenance of what he believes to be truth, and so universally respected by all who can appreciate great intellectual and spiritual worth. They, perhaps less than any party, have felt the broadening influences of the day, and are still too prone to judge men by their doctrinal or ecclesiastical position, and for that reason are hardly able to appreciate the great accession of force which the name and character of a man like Dr. Liddon brings to his party. In their view he is one of those who are corrupting the faith of the nation and betraying the trust of the Church, and they do not see that to impartial men outside, even to those who do not see how it is

possible for him to reconcile his teachings with the formularies he has accepted, he is an earnest, religious man, living up to his light, and serving God according to the dictates of his own conscience, a bright example of great talent, sanctified by a piety which is genuine and ardent, even if in the judgment of some it be narrow and mistaken. Such a man must be a strength to any association with which he is identified, and he is undoubtedly the *decus et tutamen* of Ritualism to-day,—not the less so because he does not sanction all the extravagances of the more unwise members of the party. In relation to them, indeed, it is instructive to mark the mode in which he speaks of them, and to compare it with the bearing of some others towards the advanced wing of their party. There are even among Nonconformists some who seem to be pillars, whose one great desire is to purge themselves from all suspicion of complicity with extreme men. They admit, indeed, that they hold the same principles, but they are careful to let it be known that they hold them in a different sense, and altogether disapprove of the strong measures used for their promotion. In short, they are much more anxious to conciliate the more moderate of their opponents than to maintain their loyalty to the more extreme of their friends. Canon Liddon might well have been excused if he had adopted such a policy when confronted with some of the extreme language used by indiscreet allies, and had at once broken the force of Monsignor Capel's reasonings, by disavowing those who had exposed themselves to such an attack. But he was too loyal, too noble, and too wise also, to have recourse to such an expedient, and so, while expressing regret for their errors, he did his best to excuse the men. It is one of the signs of a true leader that he should be ready thus in some degree to compromise himself rather than allow reproach to rest on those with whom, though they may in his judgment have transgressed the bounds of prudence, he is still in sympathy, on whose hearty loyalty he can always count, and whose support he knows he will one day need.

The process of manufacturing a leader is, as we have recently seen, encompassed with so much difficulty, and the result, though obtained at considerable cost, is often so unsatisfactory, that when men find one prepared for the position, it is not wonderful that they are ready to repose in him strong confidence, especially if, instead of assuming a tone of command, he quietly does the work which he finds marked out for him with decision and strength, and so draws others towards him. This has been pre-eminently the case with Dr. Liddon. Obtrusive, forward, ambitious of influence he has never been, but influence and leadership have come to him naturally in the course of events, and by the force of his own character. He has some of the highest qualifications for the position—enthusiastic devotion to a faith,

combined with judgment and moderation in his policy; a courage which is ever ready for determined action, and a loyalty to principle which, if circumstances demanded, would make him a confessor; a devout temper, and a generous sympathy, which, however, does not restrain that burning zeal against error and wrong which makes him so eager and determined a combatant. Moral courage, and that developed in a high degree, is one of his most marked characteristics. He never hesitates to take the ground which he believes to be right, and to hold it against all comers, and instead of weakly shrinking from conflict, seems to find a pleasure in rushing into the thick of the fray and doing good yeoman's service for the cause he loves. In many questions which interest clergymen generally, he takes no part. He is able, as a brief but remarkable letter which he addressed to the *Times* after the passing of the Public Worship Act showed, to discriminate between what he called the "material and spiritual ingredients" of which the Church is composed, and, holding the former of small account as compared with the latter, he is ever ready to come to the front when the interests of Catholic "truth" or practice are concerned, but about the former he has not shown much interest. He has never been prominent in the defence of the Establishment, and would, we have no doubt, sacrifice all its supposed advantages rather than compromise a single iota of principle. In the struggle against any tampering with the Athanasian Creed, in the resistance to the decision of the Judicial Committee relative to the eastward position, in the criticism of the Public Worship Regulation Act, in the endeavour generally to uphold the rights of the High Church party, whether in opposition to Romish assailants on the one hand or Evangelical critics on the other, he has been foremost; but the defenders of the Establishment may well regard him with anxiety, for there are few men who, under certain possible and indeed probable contingencies, would be more likely to take a step which would involve its destruction. He is the very man, if we read him right, to be the leader in a great secession, if his continuance in the Establishment ever became inconsistent with his loyalty to Christ and the Church. Where others may indulge in strong words, in which the vehement feeling of the hour might find an easy and safe mode of escape, he would *act*, for his soul is possessed with the principles for which he contends, and, undisturbed by the coward fears of men with less faith, he is prepared to assert them whatever be the result to any human institution. In the present state of the Anglican Church such a man is a grave peril. How far he is prepared to go he has already shown by his announcement to his Bishop that he would disobey the law as laid down by the highest court in the land, and was prepared to abide the results of any proceedings against him. It may be said that the defiance was safe enough, for good Dr. Jackson, who is

so ready to come down upon an unpopular prelate like Dr. Colenso, or to restrain a few over-liberal Evangelicals in proceedings like those of Mr. Fremantle, which the great majority of the clergy are sure to disapprove, is sure to think once, twice, and even three times before he provokes a contest with the main body of the High Church party, so powerful in its numbers, and even more so in its social and ecclesiastical influence. But it was not the weak Bishop only whom Canon Liddon defied; it was the whole force of law which the Establishment can command. The letter in which he and Canon Gregory united was really a challenge to the law to do its worst—an implied intimation that if it would not allow them to exercise their liberty on the point in question, they would wipe the dust of the Establishment off the soles of their feet.

The practice on which they took their stand is, indeed, the crucial point in the struggle on which the Establishment is entering, and to whose gravity so many of its champions seem strangely insensible. Is the eastward position to be tolerated or not? If it is, there must be an end of the talk about stamping out Ritualism; if it is not, then it is clear that some decisive action will be taken by Canon Liddon; and if he, and others like him, lead, they will not be without a following. Foreseeing this contingency, there are some who would fain represent the whole question as one of small importance; but it is too late to take such ground, even if High Churchmen would accept this view. But, in truth, the difficulty does not end here. There are some who might be willing to sacrifice the extreme men of the party if they could make their own position good. But Dr. Liddon would be the very last to adopt so selfish a policy. Men of his calibre, who have no disposition for compromise, and no genius for it; who take counsel with their consciences and hearts, not with flesh and blood; who listen to the inspirations of holy purpose where others are guided by expediency, and who will do what they hold right without care for consequences, are the glory and strength of a Church; but they are a peril to an Establishment, and especially to one built on such a sandy foundation as that on which the Anglican Church rests. He is not one with whom it would be wise or safe to trifle, treating his words as mere vapourings, and supposing that if a crisis should come he would be anxious to avoid extremes, and in his desire to preserve the Establishment sacrifice his own consistency. Like every true man, he has no doubt of the vitality of the Church, whatever comes of the "material ingredients" which belong to it as an Establishment; but he would feel that her character would be fatally compromised and her power impaired by the surrender of any point of her "Catholic" inheritance. No desire to make peace would induce him, therefore, to make any concession which might even seem to indicate a doubt as to the reality of his



priestly character. If the anti-sacerdotalism of the Evangelicals or of the Erastians is equally firm and decided, it is difficult to see how a collision, entailing the most serious consequences, is to be avoided. To sum up, the eastward position, which of course is valued and maintained only as a symbol of the nature of the service and the character of the officiating minister, must be conceded, or Canon Liddon, and those of like faith and spirit, will certainly secede; but if this be granted, it is hard to see what the Public Worship Act will have done, except to give new strength and security to the very element it was intended to suppress. We have before us a very interesting paper from an Evangelical Churchman, who does not like the idea of Disestablishment, proposing certain reforms in the Prayer-book, such as the substitution of the word "minister" for "priest," with other changes in harmony with it, by which Ritualism would be made impossible. The innocent simplicity of such suggestions is extraordinary. They have not even a chance of being seriously entertained, much less adopted; and it is amusing to find them thus gravely proposed at a time when the great difficulty is to retain that amount of Protestantism which the Church possesses. When dreamers of this type have shown how it is possible to escape a surrender to the Ritualists on what is really the turning-point of the controversy, it will be time enough to consider what steps may be taken to attempt what would be nothing less than a revolution, and a revolution which is sure to be disintegrating in its results.

The recent controversy between Monsignor Capel and Canon Liddon, which has attracted an amount of public attention and filled a space in our daily papers seldom given to theological discussions, while it is a sign of the times, has given a very instructive revelation of the Canon's spirit and views. Whatever we may think of the tenableness of his position or of the conclusiveness of his reasoning, there can hardly be a second opinion among impartial men as to the earnestness of his spirit, the sincerity of his convictions, and, what is unfortunately more rare in such struggles, the chivalrous tone of his bearing throughout. The Romish divine is probably the more able controversialist, although his superiority even in this respect may probably be due chiefly to the strength of a case against which we are bound to say his Anglican opponent contended in vain; but there was something in the tone of the latter which won our sympathy, though it could not make us regard the worse as the better reason. Anglicanism has always appeared to us essentially weak, and its weakness is never more apparent than when a man of great power and logical skill shows himself so helpless in the hands of a practised Romish disputant. But not the less do we believe that Canon Liddon holds that there is a substantial difference between the theory of the most advanced Ritualist and the doctrine of the



Romish Church, and that it is possible to set up some standard of "Catholic" tradition and authority by which the former may be justified, while the latter is rejected. The judgment of the majority of men will be against him as to the special point of contention raised by Monsignor Capel. We are ready enough to concede that there are differences perceptible enough to trained theologians between Ritualist and Romish teaching, but to plain men, and for all practical purposes, they are substantially the same, and a long experience proves that the former must lead on to the latter. What disturbed many people, too, was that Dr. Liddon was much more anxious to find excuses for those whose very strong sacramental expressions he was compelled to disavow, than to censure, in the language they deserve, any approaches to a system which he himself condemns. When a Canon of St. Paul's, one of the most eloquent preachers the Church can boast, and one wielding a power of personal influence which few can rival, thus refuses to sever himself from those whose extravagance he is forced to acknowledge, it is worse than folly to talk as though it was a very small section of the clergy who are involved in the lawlessness of Ritualism.

As a preacher Dr. Liddon has few equals. In reading his sermons, it may be difficult to understand how he contrives to sustain the attention and awaken the enthusiastic interest of the multitudes who flock to hear him, for their very excellence would seem likely to interfere with their popularity. In the first place, they have not the recommendation, which to many hearers is greater than any other, of brevity. Then they are chaste, finished, somewhat elaborate compositions, with great logical strength as well as rhetorical beauty—we might have thought too intellectual, too strong, involving too severe a tax upon the attention of the majority, to be generally acceptable. We must say, too, that if they are heard in St. Paul's their effect is not improved, except for the comparatively small number who can get within easy distance of the pulpit, and can see and hear without an unpleasant effort. We once had the misfortune to be one of a vast congregation in the cathedral when he was advocating the claims of the clergy; and what with the extreme difficulty of hearing, and the unattractive character of the subject, the impression was very different from what we had anticipated. It is almost necessary to hear him in a smaller place to come under the spell of that intense earnestness of soul which expresses itself in his style of delivery, and which lends so much additional power to the forcible reasonings and thrilling appeals of his discourses. The student, in his private reading, is alive to their high intellectual and moral qualities, their clearness of conception, their logical vigour, their style so rich and varied in its beauty, their strong faith, their lofty courage; but only the hearer who is so situated that he can feel the power of the man, can have an

adequate conception of their real character. The preacher seems to be consumed by his theme, and the glow of his holy passion necessarily communicates itself in some measure to his audience. His is the strength, not only of a vigorous intellect or an eloquent tongue, but of a soul full of the fire of faith and love. It is to us a sad thought that such a force should be enlisted on behalf of theories which rob the Gospel, which he sets forth with a beauty and an eloquence seldom equalled, of its simplicity and its true glory. He must be a puzzle to the simple-minded people who assert that the only thing necessary for meeting Ritualism is the re-assertion of the fundamental principles of the Gospel. Dr. Liddon preaches these as clearly and much more ably than themselves, but he preaches at the same time doctrines which must be met and confuted, if we are not to see our Protestant faith overthrown.

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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Creation.* By ARCHIBALD TUCKER RITCHIE. Fifth Edition. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. 1874. (Price 18s.)

To those who are curious in matters of cosmogony, or who like to study the perverted ingenuity of a well-meaning author, this volume will afford amusing, though somewhat heavy, reading. It proposes to explain the "earth's formation on dynamical principles in accordance with the Mosaic record and the latest scientific discoveries." This explanation is based upon one hundred and thirty-nine distinct theorems (tabulated in an appendix), which have a charming appearance of scientific accuracy and strict reasoning. For instance, theorem 48 states, "That by a concurring chain of deductive reasoning, drawn from the effects of the different heating powers of the component colours of the solar spectrum, when applied to substances reflecting various colours and degrees of heat, together with the corroborating testimony of the augmented heat of concentrated light, it is considered to be established, beyond the possibility of doubt, that, in these cases, sunlight is the direct cause of heat." This theorem, as stated, is not true scientifically, because the heat rays of the solar spectrum are distinct from the light rays. But what appears to be meant is substan-

tially true; and, to ordinary mortals, would be considered as sufficiently proved by the simple experience of sitting for a short time in the blazing sun of a summer noontide. But for our accurate and rigidly exact author such a commonplace method of proof is not enough. No, we must have "dynamical principles" and "the latest scientific discoveries." The light must be analysed by a prism, and the different "colours of the spectrum, applied to substances reflecting various colours and degrees of heat," must be separately tested as to their special capabilities of producing heat. Nay more, the convex lens must be made to assist, and "the corroborating testimony of the augmented heat of concentrated light" must be invoked. Only after these various and detailed experiments does the philosopher consider that the theorem is proved. This is promising, at all events, for scientific accuracy and rigid demonstration. "The latest scientific discoveries," however, appear on further investigation to be the vague guesses of half a century ago, and the "dynamical principles" exist principally in the imagination of the writer. The wonderful developments of research in recent years—including even those connected with the spectroscope—are utterly ignored. This scientific archaism is perhaps owing to the fact that the volume is

a "fifth edition revised and considerably abridged by the author." But if revised according to dynamical principles and the latest scientific discoveries, it surely ought to take cognisance, in treating of sunlight, of the extraordinary discoveries of the spectroscope; in dealing with Geology, of the extensive accumulation of facts during the last forty years; and in discoursing on Biology, of the somewhat abstruse though most interesting and important discussions of the present day.

We almost fear to sketch briefly the theory of this grotesque cosmogony, lest we should do injustice to the author's meaning. But, cautioning our readers that the bold and brief statement of a theory can never be so plausible nor interesting as its full exposition, we venture to give its leading features.

The central point of the theory is "that the earth did not always rotate diurnally around its axis," but was originally "an unilluminated sphere, without diurnal rotatory motion, and circumbounded by an atmosphereless ocean of considerable depth, higher in temperature and differing considerably in the combination of its associated elements when compared with the present seas." "These primitive dark and atmosphereless waters" were gradually purged by chemical precipitation of some of their mineral ingredients, and "became the abode of innumerable races of living apulmonic creatures, independent alike of light or atmospheric air for life or motion." In various portions of the ocean bed also grew forests of plants "which did not belong to any class possessing true seeds, or fruits having seeds within themselves," and hence "did not require dry land and atmospheric air for their full development, and the performance of their several functions." Thus during this primitive period called in Scripture "the beginning" were gradually accumulated "by the united instrumentality of animal and vegetable secretion and decomposition, of crystalline and of ordinary deposition, the materials" which form the Palæozoic rock-formations up to and including the coal measures. At length, on the first day of the Mosaic week, the command went forth, "Let light be,"

and light was. This radiant force (in which, so far as we can understand, the author includes heat, electricity, and other modes of energy) changed all. In obedience thereto the earth began to rotate on its axis. The centrifugal force thus caused, together with the radiant force of light, brought about the formation of the atmosphere by chemical action, the uplifting of the previously formed strata into dry land, and the deposit of the whole series of secondary formations in consequence of the rush of polar water towards the equator. Then followed "the concentration of light around the sun," and the completion of the work of creation as stated in Genesis i.

It is useless to criticise a theory like this. In seeking the minutiae of modern science in the utterly incongruous forms of Hebrew thought and language, it degrades the Biblical Revelation to the position of a mere scientific manual. The very grotesqueness of the theory makes it amusing. But as a contribution either to the explanation of Scripture or to scientific knowledge it is valueless. It violates the clearest and most fundamental canons of Biblical criticism, and completely ignores some of the best-established facts and most certain conclusions of physical science. Books of this character are worse than useless: they are absolutely pernicious. They excite the derision of the scientific, and are unsatisfactory to the theologian. They thus retard, and tend to render impossible, any genuine reconciliation between physical and exegetical science.

*Joshua and His Successors.* By WM. GROSER, B.Sc. (Lond). Part I. London: Sunday-School Union. (Price 2s.)

THIS is an excellent handbook by the "Examiner in the Principles and Art of Teaching to the London Sunday-School Union," and will be very useful not only to the Sunday-school teacher, but also to those who are able to investigate more closely the points suggested by the Sacred History. The references at the side of each page are most valuable, and the critical and illustrative notes at the end of each chapter judicious and accurate.

# The Congregationalist.

APRIL, 1875.

## THE REVIVALISTS AND THE MINISTRY.

THE *Christian World* for March 5th discusses, in a courteous and generous article, the paper on the work of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey which appeared in the last number of the CONGREGATIONALIST, and the writer arrives at the conclusion that their success is not "so marvellous as has been supposed." It is not my intention to consider whether the explanation which the *Christian World* has given of the great impression produced by our American visitors is satisfactory; but there is one paragraph in the article which affords me the opportunity of expressing some thoughts on one of the deepest and gravest questions raised by the whole movement. I give the paragraph in full:—

"If it is to be supposed that these Americans have a special commission from heaven, and enjoy an amount of Divine power working on their behalf which is not vouchsafed to other men, with motives as pure and zeal as ardent, preaching the same Gospel, and working for the same end, the controversy is closed, but closed, as it seems to us, in a very sad and unsatisfactory way. The dishonour which is thus put upon the ordinary ministry of God's Word may ultimately bring about results which will go far to counterbalance the good which, even in the most sanguine calculations, is likely to accrue from these revivals. Christian ministers have to prosecute their toils under difficulties sufficiently great, and disappointments sufficiently depressing, at most times; but if, in addition to them all, they are to have the doubt suggested whether their work is not altogether a grand mistake, which God has chosen to rebuke by this striking manifestation of His power through another agency, the burden will, to sensitive spirits, be all but insupportable. We know ministers who say that, could they accept such a theory, they would have no alternative but to abandon an office whose utility seemed so questionable; and we are not surprised at the feeling. But if, on the con-

trary, we can see that even here there is some relation between the means and the end, then, at all events, the cause for such discouragement ceases. Those who think it desirable to secure the same by like means will employ them; those who feel that they have a different kind of service to render will be content cheerfully to render it, and in no case will there be the sense of despondency naturally arising out of the belief that only at occasional times and by special agencies is the Church [to expect any remarkable accessions to her numbers."

With the closing words I heartily agree. "A sense of despondency" is the very last feeling that ought to be created in the heart of a true and faithful minister of Christ by the results which have followed the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey. No such feeling, so far as I know, has been produced in any of those who have been associated with them in their work. Wherever they have gone, Christian ministers, Sunday-school teachers, all who are trying in any way to make the world better and happier, have been inspired with brighter hopefulness, firmer courage, and stronger faith.

Nor do I see that "if it is to be supposed that these Americans have a *special commission* from heaven, and enjoy an *amount of Divine power* working on their behalf, which is *not vouchsafed to other men*, with motives as pure and zeal as ardent, preaching the same Gospel and working for the same end, the controversy is closed, but closed . . . in a very unsatisfactory way." I think it very probable that Mr. Moody himself would say that the power of God, which has achieved such great results in connection with his own work in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Birmingham, and Liverpool, may be confidently expected to produce the same effects, and on the same scale, in connection with the work of every Christian minister in the country who has the qualifications and the heart for evangelising the people. The actual number of the persons that a minister may expect to persuade to receive the Gospel must, of course, depend partly on the number of persons he can induce to listen to him; but I believe that Mr. Moody would contend that every one of us might have the same proportionate success.

But suppose it is true that the American evangelists have "a special commission from heaven, and enjoy an amount of Divine power working on their behalf which is not vouchsafed to other men" as earnest and zealous as themselves, what reason have we for being disheartened? It is our earnest desire—it is the very end for which we live—that Christ should be enthroned in the heart of the race which He died to save. We are thankful if, by our own work, two or three score of men and women are brought in the course of a year to repent of sin and to acknowledge the authority of Christ. Who among us can complain that his ministry has achieved less success than it deserved? Who can

say, that considering how zealous he has been, how laborious and how devout, God has not stood by him as he had reason to expect? Do we not often acknowledge from our very hearts that we accomplish far more than we had any right to anticipate; and that the victories which we win are won not "by might nor by power" of our own, but by the Spirit of the Living God? And if any of our brethren receive "a special commission from heaven," and if the "Divine power" is with them in an exceptional measure, so that hundreds are constrained in a single night to abandon an irreligious life and to receive the Gospel, we ought surely to be infinitely thankful.

But it is alleged that this is to put dishonour upon "the ordinary ministry of God's Word." I confess that I cannot see it. God is not doing less by *us*, because He is doing more by *others*. Our work is just as successful as it ever was; there are many who can say that it is *more* successful than it ever was. Why should we be troubled if special success is given to men who have a "special commission?" The honour which comes to Christ through their exceptional ministry is reflected upon all of us. For the honour of the ministry is inseparable from the honour of Christ. Whatever illustrates the greatness of the power and the wealth of His love confers new distinction upon all whose service He accepts. It is our glory that we have been called to work for One whom we believe to be the true Prince and only Saviour of mankind. The conviction that we have been called to work for Him has been confirmed by the success—whatever may have been its measure—which He has already given us. That evidence is not destroyed, or even diminished, by the larger success which He is giving to others. Their larger success does but invest our service with a higher dignity because it is a fresh manifestation of the glory of Him from whom all the dignity of our service is derived. As a matter of fact, the hypothesis of a "special commission"—if it be accepted—removes our ministry beyond the reach of all comparison with theirs. It silences the hostile criticism of those who might complain that some of us have not done as much in twenty years as they have done in a month; and it suppresses all self-reproach.

Let us look how this principle of "dishonour" would work in other directions. Cowper was a poet as well as Milton. Milton received the commission and the genius to write "Paradise Lost;" surely it was no dishonour put upon Cowper that he had the commission and genius to write his charming "Table Talk." Linnell is a landscape painter as well as Turner. Surely it is no dishonour put upon Linnell that he is only able to give us his pleasant scenes among the Surrey hills instead of pictures like the "Calais Sands." We ought all to be thankful for the measure of power God gives us, and to use it for His honour. I cannot preach like Chalmers, or Robert Hall, or Lacordaire; but shall I, therefore, say that

God has put dishonour upon me by conferring upon me powers so inferior to theirs, and shall the contrast between their preaching and mine become an "all but insupportable" burden, and shall I begin to think of giving up preaching altogether? God forbid! In the spirit of the artist who exclaimed, "I too am a painter," I will rather find in the nobler forms of that same work to which I am called, reason for discharging with new fidelity and new gratitude my own humbler service.

The real trouble comes when we begin to suspect that the men who are doing so much more than ourselves, have after all received no "special commission from Heaven," and that "the amount of Divine power working on their behalf" might, perhaps, be vouchsafed to some, or even to all of us. That suspicion is probably haunting the thoughts and agitating the hearts of very many, and the solemn questions it raises admit of no trenchant reply. Every man must obtain a separate solution for them.

There are, however, one or two general considerations which it is necessary to keep in mind.

First, it is quite clear that in the body of Christ there are many members, and that "all members have not the same office." We shall not serve Christ with loyalty and efficiency if we refuse to do our own work and are discontented because we cannot do the work of some one else. If the hand insists on becoming a foot, it will not render to the body the service for which it was intended. There are some excellent Christian people who think that every minister should be always preaching evangelistic sermons like Mr. Moody: it would be just as reasonable to insist that John Howe ought to have tried to write a book like the "Pilgrim's Progress." Every man cannot speak with the same popular power as Mr. Moody, any more than Mr. Moody can sing like Mr. Sankey. There is something very suggestive in the fact that two men of such different faculties are doing this great work together. The one has no exceptional power as a speaker, and I can bear witness to the fact that the other has still less power as a singer. If Mr. Moody tried to do the singing and Mr. Sankey the preaching, I am inclined to think that the congregation which is now filling the Agricultural Hall, would become small enough in a week to find ample accommodation in the vestry of any chapel in Islington.

The Sunday-school teacher who can interest, instruct, and impress a class of a dozen, must not be disturbed because he is not able to gather a congregation of ten thousand; and the minister who has five or six hundred fairly educated people listening to him every Sunday must not think of giving up his work because he cannot reach the rough and half-civilised men to whom his plainest sermons would be altogether un-



intelligible. The kinds of service in which Christ employs those who are loyal to Him are infinitely various. Some of us He commissions to evangelise the irreligious ; some of us He commissions to deepen the religious earnestness of those who already love Him, and to train them to moral and spiritual excellence. Some are "prophets," some "teachers." But we are all serving Him. I want the world to receive Christ and to do His will : what difference does it make whether it is by my own preaching or by Mr. Moody's that thousands of people are constrained to forsake sin and to become Christ's servants? If I really care for Christ's honour, not for my own, every other man's success becomes mine. The one thing I have to do is to be faithful to my own work. It may be less attractive and less splendid than the work of other men ; but this ought not to make me discontented. It is honour enough for me that I am permitted in any way to serve Christ. Mr. Moody did his work heartily as a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent at Chicago. His fidelity in the obscurer service disciplined him for the grander service to which Christ has now called him.

It would be a very great mistake for any of us, therefore, to abandon our ministry because what we are doing is so much less than what he is doing. But if, as I believe, his success is altogether inexplicable apart from the recognition of the power of the Holy Spirit, it becomes us to inquire whether the power of the Holy Spirit may not be manifested very much more gloriously in connection with our own work.

Let it be distinctly understood that I am not suggesting that we might all win the same evangelistic triumphs. I do not believe that we could ; because I believe in the variety of the service to which Christ appoints us and in the variety of the "gifts" which He confers for service. But no real spiritual work can be done apart from spiritual power. I therefore distrust the habit of thought which suggests one statement in the article which I have quoted :—"Those who think it desirable to secure the same [end] by like means, will employ them." In themselves, the words are unobjectionable ; they admit of an interpretation to which no fair objection could be raised ; the writer may have meant them to be so interpreted. But though there is "some relation between the means and the end" in this Revival movement, the movement seems to me to be unintelligible, unless we believe that a power is at work as really supernatural as that which was manifested in the miracles of Christ and His Apostles. In the spiritual sphere we have to do, not merely with spiritual laws, but with a Living Person, and all work intended to effect spiritual results will be ineffective apart from the free co-operation of a Personal Power. There is a kind of Atheism possible in relation to religious activity as well as in relation to activity of other kinds. In the physical

universe we have now learnt to discern the operation of fixed laws in regions which once seemed to be under the control of arbitrary and uncertain forces which were associated in a special manner with the will of God. In their practical relations to the physical universe, men have come to feel that the hypothesis of a Personal God is superfluous. Whether there be a Personal God or not, the law of gravitation and the law of definite proportions can be confidently relied upon. There is some danger lest a similar tendency should affect us in our practical relations to the spiritual universe. Given "the means," and there are some who seem inclined to say that "the end" will always be secured. But for the proposition to be true, it is necessary to interpret the word "means" in a very comprehensive sense, and to include all those conditions—if the conditions can be determined—on which the free co-operation of the Divine power depends.

The only ground on which those who are trying to evangelise the world can rest their hope of success, is the great promise of Christ, "Lo ! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Christ has not fitted up the Church with an apparatus of spiritual truths and motives, which—apart from His direct activity—the Church has only to work in order to secure success. The condition of success is His own presence and the manifestation of the power of His Spirit.

And this is the condition of effective spiritual work of all kinds. In the quiet, regular instruction of the Church in Christian truth, in the illustration of the principles of Christian ethics in relation to practical life, in the inculcation of all the duties of Christian men to the Church and to the State, as well as in evangelistic enterprises, unless the power of the Spirit of God is with us we can do nothing worth the doing.

This power is the great want of the ministry in our times. Its manifestation in such striking forms, in connection with the work of our American visitors, should not be regarded as a "rebuke" to ourselves; it is no rebuke, but an earnest appeal of the Divine love encouraging us to secure the same transcendent gift for ourselves; it becomes a rebuke only if we insist on believing that the relation between human "means" and a spiritual "end" is so direct and constant that the necessity of the immediate action of the Spirit of God upon the hearts and consciences of men may be practically disregarded.

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THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

XVI.—THE WILDERNESS OF SIN TO SINAI.

WE had a charming Sunday (March 9). The sea was within twenty yards of our tents, and when we bathed in it at seven o'clock in the morning the water was pleasantly warm. In honour of Sunday we had two English flags flying, and the camp looked quite gay. We had service at half-past ten in one of the tents, and after lunch I made my way up a sloping cliff to see what kind of country lay above us; but as soon as I was out of the shelter of the cliff I was half-blinded by the sand. In the afternoon and evening we strolled about on the beach; a great steamer which was making its way to Suez reminded us that, although we had been in the Desert for several days, we were not very far from home. She would be at Suez in the course of Sunday night, and her passengers might reach Alexandra early enough on Tuesday morning to catch the boat for Brindisi, and seven or eight days later they might be in London.

On Monday (March 10th) we started at 7.15 and walked for three hours. For nearly two hours our route lay along the shore; at times, although it was low water, the sea came very near to the cliffs, and if the Israelites, according to the common opinion, came this way, they must have been a very long time getting past one or two of the projecting points. After about five or six miles the hills retreat, and leave a considerable plain—El Markha—between their base and the sea. I estimated the height of the hills at 600 feet; Mr. Wallis thought that they were considerably higher. The plain, which is identified with the Wilderness of Sin, was so rough that after an hour's walking we were glad to mount our camels. Towards noon we struck eastwards into a valley, the name of which I do not find in my notes, but which must have been Seih Baba, and we were soon so entangled among the hills that it sometimes seemed as though we must have lost our way. The track made sharp turns through very narrow openings, which were not visible till we reached their mouth: our journey that morning reminds me of the "short cuts" through the maze of courts in the city of London with which I was familiar when I was a lad; nearly every court looks as though it were a *cul-de-sac* till you get to the end of it.

After a time we emerged into the Wady Shellal, and in another hour were struggling up a cliff called Nagb Buderah. The cliff is a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet in height, and very precipitous. Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I dismounted from our camels, and

made the ascent on foot. There is a winding path cut in the sandstone rock, and considering the steepness of the cliff the path is not a bad one, although it needs repair. We came out on a small plain which the Ordnance Survey places 1,263 feet above the sea. Crossing this plain we followed a small Wady in which the rocks were curiously coloured; this brought us into Wady Buderah. We passed into Seih Sidreh and encamped at the mouth of Wady Igne. As we approached our camp, Hassan called our attention to an opening high up in the rocks which he said was a temple, but which looked to me more like the refuge of a hermit.

In the neighbourhood are the famous turquoise mines of Magharah, abandoned by the Egyptians more than three thousand years ago. The ruins of their dwellings still remain. There are numerous inscriptions of immense antiquity—one of them bearing the name of an Egyptian monarch who, according to Mariette-Bey's chronology, reigned more than 4,000 years before Christ. The turquoise mines have been worked recently by Major Macdonald, but not with much success.

It was clear that our route had now diverged from any route that could possibly have been taken by the Israelites. They might have got round the cliffs which we had passed north of El Markha, although at high water there are only a few yards between the cliffs and the sea; but it would have been impossible for them to have made their way up the face of Nagb Buderah. It is possible that instead of turning eastwards through Seih Baba, as we did, they may have followed the coast a few miles further and taken Seih Sidreh, the next opening into the mountainous district; Captain Wilson describes this as giving an easy route to Wady Mukatteb, into which we struck on Tuesday (March 11th). Or they might even have gone further south still, and turned into Wady Feiran, which opens on to the sea sixteen or eighteen miles south of Seih Sidreh.

On Tuesday morning we started as usual at 7.15, and walked through Wady Mukatteb. It receives its name from the inscriptions which in several places cover the low sandstone cliffs; they seemed most numerous on the western or north-western side of the valley. Many years ago I read Mr. Forster's book on these inscriptions, in which he endeavoured to prove that they must have been cut by the Israelites at the time of the Exodus. The arguments were extremely ingenious; but so far as I could remember them when I was actually on the spot, they appeared more ingenious than sound. He was never able to convince those who have a right to form an opinion on such matters that his theory was tenable. Many of the inscriptions are in a character which, up to the time Mr. Forster wrote, had not been deci-

phered ; he believed that he had discovered the key to them, and many of the inscriptions were interpreted by him as records of events which were connected with the escape of the Israelites from Egypt, and their wanderings in the wilderness. Later inquiries have also disposed of this part of his hypothesis. Some of the inscriptions, however, are in Greek. I noticed the name Joseph in Greek characters in several places. I also noticed some characters or symbols which occur very frequently on the walls of Egyptian temples. Most of the inscriptions might very well have been the work of idle travellers, or of pilgrims, who were weary of the monotony of desert travelling, and who cut their names in the rock to pass the time.

In Wady Mukatteb there is a considerable quantity of sand, and we came across the fresh footprints of a hyena.

At the head of the Wady the ground is very rough, and the walking was disagreeable. Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I were alone, or had only little Mansour with us, and we were perplexed for a time about the direction we should take, and turned a few minutes out of the right track. However, some of our people saw us going wrong, and sent after us. I wonder what would have happened if by any chance we had wandered out of their sight. During the greater part of the journey it was hardly possible to make a mistake, but occasionally—when, as in the present case, we had reached the watershed of one Wady, and had to pass over it into another, or when Wady after Wady descended from the right and the left into the Wady in which we were walking—it was very easy to blunder. Once between Sinai and Akabah, I think that Salem and our people did actually get wrong, and were perplexed as to where they were.

There was a fine wild view from the broken ground at the head of Wady Mukatteb, and in a few minutes we were in Wady Feiran, the Paradise of the Bedouins. It did not seem very much of a Paradise at first, although as soon as we were in it there were signs of vegetation. After passing along it for two or three hours, we lunched under the shadow of the lofty cliffs on its southern side. Some very large birds—vultures, I believe—were wheeling about in the air within sight at lunch time. The Wady winds on between stern and naked rocks of a dark colour, and of considerable height. Occasionally we had a magnificent view of Serbal over the curtain of the nearer hills. Again and again the Wady opened into what I can only describe as rock-enclosed amphitheatres, the areas of which were covered with gravel and sand.

Some little time before reaching camp, I find in my notes that we had a very grand view of "the lofty and stern towers of Serbal," and I add—"a sight to remember to the end of one's days." After copying such a very gushing and ecstatic entry from my Note-book, it is rather

humiliating to add that this particular view of Serbal has quite faded from my memory. Memory, indeed, is a very tricky faculty. I find that some of the noblest things I have ever seen, those which I supposed could never pass away from my imagination, are hard to recall, and that some of the most trifling incidents of a journey like this remain as clear and fresh in the mind after a couple of years as though they had happened only a couple of hours ago. It is, however, a happy peculiarity of this faculty that, as a rule, pain is much sooner forgotten than pleasure.

We passed the rock—Hesy el Khattatin—which the Bedouin identify as the rock from which Moses brought the water for the Israelites. It is surrounded by small heaps of pebbles placed on every available spot in the neighbourhood. The story which the Bedouin told Mr. Palmer when he asked for the explanation of these little heaps, is amusing. They said that “when the children of Israel sat down by the miraculous stream, and rested after their thirst was quenched, they amused themselves by throwing pebbles on the surrounding pieces of rock. This has passed into a custom which the Arabs of the present day keep up in memory of the event. It is supposed especially to propitiate Moses, and anyone having a sick friend or relative at home, throws a pebble in his name, with the assurance of speedy relief.”\*

A little further on we came to El Hesweh, where the oasis begins in earnest. At this point there are several houses with low stone walls and poor roofs. Palm-trees are abundant, and grow very luxuriantly. Mansour brought us a little fruit about the size of a cherry; it had a sharp acid taste, which was refreshing. Our day's march came to a close some distance further on at Feiran—the site of the ancient monastic city of Paran. Just before reaching it we noticed inscriptions on the rocks. At Feiran there are enclosed gardens or orchards. The palms and tamarisks looked very fresh, and the maize, which is grown in small depressed beds, not much larger than good-sized tea-trays, was brilliantly green. These “tea-trays” were filled with water when we passed them. The strip of cultivated ground is very narrow; in some places it did not look more than two or three yards in breadth, but the fresh, bright verdure was most beautiful to the eye. As we passed into the enclosure where our tents were pitched, an Arab handed to each of us some more of the fruit that Mansour had given us at El Hesweh. He gave us the simple produce of his tree as a gentleman at home might give his guests after dinner his finest peaches.

Rising in the valley, near where we encamped, is a low hill, “El Maharrad,” on which are the remains of a ruined convent. Dean Stanley supposed that this might be the hill on which Moses sat while he

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\* Ordnance Survey, p. 66.

watched the battle of Rephidim (Exodus xvii. 10—12). There is another hill, however, quite near—Jebel et Tahuneh—rising to a peak about 600 or 700 feet above the Wady, on which it seems more likely that Moses may have sat. Captain Wilson suggests that El Maharrad is too low to have afforded an extensive view of the struggle, and that anyone standing on it would have been exposed to stray missiles from the hostile force.\* The reasons for identifying Rephidim with Feiran appear to me to be very strong. Mr. Holland, however, places it at El Watiyeh in Wady es Sheikh, very much nearer to Sinai.

Wednesday morning, March 11, I was out at half-past six; the sound of the running water was pleasanter than any music. We started at 7.25. The walk was delightful. The great palm grove extends along the valley for two miles, and the tamarisks extend a considerable distance beyond the palms. We passed a large flock of black goats, which appeared to find all the food they wanted without much difficulty. The formation of the Wady is very interesting; the framework of the hills which shut it in consists of dark igneous rocks, and the sandstone lies on the top of them; it struck me as curious that the sandstone was as level as though, after it had been deposited, it had been *planed*.

In the course of the day we passed into the great highway which leads to the heart of the Peninsula, Wady es Sheikh. This Wady is very broad, and the walking is excellent. Tufts of vegetation are scattered thickly over the sandy and gravelly soil, and afford pasture to a large number of goats.

In the course of the day I had a long talk with Salem. He said that in the great cities Arab children intended for commercial life are sent to school when they are seven or eight years of age, and are kept there for seven years. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Koran. If they are intended for the priesthood, they are kept at school for eleven years, and then pass into special colleges connected with the Mosques. The Koran, he said, is the common reading-book for little children. From the school we passed to the home. He told me he had only one wife, and I asked him whether men like himself made their wives their friends, whether they talked to them about their business and their journeys, and other things which interested them. He looked very serious and earnest, and said, "Oh, yes; not at first, of course. But in the course of time, when they get to know each other, if the woman is sensible the man talks to her about all things. I have been married fourteen or fifteen years; we are getting quite *old acquaintances*; and now *sometimes* my wife dines with me and I talk to her." This was Salem's notion of domestic bliss.

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\* Ordnance Survey, p. 154.



The most direct route to Sinai, which is by Wady Sahab, leaves Wady es Sheikh at a point about eight miles from where Wady Feiran enters it; but instead of taking this we followed Wady es Sheikh some eight or ten miles further, and encamped near a cemetery about half an hour or three-quarters of an hour beyond Wady Magharrat, which comes in from the left. In the night we had a very severe storm of wind, which threatened to blow the tents down. We had intended to follow Wady es Sheikh, which sweeps round to Sinai in something approaching to a half-circle. This was no doubt the route of the Israelites; but we were so anxious to see the great pass of Nagb Hawa, that Salem arranged on Thursday morning that Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I should go by the pass, while he and Mr. Wells took the longer route. We three, therefore, with a man for each camel and Hassan for guide, started alone at seven o'clock. It was clear that the men were at first not quite certain about the way. We walked till 8.20, and then mounted our camels. As soon as we had mounted them we passed over some extremely rough ground, on which at times the camels could hardly keep their feet. Then we passed into a charming Wady, with tamarisks growing in it, which must have been Wady Gharbeh, but I do not think Hassan knew the name, as I have not entered it in my notes. At ten o'clock we struck Nagb Hawa.\*

The pass is very magnificent. Its sides, which rise to a great height, are of granite; the cliffs are very much shattered; the path lies over fallen blocks of granite, and along the sloping sides of the mountain. A wilder and more romantic approach to the "Mountain of the Lord" can hardly be imagined. The ascent, though not steep, is considerable. We were told that loaded camels were able to come this way until a few years ago, when the winter torrents were so fierce that they destroyed the path in many places. The four camels we had with us, though they carried hardly anything, staggered about in a very disconsolate manner, and at times seemed hardly able to get on.

At 12.15 we emerged from the pass, and found ourselves at the opening of a plain about two miles and a quarter in length and varying from one-third to two-thirds of a mile in breadth. The plain seemed completely shut in by stern and desolate cliffs rising to the height of 1,000 and 1,500 or 1,600 feet above it. As soon as we were out of the pass the Arabs who were with us began to shout wildly, "Jebel Musa! Jebel Musa!" and beyond the cliffs rising at the farther extremity of the plain we saw the highest point of "the mountain that might be touched and that burned with fire." It was a solemn and even an

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\* Often written Nukb Hawy. In this paper I have followed the spelling of names as given in the great Maps of the Ordnance Survey.

awful moment. The labyrinth of Wadies through which we had passed, ending with the rugged pass by which we had just ascended, had left the impression upon us that we had been making our way through one court after another of a great temple, deserted and in ruins now, but built by God as a sanctuary for Himself, and that at last we were in the Holy of Holies.

We halted for an hour or an hour and a half under the shadow of a great rock, and then we moved slowly across the plain. I let my companions get far in advance of me, and followed them on my camel alone. The plain has a considerable quantity of herbage upon it, but the herbage looks as if the curse of the desert was lying on it. There is a very slight and gradual ascent of about three-quarters of a mile to the watershed, and then an equally gradual descent to the base of Ras Sufsafeh—the name given to the granite cliffs which rise 1,500 feet precipitously at the head of the plain. These cliffs doubtless formed the awful platform from which the Law was given, and in front of them, on the plain over which I was passing, the nation assembled to listen to the voice of God. The rocks which surrounded me had echoed the thunders which shook the heart of the people with fear. The cliffs before me had been bright with the lightning and dark with the cloud which revealed and concealed the majesty of Jehovah. Our tents were pitched in the opening of the Wady on the left of Ras Sufsafeh. Not many yards from the camp, and near to the base of the cliffs from which the Law was given, there was a cemetery—visible symbol, as it seemed to me, of a thousand thoughts which came crowding on one's mind in that memorable hour.

We stayed at Sinai several days. The account of our stay there I reserve for next month.



## READINGS FROM THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

### I.—THE ANCIENT RELIGION OF CHINA.

AFTER being long accustomed to divide religions sharply and sternly into the true and the false, it is not surprising that some persons of strong religious convictions view with suspicion a new style of speech now coming into vogue, which deals more tenderly with the heathen faiths. But if, for true and false, we substitute perfect and imperfect, the dividing line is still drawn exactly where it used to be, and the only difference is the recognition, in language, of that mingling of broken lights of truth in systems of error, which has been perceived and acknowledged by all students of mythology. The change, however,

is not unimportant, as it indicates a disposition to give a fair, impartial consideration to religious systems which have been often visited with sweeping condemnations without receiving a hearing; and to recognise with pleasure the evident strivings after truth and goodness in human speculations, instead of gloating over their absurdities and carefully exposing everything foul and cruel, as if the cause of revealed religion were served by blackening humanity as much as possible.

Professor Max Müller, in all his writings, and especially by his lectures on the Science of Religion, has done much to promote this more sympathetic view of those forms of religious belief in which so vast a portion of the human race have lived and died, and which still hold, throughout wide regions, undisputed sway over the hearts and consciences of the multitudes. This distinguished scholar, though making excursions beyond that field of Sanscrit literature which is peculiarly his own when he speaks of the Turanian races, has well caught, by a kind of instinct, the leading characteristics of the ancient Chinese faith. "First, a worship of heaven, as the emblem of the most exalted conception which the untutored mind of man can entertain, expanding with the expanding thoughts of its worshippers, and eventually leading and lifting the soul from horizon to horizon, to a belief in that which is beyond all horizons, a belief in that which is infinite. Secondly, a belief in deathless spirits or powers of nature, which supplies the more immediate and every-day wants of the religious instinct of man, satisfies the imagination, and furnishes the earliest poetry with elevated themes. Lastly, a belief in the existence of ancestral spirits: which implies, consciously or unconsciously, in a spiritual or in a material form, that which is one of the life-springs of all religion, a belief in immortality." This extract, however, may fail to convey the intended impression, because the word heaven is printed without the capital letter. Another quotation will remedy that defect: "The sign of *tien* in Chinese, is compounded of *ta*, which means *great*, and *yih*, which means *one*. The sky, therefore, was conceived as the One, the Peerless, and as the Great, the High, the Exalted. I remember reading in a Chinese book, 'As there is but one sky, how can there be many gods?' In fact, their belief in *Tien*, the spirit of heaven, moulded the whole religious phraseology of the Chinese. 'The glorious heaven,' we read, 'is called bright; it accompanies you wherever you go; the glorious heaven is called luminous, it goes wherever you roam.' *Tien* is called the ancestor of all things; the highest that is above. He is called the great framer, who makes things as a potter frames an earthen vessel. The Chinese also speak of the decrees and the will of Heaven, of the steps of Heaven or Providence." Abundant confirmations of this view of the ancient Chinese religious thought can be culled from the classics. Before selecting some of the more striking

passages, one remark, not in opposition to Max Müller, but to secure a due appreciation of the succeeding quotations may be useful. The Professor, as a philologist, regards the growth of language and of religious thought as inseparable. Speaking of words in the Mongolian and Turkish languages, cognate to the Chinese *Tien*, he says: "Everywhere they begin with the meaning of sky, they rise to the meaning of God, and they sink down again to the meaning of gods and spirits." This, by the way, is incorrect as regards the Chinese. *Tien*, from remotest antiquity to the present day, has been universally used for the visible heaven, and as a synonym for the God of Heaven, but not for gods and spirits. These are, and always have been, denoted by a distinct term, *shin*, and an obstinate controversy has been waged among missionaries, from the early Roman Catholic efforts in China until this day, as to the propriety of employing the Chinese words, *Tae*, or *Tien*, to translate *θεός*, on this very ground that they will not, from the nature of the language, allow themselves to be used for "lords many, and gods many," unless by a wresting of their proper and living meaning. This, however, is not the observation we were going to make. Philologically we admit that Professor Müller is right in our latest quotation from him. The primitive meaning of *Tien* is the visible sky, and its use for the invisible Power above the sky must be regarded as secondary. But this process of thought, however it was conducted in the human mind, took place *anterior* to the age of written records in China. In the oldest books we find that the notion of the personality of God is most clearly expressed. *Tien*, Heaven, has its fixed equivalent in *Tae*, God, and *Shang Tae*, God Above. To the Chinese scholar of to-day his own classical writings make no suggestion of any process of thought passing from the material heavens to the presiding Deity. He interprets the use of "Heaven" as a synonym for "God," by the parallel usage which constantly employs "the Imperial Court" for "the Emperor," avoiding the direct appellation out of a sentiment of reverence, as we say, "Her Majesty," for "Queen Victoria." This does not prove that the inference deduced from comparative study of languages is inapplicable to China, but only indicates that the secondary use of *Tien* was established, and the transition forgotten, prior to the age of literature.

What are the Chinese classics? The class of writings styled by the Chinese, *King*, a small and definite class, all of them of the remotest antiquity, has been for so long denominated "classics" by European scholars, that we can only accept and explain the term. Its Western usage, however, rather misleads us in our conception of what the Chinese intend by *King*. Amongst us, "classic" is a term denoting literary excellence merely, and custom confines it to profane as distinguished from sacred literature. The excessive veneration of the Chinese for their

*King* leads them to attribute the highest literary merit to these books, just as a parallel veneration once led to the exploded beliefs that the Hebrew was the language of Paradise, and that the New Testament Greek is superior to the purest Attic. But literary excellence is by no means the distinguishing characteristic of the *King*. They owe their unique pre-eminence to their venerable antiquity, to the belief that they were the composition of sages, and that they contain the highest wisdom vouchsafed to man. It would be an error to transfer our ideas of the Bible to the *King* without modification, and to say that the Chinese regard their classics as inspired records of revealed truth. That definite recognition of a superhuman source, which is generally implied in our "inspiration" and "revelation," is not to be found in China. Nevertheless they do regard these writings as distinguished from all other by an authority which places them far above all ordinary books; making the *King* to them something like what our Scriptures are to us. They do regard the sages as exalted far above ordinary men, and in a manner inspired. The greatest philosophers, poets, historians of China, Choo He, Le t'ae pih, Sze-ma Tseen, and hundreds more, whose works are classical to the Chinese, in one sense of the term, are not classic, are not *King*, in their conception of the epithet. Yet the Chinese mind has never risen to the height of attributing verbal inspiration or infallibility to their sacred books. Mencius indeed uttered the audacious saying, that rather than believe all that is contained in the *Shoo King*, it would be better to have no *Shoo* at all. Our space here forbids any critical inquiry into the date of the classics. The two most important from which we shall select our illustrations are also the most ancient. They are continually quoted in the *Tso Chuen*, a record of events extending from 721 to 467 B.C., compiled by a disciple of Confucius. They were the text-books of the great sage himself, to whom they came down from a remote antiquity. He was born B.C. 551. It will be therefore perfectly safe, and quite sufficient for our purpose, to set these books down as expressions of Chinese thought about three thousand years ago. Many of the songs and traditions are possibly of much older date; but it is enough for us to accept them as utterances of black-haired, yellow-skinned men, inhabiting the plains of Northern China, whose ancestors had settled on the banks of the Yellow River so many ages previously, that all connection with the Western world had been well-nigh utterly forgotten, but who lived and died so long before the age of contemporary history, that they were the ancients of an obscure past to the generation of Confucius.

The first dynasty in China of which we have reliable historical details is that of Chow, under which Confucius lived. Its rise and overthrow of the preceding dynasty of Shang form the subject of a large portion both

of the Book of History (the Shoo King) and the Book of Poetry (the She King). No one knows when these old songs and legends were first committed to writing, and the historical value of the traditions can never be certainly ascertained. The exact degree of credit we may be disposed to attach to their detailed statement of events, will not affect our interest in the constant allusions they contain to the religious faith of the pre-Confucian age. The following verse of an ode, quoted from Dr. Legge's translation, relates to the first monarch of Chow :—

“ King Wan is on high ;  
Oh ! bright is he in Heaven.  
Although Chow was an old country,  
The appointment lighted on it recently.  
Illustrious was the House of Chow,  
And the appointment of God came at the proper season.  
King Wan ascends and descends  
On the left and right of God.”

To an English reader the queer monosyllabic Chinese names and the unexplained allusions will render this verse, at first sight, quite unintelligible and valueless. A few words of explanation, however, will draw out its meaning. Wan, the founder of the dynasty, is dead. The poet writes this ode, which probably was sung for centuries at the annual sacrifice to the deceased monarch, to celebrate his virtues, and the favour of Heaven bestowed upon him. This first verse declares that the hero-King passed from earth to heaven, and that his spirit is on high in the presence of God. Beginning and concluding with this thought, the poet dwells in the four middle lines of the verse, upon what may be described as the cardinal doctrine of the ancient Chinese faith, that God is the Judge of the kings of the earth. He sets up one, and casts down another, and that not arbitrarily, but always in accordance with the virtue or vice of the occupants of the throne. Chow had long existed as an inferior tributary state, but at last the time came. The iniquity of the Shang dynasty was full. The virtue of the Chow family was complete in Wan. So the sovereignty of the world passed from the hands of the wicked tyrant—the Chinese Nero, who revelled in drunkenness and lust, whose cold-blooded cruelty knew no restraint, who even ripped up pregnant women to gratify his curiosity—into the hands of the new dynasty. The poet continues :—

“ Profound was King Wan.  
Oh ! continuous and bright was his feeling of reverence.  
Great is the appointment of Heaven !  
There were the descendants of the sovereigns of Shang.  
The descendants of the sovereigns of Shang  
Were in number more than hundreds of thousands ;  
But when God gave the command  
They became subject to Chow.”

This refers to the great day at Muh: when King Wan's son led his feeble array against the innumerable hosts of the despot. The history preserves the tradition of his speeches on the day before and the morning of the battle; telling how he had sacrificed to heaven and earth, and appealed, as a little child to heaven, against the vile and bloody tyrant. In the grey dawn of day his army crossed the ford of Mang to attack the imperial host, "waiting for the gracious decision of Heaven." At the moment of collision, the tyrant's soldiers refused the conflict, and the front ranks turned their spears against those behind them. The God of battles had declared for Chow, and one brief conflict gave them the throne. Therefore sings our ancient poet:—

"Ever think of your ancestor,  
Cultivating your virtue,  
Always striving to accord with the will of Heaven;  
So shall you be seeking for much happiness.  
Before Yin\* lost the multitudes,  
Its kings were the assessors of God.  
Look to Yin as a beacon.  
The great appointment is not easily preserved.

Here we have another thought which is repeated over and over again in both the poetry and the history. The king is king by divine appointment. He is the "Son of Heaven," *i.e.* sovereign by the grace of God, as we say, and as our forefathers believed. But this "divine right" is contingent upon virtuous conduct. Indolence, vice, misrule will forfeit it, and by divine decree the sceptre will be transferred to another hand. "Oh, it is difficult to rely on heaven; its appointments are not constant. But if the sovereign see to it that his virtue be constant, he will preserve his throne; if his virtue be not constant, the nine provinces will be lost by him."† Such is the lesson the Chinese classics continually din into the ears of rulers. Though the powers that be are ordained of God, let them not foolishly rely upon this ordinance as though it were unchangeable. "The favour of Heaven is not easily preserved. Heaven is hard to be depended upon. Men lose its favouring appointment, because they cannot pursue and carry out the reverence and brilliant virtue of their forefathers."‡

The reader will have noticed that in the above extracts "God" and "Heaven" are used as equivalent and interchangeable terms. This is the constant practice both in the *She* and in the *Shoo*. Mr. Chalmers, in his "Origin of the Chinese," remarks: "In the two oldest documents which the Chinese possess, the poetry and the history, *Shangti* and *Ti* occur more than eighty times with the meaning of "God," that is, of

\* Yin, another name of the dynasty called also Shang. † Shoo, Books of Shang, vi.

‡ Shoo, Books of Chow, xvi.



"One Supreme Deity." The words occur in the poetry in no other sense ; although once *Shangti* is applied ironically to a haughty emperor. (Compare Ps. lxxxii., " I have said, Ye are gods.") The number of times in which " Heaven " is used as synonym for " God " is far greater. Only very copious citations would suffice to bring out distinctly the conception which the Chinese religious thinkers of that remote age attached to these terms. The thought of God as Supreme King of kings, only Ruler of princes, is perhaps the most prominent of all. Distinct recognition of God as Creator we do not find. But reference to Him as Lord of Nature and Providential Ruler are abundant. After the spring sacrifice an ode was sung, to stimulate to industrious husbandry, in which the following lines occur :—

" How beautiful are the wheat and barley  
Whose bright produce we shall receive !  
The bright and glorious God  
Will in them give us a good year." \*

Another ode, in praise of How-tseih, the fabulous discoverer or improver of agriculture, says :—

" Thou didst confer on us the wheat and the barley,  
Which God appointed for the nourishment of us all." †

There are not many parallel passages to these grateful acknowledgments of divine goodness, but instances of the reverse view, cries of complaint to God, as Author of the calamities of mankind, are very numerous. There is a bitterness in such complaints as the following, which seems to border upon irreverence :—

" Great and wide Heaven,  
How is it that you have contracted your kindness,  
Sending down death and famine,  
Destroying all through the Kingdom ?  
Compassionate Heaven, arrayed in terrors,  
How is it you exercise no forethought, no care ?  
We speak not of the criminals :  
They have suffered for their offences ;  
But those who have not been guilty  
Are indiscriminately involved in ruin." ‡

In passages like these, apart from the context; the authors seem to " charge God foolishly." But a study of the odes reveals that the bitterness of spirit which they manifest is not directed against Heaven, but against the licentious princes and nobles who are regarded as calling down the vengeance of Heaven on the kingdom by their unrighteousness. The ode immediately preceding this declares :—

\* Sacrificial Odes of Chow, Shin Kung, i. † Sacrificial Odes of Tsing Meaw, x.  
‡ Minor Odes, Ke Foo, x.

"The calamities of the lower people  
Do not come down from Heaven."

Another plaintive ode,\* describing, in affecting language, the miseries of the populace, who "look to Heaven, but all is dark," when "the rich may struggle through, but alas! for the helpless and the friendless," asks in emphatic tones:—

"There is the great God—  
Does He hate any one?"†

These lines from the history, a statesman's remonstrance with his sovereign, indicate the ancient Chinese view of divine judgments: "By your dissoluteness and sport, O King, you are bringing on the end (of your dynasty) yourself. On this account Heaven has cast us off, so that there is distress for want of food."‡

The inference which the above quotations suggest, that the early Chinese thought of God chiefly as superintending the affairs of nations, and executing judgment upon kings and great men, is supported by the general character of the records from which they are taken. But there want not illustrations of a belief in a more individual providence, extending to the conduct and experiences of the people generally. Heaven "compassionates" and "loves" the people, rewards their virtue and humility, takes knowledge of their offences. The thought of God, as inspecting human character, and dealing with men accordingly, was not unfamiliar to those settlers on the great plain of North China.

Limits of space compel us to refrain from extracts upon all these interesting topics; and we will therefore keep the remainder of this paper for the illustration of another of the root-ideas of ancient Chinese religion.

"How vast is God,  
The Ruler of men below!  
How arrayed in terrors is God,  
With many things irregular in His ordinations!  
Heaven gave birth to the multitudes of the people,  
But the nature it confers is not to be depended on:  
All are good at first,  
But few prove themselves to be so at last."‡

The "irregularity" of the divine proceedings, we learn from the subsequent stanzas of this ode, is what we should style regularity, viz. taking away the gift of empire from unworthy sovereigns. This is, therefore, a repetition of a belief already commented on. It is the last four lines which contain the new truth, the Chinese view of human nature as coming from God, imprinted with a moral law, which in its weakness it

\* Minor Odes, Ke Foo, viii.

† Shoo, The Books of Shang, x.

‡ Greater Odes, Book iii. Ode i.

too often fails to carry into practice. The same important conception is very distinctly set forth in another ode:—

“Heaven, in giving birth to the multitudes of the people,  
To every faculty and relationship annexed its law.  
The people possess this normal nature,  
And they consequently love its normal virtue.” \*

Turn now to the history for parallel passages: “The King said, Ah! ye multitudes of the myriad regions, listen clearly to the announcement of me, the one man. The great God has conferred, even on the inferior people, a moral sense, compliance with which would show their nature invariably right. But to cause them tranquilly to pursue the course which it would indicate is the work of the sovereign.” † Three thousand years ago was a long while antecedent to the age of Mr. Miall and the Liberation Society, so we must condone the evident confusion of the functions of Church and State in this passage, for the sake of its clear recognition of a divinely-bestowed conscience. In the next book we have the same doctrine in equally unmistakeable language: “Heaven, unseen, has given their constitution to mankind, aiding, also, the harmonious development of it in their various conditions.” This firm conviction that man is a law to himself, that the “way of Heaven” is inscribed in his heart, is the foundation of all that is pure and noble in the after-history of Chinese philosophy. This faith in the witness within sustained all those worthier souls, of whom China’s history tells, who laboured after wisdom, cultivated virtue, sought the good of mankind, esteemed death more welcome than dishonour. An illustrious catalogue might be drawn up of these faithful ones; and yet, compared with the multitudes from whom they stand out, and the long ages through which the list would run, they would be but a scanty band. The old singer was right:—

“The nature it confers is not to be depended on:  
All are good at first,  
But few prove themselves to be so at last.”

There can be no doubt that the earliest age of China, with which we have any acquaintance, was its best age, religiously considered. The period we have been considering was anterior to idolatry, anterior to philosophy. The superstitions which filled China with idols were then future. The speculations which changed the living God into an impersonal, unintelligent ground of the universe were not yet. Taoism and Buddhism had not then appeared. The theory of evolution almost requires us in consistency to regard the progress of mankind in religion to have been from fetichism to polytheism, from polytheism to mono-

\* Greater Odes, Book ii\*, Ode vi.

† Books of Shang, iii.

theism. Though free from any prejudice against this theory, rather inclined towards it than otherwise, we cannot but admit that the history of Chinese thought within recorded times is not favourable to it. What long and mythic period may have preceded and educated the people to this stage we cannot conjecture. But here, in the earliest dawn of their history, we see a people having a real living faith in the God of nature, of providence, of conscience. It would of course be irrational to take these sentiments of the poetry and history as though they were the common everyday thoughts of the peasants and artisans of those ancient communities. Doubtless these were the noblest thoughts of the most gifted minds,—poets and leaders of men, who were in their day little understood of the masses. And even in these old documents from which we have been quoting there are indications of an admixture of less clear, less elevated thought. The worship of Earth was sometimes associated with that of Heaven. Sacrifices to the spirits of mountains, and rivers, and ancestors, must have tended to distract the thoughts of the people from the One Supreme. But after all deductions, all allowances, there remain indications of a real faith in God, leading to a real life of virtue, solaced by some faint expectation of immortality, among those far-away, long-ago brethren of ours. Professor Max Müller spoke not without authority when he said: "But what have we in common with the Turanians, with Chinese and Samoyedes? Very little, it may seem; and yet it is not very little, for it is our common humanity. It is not the yellow skin, and the high cheek-bones that make the man. Nay, if we look but steadily into those black Chinese eyes, we shall find that there, too, there is a soul that responds to a soul, and that the God whom they *mean* is the same God whom we *mean*, however helpless their utterance, however imperfect their worship." F. S. T.

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### GEORGE HERBERT.

SWEET and fragrant as are many of his poems, and simple as is his picture of the country parson, George Herbert's own life was sweeter, simpler, and more fragrant than either. It is impossible to read dear old Izaak Walton's account of him without loving both the subject of it and the writer: the one so frank, natural, and quaint; the other so saintly that heaven seems to be nearer to us while we read. Saintliness was, indeed, the great characteristic of Herbert—humility, piety, charity, purity of thought and act, and this not for a season, but always; not put on to suit the clerical function, but worn from youth upwards as the daily dress of the soul. Speaking of him after his

induction to the living of Bemerton, Walton describes his character in a few most suggestive touches. "I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life: a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it; a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety, for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert."

It was Herbert's one desire to attain to the graces attributed to him by his biographer. On the day of his induction to Bemerton, speaking to his friend Mr. Woodnot, he laid out his future course. "I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve Him at His altar, that as by His special grace He hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions; so He will, by His assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech Him that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my master and governor; and I am so proud of His service that I will always observe, and obey, and do His will; and always call him Jesus, my Master; and I will always condemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of Jesus my Master."

These passages may form the prelude to a sketch of a life not greatly marked by incident, yet full of light and colour—suffused with the beauty of personal devotion to the Divine Master.

Herbert was born on the 3rd of April, 1593, at Montgomery Castle—then, says his biographer, "a place of state and strength, that had been successively happy in the family of Herberts, who had long possessed it, and with it, a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours." The owner of the castle, and father of George Herbert, was Richard Herbert, cousin of the Earl of Pembroke; his wife was Magdalen, daughter of Sir Richard Newport, of High Arkall (now Ercall) in Shropshire. This pair had seven sons and three daughters. Of the sons, two rose to eminence—Edward, the eldest, created by Charles I. Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and the fifth son, George, the poet. His early youth was passed "in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain."

Thence he went to Westminster School, "where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined, and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him." At fifteen years old he went as a King's scholar from Westminster to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1608, where, Walton continues, "we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude he consecrated the first fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning." At seventeen he wrote to his mother—"my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." Some of his earlier poems, written at this period, breathe a devoted spirit of piety. Music, too, was now with him another handmaid to religion; he said that "it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven before he possessed them." Nevertheless, with these graces, he had his faults, which Walton very honestly states: "If during this time he expressed any error, it was that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and patronage."

In 1611 Herbert took his bachelor's degree; four years later he proceeded master of arts, and became a fellow of his college; and in 1619 he was chosen Public Orator for the University. This, he writes, "is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest; yet that will be about thirty pounds per annum. But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue; for the Orator writes all the University letters, makes all the orations, be it to king, prince, or whatever comes to the University. To requite these pains he takes place next after the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors; is regent or non-regent at his pleasure, and such like gaynesses, which will please a young man well." The place (which Herbert held for eight years) did please him well, and in it he pleased others by "his great learning, high fancy, civil and sharp wit, and natural elegance in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen." For one, he greatly charmed James I., to whom, as Orator, he wrote a letter "in such excellent Latin, so full of conceits, and expressions so suited to the genius of the king," that James was mightily delighted, and asked the Earl of Pembroke if he knew the Orator. The Earl said "he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family." At this James "smiled, and asked the Earl's leave that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university." A little later the King made Herbert's personal acquaintance at Cambridge, and at Roys-

ton, where he came to hunt, and this knowledge increased the royal appreciation of the Orator. Herbert now began to turn his attention to Court favour. He was a friend of Lord Bacon, of Bishop Andrewes, of Sir Henry Wotton, and of Dr. Donne, and had other advocates at Court. His desire, and the methods he took to advance it, are described simply enough by Walton. "He had learnt to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly, hoping that, as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of a Secretary of State, he being at that time very high in the King's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court nobility. This, and the love of a Court conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge, to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his Majesty's hands by, I think, the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pounds per annum. With this and his annuity [from his family] and the advantage of his College [the fellowship] and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, unless the King were there; but then he never failed." This Court fit, however, did not last long. Herbert himself had many doubts about it; his mother constantly pressed him to study divinity, and to take orders, and some of his Court friends dying, and then King James himself following them, the idea of a life of State employment was given up, and Herbert found his true vocation. When his resolution towards the Church was fixed, he told a Court friend of it, and was exhorted to abandon the notion, as "too mean an employment, and too much below his birth." Herbert's answer was a noble one. "It hath," he said, "been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth; and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God who gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian." In one of his poems he makes a touching reference to his change of life:—

"Whereas my birth and spirit rather took  
The way that takes the town;  
Thou didst betray me to a ling'ring book,  
And wrapt me in a gown.  
I was entangled in a world of strife,  
Before I had the power to change my life."



The resolution, once taken, was immediately executed. In 1626 he was ordained deacon, and made prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln. Three years afterwards, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, Herbert was seized with an ague, which obliged him to seek change of air. He went to Woodford, in Essex, to his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and stayed there twelve months. "He became," says Walton, "his own physician, and cured himself of his ague by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat, no, not mutton, nor a hen, or pigeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse, for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums, and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption." To cure this he removed to Dantsey, in Wiltshire, to the house of Lord Danvers, "who loved Mr. Herbert so very much that he allowed him an apartment in it, as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness."

Marriage was the next great incident of his life; and in this there was a spice of romance. Mr. Danvers, of Bainton in Wiltshire, a cousin of Lord Danvers, had nine daughters, one of whom, Jane, his favourite daughter, he destined for Herbert's wife. "He often said this to Mr. Herbert himself, and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a Platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen." They did not meet, however, until after the death of Mr. Danvers. Then "some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city, and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist, insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview." Such haste, as Walton says, might indeed "be thought a love-phrenzy, or worse;" but it was not, "for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence." Of the lady's looks we hear nothing; but Walton sketches the appearance of the bridegroom: "He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very strait, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and

obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him."

Though sudden, the union proved a happy one. "The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections; indeed, so happy, that there was never any opposition between them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with each other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." An anecdote, related by Walton, quaintly expresses the relations between the two. When Herbert was made Rector of Bemerton, and ordained priest, "he changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, and returned so habited to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." Mrs. Herbert took her husband's counsel in good part. "She was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility—that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her—made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine."

With a wife of this sweet temper, with his own quiet and gentle disposition, and with his devotion to ministerial duties, Herbert may be considered as being especially well fitted for the preferment offered to him three months after his marriage—the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury, which King Charles gave him at the desire of his kinsman, Lord Pembroke. It was not, however, without much difficulty that Herbert was induced to accept the charge. He shrank from the responsibility of it—"the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls;" and while considering the offer he had, he says, "such spiritual conflicts as none can think but only those that have endured them." At last, on the persuasion of Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London—whom Lord Pembroke set to talk with him—he consented to become Rector of Bemerton; and on the 26th of April,

1630, he was inducted into the living. Alas, he was to hold it only for a very short period, for two years afterwards he died, his death being due to the consumption which had threatened him some years before. The record of Herbert's life during these two years, as told by Walton, is one of the most charming and unaffected biographical studies in our language. It paints for us, with simple force and by minute strokes, the life of a man singularly pious, laborious in his work, kindly to all, devoted to an inconceivable degree in his personal religion: a pastor without spot, a priest without pride or bitterness, a man "whose speech and motion did both declare him to be a gentleman." It was a very quiet life, spent in a home circle of his wife and three nieces, and his attached friend Mr. Woodnot; its pleasures were friendly but not lavish hospitality, and the relaxation of music, both at home and at Salisbury; its duties were those of an ordinary parish minister, which in Herbert's case included the daily saying of prayers, either in church or at home, morning and evening—a practice so well understood and so highly thought of by his people that, as Walton tells us, the peasants at work in the fields would stop their ploughs when Mr. Herbert's bell began to ring, and would join with him in silent prayer. Besides these public religious exercises, he practised others: "His constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which were always a set form, and not long; and he did always conclude them with that Collect which the Church had appointed for the day or week. Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards that kingdom where impurity cannot enter."

His view of the duties of the clergy is well set forth in his prose work, "The Priest to the Temple," in which he discussed it, both with general and particular rules, in homely, plain-spoken chapters, arranged under the following suggestive headings:—The Parson's knowledge; the Parson on Sundays; the Parson praying; the Parson preaching; the Parson's charity; the Parson comforting the sick; the Parson arguing; the Parson condescending; the Parson in his journey; the Parson in his mirth; the Parson with his Churchwardens; the Parson blessing the people. All of these discourses are quaint and forcible, some of them fanciful and marked with the conceits of his day, and many are still applicable to ministers just as much as they were then. So also is the counsel given by Herbert to a brother clergyman, with whom he met on one of his walks from Bemerton into Salisbury. They fell into talk upon clerical duties. Here is Walton's account of Herbert's part in the conversation:—"After some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolment for the decay of piety and too general contempt of the clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say, 'One cure for these dis-

temper would be for the clergy themselves to keep Ember-week strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy. And another cure would be for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechising, on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay people does depend ; but principally that the clergy themselves would be sure to live unblameably, and that the dignified clergy especially, which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting, and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives, for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all who knew them to be such. This (he added) would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the laity ; for it is not learning, but this—this only—that must do it ; and till then the fault must lie at our doors.”

One more extract from Walton must be permitted—the touching account of Herbert's last hours ; the holy dying that closed his holy living : “ After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle ; and this uneasiness became so visible that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot stood constantly about his bed beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly and with much trouble, and observed him also to fall into a sudden agony, which so surprised her that she fell into a sudden passion [of tears], and required of him to know how he did ? To which his answer was, ‘ That he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master, Jesus.’ After which answer he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, ‘ if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him ; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable.’ To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply ; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot, and Mr. Bostock (his curate). Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, ‘ Pray, sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand ;’ which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said : ‘ My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces ; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake ; but I charge you, by the religion of

our friendship, to be careful of them.' And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, 'I am now ready to die.' After which words he said, 'Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy, for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul.' And with these words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes. Thus he lived and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of almsdeeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life, which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation—

' All must to their cold graves :  
But the religious actions of the just  
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.'

Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and shall doubtless do so to succeeding generations. I wish, if God shall be so pleased, that I may be so happy as to die like him."

An analysis of Herbert's "Priest to the Temple"—his chief prose work—would lead us beyond bounds, both of space and matter, for though quaint and pleasant reading, and containing much suggestive matter for all readers, it is addressed chiefly to the clergy, and is imbued with a thoroughly Church spirit, for Herbert was a priest and a High Churchman, very much of the school of Laud in his day, and of Keble in ours. His poems are also, in their arrangement, and to some extent in their character, stamped with the same High Church feeling; but in these there is matter which all Christian people, of whatever name or difference, may read with profit and delight. They are not great poems—his most ardent admirer cannot claim this distinction for the poet; they are often rough and unfinished; they are marred in parts by halting rhymes, unpleasant similes, and forced conceits; and now and then they seem artificial. But above and through these defects there is a richness of fancy and tenderness of feeling, and an ardent spirit of personal devotion to God, and of pure and practical piety, which brings them home to the affections and experience of all who try to make religion a part of their daily life. The defects above noted might have been remedied, if Herbert had enjoyed the advantage of seeing his lines in print, and so had the opportunity of correcting and polishing them, but he died before they were printed; indeed, it was only a few days before his death that he let them pass out of his own hand, by giving them to Mr. Duncon, a messenger from his friend Nicholas Farrer, by whom they were ultimately published. They became popular at once: in a comparatively short period twenty thousand copies were sold—a large series of impressions for those days. The judgment of his contemporaries on the book may be inferred from the lines written by Dr.

Donne—himself no mean poet—in a copy of Herbert's Poems sent by him as a present to a lady :—

"Know, Fair, on what you look  
Divinest love lies in this book ;  
Expecting fire from your eyes,  
To kindle this his sacrifice.  
When your hands untie these strings,  
Think you've an angel by the wings :  
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,  
Which every day to Heaven will send you."

The longest and most sustained of the poems, "The Church Porch," is a grave chapter of counsel on good living ; one which might well be reprinted separately, and put into the hands of all young people in our day, for the excellent rules it gives, and the honest, manly, healthy way in which these are expressed. Take a few stanzas, quoted almost at random, as proof of the quality of the whole :—

"Never exceed thy income. Youth may make  
Ev'n with the year : but age, if it will hit,  
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,  
As the day lessens, and his life with it.  
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call,  
Before thy journey fairly part with all.  
Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;  
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme  
To all things else. Wealth is the conjuror's devil ;  
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.  
Gold thou mayst safely touch ; but if it stick  
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.  
What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold  
About thy neck do drown thee ? raise thy head ;  
Take stars for money ; stars not to be told  
By any art, yet to be purchased.  
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame :  
She loseth three for one : her soul, rest, fame."

Here, again, is wise counsel as to temper and conduct :—

"Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre ?  
Then keep such companie ; make them thy ally :  
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre.  
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.  
Command thyself in chief. He life's warre knows,  
Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.  
Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak  
Plainly and home is coward of the two.  
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break ;  
By great deeds show that thou canst little do ;  
And do them not : that shall thy wisdom be ;  
And change thy temperance into braverie."

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking  
 Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :  
 Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking ;  
 But if thou want it, buy it not too deare.

Many affecting wit beyond their power,  
 Have got to be a deare fool for an hour."

There can be nothing sweeter, or manlier, or sounder in practical sense and goodness than these lines on friendship :—

"Thy friend put in thy bosome : wear his eyes  
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.  
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;  
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;  
     But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone,  
 Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.  
 Love is a personall debt. I cannot give  
 My children's right, nor ought he take it : rather  
 Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.  
     Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends ;  
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's."

Love and charity are sweetly embalmed in these two stanzas :—

"Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree.  
 Love is a present for a mightie king,  
 Much less make any one thineemie.  
 As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.  
     The cunning workman never doth refuse  
 The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

Man is God's image ; but a poore man is  
 Christ's stamp to boot ; both images regard.  
 God reckons for him, counts the favour His ;  
 Write, So much giv'n to God ; thou shalt be heard.  
     Let thy almes go before, and keep Heaven's gate  
 Open for thee ; or both may come too late."

One more quotation, on Christian manliness and Christian duty :—

"Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly :  
 Think the king sees thee still ; for his King does.  
 Simpring is but a lay hypocrisie :  
 Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.  
     Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task ;  
 Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day ;  
 And in the morning what thou hast to do.  
 Dresse and undresse thy soul : mark the decay  
 And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too  
     Be downe, then winde up both ; since we shall be  
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.



In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.  
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.  
 Defer not the least vertue ; life's poore span  
 Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :  
 If well ; the pain doth fade, the joy remains."

In this little poem, the fanciful punning method of the period is turned to good account :—

" Jesu is in my heart, His sacred name  
 Is deeply carved there ; but th' other week  
 A great affliction broke the little frame,  
 Ev'n all to pieces, which I went to seek :  
 And first I found the corner where was J,  
 After, where E S, and next where U was gravel.  
 When I had got these parcels, instantly,  
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived  
 That to my broken heart He was *I ease you*,  
 And to my whole is *JESU*."

In another poem of the same class, "Easter Wings," a fanciful arrangement of type was employed to heighten the effect, the lines being so placed as to make the verses resemble expanded wings. The same kind of arrangement is adopted in "The Altar," which being shorter, may be quoted as an illustration :—

" THE ALTAR.

A broken altar, Lord, Thy servant reares  
 Made of a heart, and cemented with teares,  
 Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame :  
 No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.

A heart alone  
 Is such a stone  
 As nothing but  
 Thy pow'r doth cut.  
 Wherefore each part  
 Of my hard heart  
 Meets in this frame  
 To praise Thy name.

That if I chance to hold my peace  
 These stones to praise Thee may not cease.  
 O let Thy blessed sacrifice be mine,  
 And sanctifie this Altar to be Thine."

Of Herbert's graver poems, take as one example this on "Prayer:"—

" Prayer, the Church's banquet, angels' age,  
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
 The Christian plummet sounding Heaven and earth.  
 Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's towre,  
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear ;  
 The six daies world transposing in an houre,  
 A kind of tune which all things heare and fear.

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,  
 Exalted manna, gladnesse of the best,  
 Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,  
 The milkie way, the bird of Paradise."

From a delightful poem on "Sunday," too long for complete quotation, one or two stanzas may be taken :—

"O day most calm, most bright,  
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,  
 The indorsement of supreme delight,  
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood,  
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay ;  
 The week were dark, but for Thy light ;  
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The Sundays of man's life,  
 Threaded together on Time's string,  
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
 Of the eternal glorious King.  
 On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope :  
 Blessings are plentiful and rife—  
 More plentiful than hope."

This, on Religion, is charmingly turned :—

"All may of thee partake ;  
 Nothing can be so mean,  
 Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,  
 Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone  
 That turneth all to gold,  
 For that which God doth touch and own  
 Cannot for less be told."

Perhaps the most perfect of Herbert's poems are these two, which we have reserved for final quotation. The first of them is that on "Virtue:"

"Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the earth and sky ;  
 The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 For thou must die.

Sweet Spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 Thy music shows ye have your closes ;  
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
 And though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives."

The second is "A Matin Hymn," from which we may fancy that Bishop Ken drew something of the inspiration of his more famous and more beautiful poem :—

"I cannot ope mine eyes  
But Thou art ready there to catch  
My morning soul and sacrifice,  
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?  
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,  
Or star, or rainbow, or a part  
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart?  
That Thou should'st it so eye and woo,  
Pouring upon it all Thy art,  
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate,  
Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee;  
He did not heaven and earth create,  
Yet studies them, and Him by whom they be.

Teach us Thy love to know;  
That this new light which now I see  
May both the work and workman show;  
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee."

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### JEROME AND AUGUSTINE.

THE eminence which the Latin Church has given to Jerome and Augustine is acknowledged to have been well bestowed, even by those who have no sympathy with the general tendency of that Church nor with the peculiarities of Jerome's ecclesiastical beliefs and Augustine's sombre theology. And if outside the Roman sect they have not had formal ecclesiastical sanctity assigned them, yet have they had, and their works now have, a more abiding honour in the permanence of their reception and the encouragement of their influence. Even where primary training or the result of life's experience may make anyone antipathetic to the general influence of these two men, admiration will not be wanting where their lives are known. This, however, is likely to be found truer of Augustine than of Jerome. To the Bishop of Hippo the heart will be attracted, when often the recluse of Bethlehem will seem to contradict the Bethlehem song of "peace on earth and goodwill," by his violence and vindictiveness in what he thought was the cause of religion. Each of them bears the marks of the strange times in which they lived; and both the stern, unkindly asceticism of Jerome, and the hallowed

unworldliness of Augustine, may have been the natural growth of two roots that were living in the same soil. Perhaps, too, the nature of the times will explain how it was possible for Augustine to reach the position of almost Christian fatalism in doctrine with which his name is so influentially yet so hurtfully associated.

The difference in quality and work between Jerome and Augustine is seen very plainly, and often painfully, in the controversy that they had concerning the meeting of Peter and Paul at Antioch, with which this paper has chiefly to do.\* But for Augustine's forbearance, Jerome's bitter and intolerant spirit would have ruptured their acquaintance and injured their work; though the bitterness of some parts of Jerome's letters is insignificant when compared with the rancour of his wars with the Pelagians, or with John of Jerusalem, or with Rufinus, or especially with the bitter virulence of his attack on Vigilantius, a noble reformer, who might almost be called the first Protestant from the position he took to the ecclesiastical abuses of that early time. When the dispute with Augustine began, Jerome was living at Bethlehem, where he had settled in A.D. 386, after his tour through the Holy Land and Egypt, in company with Paula, the rich widow, who was one of his chief penitents. At Bethlehem Paula built four monasteries: three for nuns and one for monks—Jerome superintending the monks and she herself the nuns. From this monastery Jerome fought many of his battles, and thence he sent his controversial letters to Augustine. Throughout the dispute Augustine kept a high place in his regard for Jerome; and Jerome many a time wrote complimentarily of the reputation and standing of Augustine. Many years after the dispute began, Augustine, in his "City of God," wrote thus of Jerome:—"Our times have enjoyed the advantage of the presbyter Jerome, a man most learned and skilled in all three languages (Hebrew, Greek, and Latin), who translated the Scriptures into the Latin speech, not from the Greek but from the Hebrew." And throughout their correspondence the same ready acknowledgment of Jerome's scholarship and deference to his judgment in matters of critical interpretation are evident. Only when the matter in hand concerns morality or righteousness does Augustine seem to know that he is on as high an elevation for clear sight and unobscured judgment as Jerome.

The controversy was opened by Augustine, in A.D. 394 or 395, by a letter that he sent to Jerome with many and almost effusive expressions of his regard for Jerome's eminence and ability. But in another letter of A.D. 397, Augustine says that this first epistle never reached Jerome, through the messenger "not finishing his journey." In these two letters he states his case of objection and anxiety very plainly, and at times almost

\* The quotations in this paper are taken from the well translated edition of Augustine's major works, published by the Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh.

very strongly. His difficulty was in what Jerome had written in his commentary on Galatians ii. 11—14.\* Of this Augustine writes: "In reading your exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians, that passage came to my hand, in which the Apostle Peter is called back from a course of dangerous dissimulation. To find there the defence of falsehood undertaken, whether by you, a man of such weight, or by any author, causes me, I must confess, great sorrow, until, at least, those things which decide my opinion in the matter are refuted, if indeed they admit of refutation. For it seems to me that most disastrous consequences must follow upon our believing that the men by whom the Scriptures have been given to us and committed to writing, did put down in these books anything false." And farther on in the same letter he says, alluding to 1 Cor. xv. 14 and 15,—“If anyone had said to Paul, ‘Why are you so shocked by this falsehood, when the thing which you have said, even if it were false, tends very greatly to the glory of God?’ would not Paul, abhorring the madness of such a man, with every word and sign which could express his feelings, open clearly the secret depths of his own heart, protesting that to speak well of a falsehood uttered on behalf of God was a crime not less, perhaps even greater, than to speak ill of the truth concerning Him?” In the same letter, too, is clear evidence that the shameful and vitiating use of falsehood to help out Christian truth was not only well known, but that those who used it tried to base their practice on passages of Scripture; and the doctrine of “the expediency of falsehood,” as Augustine calls it, was defended from the word of God. When this early infection of Christian righteousness by worse than heathen falsity is remembered, it makes it possible to understand how the Latin Church was found guilty in later days, by men of clear conscience, of having allowed the light that was in her to become darkness; and also, and in consequence of this, had stumbled into iniquities that made her political power and social grandeur to be as the rewards of a harlot, the gains of ungodliness.

Against any such traffic with iniquity Augustine's whole soul protested. His apprehensions were very serious, and the occasion of them was evidently a grave matter. He clearly saw that private piety and public morality would sink before such a pestilence of casuistic unrighteousness. Augustine felt this deeply—that whatsoever else Christianity may be, or may not be, it is purity, and the Scriptures are honest; that if this reputation is really tainted, it is like the suspicion of Cæsar's wife: that

\* Jerome adopted his interpretation from Origen, who started the idea that Paul and Peter arranged the dispute at Antioch between them, in order to more thoroughly oppose the Judaizers by the example of Peter's submission. Chrysostom and many other eminent teachers had adopted this injurious notion. A useful summary of the various accounts will be found in Lightfoot's Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, in his note—"On certain patristic accounts of the collision at Antioch."

truth is, in all things and through all difficulties, to be maintained in connection with the name of Jesus and with His Church. As he says in a later part of his first letter to Jerome, among the mischiefs that were likely to result from the interpretation that Jerome had adopted was this,—that “even things concerning the praises of God might be represented as piously-intended falsehoods, written in order that love for Him might be enkindled in men who were slow of heart; and thus nowhere in the sacred books shall the authority of pure truth stand sure.” These are noble words, and might with advantage be revived; and men and Churches might by them be taught that in speaking of Christ and the word of Christ this is to be maintained everywhere: “that the authority of pure truth shall stand sure.” All through, this first letter of Augustine to Jerome is strongly unified by truth which Romish casuistry passed by when that sect canonised the name but buried the true teaching and spirit of the great Bishop of Hippo.

This first letter never reached Jerome; but in A.D. 397, Augustine wrote again on what, he says, “causes me much concern. For if statements untrue in themselves, but made, as it were, from a sense of duty in the interest of religion, have been admitted into the Holy Scriptures, what authority will be left to them?” In this letter, after some wise Biblical criticism, Augustine, in a hearty and almost mirthful way, alluded to the legend of the Greek poet Stesichorus, who was said to have lost his sight because he had written an ode against the fame of “Grecian Helen,” and to have regained it by writing “a recanting ode.” “I beseech you, apply to the correction and emendation of that book a frank and truly Christian severity; and chant what the Greeks call ‘palinodia:’ for incomparably more lovely than the Grecian Helen is Christian truth.” And thus continually does Augustine contend for “Christian truth;” holding it to be the supreme consideration in Christian exposition and the most reliable guide in Christian zeal.

Jerome received this letter but did not answer it; and in consequence of his silence Augustine wrote again, very briefly, five years later, in A.D. 402, in which letter he says that a report had been spread to the effect that he had written a book against Jerome and had sent it to Rome. “Be assured,” says Augustine, “that this is false; I call God to witness that I have not done this;” adding—“Oh that it were in my power, by our living near each other, if not under the same roof, to enjoy frequent and sweet conference with you in the Lord!” The same year Jerome sent his reply, in which he showed how easy it was to stir his venom. He professed to think Augustine’s letter a forgery, and excused his silence on that ground, and because of “the protracted illness of the pious and venerable Paula.” Jerome was evidently stung by Augustine’s advice to sing the “palinodia.” In a passage, the

whole of which is well worth quoting, if it were not too long, he almost sneers at what he calls Augustine's youth, though Augustine was at that time about fifty years old. Jerome thus writes:—"Far be it from me to presume to attack anything which your Grace has written. It is well known to one of your wisdom that it is puerile self-sufficiency to seek, as young men have of old been wont to do, to gain glory to one's own name by assailing men who have become renowned. Let me say, further, love one who loves you, and do not, because you are younger, challenge a veteran in the field of Scripture; lest it should seem that to quote from the poets is a thing which you alone can do, let me remind you of the encounter between Dares and Eutellus,\* and of the proverb—"The tired ox treads with a firmer step." A similar tone is in Jerome's letter of A.D. 404, in which his anger seems to be steadily rising against Augustine's early and critical letter. But before noticing this letter, one of Augustine's to Jerome, of the previous year, is worth looking at, if for nothing else than for the glimpse it gives of the manners of Christian congregations in those times, and for the way in which it shows the spirit in which ministers and congregations came to the study and hearing of the word. Jerome's Latin translation of the Old Testament had been made from the original Hebrew, and was coming into use in the churches, to the depreciation, if not to the disuse of the Septuagint and the Latin version of it. Thereupon strange jealousy and contention rose, of which Augustine gives an instance, though he does not seem to think it blameworthy in itself. Augustine made it the opportunity of what must have seemed to Jerome like an attempt to torment him needlessly; and this appearance would not be lessened by Augustine's advice to Jerome, sent in the same letter, to translate the Septuagint into the Latin as well as the original Hebrew. The instance alluded to is thus given:—"A certain bishop, one of our brethren, having introduced in the church over which he presides the reading of your version, came upon a word in the book of the prophet Jonah, of which you have given a different rendering from that which had been of old familiar to the senses and memory of all the worshippers, and had been chanted for so many generations in the church. Thereupon rose such a tumult in the congregation, especially among the Greeks, correcting what had been read, and denouncing the translation as false, that the bishop was compelled to ask the testimony of the Jewish residents. These, whether from ignorance or from spite, answered that the words in the Hebrew MSS. were correctly rendered in the Greek version, and in the Latin one taken from it. What further need I say? The man was compelled to correct your version in that passage as if it had been

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\* *Æneid*, bk. v. 366, &c.



falsely translated, as he desired not to be left without a congregation—a calamity which he narrowly escaped.” This ministerial danger rose from adopting a “different rendering” in the pulpit of no more important a passage than Jonah iv. 6, and of the word that is rendered “gourd.”

After this it is not to be wondered at that Jerome's letter of A.D. 404 should be bitter and sharp. Jerome at this time was not amiable, even in his best state; and in this answer to Augustine he starts with a complaint that Augustine was “sending letter upon letter,” all about an earlier one that Jerome had not received, save in the form of an unsigned copy, at which he wondered all the more because “Brother Sysinnius tells me that he found it among the rest of your published works, not in Africa, not in your possession, but in an island of the Adriatic, five years ago.” The long intervals between the letters of this correspondence are one of its strangest marks. Jerome had listened to the suggestions of some of the talkative, whom he calls “vessels in Christ, in Jerusalem and the holy places,” who hinted or said that Augustine “intended to become famous at Jerome's expense; had written as a man of learning, and I (Jerome) had at last found one who knew how to stop my garrulous tongue. Wherefore, either send me the identical letter in question subscribed with your own hand, or desist from annoying an old man who seeks retirement in his monastic cell. If you wish to exercise or display your learning, choose as your antagonists young, eloquent, and illustrious men.” In this way Jerome continued through the whole letter. “You are challenging an old man, disturbing the peace of one who asks only to be silent, and you seem to desire to display your learning” Then comes the knot at the end of the whip-lash. “I have never read your works with attention; we have beside us only the books of soliloquies and commentaries on some of the Psalms, which I could prove to be at variance—I shall not say with my opinions—for I am nobody, but with the interpretations of the older Greek commentators.” Anyone who has read Augustine's commentaries on the Psalms, with their almost wild allegorising and straining, will easily understand that they should be found “at variance with the older Greek commentators.” “Farewell,” adds Jerome, “my very dear friend, my son in years, my father in ecclesiastical dignity; and to this I most particularly request your attention, that henceforth you make sure that I be the first to receive whatever you may write to me.”

It seems, from the date of Augustine's next letter (A.D. 404), that he answered Jerome's almost immediately. He first complains of Jerome's unkindly words; and says afterwards that Jerome must have been ready with an offensive reply. “How can we engage in such discussion without bitterness of feeling, if you have made up your mind to offend

me?" "There can be no doubt," Augustine again writes, "that you were prepared to reply in such a way as would offend me, if you had only indisputable evidence that the letter was mine." With great tenderness Augustine then asks pardon for the unintended offence: "I therefore entreat you by the mercy of Christ to forgive me wherein I have injured you, and not to render evil for evil by injuring me in return." And afterwards he takes Jerome's figure of the tired ox, and says:—"Since therefore you are, to quote your own comparison, an ox worn out, perhaps as to your bodily strength by reason of years, but unimpaired in mental vigour, and toiling still assiduously and with profit in the Lord's threshing floor; here am I, and in whatever I have spoken amiss, tread firmly on me: the weight of your venerable age should not be grievous to me, if the chaff of my fault be so bruised under foot as to be separated from me."

This letter in many parts shows some of the best features of Augustine's character; and especially the latter part, in which he leaves his own controversy with Jerome, to write about the unfortunate and hurtful quarrel between Jerome and his former friend Rufinus. Rufinus, like Jerome, was an ardent supporter of monkery; and, again like Jerome, had found a patron and supporter and travelling companion in a rich Roman lady named Melania, whom he met at Alexandria, and who ever after travelled with him. Rufinus and Melania went to live at Jerusalem in A.D. 378, the lady supporting a nunnery, and Rufinus living with other monks in cells about the Mount of Olives. At that time Rufinus was very intimate with Jerome, who was living at Bethlehem: but about A.D. 390, soon after the ordination of Rufinus as a presbyter, a violent quarrel broke out between them on the matter of Origen's orthodoxy: and although Melania and Rufinus removed to Rome in A.D. 397, Jerome's quarrel with his former friend did not cease, but was renewed with intense bitterness. To this Augustine sorrowfully alludes, though he appears to have thought Rufinus in the wrong, and writes to Jerome of "how you are keeping yourself under restraint and holding back the stinging keenness of your indignation." What most touched Augustine was the loss of Christian love in this quarrel, as he says: "What trusting hearts can now pour themselves forth with any assurance of their confidence being reciprocated? Where is the friend who may not be feared as possibly a future enemy, if the breach that we deplore could arise between Jerome and Rufinus? Man knows but imperfectly his present condition; of what he shall become he has no knowledge." And again, later on he says: "When I am comforted (by Jerome's words) it is not long before I am pierced through by darts of keenest sorrow when I consider Rufinus and you; and think how between you the blight of such exceeding bitterness has found its way, constraining us to ask when,

where, and in whom the same calamity may not be reasonably feared? If I could anywhere meet you both together, so strong are my agitation, grief, and fear, that I think I would cast myself at your feet, and there, weeping till I could weep no more, would, with all the eloquence of love, appeal first to each of you for his own sake, then to both for each other's sake, and for the sake of those, especially the weak (for whom Christ died), whose salvation is in peril as they look on you who occupy a place so conspicuous on the stage of time; imploring you not to write and scatter abroad these hard words against each other, which, if at any time you who are now at variance were reconciled, you could not destroy, and which you could not then venture to read lest strife should be kindled anew." In this letter Augustine shows the tenderness of his mother's spirit and the consecration of Christian love, the first and chief lessons in which, outside the Scriptures, Monica's life had taught him. This letter ends in the same way: "This is a great and lamentable wonder that you should have passed from such amity to such enmity; it would be a joyful and much greater event, should you come back from such enmity to the friendship of former days." In Jerome's case this would have been a great event: but it was too great to happen.

Yet this correspondence is not without signs of a measure of tenderness on Jerome's side; and the passages in which this appears stand the more prominently forward because of the general hardness of his words. Jerome's long letter to Augustine in A.D. 404, has expressions that come as a pleasing surprise in the midst of his vigorous answer of the three letters that Augustine sent him in the years 395, 397, and 403. This long reply was written hurriedly—"almost without premeditation"—"in the hurry of extemporaneous dictation." A messenger was about to leave Jerome's convent, and only three days before leaving he pressed for a letter to Augustine; and this long vigorous letter of the year 404 was given to him. Jerome always shook hands with Augustine before an attack: but his blows were all the more vigorous for the courtesy. So was it in this letter: for after a little preliminary skirmishing he at once rushes into close struggle over the old trouble of Galatians ii. 14. His assertion was that Paul's rebuke of Peter was 'a manœuvre of pious policy.' Augustine had said that it was genuine, righteous indignation on Paul's part; and that to maintain the contrary, especially in a commentary on Holy Scripture, was practically to teach falsehood in the name of religion. Jerome shielded himself in his counter attack on Augustine by the great names of Origen, Didymus the blind, teacher of Alexandria, who was also one of the most eminent theologians of the early church, Apollinarius the younger of Laodicea, Eusebius of Emesa, and Theodorus of Heraclea. But while Jerome mentions these as holding the opinion he had himself advanced, he declares that it was

manifest, from the way in which he had quoted them in his commentary, that he "did not finally and irrevocably adopt" what he had read in these authors. When, however, later on, he mentions the great name of John Chrysostom as holding Origen's view, he rallies from this seeming loss of ground, and begs that he may be allowed "to be mistaken in company with such men."

Here it may be well to remember the point of Paul's objection to Peter's conduct, and the cause of his "withstanding Peter to the face." Peter had taken up the true Christian position of unrestrained intercourse with the Gentile converts of Christianity, and had said, and also shown by his conduct, that he held the Gentiles to be under no obligation to observe Judaic ceremonies, but that the converted Jews and Gentiles were alike "purified by faith" and "saved by the grace of the Lord Jesus," without any intervention of ceremonies, whether old or new. The fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles puts this clearly. Through lack of persistence in the right, Peter fell away from this when "certain came from James," and, "fearing them which were of the circumcision," he separated himself from the Gentile converts, requiring them to become Jews if they would be true Christians. Then it was that Paul withstood him; asserting that it was not "the truth of the gospel" for Peter, who had used his Christian liberty in living as a Gentile, to fetter the Gentiles by compelling them to live as did the Jews. And in the other parts of the Epistle to the Galatians, Paul argued that it was anti-Christianity to attach the idea of saving importance to any ceremonies whatever.

Jerome having adopted Origen's theory that Peter and Paul designed the appearance of a collision at Antioch in order to neutralise the work of the Judaisers, tried in this letter of the year 404 to justify his position by such an argument as the following, in which there is displayed a large measure of controversial acuteness:—"First of all," he said, "Peter was thoroughly aware of the abrogation of the law of Moses, but was compelled by fear to pretend to observe it." The former part of this is, of course, true. Peter having been the agent of opening the doors of the kingdom to Cornelius and the devout Gentiles, Jerome claimed Peter as the author of the rule of Christian liberty, and contended that his divergence from it was only a pretence. Then he said—But as certainly as Peter believed in the liberty of the gospel, so certainly Paul practised the ceremonialism of the Jews long after his conversion, and that without any criminal pretence whatever. Paul's circumcision of Timotheus, the votive shaving of his head in Cenchrea, the ceremonial purification with four men who had a vow on them,\* these things justify, said Jerome, the assertion that

\* Acts xvi. 1—3; xviii. 18; xxi. 17—26.

Paul clung to Judaism, as well as Peter. Jerome's words are : "Through fear of the Jews both Peter and Paul alike pretended that they observed the precepts of the law. How could Paul have the assurance and effrontery to reprove in another what he had done himself?" Rather both Peter and Paul justified the use of "the honourable exercise of a wise discretion." So said Jerome ; and further added that Augustine's position, that permitted Paul's ceremonial acts, would be identical with the heresy of Cerinthus and Ebion, and the half Christian, half Jewish sect of the Minei. "I, on the contrary," he said, "shall maintain, and, though the world were to protest against my view, I may boldly declare that the Jewish ceremonies are to Christians both hurtful and fatal ; and that whosoever observes them, whether he be Jew or Gentile originally, is cast into the pit of perdition." "While you guard yourself against the blasphemies of Porphyry" (Porphyry had sneered at the "envy" of Paul and the quarrelling of Paul and Peter), "you become entangled in the snares of Ebion ; pronouncing that the law is binding on those who from among the Jews have believed."

The conclusion is then repeated : "Peter and Paul *pretended* to observe Judaism, and they *pretended* to be in conflict." In the whole of this long letter, the rest of which is taken up with answers to Augustine's criticisms and suggestions concerning the translation of Scripture, Jerome does not touch the real objection of Augustine ; which was, that if Peter and Paul only "pretended" to observe Judaism and to come in conflict, then the Scriptures, which say that they actually were opposed to one another, have declared what never really took place ; and then how shall "the authority of pure truth stand sure?" Augustine would have preferred to risk "the blasphemies of Porphyry" rather than sully the word of truth. Jerome thus ends his letter :—"Have some consideration for an old soldier. Do you, who are young, and who have been appointed to the conspicuous seat of pontifical dignity, give yourself to teaching the people, and enrich Rome with new stores from fertile Africa. I am contented to make but little noise in an obscure corner of a monastery, with one to hear or read to me."

Augustine's real and consistent position throughout the whole controversy is well maintained in his answers to Jerome's two letters of the year 404, and the short letter of the year 405. This answer is worthy anyone's perusal, even quite apart from its interest as the last letter of this correspondence. Its clearness and earnestness for "pure truth," and the "authority of pure truth," together with the noble attitude of personal feeling that is maintained throughout, make it worthy being read by anyone who would earnestly and publicly "contend for the faith." Augustine seemed determined before God that no such sorrow should be wrought between him and Jerome as had happened to Jerome

and Rufinus ; and in such a feeling he alluded to that grief and shame. When, however, he took up again the special subject of difference between Jerome and himself, Augustine clearly showed that friendship must give place to truth. He wrote : " Of the canonical books of Scripture only do I most firmly believe that the authors were completely free from error. And if in these writings I am perplexed by anything which appears to me to be opposed to truth, I do not hesitate to suppose that either the MS. is faulty, or the translator has not caught the meaning of what was said, or I myself have failed to understand it." Then, coming at once to the special question, he wrote : " If I do not believe in regard to you that you have spoken anything with an intention of dissimulation and deceit, how much more reasonable is it for me to believe, in regard to the Apostle Paul, that he did not think one thing and affirm another when he wrote of Peter and Barnabas, ' that they walked not uprightly, according to the truth of the Gospel ? ' " " But you will say it is better to believe that the Apostle Paul wrote what was not true, than to believe that the Apostle Peter did what was not right." This, Augustine showed then, would work insufferable mischief in the histories of the Old Testament saints. Full quotation of Augustine's words on this and kindred matters, though well worth giving, would be too lengthy. It may be enough to know that repeatedly he maintains this position—the Holy Scriptures are " true and righteous altogether."

A considerable part of this letter is occupied by an explanation of Paul's submission to various ceremonies about which Jerome had written so much ; and Augustine's judgment is such as would be accepted by all of evangelic thought nowadays, even to the very phraseology that he uses. In this part such expressions as " free grace," and " justification by grace of Christ," are met with ; and evidently carry in them to Augustine's mind similar meaning to that they now have in Protestant preaching. In another chapter of the letter Augustine writes, touching ritual, in a way that some leaders of modern churches might advantageously study ; for his position is : Hold the truth, but give liberty for its manifold expression. Of the passing away of Mosaic ceremonies Augustine writes, in a most happy passage : " When the faith had come, which, previously foreshadowed by these ceremonies, was revealed after the death and resurrection of the Lord, they became, so far as their office was concerned, defunct. But just as it is seemly that the bodies of the dead be carried honourably to the grave by their kindred, so was it fitting that these writers should be removed in a manner worthy of their origin and history, and this not with pretence of respect, but as a religious duty, instead of being forsaken at once, or cast forth to be torn in pieces by the reproaches of their enemies, as by the teeth of dogs. To carry the illustration farther, if now any Christian (though he may

have been converted from Judaism) were proposing to imitate the apostles in the observance of these ceremonies, like one who disturbs the ashes of those who rest, he would be not piously performing his part in the funeral obsequies, but impiously violating the sepulchre."

With many courteous and kindly words, Augustine carried on his letter to great length, taking up the various questions into which the force of the main subject had carried itself, and meeting them with much intelligence and care. The last words of the letter are like Augustine: "Let us resolve to maintain between ourselves the liberty as well as the love of friends; so that in the letters which we exchange, neither of us shall be restrained from frankly stating to the other whatever seems to him open to conviction, provided always that this be done in the spirit which does not, as inconsistent with brotherly love, displease God. If, however, you do not think that this can be done between us without endangering that brotherly love, let us not do it: for the love which I should like to see maintained between us is assuredly the greater love which would make this mutual freedom possible: but the smaller measure of it is better than none at all." In a later letter of Augustine to Oceanus, he says that Jerome forsook the theory of Origen concerning "the collision at Antioch," and adopted "the same concerning that event, and the sayings of the apostles, as I myself had adopted, following the blessed Cyprian."

To the age that made this correspondence possible, regard must ever be had as to one of the most notable times of the Church; for it was the age of Ambrose, Chrysostom, Jerome, and Augustine; all of whom, but each in a different way, were the opponents of some of the most hurtful tendencies of Christ's Church that cannot here be specified. It was a dark and troubled age; and such teachers as Jerome gave forth at times only very broken light but that God gave to the Church of the fourth and fifth century such men as Ambrose at Milan, Chrysostom at Constantinople, Jerome at Bethlehem, and Augustine at Hippo, and that they lived and laboured as they did, show the permanence of His word who taught His Church to hope in His presence with it for evermore. Their truth lives still; it may be that their error lives also; but the knowledge of the truth in Jesus, as held by such men as Augustine and Jerome, is the best counteraction of the possible mischief of their mistakes, and the best way to make their virtues blessed.

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## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

## NO. XIII.—THE PASSOVER OR PASQUE.

THE feast of the Passover was the most ancient, and in some respects the most important, of the annual Jewish festivals, having been appointed on the very year of the Exodus, as an ordinance for ever.\* The Sacred year, which commenced with the lunar month of the vernal equinox, was established at the same time.† Thus, in the very calendar of the Hebrew people there was made a marked separation from the Egyptian law, under which the Beni Israel had grown into a nation. The first day of the lunar month Abib, in the year of the Exodus, B.C. 1541, fell on the fifteenth day of Pharmouthi, the eighth month of the vague Egyptian year. The coincidence of the months is mentioned by Josephus. Although, as we have had occasion to see, the Jews had, for different purposes, different commencements of the year, the reckoning which began on the first day of Abib, or as it was called after the Captivity, Nisan, was always maintained as that of the Regnal years.

The special peculiarity of the Passover consisted in the fact, that every male Jew, who was a householder, was obliged by the Law to make a special, personal preparation for the feast, under pain of death. The omission to perform this duty was a crime, in atonement for which no sin-offering was admissible. Public and official warnings were given for the performance of this duty. On the first day of Adar, the last month of the year, proclamation was made as to the payment of the annual Temple capitation tax, of a half-shekel for every male Jew above thirteen years and one day old.‡ On the fifteenth day of the same month the Roll of the Book of Esther was read in the Synagogues; the roads, streets, and water conduits were put in repair; and the sepulchres were white-washed. On the fifteenth of Adar in the provinces, and on the twenty-fifth of that month in Jerusalem, the tables of the money-changers were set, in order to provide every Israelite with the half-shekel which he had to pay before the first day of the ensuing month,§ on which day the chest in the Temple, appointed for the reception of the half-shekels, was opened by the proper officers. The only money legal for this payment was the silver half-shekel or shekel pieces. Two Jews might agree to pay a single shekel for them both, but, in this case, it was necessary to make a small additional payment, called a kalbon or collybus, which the senate fixed at a ponchim, or half maah,|| a coin which, in silver, weighed eight grains troy.¶

\* Exod. xii. 14.

† Exod. xii. 2.

‡ De Siclis, i. 1.

§ Constitutiones de Siclis, ii. 5

|| Idem, p. 97.

¶ Idem, p. 17.

On the day when the new moon falling on or next after the fifth of March might be expected to be visible, careful watch was kept throughout Palestine for the appearance of the crescent. This, of course, could only be seen within a short time of sunset. Those who saw it were bound to hasten to the Bethdin, or council, to give notice of the fact. Witnesses from the country were sent up to Jerusalem; being allowed to travel for the purpose on the Sabbath. A glimpse of the crescent through clouds, through glass, or reflected in water, was not admissible as evidence. The witnesses were examined as to the form and position of the crescent, and when the judges were satisfied, the new year was proclaimed in the words "Rodech, Rodech"—"Sanctified, sanctified."

The special sacrifices appointed for the first day of the new year have been described in our ninth chapter.\* The ceremony of the blowing the shophar is mentioned in chapter v.†; and the benediction and prayers proper for the day are given in the same place. It may be added that the first of Nisan was one of the days appointed for the wood-offering; and also one on which palms were borne by the people in token of rejoicing. The announcement of the commencement of the Paschal month was made at one time by beacons. A fire was lighted on the Mount of Olives, from which the signal was sped on from height to height. On the summit of Kuru Surtabeh, one of the stations mentioned in the Talmud for this purpose, the remains of a magnificent platform of masonry have been discovered by Lieutenant Conder, R.E. The magnitude of this hitherto unknown work, and the topographical determinations which have led Lieutenant Conder to identify this far-seen peak with the site of the memorial altar raised by the two and a half tribes on their return to their settlements east of Jordan, are reasons for attributing the date of the masonry to the time of Joshua. This much is certain, that after the fall of a considerable portion of the ancient work, the remainder was used as the site of a beacon; charred wood and ashes still remaining in proof of the fact.

On the tenth of Nisan the lambs destined for the Passover were set apart for that purpose.‡ Each victim, with the exception of those slain in the Temple, was to be slain on behalf of a specified number of partakers.

At sunset on the thirteenth day of Nisan, which was the Jewish commencement of the fourteenth day, search was made by the master of every house, by the light of a lamp, for anything that came under the legal definition of leaven.§ Seven distinct substances are enumerated in the Mishna|| as coming under this head. The Babylonian *cutach*

\* CONGREGATIONALIST, Dec. 1874, p. 729.

† Ibid, May, 1874, p. 292.

‡ Exod. xii. 3.

§ De Paschale, i. 1.

|| Idem, iii. 1.

was sour and mouldy bread dipped in milk ; a mode of commencing fermentation common in Italy at the present day. The *cerevisia* of the Medes appears to have been similar to our own yeast, as Bartenora says that it was produced from barley or wheat steeped in water. The vinegar of the Edomites, produced from barley steeped in water ; the Egyptian *Zythus*, made of salt, barley flour, and wild saffron ; the *Amila* of the cooks, made from unripe corn ; and the paste of the bookmakers, are specified, under the general rule which forbids any kind of ferment of vegetable origin. All vessels and places of deposit were to be carefully examined, and every description of fermented bread, which up to the fifth hour of the thirteenth of Nisan might be eaten, were to be burned in the sixth hour.\*

Some differences of local observance are mentioned in the Mishna ; with the direction to maintain their usage. In certain places it was the habit to cease work at noon on the Vesper of the Passover, or Paraschewe, in others, not to work at all on that day. The Passover was to be eaten in the accustomed place. The lamp, on the night of the Passover, was to be lighted in the accustomed manner. Lights were also to be placed in the synagogues, in obscure places, and in the chambers of the sick.

The daily evening sacrifice was commonly slain at the eighth and a half hour, and offered at the ninth and a half hour, or half-past three p.m. On the Sabbath it was slain an hour earlier. If the eve of the Passover fell on the Sabbath, the evening sacrifice was slain half an hour after noon, and the Paschal victim an hour later. The Paschal sacrifice was thrice performed in the Temple, in obedience to the indication given in the Law,† by the use of the three words, Church, Congregation, and Israel. When the inner court of the Temple was full of worshippers the gates were shut. The priests stood in rows, one row holding golden basins, the other silver basins, without feet or rests, lest they should be set down and the blood should coagulate. An Israelite slew the victim ; a priest caught the blood in a basin ; and the vessels were exchanged from hand to hand until the priest nearest to the altar cast the blood on to the foundation of that structure. A second and a third time the worshippers were admitted into the *atrium*, the first band remaining within the precincts of the Temple, or mountain of the house ; the second band within the Chel, or limit of the women's court ; and the third within the court of Israel, until the last sacrifice had been offered. The hymn sung after each offering consisted in the 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, and 136th Psalms.‡

It may be remarked that the provision that the basins intended to

\* De Paschale, i. 4.

† Exod. xii. 6.

‡ Surenhusius, vol. ii. p. 154.

hold the blood of the sacrifice should be without feet, or rests, has been strikingly illustrated by the recent discovery of silver basins of this form in the ruins of Kissarlik, by Dr. Schliemann.

At nightfall the three bands of worshippers went forth together, and each man ate the Passover in his own home or appointed place, within the walls of Jerusalem.

The slaughter of the Paschal lamb, the sprinkling of his blood, the cleansing of the intestines, and the burning of the fat, were distinct acts which superseded the rest of the Sabbath. But considerable controversies arose as to what might, or might not, be permitted, in case of the incidence of the Passover on the Sabbath day. The final decision obtained, that whatever matters connected with the Paschal rite were absolutely fixed as to their time, superseded the Sabbath; but not such as allowed any latitude as to time. The slaughter of the lamb was fixed: it was necessary to take place before nightfall. But the roasting of the lamb might take place either before or after nightfall. Thus, if the fourteenth day of Nisan fell on a Sabbath, the lamb was to be roasted after nightfall, or on the legal fifteenth day. If the fifteenth day of Nisan, on the other hand, fell on a Sabbath, the roasting was to take place before nightfall, that is to say on the fourteenth day.

The rules as to the slaughter of the Passover under its own name or proper designation, and the specification, before slaying the victim, of the party who were to partake of the flesh, are very minute. It is unnecessary here to recall the details, but it should be borne in mind that the Evangelists refer to this making ready of the Passover on the first day of unleavened bread, in exact accordance with the rules set forth in the Mishna.

The lamb was roasted on a spit made of the wood of the pomegranate, which was held to be the only species of wood that does not emit moisture when heated. It was not allowed to use a metal spit; as the communication of heat from the metal was thought to be an infringement of the command, "roast with fire." The spit was thrust in through the mouth, and pierced right through the animal. The Passover was to be eaten by those who were technically unclean, as well as by those who were clean; which was not allowed in the case of the wave offering, the shew bread, the peace offerings of the congregation, and the goat of the new moon festivals. The bones, sinew, and relics of the lamb were burned on the sixteenth day of Nisan, unless that day fell on the Sabbath; in which case they were burned on the seventeenth day; as this rite, not being prescribed as to exact time, did not supersede the rest of the Sabbath. Whoever broke a bone of the Paschal lamb, if the requisitions of the Law as to the purity and order of the sacrifice had been duly carried out, was to be punished with thirty-nine blows.

Those who were in mourning were to bathe, and to eat the Passover in its season, although they might not eat the holy things. Anyone who had received news of the death of a relation, or even one who had collected bones, was also to bathe and to eat. A curious question, rather technical than practical, was debated between the followers of Hillel and those of Schamai, as to a proselyte who had only undergone the initiatory rite on the eve of the Passover.

In case of absence on a journey, or of certain degrees of impurity, the second Passover, held on the fourteenth day of Zif, was to be substituted for the first. But the penalty of excision, or cutting off from the people of Israel, which was expected to result from the direct judgment of God, in case of wilful neglect of the first Passover, did not apply to the second. The distance requisite to constitute a long journey was defined as that from Jerusalem to Modin, the site of the tombs of the Maccabees. Both the first and the second Passovers were to be roasted on a spit, and eaten with unleavened bread and with bitter herbs, the preparation of these things superseding the rest of the Sabbath. A hymn was to be sung on the preparation of each, and a second hymn during the eating of the first, but not of the second, Passover.

The Paschal feast is distinguished by the Mishna, as consisting of the Pasque of Egypt, and the secular Pasque, or Pasque of ages. The former designates the eating of the lamb set apart from the tenth day of the month. It was to be eaten in haste, in a single night, and required the sprinkling of the threshold and two posts of the door with blood from a bunch of hyssop, which is a small pot-herb common in Palestine. The Samaritans, to the present day, carry out the ordinances of the Pentateuch as to the Passover in a manner which (to us) appears more consonant with the language of the institution of the rite than is the Jewish mode. They not only eat it standing, girt, and with staff in hand, but walk about during the whole time of the supper. The observance of the Samaritan Passover, within the limits of their former Temple, near Nablous, is one of the most striking performances of a rite of extreme antiquity that is to be witnessed anywhere in the world. The secular Pasque is the eating of unleavened bread, which alone was to be touched for an entire week.

No less than four cups of wine were to be drunk during the Paschal supper. Over the first cup was to be said the benediction proper to the day, and also that proper to the cup itself, "Blessed be He who hath created the fruit of the vine." When the second cup was filled, the son was to be taught to inquire of his father, "In what respect does this night differ from all other nights?" "On other nights we eat leaven and unleavened—this night unleavened alone; on other nights

herbs, but on this night bitter herbs ; on other nights meat roasted or otherwise cooked, this night roasted only," is the reply. The section of the Law, \* "a Syrian ready to perish was my father," is then to be repeated or read. The lamb was in memory of the passing over the homes of the Israelites on the death of the first-born ; the unleavened bread, in memory of the flight from Egypt ; and the bitter herbs, in memory of the Egyptian bondage. The *Laudate Dominum* was then said, from the beginning of the 111th Psalm to the end of the 114th.

When the third cup was filled, the benediction on the table was uttered, and the hymn was concluded on the filling of the fourth cup. Between the second and the third cups it was lawful to drink at pleasure ; but not between the third and fourth, the reason being, that it was not considered possible to become inebriated through wine drunk while eating, but that that danger might arise after the conclusion of the meal.

Sweetmeats or fruit were not to be eaten after the meal, nor was any one who fell asleep in the course of it, to eat again on awakening. The benediction of the Passover, if given, freed the partakers from the duty of giving the usual benediction of a Sacrifice. But if the benediction of a sacrifice was given, it was still needful to add that proper for the Passover.

After midnight, it polluted the hands to touch the flesh of the Passover, as well as to touch those parts of the victims which were set aside to be burned. This regulation as to washing the hands, however, is confessedly one of those made, at a late date, by the Sanhedrin, for which no sanction is cited from the Pentateuch. At the time of the Crucifixion this decision had not been given ; and the entire question of the washing the hands before and after meat, before and after touching the Roll of the Law, and, as in this instance, before or after touching the Passover, was matter of debate and dispute during the period covered by the narratives of the Evangelists.

The benediction of the Passover was in these words, "Blessed be His name, who hath sanctified us by His precepts, and commanded us to eat the Passover." The benediction of the sacrifice only differed from this by the substitution of the word sacrifice for Passover. The term "cup of blessing" was applied, not only to the first of the four cups of wine which were partaken of, by ordinance, during the Paschal supper, but to the cup over which, on ordinary meals, the proper benediction, "Blessed be He who hath created the fruit of the vine," was invariably to be said.

The Passover is one of those rites which are not held to be in abeyance during the exile of Israel from Palestine.

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\* Deuteronomy xxvi. 5.

## THE LATE CANON KINGSLEY.

THE tribute of affectionate respect and deep sympathy which the early and unexpected death of Mr. Kingsley called forth, was a remarkable testimony to the true worth of the man. As he lay hovering between life and death in that quiet village rectory which he loved so well, and where he seems to have kindled so much enthusiasm and love in return, the anxious interest with which the reports of his state were scanned, showed that the people generally shared in the feeling which the Heir Apparent—in this showing the spirit of his mother—exhibited in so considerate a manner. When the struggle ended, and the tidings went forth that the ardent, true-hearted, and chivalrous Rector of Eversley was no more, there was a general outburst of sorrow, which showed how strong and wide-spread was the hold he had gained upon the imaginations and hearts of Englishmen. It may be said that much of this was due to the circumstances of his death, in presence of which all adverse criticism was hushed, while on the other hand all the more kindly and sympathetic feelings were strongly evoked. But whatever weight attaches to this consideration, it does not explain the general sentiment which the event elicited, and which was the more remarkable, because Canon Kingsley was the very last man to court popularity; and in various ways had, from time to time, exposed himself to keen strictures. Though he was a literary man of high order, a large number of the critics hardly appreciated his worth until he was gone, and of late years particularly have been more inclined to insist on his defects, to place his writings under the light of that literary microscope of incredible magnifying power, which a certain writer in the *Saturday Review* is so fond of using, so that their errors might be made manifest, and especially to sneer at that impulsiveness, or rather that deep human feeling, which was so characteristic of him. The influence of this cold, cynical spirit in the literary circles of London can be understood only by those who have been brought into close contact with it. It has no patience, as Mr. Gladstone has found, with men who desire to keep their consciences alive and their hearts fresh and susceptible. Mr. Kingsley, with his eager and generous nature, his intense sympathies, his vivid imagination—which, we must confess, sometimes overmastered other faculties—was a puzzle and an offence to it; and its organs often applied the lash with considerable vigour, and to such an extent that it appeared as though they were insensible to his real genius.

On the other hand, Churchmen in general were not particularly drawn to a clergyman who, though intellectually and morally he was a distin-



guished ornament of the Church, to whose principles and institutions he was certainly strongly attached, was generally regarded as somewhat of a heretic, an advanced member of that Broad Church party who by their plausible theories of comprehension and by their personal qualities do so much to strengthen the Establishment, but who are, nevertheless, viewed with doubt and suspicion by those who profit so largely from their reputation and influence. Many of his public appearances, too, have not been calculated to conciliate the favour of the community at large. His ardent defence of Governor Eyre provoked the opposition of those decided and consistent Liberals who were not prepared to find in "Parson Lot," who had dared so courageously to advocate the cause of English labourers, a champion of the oppressor of poor negroes. His equally vehement and ill-judged attack on Father Newman had lowered his prestige in the eyes of another class, and one which exercises no slight influence on public opinion. Finally, his extraordinary defence of the Athanasian Creed, so contrary to what all but those who had carefully studied him and his principles expected from him, had astonished and annoyed numbers of those who had been wont to regard him with the strongest admiration. That all this should be forgotten when he was so suddenly taken away was not surprising; but there was much more than the mere desire to bury the memory of his mistakes in his grave in the estimates of him given by the press—there was a hearty recognition of his genius and his worth, which proved that underneath the criticism which his words and deeds often called forth there was a just appreciation of his many high qualities. Those who were in absolute agreement with him might be few, but in all classes were those who felt that he was a true man, worthy of honour and of love.

Charles Kingsley was in truth a thorough Englishman; an Englishman in his weakness as well as in his strength, in his faults as in his virtues. Whether he set forth the wrongs of English peasants, or celebrated the heroism of English soldiers; whether he dealt with the problems of other ages and other countries, or those of our land and time; whether he told the stirring deeds of the great captains of Elizabeth's day, or stood forth as the defender of one who in the excitement and panic of a sudden peril had forgotten everything but the necessity of maintaining the prestige and authority of his nation; whether he threw himself into the breach in defence of a creed which has become an institution of the country, or, recklessly trampling both upon logic and theology, taught lessons which it was impossible to reconcile with its dogmas;—everywhere and at all times he spoke and acted as an Englishman; proud of his people, imbued with their prejudices, strong in all their instincts. The love of daring adventure, which is so conspicuous in his heroes, was as fully developed in himself; and with it were com-

bined that chivalrous courage, that lofty scorn of meanness and hypocrisy, that passionate zeal for freedom, and above all that ardent devotion to truth and justice, which he illustrated as beautifully in his own life as he portrayed them in those of others. We are no admirers of that "muscular Christianity" of which he has been called the apostle, but which has become a very different thing with numbers of his *soi-disant* admirers and followers—in whose eyes a perfect athlete is about the highest type of man—from what it was in the mind of Mr. Kingsley, whose ideal was a man well-developed in all parts of his nature, with cultivated mind, and sensitive conscience, and loving heart, as well as with a vigorous physique. But even if this qualification be made, we feel that he attached too much value to physical qualities; and yet in that also his taste is English. The healthy love of nature, the sympathy with animals, the pleasure in manly exercises, are all native to the soil; and when kindred qualities are developed in intellectual work, when the man shows the same robustness of thought and breadth of sympathy everywhere, when he is as ready to defy public opinion in defence of what he esteems the right as to venture on some trying and perilous feat, he is sure, sooner or later, to win true popularity. It is interesting and encouraging to those who have to fight up-hill battles to see how, almost despite of itself, the world comes to look kindly on men of this stamp. Their work has to be to some extent accomplished, or at all events their own position pretty well assured, before the current which at first sets in against independent men turns; but sooner or later the world comes to judge charitably, and even favourably, those who dare manfully to oppose its evils, to rebuke its errors, or to war against its prejudices. When it is once seen that they war against institutions and not men, for principles, not for personal objects, in most cases justice is ultimately done to those who at first were objects of general scorn or hatred. So when Mr. Kingsley's brief career was over, even those who had been most severe in their censures of what they regarded as inconsistencies or indiscretions, were the first to acknowledge the great loss which the world had sustained in the removal of one with spirit so manly and noble, and with heart so true.

For it is to his honour that whatever Kingsley was as a scholar, an author, or an ecclesiastic, it was as a man that he was most to be honoured. It would not be too much to say that even his errors were to some extent redeemed, even in the eyes of those who felt most deeply about them, by the nobility of the spirit which they manifested. Nobody could suppose that his defence of Governor Eyre, which we esteem one of the greatest mistakes he committed, was due to any feeling but an overstrained and unreasoning chivalry which led him to become the advocate of one who, in his endeavour to prevent a great calamity, had laid himself open to popular obloquy. Those who believed him to have

misapprehended the facts and misjudged the policy could still give him credit for noble impulses in the course which he pursued. A man of strong affections and noble impulses, a man who won the hearts of others by the warmth and constancy of his own, all who knew him declare him to have been. Mr. Maurice, his intimate friend, or rather his beloved leader, said of him that "he was the best son, the best father, the best husband, the best friend, the best parish priest, he ever knew." This is a very high eulogy, and yet there are many who were intimate with the late Rector of Eversley who would corroborate it to the fullest extent. The admirer and friend who records the saying in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine* himself endorses it, and tells us what in fact we should have gathered alike from the tone of his writings and the cast of his countenance, that he was "one of the most charming companions, as well as one of the best and truest of friends." If his intimates knew this, the outside world, which had not the privilege of familiar intercourse with him, still instinctively felt that it was so, and it was one great secret of the popularity which he enjoyed.

We remember well the only time we ever had the pleasure of hearing him. Though it is now several years ago, the impression produced on us is as fresh as though it were a thing of yesterday. We happened to be in Cambridge when he was delivering one of his "prelections" as Professor of Modern History, and being desirous of seeing and hearing one with whom his writings seemed to have established a certain kind of acquaintanceship, we found our way to the dingy lecture-room in which he was to discourse, and we were well rewarded for the trouble. There was nothing of the conventional college lecture, as it used to be in our own younger days, about the address. It was fresh, bright, lively, suggestive, but we fear that sober dons, especially of the old school, would have said that it was not lecturing. And if we were to accept their ideal of a lecture as the true one, that is, if it was only to be an item of the grand process of "cram," to which university teaching is too often degraded, and if the highest achievement be to give the greatest amount of information in the shortest possible time and the dullest possible way, there could be no doubt as to the truth of their judgment. Mr. Kingsley's lecture was the very last instrument one would employ to prepare a youth for examination; but if the object of his education was to prepare him for life, to stimulate the intellect rather than to qualify for immediate success, its value would be very considerable. Our recollection of his subject is of the most general character, but we remember the force, the freshness, and the beauty with which it was treated. Mr. Freeman would probably have found a great many inaccuracies in his statements and flaws in his reasonings, and possibly his students would not have gained any greater knowledge of English

history if they had carried all his lecture away in their memory. But if they were capable of being inspired they could not but have been profited by having come even for so brief a time under the spell of his genius.

There was something in the very aspect of the man to interest and attract. His face told of an active intellect, a sympathetic heart, a firm and resolute purpose. Refined as it was, it told of robustness and force, and though it did not reveal the power to rule, certainly told of the skill to attract and win. The lecture, both in matter and manner, was in keeping with it. Its speculations were ingenious, and its groupings of facts, by which they were sustained, striking and clever. We remember that the generalisation appeared to us too hasty, so that we found ourselves unable to acquiesce in all the conclusions reached. But that was a matter of small importance. It was the new light in which old facts had been placed and the different aspect which they had thus presented; the suggestion of relations between them which we had never suspected, but which could not be started without setting the mind on a fresh line of thought and inquiry; and the play of poetic fancy round the whole, investing all with a rare beauty, that constituted the charm of the lecture. Whether a college hall was the proper place for it we do not determine. It is difficult to say what is the proper place for genius in this work-a-day world. For plodding talent which is never disturbed itself, and never disturbs others, by any startling suggestions, which is never afraid of being dull provided it can be successful, and turns up its nose at the brilliancy which does not secure great results, there is room enough, and no lack of honours and places to reward its prudence and industry. But genius astonishes by what commonplace men deem its wildness and eccentricity, and often shocks them by its daring and independence, is ever pluming its wings for lofty flights which they cannot follow, and though they are prepared to gaze and sometimes even admire its work, they doubt whether it is exactly suited to a sphere like this. And yet it is a power, and a power which those young men who thronged the dingy hall at Cambridge unquestionably felt. Its stirring words may have done as much to rouse activity in their minds—which, after all, is a far more important thing in education than merely to instil ideas or communicate knowledge—than many lectures which were more *en règle* and more in harmony with old university traditional precedents.

For Charles Kingsley was a genius. There was the ring of true genius, and of the heart which often accompanies it, in all that he said and did. His simple ballads, so soft and tender, so true to nature, and so rich in noble sentiment; his novels, varied in subject and ever so unlike the conventional type; his sermons, sometimes so uncertain in

their theology, but so inspiring in their tone and so practical in their aim, were all full of it. To criticise any of them is one of the simplest but one of the least profitable of tasks. It would not be difficult to prove that "Yeast" was wild and even dangerous in some of its speculations, that the heroes of "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago," were sadly deficient, and especially that the dogmatic teaching of many of the sermons was open to grave exception, and we do not make light of any of these points, least of all of the last. But when we have said all that is to be said in this way, there is a power about them which is irresistible. The reader feels still that he has been brought into contact with one who has enlarged his views and quickened his sympathies, and who, in some mysterious way which it would not be easy to explain, has attracted the heart to himself. It is an old story. Genius is erratic and wayward, inconsistent and often unpractical, but it has a fascination which few are able to resist, and still fewer would desire to resist.

How wondrously the power which we describe by this term can light up and glorify all that it touches, is abundantly illustrated by the various productions of Mr. Kingsley's pen. Reviewers, and not those of the class at whom Mr. Disraeli sneers as unsuccessful authors, but rather men of more sober temper, more logical precision, and possibly more accurate knowledge than the writer, assailed him, and sometimes unmercifully, but they could not deny the beauty of his striking pictures, still less could they weaken their effect on the popular mind. Perhaps the book that was most keenly criticised was the course of University lectures on "The Gaul and the Teuton," and we have no doubt that the strictures were mainly just. But who is there that has read those charming and suggestive sketches, who does not feel that the whole subject has been invested with a fresh interest which stimulates him to further inquiry? Or, to take another and very different example: the "Ode to the East Wind" may seem a strange vagary to those who are shivering under the fierce blasts of a March gale or depressed by the gloom of one of those melancholy days which sometimes intrude even into the brightness of May, when not a gleam of sunshine lights up the grey sky and not a soft breath mitigates the harshness of the biting air. But Mr. Kingsley has nevertheless succeeded in imparting a touch of poetic beauty to this very uninviting subject. The "wind of God" which braces "brain and sinew" calls up indeed very different associations from those of these bitter days,—thoughts of bright, clear, if somewhat hard skies, with fresh, crisp, stimulating air; but even so it is not easy to justify to critical minds the language of this stirring ode, and it is a great triumph of genius that it has been able, to some degree at least, to overcome such objections, and secure so high a place for a poem the idea of which to numbers seems strained and unreal.

For ourselves, we have often felt, even as we wrapped our thick coats around us and breasted the fury of one of those nor'-easters, that there was more truth in Mr. Kingsley's utterances than would be generally admitted.

They were at all events eminently true to his own character. No one had more contempt for the "soft sou'-wester," which he describes as the "ladies' breeze," or exulted more in the stir of life, in the struggle for the right, in the active pursuit of progress. In an age of ease and luxury, whose corruptions and sins he early began to denounce, he felt the need of purifying influences, which, though they should be harsh and trying as the blasts of Boreas, might nevertheless clear the air and minister some needed stimulus to the moral and spiritual pulses of England. This thought may be discerned running through most of his novels, from "*Hypatia*"—which, as its second title indicates, was intended to be not only a picture of the past but a parable for the present—down to "*Two Years Ago*." The former novel is perhaps his greatest book, but it is more—it is one of the most accurate and brilliant reproductions of a forgotten world that we have. Its affluence of learning is remarkable, but not more so than the richness of many of its descriptions and the suggestiveness of its lessons. The danger perhaps is, lest the attention should be so concentrated on the beauties of the picture as to forget that the foes of truth, purity, and goodness which are there represented are only the same we have to encounter in our own day, and that even to this age the prophet would say, "*De te fabula narratur.*"

How far the remedy which Kingsley desired to apply would have met the evils he so eloquently exposed, is another point. He had infinite faith in a sound and healthy development of the whole man, and so far we are in hearty sympathy with him. There is, perhaps, nothing in which the Evangelical type of religion is so deficient as this. It seems to have forgotten that humanity is many-sided, and especially has neglected the cultivation of its masculine elements. Kingsley, however, rushed to the opposite extreme, and went very far towards a worship of mere physical force. We do not mean to say that he did not appreciate the gentler virtues, but in his contempt for all morbid sentiment, his admiration of power exerted to put down what he regarded as evil, his exultation in the success of Englishmen everywhere, even though in buccaneering enterprises, which were as cruel in their deeds as they were piratical in their designs, he glorified brute power in a way which was very welcome to a certain class of Englishmen, but was not calculated to promote the interests of true civilisation, still less of religion. In the manly ideas of life he sought to inculcate; in the conception of the sanctity of the commonest acts and scenes which ever

inspires his utterances; in the scorn he never fails to pour on the distorted ideal of virtue so dear to priests and their followers; and in, what is the basis of the whole, the assertion of the rights of Christ as King over all the world and all human life, which is the most characteristic feature of his teachings, he says so much that needed to be boldly and strongly said, that it must always be a matter of regret that the influence of so much sound and valuable truth should have been marred both by its sins of omission and commission; that he should have left out other truth which is even more essential to the completeness and power of a gospel for this age, or for any age; and that he should have pushed his ideas to such extremes as to convert them into pernicious errors.

We do not object to have in a clergyman what one of his sincere, though discriminating, admirers sees in Kingsley, and describes as "the note of his genius"—a "breeziness, the power of conveying to the reader a sense of rapid and joyous movement through a clear and strengthening atmosphere—of flushing the cheek as air does, of quickening the pulses as a gallop does, of tuning the nerves to pleasure till mere living is enjoyable, as skating always seems to envious lingerers on the bank to do." It is quite true that this is "not characteristic of Mr. Kingsley's profession. We only wish it were; that a true, robust spiritual manhood was felt to be one of the highest qualifications for the Christian ministry; that the active virtues received at least as much credit as is given to morbid developments of the passive ones; that moral courage held as high a place in the ideal of the Church as it did in the minds of the Apostles; that Christian teachers, in particular, understood that they must be good soldiers, leaders, and examples in that conflict against evil which is as real to-day as in the first century, and that in the midst of their struggles there should be that joyous trust, combined with undaunted resolve, which should belong to all who feel that they are fighting for the world's true King, and are assured of victory. But, unfortunately, in this bright and vigorous spirit of Mr. Kingsley's there was a lack of a more purely spiritual element; a disposition to glorify forces which never have worked, and never can work, for the regeneration of the world. In short, much of his teaching is that of a clear-headed, warm-hearted, brave, and generous Englishman, with not a few prejudices, but with a large and noble soul, full of a tenderness which would be little suspected by those who have heard only his glorification of deeds of violence approaching to brutality, but very different from that which might have been anticipated from the preacher of a Gospel whose essence is love. Some parts of that Gospel had a strong attraction for him. In all its scorn of falsehood and meanness, in all its sympathy with the weak and suffering (provided they were not suffering at the hands of Englishmen, in which case it was to



be assumed that they were suffering the just reward of their deeds, as in the case of Spaniards massacred by Elizabeth's buccaneers or negroes martyred by Governor Eyre), in all its honour to meek and patient endurance, he shared, and expressed it with his characteristic eloquence. But here he stopped, and into the heart of the doctrine of Christ he was unable to penetrate.

He was, then, in fact, the preacher of a system which does not reach the deepest necessities of the human soul, even as it does not unfold the most precious truths of the Divine redemption. He was essentially one with Mr. Maurice in his doctrine : but Mr. Maurice was a philosophic thinker ; Mr. Kingsley a skilful artist who presented the salient features of the doctrine, as they appeared to him, with singular force and beauty. It would be far more difficult to extract a consistent theory from the vivid and glowing sermons of the latter, than from the elaborate dissertations of the former, vague and unsatisfactory as they were. This, however, was common to both : they had no faith in the objective view of the Atonement. Doubtless, Mr. Maurice has done valuable service by bringing out prominently the subjective view of our Lord's work, hitherto too much neglected ; by correcting the too hard, logical, and almost material form in which the doctrine of substitution had been presented. But, as in all reactions, the pendulum swung too far in the opposite direction, even in his own case, and still more in that of others. Mr. Kingsley, however, was in no sense a theological teacher. He had got hold of a bright and joyful idea of the Gospel, which was in perfect accord with his temperament and his cheery view of the world, and he presents it with touching eloquence. It is as pleasant and genial, but as one-sided and superficial a representation of the Gospel as could well be conceived, and it is maintained with all the force which intensity of conviction gives. His teaching abounds in generous sentiment and glows with earnestness, and even passion. His Gospel is set forth with undoubting confidence as a message from Heaven whose character and meaning the world had hardly begun to appreciate ; but it is not as we read it, the Gospel as proclaimed by Paul and Peter and John.

The position of Mr. Kingsley in the Anglican Church, like that of his leader, was anomalous and unfortunate. We cannot believe that any man of impartial and unbiassed mind could read the formularies which they had subscribed, and were bound to obey, and say that their theology had a rightful standing in the Establishment. Whether it ought to be admitted in a National Church is not at all the question that is raised, for however the state of things at present may seem to indicate the contrary, the comprehensiveness on which Broad Churchmen insist as the great merit of the Establishment, is not the idea on which it was based, and is not in any fair way to be reconciled with the

law by which it is constituted and governed. It is perfectly true that there is as much diversity of opinion within as outside its borders, and men of Mr. Kingsley's views may reasonably argue that they have as much right to its pulpits and dignities as others by whom they are enjoyed. This, however, is not the plea that has been urged in their favour, but on the contrary, attempts have been made to show that their teaching is in harmony with the requirements of the Creeds by an abuse of language which has offended the common-sense, where it has not revolted the conscience of men. Far be it from us to impeach the conscientiousness of those by whom the plea was urged; but however sincere they may have been, and doubtless were, the effect of a mode of dealing with language which makes it assert the very things all the world beside understood it to contradict, and contradict the very things it seemed to maintain, could not fail to be unfortunate. The climax was reached when Mr. Kingsley came out as a defender of the Athanasian Creed; but there can be no doubt that his position was taken in perfect good faith, and that he had no conception of the aspect his action presented to all the world except himself.

In one sense we might say that Canon Kingsley was made to be an English squire, varying his enjoyment of those pleasures and pursuits of the country of which he was so intensely fond, with congenial literary labours. But we cannot forget the happy influence he exerted, and the pleasant memories he has left, among the parishioners of Eversley. Whatever our views as to the deficiencies of his teaching, we must do honour to that noble, beautiful, and kindly spirit which attracted all who came near him, and made him a power for good in his parish. He was one of the finest specimens of the "educated Christian gentleman" which it is the special business of the Establishment to supply, but, at the same time, his religious teaching would be repudiated by both of the powerful Church parties as defective, if not erroneous. For ourselves, we prefer to think of him chiefly as the literary artist by whom we have so often been charmed, and of the Englishman of sympathies so broad that he was able to do justice to the qualities of the Puritans, to whose theology and ecclesiastical principles alike he was opposed.

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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Noble Workers.* By H. A. PAGE. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. (Price 5s.)

THIS is described as "a book of examples for young men." We do not know why young men should have all the pleasantest and best books: it is just as good for young women and for men who are no longer

young as for the class for whom it is specially written. It contains sketches of John Coleridge Patteson, Charles Knight, Robert Chambers, Henry Alford, Sir Henry Lawrence, and nine other men equally worthy of admiration. Mr. Page has the faculty of telling a story well, and his book is an excellent one.

*Dead and Gone: an Examination of Two False Doctrines.* By JAMES S. POLLOCK, M.A. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row. (Price 5s.)

THE earnest and devoted incumbent of St. Alban's, Birmingham, has endeavoured in this work to aim a blow at the prevailing unbelief in the supernatural. In his dedication he describes the volume as an "effort to promote faith in Him whom, having not seen, we love: and communion with them whose faces we see not, or have not seen, who live, and have not left us." With this end in view he has collected together 500 instances of supernatural intimations, which he has found recorded in "Holy Scripture," or in "general literature," or of which he has heard in the course of "personal experience"—chiefly, we suppose, during pastoral visitation. These are arranged in parallel fashion, so that the three sources may strengthen one another. 196 of the narratives appear for the first time, and "more than eighty are first hand, having been told to the author by the persons whose experiences they record." With unexceptionable impartiality, Mr. Pollock has levied contributions upon all sorts and conditions in the religious world—from the literature of the Church of England (in which he is careful to include the works of John Wesley) to that of the Spiritualist community, who head the list of instances by a majority of one.

While every right-minded man would say "Amen" to Mr. Pollock's desire, as expressed in his dedication—even including the latter half, should this prove possible—we are not certain that his method is such as will attain the end he looks for. "'Dead and Gone' is an appeal to men of reason and candour who espouse the inadequate theories of Drs. Tyndall and Carpenter; . . . to religionists who ignore supernatural facts; and still more to those who confine to their own communion what God has given to the evil and to the good." But we find it hard to grasp the author's plan. He builds entirely, he says, on undesigned coincidences, a species of argument which "does not in the least depend on the veracity

of the witnesses, but is rather founded on the presumption of their mendacity." Yet, we may ask, supposing any given story to have originated in unmixed misapprehension, what is the value of its undesigned coincidences with the parallel stories? But we are still more puzzled when we find Mr. Pollock saying in another page of his preface: "It will be part of my object to authenticate modern stories, and to investigate those already current;" and in another page: "I have intentionally mixed up the most trivial and incredible incidents—intentionally, because the line of argument suggested this course." Truly the "line of argument" seems to suggest several courses—in opposite directions.

What we conclude is, that Mr. Pollock has taken stories as he has found them, and relies on undesigned coincidences to prove a general principle: but he should at least have endeavoured to ascertain whether the story in the main was true. We do not affect to deny the fact of divine communication; neither are we prepared to accept it wholesale. To take an instance: does Mr. Pollock really intend the two following "communications" to be absolutely parallel?

"'There was something in the tone of his voice that day [of his embarkation for the Crimea] which struck like a distant knell upon our hearts. It was a foreboding tone. However strongly hope may have sprung up afterwards, we felt at that moment that it was our last parting. Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars, pp. 145, 146.'"

"'Thus saith the Lord touching Shalum, the son of Josiah, king of Judah, which reigned instead of Josiah his father, which went forth out of this place: He shall not return thither any more. Jer. xxii. 11.'"

Which is the presentiment, and which is the prophecy? We are inclined to think that the result of this collocation upon the minds of some "who have espoused the inadequate theories of Drs. Tyndall and Carpenter" would be to induce them to relegate both to the category of presentiments; and Mr. Pollock would not, we suppose, be ready to assert

that presentiments either come to all who look for them, or are verified by all to whom they come.

It is not for us, of course, to question the authenticity of story No. 451, told under the head of "The Departed giving Information."

"Mr. L— was a member of the Church of England: his wife was a Dissenter. Before Mr. L— died, he expressed a wish to be buried at B— parish church: Mrs. L— buried him at a Dissenting chapel. Mr. L—'s apparition, as was thought, disturbed Mrs. L—. Doors were opened and shut without visible hands. Mrs. L— was chiefly disturbed at her prayers. Some alterations being made in the burying ground where Mr. L—'s body was laid, gave the opportunity of removal to the parish church. When this was done, all disturbances came to an end."

With this compare Gibbon: "Abu Rafe says he will be witness for this fact: but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?" (It is needless to say that by Abu Rafe we do not mean the editor.)

Mr. Pollock's garden seems to want a little weeding.

*Dickinson's Theological Quarterly.* No. 1.

R. D. DICKINSON. London. (Price 2s.)

WE cordially commend Mr. Dickinson's new venture to our readers. The first number contains eleven articles, in addition to notices of English books, and a collection of useful and interesting paragraphs called "Side-Lights." Mr. Dickinson proposes to carry out the original intention of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, which is now, however, generally filled with original articles by English writers. We trust that the editor of the new Quarterly will resolutely refuse to depart from the lines which are laid down for it, and will simply reproduce papers which have already appeared in Germany, France, or America, and which ordinary English readers are not likely to see. Mr. Dickinson thoroughly understands that the men who are likely to care for a Review of this kind want as much for their money as they can get, and it would be very difficult to get more for two shillings than he has given. The Review is a miracle of cheapness.

*Glauca, the Greek Slave.* By the Author of "Faithful, but not Famous." Religious Tract Society. (Price, Three Shillings and Sixpence.)

A PRETTILY-TOLD story, illustrating the life of the early Christians at Athens and at Rome, and reminding us of the better class of those which have touched on the same subject in the pages of the *Leisure Hour*. We do not, however, learn from the Preface that it has appeared before. The time is that of Paul's imprisonment, and he is introduced as one of the characters of the story. Glauca and her brother Laon, Athenian children of noble birth, are brought over to the Roman slave-market: Glauca is sold to be the waiting-maid of Valeria, the imperious daughter of Sempronius Gracchus, while Laon makes his escape after being brutally ill-used and left for dead by the passionate trader. The visit of Gracchus and his family to Athens takes Glauca back to her native land, whither Laon works his passage to follow her; and the author is thus enabled, by exhibiting the structure of Greek and Roman society, to throw light upon the huge difficulties, social, intellectual, moral, and religious, which the "weakness of God" had to surmount, and the fearful perils which encompassed those who had the boldness to profess the new and exclusive religion. We have but few faults to find; yet on one or two occasions the writer has allowed himself to be beguiled by the mistranslation of the Authorised Version, and so has raised rather too heavy a superstructure upon the foundation of the expression, "*The Unknown God*." Perhaps, however, this is one of the fictitious elements in the narrative.

*Prayer: Its Reasonableness and Efficacy.*

By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. (Price 4d.)

MR. NEWMAN HALL knows how to write for the common people as well as how to speak to them. The perfect transparency of his style, and the directness and vigour of his thought, make his books as popular and effective as his speeches. There are large numbers of persons to whom this little book will be of much greater service than an elaborate treatise.

# The Congregationalist.

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MAY, 1875.

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## "BE THOU FAITHFUL."

WHEN the Lord Jesus was on earth His message was, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved." When His Kingdom was established, and He sent a message to those who already believed, it was, "Be thou *faithful* unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The answer to faith is salvation, the reward of faithfulness is honour. We have to remind those who are not yet restored to God that if a man have no faith he must lose his life: we have to remind each other that if we be not faithful we shall lose the prize of our high calling,—we may be "saved so as by fire," but we cannot "have an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven." When, therefore, the question of personal surrender to Christ is set at rest forever, none other can have for us the absorbing interest of this: How to become and to remain faithful.

When Christ said, "Thy faith hath saved thee," we understand—indeed, we *know*—that He meant, You did nothing, you ceased to do, you let Me do everything for you. Because you left yourself to Me I was able to save you. But when He says, "Be thou faithful," we are sometimes told that He means, You have now come into the Kingdom of God, you have made yourself amenable to a vast code of spiritual laws. These laws apply to every department of your moral and spiritual life. By them every region in that complex creation, man, must be governed. Some of them are so exacting that you cannot hope to obey them; they are placed on the statute-book in order to keep you humble, to reveal to you the impossibility of perfectly pleasing Him who made the laws. You must continue to try, to strive, to agonise to obey them, persuaded you will

fail, and if you remit your effort, if you give in before life is ended, you must forfeit your crown.

If there be all this difference between what Christ requires when He says, "Have faith," and when He says, "Be faithful," it is no wonder that theologians tell us that "the faith which is the result of the Christian life is essentially different from the faith which inaugurates it." Those who thus represent the Christian life must have been to school to the law, and they are telling us what they learned there, not what they have since learned of Christ. History repeats herself; the root from which this error springs is one and the same with the Galatian heresy. The Judaisers were destroying the very essence of Christianity in reducing it from an inward and spiritual life to an outward and ceremonial system. St. Paul reproached his converts sharply, because having received the Spirit by the hearing of faith, they were now looking to the law (he calls it the *flesh*) to perfect their Christian life. They had acknowledged that they were justified by Christ; nevertheless, they acted as though Christ were unable to complete their salvation. *We* acknowledge that we can do nothing for the remission of our sins: the awful penalty was paid long ago; we had nothing to do with it, nor can we now add to its efficacious power. We began in faith; let us not hope to be made perfect in any other way. Effort, self-culture, the discipline of circumstances, are as helpless to deliver us from the power of sin as they were to deliver us from its penalty. For the first part of the work there is one Saviour, and one only; for the second part of the work there is one Saviour, and one only. The Lord Christ is His name. He is independent alike of effort, culture, and circumstances. He is the Omega as well as the Alpha. He asks not help, but non-resistance. There is but one way to become faithful; it is to be full of faith. And faith is one and the same, whether I have faith in Christ to deliver me from eternal death, which means, that looking away from myself, in whom I see the sentence of death, I lose myself in the contemplation of His power, and let Him give me His life; or whether I have faith in Christ to keep me from falling, which means that, tired of the effort to achieve holiness, I confess I can do nothing, and am willing to let Him do all by His life abiding in me. When Christ tells us to have faith, He asks us to assume a position of absolute dependence; when He tells us to be faithful, He urges us to retain it. If to be delivered from that eternal destruction which is the final doom of the impenitent were the whole of the redemption which Christ died to accomplish, the one act of faith which enables us to receive the Lord Jesus as our Saviour would suffice; but if it is His eternal purpose that our whole life should be transformed to His image, we must be filled with faith. The faith which makes the highest form of saintliness pos-

sible, though perhaps different in measure, is the same in kind as the faith which brings pardon to the penitent. When Christ says, "Be faithful," it is but another form of saying, "Continue in faith."

We are slow to learn the true nature of faith. We are accustomed to deny vehemently that it is the mere assent of the mind to Divine truth, and we sometimes speak as though reason were the antithesis of faith. We must no more exalt faith at the expense of reason than exalt reason at the expense of faith. Each has its function, and is complementary to the other in the development of the life of the soul. The same truths which are the objects of faith are also the objects of reason. Faith does not triumph by deposing reason. Reason cannot supersede faith. Faith surpasses reason, inasmuch as it lays hold of the power of God, and brings the life into conformity with the intellectual belief. Reason enriches and enlarges faith, inasmuch as it shows her constantly new cause for worship and adoration. In the ideal Christian life faith and reason will walk hand in hand. Reason will look to faith to transfigure her by saving her from the tyranny of the seen and the material; faith will look to reason to explain her; she will hail the test of the highest light of the intellect, for faith cannot fear the truth.

We are also slow to learn the true object of faith. Faith only saves when God is its object. We often speak of having faith in prayer: it is not prayer that saves us, and we find this out when we cannot pray. Our great enemy tries to make us have faith in our faith. It is well for us, then, that our faith should fail, and that we should have to cry from the depths of despair, "Master, Master, we perish!" and that, rebuking us, because we have no faith, He should show us "what manner of man He is," that even the winds and waters, when He commands, obey Him, not because we have faith, but because He has power. There is a sense in which the highest act of faith—or shall we call it the lowliest?—is to cry, "Lord, help Thou mine unbelief." If we know that faith is the condition which Christ requires, if we know that we have no faith, if we know that nothing is left to us but God only, and yet dare to appeal to His mercy, we are exercising faith in the truest sense, for it is the supreme manifestation of faith to lose self-consciousness in its appeal to God.

When the Lord Jesus commands us to be faithful, He implies that we are to be full of faith in His love, His holiness, and His power.

(1) *We must be full of faith in God's love.*—It is not enough to believe that His love was manifested, in that "He who was rich for our sakes became poor;" that, "being in the form of God, He took upon Him the form of a servant;" that, while "we were yet sinners Christ died for us." We may believe all this, and yet in no true sense have faith in His love. We cannot be said to have faith in God's mercy until we



are willing to receive forgiveness of sin ; neither have we faith in His love until, having received it into our nature as a new principle, we can say with St. Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth me." Love must cease to be an effort, and become a necessity. Our outer life has too often been a mask rather than a manifestation of the inner feeling. We have striven to defy the unloving thought by clothing it in loving words. This incongruity will disappear if we have faith in God's love. To be full of faith in God's love, we must not only believe in it as it is manifested outside of us, and *for us*—we must believe that, in virtue of our union with Christ, it is *in us*. Was it faith or presumption which dictated the words of John, "No man hath seen God at any time, but if we love one another, God dwelleth *in us*, and His love is perfected in us?" Seeing us you see God, for we believe, and "faith worketh by love." God grant us the faith, or the presumption, whichever it was, that made such words possible ! Let us so fix our faith on His love, that we, being His members, shall perfectly manifest this love of His, for lack of which men are starving.

(2) *We must be full of faith in God's holiness.*—We all believe that God is holy, just, and true ; we think of Him as dwelling in light inaccessible ; we hear the seraphim, with veiled faces, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory." Shall we cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone"? No ; this is not faith in its fulness. When Peter had a little faith, he said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord ;" but when he was full of faith, he surely said, with his fellow-apostle, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." When the humility, which stands with downcast eye thinking of its own sinfulness, has been touched by the finger of faith, the soul can look freely up to heaven, and forget everything else in the thought of God's holiness, which may become its own. It is not enough to believe in the holiness of God as one of the attributes of His divine perfection ; we must have faith that it is ours by oneness with Him : not as a robe outside to hide our unholiness, but as a principle within to annihilate sin. Let us have such confidence in the holiness of God that we shall look for it to be reproduced in our personal life and character. God did not reveal it to us to dazzle and bewilder us ; but to waken in us a great passion, and that He might do for us exceeding abundantly all that we ask or think.

(3) *And we must be full of faith in God's power.*—It is hard to believe that He can do all things. We say He is "able to make all grace abound ;" we say that "what He has promised He is able also to perform." We believe that we believe it. Our Lord said, "Thine is the kingdom and the power." John heard the great multitude singing, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and we feebly repeat the words.

If we are full of faith we shall link our weakness with His great power. "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth?" "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Nor is it enough that our faith should save us from being conformed to this world, or should even transform us. Christ has other work for us. It is His purpose to deliver the world; and in this sublime mission, for which He deigns to employ all who bear His name, He will, according to our faith, reveal in and through us His mighty power. Let us go to Him, believing that whatsoever we ask we shall receive. Let us look for the manifestation of His power in the hearts that are about us: transforming belief into faith, making conscience as the very voice of God in the soul, revealing holiness to be the chief end of man, touching the springs of thought and of action, and waking up aspirations after the living God. We must have faith in God's power to make us what Christ said we were: the lights of the world to illumine its darkness, the salt of the earth to save it from corruption. If God's will is ever to be done on earth as it is done in heaven, we must have faith that He will "subdue even all things to Himself." We seem to think that He will help us to do this. Not so: He Himself will do it all, we being the lantern through which His light will shine, we being the instruments with which His hand will work; but His being all the power and all the glory.

And what do those two words, "unto death," mean? If we say a soldier is faithful unto death, we do not mean that though he happened to be on the right side at the moment when he was struck down, he had often disobeyed his commander, compromised his regiment, betrayed his king. Military honour is not so cheaply earned. If he did not care more for his country than for himself, if he did not glory in his colours and hold them dearer than life, he was not faithful unto death. Shall the great God require less of us than we do of each other? "Unto death" does not simply mean until death shall come; it means at the peril of life. Jesus said, "Let a man deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." He who took his own cross took up the instrument of his death; he voluntarily—for most martyrs had the chance of buying life with a word—looked death in the face, and denied himself rather than deny his Lord.

Perhaps there is a still deeper meaning in the words, "Be thou faithful unto death." Perhaps the Lord Jesus refers to that mysterious but real experience by which we learn to say, "I was crucified with Christ;" and if so, who will deny that this can only be the result of fulness of faith? Here, again, it is of supreme importance that we not only have faith in the death of Christ as a great fact outside of ourselves, but share it and make it our own.

When His children on earth are all full of faith alike in His love, His holiness, and His power, until death and unto death, then shall the Lord Jesus "see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied." He cannot be satisfied with less than this, for unbelief is sin, darkness, misery. If a life in which unbelief is impossible is not possible, the Christian life is a failure; but they that are "with Him are called and chosen and faithful," believing, they rejoice with joy unspeakable. No longer held down to earth, "they mount up with wings as eagles; they run, and are not weary; they walk, and are not faint." As the years go by, the objects of faith become the objects of consciousness and of spiritual vision. When Christ touched the eyes of the blind men, saying, "According to your faith be it unto you," their eyes were opened, and they saw His face. In their case, faith perfected was vision; and this is true in our own history. Day by day, God in relation to great spiritual truths is transforming our faith into sight. Once we only believed that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven our sins—now we know it; and when we are as full of faith in God's love and holiness and power as we are now in His pardoning mercy, faith will have achieved her final victory, and the old prophet's words will be fulfilled, "God will rest in our love; He will joy over us with singing."

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### THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

#### XVII.—MOUNT SINAI.

IT will be remembered that when we were within a day's march of Sinai, Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I, with three or four men, diverged from the route which the Israelites must have taken, and that we reached the great plain of Er Rahah by Nagb Hawa. Mr. Wells, who with Salem and the baggage-camels went by the longer route, has been good enough to send me his notes of that part of the journey. They will be read with great interest, as they describe the road by which the elect nation approached the Mountain:—

"*Thursday, March 13.*—Directly after our friends had left for the Nagb Hawa, we struck camp and marched eastward about two hours along Wady Sheik. The scenery rather tame; noticed all the hills very singularly veined with dykes, generally descending the sides at frequent intervals, but sometimes also crossing over the hills longitudinally, and looking like gigantic breadths of dark calico stretched over them. The hills here are schist.

"In about two hours we came to a grove of large tamarisk-trees,

which extended several miles along the Wady, and furnished a pleasing contrast to the desolation of the surrounding hills.

"In about two hours more the Wady becomes more picturesque, and for miles we passed through the bed of what had sometime been an extensive lake. For a distance of some 150 feet or thereabouts up the sides of the hills, was a thin deposit of sandstone overlying the other formation; this deposit, too, extended up all the lateral valleys with the most perfect regularity, and if it had been laid on with a trowel it could not have been more uniform.

"From our start in the morning, we had seen in the east a noble range of peaked mountains, towards which we gradually approached. Sinai, I knew, should be beyond them, but how we were to turn the mountains, or where get over them, I was at a loss to know.

"Towards the middle of the day, after penetrating to the end of the old lake bed, a sudden bend of the Wady revealed the secret. We stood in the face of a lofty peaked mountain of dark red granite, about 1,500 feet high; this by some great convulsion was literally cleft in two from head to foot, and then it was as if the two sides had been forced back; through this extraordinary opening the sandy Wady passed literally through the very heart of the mountain. It was just like a gigantic railway cutting, whilst the dark sides towered up almost perpendicularly to the very summit of the mountain peak.

"To give some idea of this singular road, I should say that it seemed to me the path was as wide, and as smooth, and as white as Regent Street in London; doubtless the chasm extended downwards an immense depth into the earth, but the sands had drifted into the opening and brought it to the level of the adjacent Wadies. It seemed a marvellous opening of a way through the mountain for the passage of the hosts of Israel.

"On emerging out of this pass of El Watieh, we found ourselves in a district of granite. The hills became exceedingly picturesque, and in about two hours we reached the tomb of En Nebi Saleh, a renowned Moslem saint, decorated with abundant votive offerings in the shape of old rags. To this point we subsequently came on our route from Sinai to Akaba.

"The mountains improved in grandeur as we approached Mount Sinai, and at length, turning to the right, we entered Wady Ed Deir, and at 3 p.m. reached our camp at the entrance of the valley leading up to the convent, with the ruddy heights of Ras Sufsafah towering over us, and the plain of Er Rahah stretching away to the right."

Those of us who came by Nagb Hawa, reached camp about the same time. The tents were pitched just under the cliffs of Ras

Sufsafeh, and at the opening of the Wady in which the great convent stands.

Our first business was to pay our respects to the monks. Salem accompanied us and carried with him, I believe, a letter from a convent at Cairo. The Wady Ed Deir, which separates "the Mountain of the Lord" from the mountain on its eastern side, is very stony. The convent is about a mile—perhaps rather more—from the point where the Wady opens on to the plain. It is curious to find a great building like this in the very recesses of such a wild and desolate region. We had been living in tents for eight or nine days. I had put myself back into the old times when Moses crossed the Desert on his first flight from Egypt, and when he crossed it again to fulfil his commission to deliver his brethren from bondage, and when he was there again, after the awful procession of miracles which heralded the Exodus, wearied and worried by the waywardness and perversity of the nation he had saved. Suddenly to see a great building like the convent in these vast solitudes, and when one's mind had become steeped in the remote history which has made them for ever famous and sacred, was a kind of anachronism. The effect it had on me I can hardly describe, but it was in some respects not very unlike what would be produced if, by mistake, a sheet or two of Mr. Molesworth's History of England had been bound up with a Bible, so that the story of Mr. Bright and the Anti-Corn Law League happened to be introduced just after the story of Jacob's vision of the ladder between heaven and earth in the Book of Genesis.

Our "Murray" had promised us that we were to enter the convent in a very romantic way. This is the little drama in which we were expecting to play our part: "On reaching the side of the lofty walls the traveller looks up to a kind of trap-door, some thirty feet over-head, and sees the faces of one or two monks reconnoitring him and his party. A cord is let down with the demand for the letter. This being found in order, the pilgrim is hoisted up by a windlass, and then dragged in by a sturdy brother to the platform. Ladies who may not relish this aerial voyage are admitted by a small postern into the garden, and then conducted by a dark subterraneous passage within the convent walls." Could anything be more delightful? We were not "ladies," and when we came to "the side of the lofty walls," and looked up to "the trap-door," of course we hoped to see the reconnoitring monks and to find our way into the convent, as St. Paul found his way out of Damascus, by a basket and a rope. But there was no sign of movement, and Salem, in a very unconcerned manner, walked up to a door in the wall and either knocked or rang—I forget which—and told us that the "aerial voyage" of which "Murray" speaks had been abandoned some time. This rather damped our spirits; but still there was the "dark subter-

aneous passage" through which the ladies were taken; and if we could not have the satisfaction of entering the convent-fortress by swinging in a basket through the air, the next best thing was to enter it by burrowing through a dark mysterious passage underground. Even this delight was denied to us. After a few minutes the door was opened, and we presently found ourselves in the court-yard of the convent; a few minutes later a monk, who had watched us very lazily from a window, and who had been shouted at several times before he seemed disposed to move, admitted us into the building.

I cannot disentangle my confused remembrances of what we saw as we followed him. There were some dark—but not "subterraneous"—passages; there were silent monks who looked very dirty; there were broad staircases, which seemed to want repair and paint; there were ramshackle wooden galleries running round open courts with vines trained up the woodwork, and the glorious blue sky above; and there were little white-looking cells, some of the doors of which were open as we passed. Out of one of these galleries we turned into a room appropriated to the reception of guests. It seemed clean, and was pleasantly shady and cool. I think there was matting on the floor; and there was a divan running along two or perhaps three of the walls. The monk left us for a few minutes, and then came back with a tray on which he brought capital coffee, beautiful water, and "arrack." There was also a curious-looking thing that looked like a saveloy or a very small German sausage, only that the covering was leather instead of skin. It was cut through, and we found that it was a most delicious compound of dates. I got Salem to buy me some of these date-sausages before we left, and the children at home, who have tasted them, pronounce them very good. I wonder, by the way, how it happens that the genius of modern monks is devoted with such success to the manufacture of liqueurs. Everyone knows the merits of "Chartreuse," and during the last few years I have sometimes seen at the tables of my friends a liqueur labelled "Benedictine," which also, I believe, comes from some great monastery. At the convent on Mount Carmel the monks brought us "arrack" of their own making, which was exceedingly good; and the "arrack" at Mount Sinai was equally excellent.

We were left alone for ten minutes to take our refreshment, and then a grave and dignified gentleman made his appearance and began to speak to us in Italian. Unfortunately, none of us were able to converse with him in that language, so that Salem had to act as interpreter. We exchanged gracious compliments, and he informed us that the Superior was not well, and was therefore unable to do himself the honour of receiving us. The gentleman who came to us was the vice-superior, and was very courteous. There were about fifty monks, he

said, in residence, and to one of these he entrusted the duty of showing us over the building.

Some travellers lodge in the convent, but our tent life was so pleasant that we preferred remaining in camp. Salem told us that the convent beds were not free from terrors that make sleep difficult. In old times, indeed, it is said that the monks were so tormented with them that they resolved to flee from the place. The tradition runs that before leaving they formed in solemn procession, and proceeded to take a sad and devout farewell of the sacred spots, from the neighbourhood of which they were about to be driven by these ignominious foes. As they were ascending the mountain the Virgin met them (a chapel, which we saw with our own eyes, still ascertains the spot and corroborates the truth of the story); she charged them to return, and promised that she herself would drive away their enemies, and bring pilgrims to their shrine in larger numbers than ever. The monks declare that a flea has never been seen in the convent since. Unfortunately it is not the sight but the bite of the creature which is objectionable, and Salem assured us that whether the fleas are ever seen or not they are still felt. Perhaps, however, the very wonder of the miracle lies in the fact that through the grace of the Virgin the fleas have been constrained to forsake the monks and to prey on the bodies of strangers.

As we visited the convent several times while we were encamped at Ras Sufsafeh, I shall bring together the notes which I made during these several visits.

St. Helena is said to have been the first to erect any sacred buildings here. Already the mountain had become the resort of vast numbers of hermits; some of them may have found their way to it as early as the second century. The neighbouring mountain Gebel Katherina still retains in its name the wonderful story of the flight of the body of St. Catherine to its summit early in the fourth century. It is alleged that St. Helena erected a tower near the site—now under the roof of the convent church—where the burning bush revealed to Moses the presence of Jehovah; and some part of the walls of the little chapel behind the apse may, perhaps, be the remains of St. Helena's tower. The church itself was erected by Justinian in the sixth century. It is a large and very impressive building. Two rows of lofty granite columns divide it into three aisles. The capitals of the columns, no two of which are alike, are very curious. "One represents two sheep at the foot of a cross, from the arms of which hang an  $\alpha$  and  $\omega$ ; above the cross is a vine tendril with bunches of grapes, beneath it a sphere with two serpents, and on either side a date-palm with fruit. At each corner of the abacus is a ram's head, rendered with great spirit, and it appears to



have been intended to finish all the abaci in the same manner, but many of the ram's heads are still but half cut. A second capital represents two sheep at an altar, over which is a small cross; a third, two birds at the foot of the cross; and on others are emblems of the Passion, such as the sheet, nails, and box with dice, mixed with clusters of grapes, vine leaves, or other foliage. A small metal cross is let into each column about two feet above its base."\*

The colouring of the church is rich and gorgeous; the general effect is somewhat barbaric. Suspended from the roof are a large number of silver lamps; the chains by which each lamp is hung pass round a large ostrich egg. The lamps have a beautiful effect. The external aisles are divided into small chapels, in which there are very worthless pictures.

In the chancel are the relics of St. Catherine, after whom the convent is named. Just near is a magnificent silver shrine intended to receive the sacred remains, but too large, I believe, to stand in the proper place behind the altar; it is therefore empty. This shrine was presented to the monks by the Emperor of Russia in acknowledgment of the great Codex Sinaiticus, discovered in the convent by Tischendorf, and now in St. Petersburg.

On the vaulted roof behind the altar is a large and very ancient mosaic representing the Transfiguration, and the church is called the Church of the Transfiguration. No subject could have been more felicitous. On the site which derives its sanctity from the awful manifestation of the glory of God at the giving of the Law, Moses and the Prophets are doing homage to Christ. Behind the apse is the chapel said to have been erected by St. Helena over the site of the "Burning Bush." As soon as we had passed through the door of the church which gives access to it, we were requested to take off our boots. The spot where the Bush is supposed to have stood is covered with plates of silver elaborately worked, and lit up with a row of silver lamps; the chapel is covered with rich soft carpets. The subjects illustrated on the silver plates it was difficult to make out.

Near the church, and within the convent walls, is a small mosque.

The library of the convent, rendered famous by Tischendorf's great discovery, contains between 1,500 and 2,000 printed volumes; most of them are either in Greek or Russian. The monks have also some valuable MSS. to show. The most beautiful is a copy of the Lessons from the Gospels appointed to be read in the Greek Church. It is on vellum, which, notwithstanding its great age, is still beautifully white, and it is written in gold uncial letters. We also saw an ancient Psalter and some other MSS.

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\* Ordnance Survey, page 205.

The garden of the convent is of considerable size, and contains a large number of fruit-trees. In the garden there is a cave with an entrance about three feet high, in which the bones of dead monks are piled—skulls in one heap, thigh-bones in another, arms in another. In a cave leading out of this there are a number of wooden boxes, in which the bones of the bishops are kept; each bishop, I believe, having a box to himself. The boxes are each about three feet in length, and two feet in height and breadth. At the entrance of this dismal repository sits a former gatekeeper of the convent—St. Stephen—who died two hundred years ago. He wears the dress that he wore in life; his staff is by his side; and the skull is covered with a cap worked in white and gold.

This great convent is said to have large estates in Greece, and other parts of the world. It has stood here at least 1,300 years, and the people about it are as wild and barbarous as when it was built. The Bedouin regard the monks with some awe, and one tribe, I believe, receives corn and other commodities in return for its services; but the monks have made no attempt either to civilise or to Christianise them.

We reached Sinai on Thursday, March 13. On Friday morning we made the ascent of the mountain. Salem was too indolent to accompany us; and we therefore took poor old Hassan, two of our Arabs, and an Arab from the convent. Our guide was a Greek monk; I think he tried to make us understand that he was a lay brother, but his English was very imperfect. He told us that he was a native of Patmos, and that he came to Alexandria when he was about eight years old. He was a robust fellow about thirty years of age, or perhaps a little more, and had been in the convent six or seven years. He wore camel's-hair trousers, a blue gown, a rough burnous, which he threw off when he began to get warm, and a black conical hat.

We started from the convent at half-past 7 o'clock. The path strikes up the mountain a little south of the convent buildings. It ought to be described as a staircase, rather than a path; for a considerable part of the way steps have been cut in the rock, and the ascent, at first, is steep. A year before we were there, the torrents had destroyed the steps in some places, and occasionally it was rather hard work to get from one step to the step above it. The convent itself is 5,013 feet above the sea level. After ascending 500 or 600 feet we came to a beautiful spring of cool water, surrounded by lovely fern. Then we went up through a narrow ravine over blocks of granite. Our first halt, at 8.15, was at the little chapel where the Virgin met the processions of monks and promised to drive away the fleas. (Height 6,350 feet.)

A short but sharp ascent brought us to a cleft in the rock, spanned by

an arch—"the archway of St. Stephen." St. Stephen was the gate-keeper whose ghastly remains we saw in the cave below. It was his function to shrive pilgrims, and give them their "passes" to the sacred heights above. Some distance beyond is a second archway, and through this we passed to a little plain or basin in the mountain, with a single cypress rising in the centre of it to a considerable height. Near this cypress is the chapel of Elijah. (Height 6,501 feet.)

The monk showed us the cave in which the heroic prophet "lodged," and where the "voice of the Lord" came to him, saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Stretching north or north-west from this point, for rather more than a mile, there is a very broken and irregular table land, ending in the cliffs of Ras Sufsafeh. As we were to return to the Chapel of Elijah, we stayed there only a very few moments, and then started for the summit of the mountain, which we could now see rising between 800 and 900 feet above us. The "staircase" was very steep, and the ascent wearying. On our way the monk showed us the foot-print of Mahomet's camel. At 9.35 we were on the little platform at the top of the mountain, which is crowned with a small chapel and a small mosque. There is something pathetic in finding these two rude buildings, standing side by side on this lofty and desolate but sacred spot—representatives of the two great hostile Faiths, Islam and Christianity, which both do homage to the great lawgiver of Judaism; and the pathos is increased by the absence of any building erected by the hands, and expressing the reverence, of the race to which Moses belonged. The actual summit (height 7,363 feet) is a slanting block of grey granite, rising a few feet above the roof of the chapel.

On this block we sat for some time, looking round upon one of the most extraordinary scenes on which the eye can rest. From this height the scanty vegetation of the desert disappears, and we saw nothing but mountains of bare rock unclothed from ridge and peak to base with grass or tree, and with ravines and valleys between them as bare as themselves. The usual epithets by which scenery familiar to European eyes is commonly described, are unavailable. When we speak of mountain scenery as "wild" or "savage," the words suggest gloomy ravines, strips of pine forest, and perhaps the roar of descending torrents. But the light that fell everywhere was so intense that there was no gloom; and forests and torrents were absent. And the mountains had too much sunlight on them to be called "stern." "Grandeur," too, is a word which would call up misleading associations, for "grandeur" has a certain majestic and imperial sound about it, which is alien to the nakedness of the view from Gebel Musa. The mountains were the mountains of a dead world—from which all the

flesh and sinew had long since vanished ; nothing was left but the hard skeleton, which was lying all around us in the sun. Gebel Musa is the traditional Sinai of the monks ; it was from the point on which we were sitting that they suppose that the Law was proclaimed. On this hypothesis the Wady beneath us—Wady Sebayah—was the camping ground of the Israelites ; but the first glance at it was enough to satisfy us that the Wady was far too small for the vast host to be gathered there.

Descending from Gebel Musa, we returned to the Chapel of Elijah, where we rested for an hour. Then we struck along the tableland or basin towards Ras Sufsafah, passing on the way the Chapel of John the Baptist and the Chapel of "the Virgin of the Zone." The distance was a little more than a mile, and the walking very rough. The "tableland"—if there is any propriety in so calling it—is very uneven, and the path is a continual series of ascents and descents ; at point after point the granite rock rises wildly and savagely—both on the right hand and the left. The final ascent of three or four hundred feet is along the face of a granite ravine, and is steep enough to be tiring.

The rush of thoughts which came upon us as soon as we emerged can never be forgotten. We were about 1,500 feet above the great plain of Er Rahah, and the cliffs on which we stood seemed to descend to it almost vertically. That was the plain—surrounded and shut in by lofty walls of desolate mountains—on which the people assembled to await the revelation of God ; and if an architect of Titanic genius had been told to build up an awful platform from which the Law might be proclaimed, he could have produced nothing more solemn and impressive than the cliffs of red granite on which we were standing. To our right there was the tremendous chasm by which we had ascended, and on the opposite side of it the granite, descending precipitously, was broken into huge fragments, and the face of the chasm was scarred—perhaps by the lightnings and thunders which once proclaimed the greatness and majesty of God. Where we stood, the cloud and glory had descended.

We reached this spot about 1.30 ; and this was the highest point to which, with the exception of Mr. Lee, we cared to climb. Mr. Wallis sat down to sketch the plain ; the two Arabs that were with us—we had left the others below—lay down on the rocks ; I sat and thought of the mystery and glory, of which these cliffs are the eternal memorial.

The highest point of Ras Sufsafah lies a little back from the face of the cliffs, and is about 200 feet higher than the point we reached. To this Mr. Lee determined to ascend, and the monk went with him. The monk had watched my own performances that morning, and thought that I had better not attempt it. He was a wise man ; for the actual summit is a smooth sloping block of granite, of some breadth, giving

no hold to the foot ; and a slip would be fatal. The monk took off his boots, I believe, to make sure against accidents, and partly by lying on the face of the granite and partly by crawling, he and my adventurous friend got to the top.

In about twenty minutes Mr. Lee and the monk returned to us, and soon afterwards we began the descent. We came down by the Sikket Sho'eib, or path of Jethro, described in the Ordnance Survey as "a very precipitous rocky ravine containing only the faintest traces of a path." I can answer for the accuracy of the description. For the greater part of the way blocks of granite are tumbled about in the most chaotic fashion. Instead of being a channel for a torrent of water the ravine is a channel for a torrent of huge masses of rock. At one point an enormous granite "girder" stretched right across from side to side. Under the cover of this there was a delicious spring, and the rocks above it were covered with the beautiful tresses of the maiden-hair fern. My friends were greatly entertained at the manner in which I made the descent. We went down rapidly, but the monk kept me well in hand and I had no fall, but I was told that I staggered about in a manner quite inconsistent with ministerial dignity. It was by this ravine, in all probability, that Moses and Joshua descended from the mount (Exodus xxxii. 15-18), when Joshua "heard the voice of the people as they shouted," and said, "There is a noise of war in the camp"—Moses answering him, "It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome : but the noise of them that sing do I hear." They heard the shouts of the people before they could see them ; but "it came to pass that as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing." The Sikket Sho'eib perfectly fulfils the condition of the story ; it is possible during the descent to hear sounds from the plain below, some time before the ravine opens sufficiently for the plain to be seen.

This short and rough way down brought us out not very far from our camp—between the camp and the convent. When we were two or three hundred feet from the bottom we saw a solitary Arab on a camel making his way towards Er Rahah, and the monk told us that he was taking letters from the convent to Suez. We had letters in our tents which only required to be signed, dated, and closed. Here was an unexpected chance of posting them. The monk shouted to the man to stop. Fortunately the Arab heard him, and in due time our friends at home received letters from us "posted" at Mount Sinai.

On Saturday Mr. Lee, who was the athlete of our party, determined to make the ascent of Gebel Katherina, the summit of which is 8,526 feet above the sea, and is therefore more than 800 feet higher than

Gebel Musa. Mr. Wallis and I preferred spending the day below. We walked with him round the base of Ras Sufsafah, passing the fragment of rock, into the depressed surface of which the monks say that Aaron threw the gold which the people brought him to make into a god for them. If this was the veritable mould in which the image was cast, Aaron might very well have been astonished when "there came out this calf." I believe that the true tradition is that only the head of the image was cast in the rock; but even on that hypothesis the result of the casting must have been very surprising—that is, if the head had sufficient resemblance to the head of a calf for even a cow to recognise the likeness. We then turned together into the Wady El Leja. In the Wady there are several ruins of convents and chapels. Here the monks show the rock which Moses struck when the people wanted water. It is a great rough block of granite higher than a man, and with a little ingenuity we were able to make out the twelve "mouths," out of each of which a stream of water came, one for every tribe. Some little distance beyond this, Mr. Lee struck off to the right for Gebel Katharina, and Mr. Wallis and I returned towards the great plain.

At the "Rock of Horeb" we had a long conversation with a man whom we had seen when we were starting in the morning. He was an American Swede, roughly and poorly dressed. He told us that for many years he had wanted to see Mount Sinai, and had made his way there at last by himself. At Suez he had got on board a ship that was going down the Gulf, and he had left her at a small port about sixty or seventy miles from the mountain. There he had joined a caravan going to the convent with provisions. He was an intelligent fellow between forty and fifty years of age. The monks at the convent greatly provoked his indignation, for he said that they did not care about receiving the poor, though this was their duty, but were anxious to have rich travellers who paid them a pound a day. I admired the man's pluck, and sympathised with his denunciations of the monks.

Mr. Wallis and I spent several hours on the plain; while he was sketching the cliffs of Ras Sufsafah I read and re-read the whole story of the giving of the Law and the encampment of the Israelites at Sinai. Comparing passage with passage as carefully as I could, I came to the following conclusions. Of course they are not demonstrable, but they appear to make a consistent theory.

1. When Moses is said to have gone up into the Mount, he probably went up by the ravine by which we descended—Sikket Sho'eib—and remained on what I have sometimes called the "tableland" and sometimes the "basin," extending from Gebel Musa to Ras Sufsafah.

2. The "glory of the Lord," when resting on the Mount, extended along the ridge of Ras Sufsafah.

3. It was from Sufsafeh that "the voice of the Lord" proceeded, and that the Law was given.

4. It was on Sufsafeh—either on the ridge or in the basin—that Moses received the tables of the Law.

The lie of Er Rahah is very striking. It ascends very gradually from the foot of Ras Sufsafeh to the watershed which lies far back. Several hundred yards from the base of the cliffs there is a rise in the ground which constitutes a kind of natural amphitheatre; this amphitheatre is horizontally curved, and presents its concave face to the cliffs. Between the face of the amphitheatre and the cliffs we noticed a line of stones running parallel to the base of the cliffs, and near these stones there are slight mounds running in the same direction. It was difficult to resist the conclusion that these stones and mounds were the memorial of "the bounds" which Moses set "about the mount" to fence it from the approach of the people.

While we were on Er Rahah a little rain fell, and more rain fell in the evening. The night was very cold.

On Sunday morning we went at six o'clock to the service in the convent church. The monk who had been our guide had told us that service began at two or three o'clock in the morning. We made him understand that this was rather an early time to go to church, according to our customs, and he very good-naturedly said that he would speak to the authorities, and either get the commencement of the service postponed, or the service itself prolonged, that we might not miss it altogether. I do not imagine, however, that for our convenience they were likely either to begin later than usual, or to make the service longer. When we reached the church the service must have been going on for three hours if it had begun at three o'clock. There were twenty or thirty monks present; it did not strike me that they were very devout. The singing and chanting was monotonous, and was sometimes very far from being of the kind that we regard as devotional. There was something impressive in the great dark church, lit up with its silver lamps suspended under the great ostrich eggs, and the history and associations of the place were very affecting; but the service itself was neither majestic nor pathetic. Two things have fastened themselves on my memory. I was very much struck at first by the exceeding beauty of the face of a young monk, who might have sat to a painter as a model for the face of St. John. The profile was perfect; the long hair fell away from a parting in the middle of the head, just as the painters represent the hair of "the beloved disciple;" and the expression of the face seemed to be a wonderful union of rapture and love. This was by the light of the silver lamps. When the sunlight came I saw that the face was dirty and coarse. The other vivid impression that I retain of



that morning's service is the moment when the light of the sun suddenly struck through a window and glorified the nave. The suddenness was startling. The surrounding mountains kept the sunlight out of the church long after sunrise; before the light came, the sun was far above the horizon. We remained till about half-past seven o'clock, and then we were so weary that we left the church and started for our tents.

At breakfast we had the gratification which always comes from a surprise. We were all very well acquainted with "begging letters" in England, but to receive a "begging letter" in a tent at Mount Sinai was one of the delights of home which we had not anticipated. However, this letter came to us through the hands of one of our servants. I print the letter with the original spelling. The writer was a day in advance in his date:—

*"Greek Convent, Mt. Sinai, March 17, 1873.*

"HON. GENTLEMEN FROM GREAT BRITAIN,—'A visit to Mount Sinai!' for my part an ardent desire cherished ever since the happy period of innocent childhood, is being accomplished, and I should ought to be happy and content, but every object obtained in this vicissitudinous life is frequently pregnant with new cares and anxieties. My present chief want is that I am rather short of means for a save and convenient journey back to Suez.

"From the German writing on the enclosed money deposit-receipt, it may be seen that half a pound sterling is yet due to me. I beg humbly pardon for my presumption, but allow me to ask, if, by oversigning and delivering said receipt as security, it could be convenient to favour me with a loan of about half a pound sterling. It would—God granting a safe return journey—be honestly repaid by sending postage stamps or money order according to direction.

"With high respect,

"—————

"From ——— County, Illinois, U.S. of America."

This was our friend that we had met in Wady El Leja the day before. His letter struck us as very comic. All that he wanted to get back to Suez was 10s., and it had cost us to get from Suez about £25 per head. Salem, with his characteristic "largeness" of manner, offered at once to let the stranger join us and to give him food and shelter till we reached Jerusalem. This proposal, however, was not carried out. But the poor man got the 10s. that he asked for, and I hope he reached Suez safely.

After breakfast, Mr. Wallis, the monk, and I went on an exploring expedition behind the convent. This is the district identified by tradition with "the backside of the desert" (Exodus iii. 1), where "Moses kept the flock of his father-in-law Jethro, the priest of Midian." The monk wanted to tell us that some slight elevation which we passed was named after Jethro—I suppose he called it Gebel Sho'eib—but we

could not understand him. At last, with some impatience, he said, "You know, Moses marry him girl;" this conveyed his meaning to our dark intelligence at once. We went on into Wady Sebahay, which we had looked down upon from Gebel Musa, and we saw how impossible it was that this could either have been the site of the battle of Rephidim, or the place where the Israelites assembled to receive the Law.

During our walk we saw some Bedouin tents. They were made of black camels' hair, and their walls were only about three feet in height. We also saw some of their women, with nose-bags covering their face, and with a "horn" of hair rising from the forehead. On our way back to camp we completed our examination of the convent. In the afternoon there was heavy rain, which lasted till late in the evening. We saw a "thick cloud" on Sinai, and heard the thunder rolling among the hills.

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## THE TWOFOLD ALTERNATIVE.\*

### II.—THE CHURCH A PRIESTHOOD OR A BROTHERHOOD.

**T**HERE are two principles that give form and vitality to two systems in which we see the Christian religion to have organised itself among men, in order to reveal its spirit and character, to accomplish the individual and social ends which it professes to seek, and to diffuse and perpetuate itself in the world. These two systems, and the principles that create them, I have characterised and contrasted in the alternative I have placed before you: Is the Church of Christ a priesthood or a brotherhood? †

I leave out of consideration another alternative, which considers that the final and fitting embodiment of the Christian religion is the Christian State; that the Church was intended to be only a temporary institution, shortly to dissolve itself in the general civilisation which had become imbued with Christian principles, and to find its permanent substitute in the public organised institutions of the Christian commonwealth. This

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\* Address delivered before the Nottingham County Union.

† This alternative was thus expressed by me in my former paper in the CONGREGATIONALIST for February, page 82: "Is the Church constituted by a select priesthood which is created by an outward ceremony of initiation, and which conveys the saving grace of Christ to other men chiefly by material ordinances—sacraments—which though physical acts, are not signs, but are vehicles and true causes of spiritual life and nourishment; or is it constituted by the open fellowship of all who have professed faith in Jesus Christ, and who enter into this Catholic communion with each other, that in it they may nurture and discipline their faith into a perfect habit of life, and fulfil the redemptive service to the world which their faith enjoins?"

theory, though propounded at divers times by very eminent men, and though it may be said to be partially adopted by our Protestant State Churches, has never in fact been widely or firmly held so as to be powerfully operative, and is to-day generally discredited as effete and irrational.

Putting, then, this third doctrine on one side, and fixing our mind on the alternative which I have already stated, I need not say what profound interest is everywhere awakened in this question, and what important issues for the Christian religion and for humanity are felt to lie in the answer that is given to it. By both the great sections of Christendom—which take precisely opposite grounds, and give, therefore, precisely opposite answers to the question raised—it is affirmed with equal assurance that our very understanding of Christianity, and the probable continuance of Christianity in the world, depend on a right answer being given to it. Nor need I remind you that Independents have ever held the clearest and most assured faith on this question, and that it is by this faith, and for it alone, that they have separated themselves from the Church established by law, and that their own Churches exist. To discuss this alternative will, therefore, be for us to exhibit and defend our faith as Independents in the midst of a present furious controversy, and in the face of those who in England now proclaim and press a doctrine of the priesthood which we consider to be fraught with peril alike to our country and to the Christian faith.

In considering this alternative I will endeavour—First, to present fully the two systems, whose opposing principles I have just announced, in parallel descriptions which will indicate, point by point, the relation and contrast between them; and which will show how the one is a descent and transformation from the other,—always in the direction of degrading the spiritual to the material, the living to the mechanical, the divine to the human. Secondly, to show how, historically, the one system arose from the other, and how the priesthood gradually usurped upon and overlaid the true Church. Thirdly, to enumerate the moral forces that have co-operated to produce this, as I believe, evil transformation. And lastly, to state the reasons which condemn the one system of the priesthood as opposed to the teaching of our Lord and the Apostles, as subversive of human freedom, and as obstructive of the spiritual aims which Christianity sets before man; and which should therefore lead us the more zealously to hold and uphold the other Church system whose principle is essentially, if not adequately, represented in the faith and order of our Independent Churches. The first division will properly occupy the chief part of our time.

(1) Two definitions of the Church of Christ have been handed down from its earliest history, which, though differently worded, are substan-

tially the same. According to the one it is "*the society of the faithful*;" according to the other it is "*the communion of saints*"—the word "saints" meaning here, as in the Apostolic Epistles, those who are being sanctified by the faith of Jesus. The last definition, as you are aware, is given in the so-called Apostles' Creed, which has been recited by all the Churches of Christendom from the second century downwards. The first definition is equally ancient and equally authoritative. Now according to these definitions the Church is a society and a communion—*i.e.* an organised fellowship of all those who have and profess faith in Jesus Christ—in order, therefore, we may assume, to the realisation of the privileges and the fulfilment of the duties involved in their faith. In both of them, accordingly, the principle of brotherhood is asserted to be the true formative principle of the Christian Church, because, according to them, it is faith in Christ *alone* that forms the condition and law of membership in the Church, and which gives the Church its specific character and meaning as a society. The Church, according to this view, is constituted by the faith of its members, and must therefore be inspired and directed in all its regulations and ministries by the objects and necessities of this faith. This faith, as the ancient words of these definitions, "the faithful" and "saints," and as the more explicit testimonies of Scripture, inform us, is a spiritual principle which has a transforming power over man's inward nature and outward habit of life. It is, as Scripture more fully explains it, a birth and awakening of the soul to see Christ, and to share, however faintly at first, the affections and aims—*i.e.* the moral life—of Christ Himself. Moreover, it is implanted in us by the Holy Spirit, so that in faith we are born anew of the Spirit of God, to possess the life of God revealed in Christ.

Again, therefore, the Church is properly regarded as a brotherhood, not only because its members hold their place in it by the equal title of faith, and for objects common to all, but because all of them, if having this faith, are begotten into the family of God, and, as His children, are knit together in the bonds, and associate together in the holy freedom, that arise from their Divine kinship with one another.

The Church is thus constituted by a divine faith through the Holy Spirit. Let us rapidly review the several objects which it is intended to fulfil. These are—

First, publicly to worship God the Father as He has been revealed by His well-beloved Son our Lord, and in the new filial relationship to which its members are raised by Him.

Secondly, to preserve and promulgate the truth of God. This I believe is only possible to a society of spiritual and believing men; for as it is by His truth that the Holy Spirit begets men into His life; so, on the other hand, it is only by the quickened

sympathies and the spiritual enlightenment of His life that His truth is fully apprehended, so as to be wisely cherished and preserved in its integrity. It has been the happiness of our Churches to hold with remarkable unanimity an evangelical faith; and our example has been quoted as a proof that unity and purity of faith can be preserved without formularies. So indeed it can, but alone on the condition which has given us this unanimity, viz. that the Church seeks to preserve its true character as a society of the *faithful*. Let that be lost, then—whether without formularies, as in the case of the English Presbyterians, or the Massachusetts Independents, who lapsed into Unitarianism, and through it, as we see now-a-days in numberless examples, into a purely sceptical Deism; or with formularies, as in the case of the Protestant State Churches of Europe, whose creeds, alas! no longer represent the faith of the people,—their evangelical faith will quickly crumble away in endless divisions and unbelief.

And as it is by the Holy Spirit abiding in the spiritual membership of His Church that the truth is preserved, it is in like manner by the conviction and spirit of faith which He imparts to such a Church that it will be effectively promulgated in the world. In the deepest sense His life, in the Church—His immortal body, as in His mortal body, is the light of men, and according to our faith will be the faith of the world.

Thirdly, to create that spiritual atmosphere and those manifold relationships and influences under which Christian character can be fully nurtured and Christian duty fully accomplished. Each member of the Church draws his life immediately from the Spirit of the Lord; but each receives according to temperament, need of circumstances, and varying measure of faith, a differing grace from that one source, and receives in order to communicate it to others. Each accordingly becomes at once the creator and the sharer of a common life vastly fuller, a treasury of grace vastly richer, than he could himself ever obtain in isolation from the Church. The myriad services and secret, sympathetic as well as more open and palpable methods, by which the spiritual brotherhood of the Church thus defend, nourish, arm, and encourage one another, and rise together into the amplitude and power of a higher life than the solitary will reach, I cannot specify; but the general result of all is typified and expressed to us in the two sacraments of the Church. For the Church not only proclaims freely and widely the truth of the Gospel; it also undertakes in detail to train specially each soul that is given to its care, or that seeks its teaching, and so to lead it into the right understanding of that truth with a view to its full acceptance in faith. *That* is the meaning of the Sacrament of Baptism, which is a vow that the Church lays on itself, and not on the baptised. But by that ordinance it professes that there is within the communion of the Church, and

proceeds from it, a quickening atmosphere of influences, a radiancy of light, by means of which the truth of Christ is impressively conveyed and luminously revealed to the soul it takes within its folding care. And the Lord's Supper, which emblems in the most perfect form the communion of the members of one Church with their Lord and with one another, is meaningless save as the constant fellowship of Christians with one another, which is openly declared around their Lord's table, is found to be a means of bringing most vividly to each soul a sense of the real presence of the Lord, and of opening to each soul the glorious fulness of His grace. For is it not the fellowship in the one faith of the whole Church—manifested in that highest act of its worship—that intensifies the faith of each individual, and draws Christ there to realise Himself as blessedly present to each waiting heart? Thus in this most sacred ordinance the Church proclaims her deepest, truest experience, that in the measure in which her members realise their fellowship with one another, they also realise the abiding presence of the Lord and the glory of His salvation.

Fourthly, to manifest, in manifold ministries of healing and help to the world, the pitying compassion and the saving health of the Lord who dwells in His Church; also to give power, by persistent, mighty, and longsuffering testimony, to the moral principles by which Christ would regenerate society in every relationship that exists among men: and thus—by both methods combined—to build up again amid the ruins of a fallen humanity, disorganised and wrecked by sin, the beautiful order of the kingdom of our Lord.

Fifthly, the last object of the Church of Christ is the fulfilment of her priestly office, which as the Body of the Lord, who is the sole High Priest of our race, and as inspired by His Spirit, she must accomplish—in bearing before God, in His heavenly temple, the peace-offerings and thank-offerings of the redeemed lives of her members, which fitly follow the great sin-offering which Christ has presented for her sins; and in intercessions for a godless world—that it may be brought to repentance and life.

Now if the Church of Christ be constituted as a society, whose essential principle and whose objects are such as we have named, there must be in it—as in every society—government and thorough organisation, in order that these holy objects may be wisely and constantly carried out, and that all its members may be assisted and directed to share most easily and effectively in the high privileges and duties of their membership. But that outward form or organisation must be moulded and shaped by the inner life of the Church; and that government must embody its spirit. Hence the officers of the Church are to be its representatives, clothed with authority which it concedes to them and to which

it freely submits with honour, in order that it may, under their governance, realise its blessed truths, develop and exercise its mighty powers, gather in all the fulness of its promised blessings, and accomplish its ministry on earth.

And though the Church must be divided locally in order that its members may each participate directly and personally in its responsibilities and privileges, do not let us forget that the Church of Christ is not broken. For as there is one Spirit, so there is one Body. And this unity of the Spirit should be as fully as is possible maintained and expressed—in the universal, as in the local Church—by outward communion, in order that the Divine oneness of all believers may be blessedly realised by themselves, and be clearly manifested to the world.

Such then, we believe is the Church of Christ—a society, a brotherhood of believers, which draws its life from the Spirit of the Lord, and is constituted by their common faith in Him. And you have observed how all the objects of the Church I have named are verily summed up in one,—to magnify and reveal Christ among men, and to draw all men to the perfectness and freedom of communion with Him, and likeness to Him. Thus, as it lives in Christ alone, it lives for Christ alone; He is its Alpha and Omega.

Now let us exhibit in full contrast to this portraiture of the Church that system which is constituted by a priesthood, and you will see every element and feature of the Spiritual Church which I have enumerated, repeated—but in a carnal and perverted likeness. The Divine is mimicked by the human. The living and spiritual is caricatured and outraged by the mechanical and fleshly. Thus, the organic form and the unity of the Church are no longer given by the living and Divine Spirit, operating through truth and by spiritual influence in the souls of men. They are given by the formation of a select caste of men, which recruits and so perpetuates itself, which does not of necessity require any spiritual qualification, but is created by a purely outward and magical ceremony of initiation, that is supposed to endow each member of this caste with the stupendous gifts which it claims.

This priesthood pretends likewise to preserve the truth of Christ, though not to promulgate it; for if a priesthood keeps the truth, it keeps it—hidden. But as only the Spirit who gave that truth can Himself preserve it in the hearts and fellowship of those whom He inspires, so a priesthood, whose members are not spiritual men, cannot maintain the purity of the truth of God. And consequently, as a matter of fact, we find that the deposit of faith in the hands of the Clerical priesthood has always been overlaid and depraved by traditions of men.

Communion in the Church of Christ among its members is now absolutely unknown, and those myriad influences by which in this communion



they may quicken and aid one another, give place to the awful sacramental agencies of the priest. The *communion* of brethren is perverted into this mocking substitute—the permission to *communicate* in the *sacraments* which the priest administers. Thus the healing admonitions of the Church are changed into the penances which he imposes ; and the blest assurances of Christ's forgiveness to the penitent which the faith and united testimony of the Church bears home, and makes real, to the heart, are perverted into the *blasphemous Absolution* which he dares in his own name to give.

The two typical ordinances of the Church are, in like manner, materialised—transformed from symbols of a living spiritual grace, which is conveyed by spiritual men to one another and the world, into physical acts or processes, which by means of words of priestly incantation convey, apart from moral impressions of any kind, supernatural and saving grace to the soul. So Baptism, which typifies the truth which the Church teaches the baptised, and the pure spiritual influences by which she unfolds and commends that truth to the soul, seems to become a magical rite, in which the priest's prayer impregnates, as by a charm, the waters of the font with a Divine power which implants spiritual faith in the soul, and so instantly regenerates, and absolves from all sin, the baptised. And the Lord's Supper, in which the members of the Church celebrate their communion with one another in the Lord,—and that *act* of communion becomes, according to the Lord's promise and the law of His Church, the occasion for the immediate manifestation of Himself to His members, and the blessed communication to them of the riches of the glory of His grace,—is profaned into an act of awful idolatry and superstition : the priest assuming the power of converting, by the words of a formula which he recites, the wafer which he holds in his hand into the Actual Human Body of our Divine Lord, and then giving this fleshly and living Body to be eaten by fleshly lips, in order, forsooth, that the spirit may be nourished and sanctified. Whilst, lastly, the priest does not offer in the name of the Church the peace-offering and the thank-offering of its spiritual obedience and praise, or its supplication for a guilty world ; but in other sense than he wots of, he crucifies the Lord afresh. He dares, as standing in Christ's own place, to offer the bleeding sacrifice of our Lord's Body again, and with endless reiteration, as a *sin offering* for those who solicit, and generally for those who remunerate, his priestly service.

And armed with these supernatural powers, by which the priesthood claim to shut and open the kingdom of God, and to bind or loosen the souls of men from sin, need we wonder that their mission to the world is not to seek it, in ministries of love, and, with the testimonies of Divine truth, to *save* it ; or to reform, ac-

cording to God's perfect law of righteousness and grace, its public institutions and its social life; but to coerce it into slavish submission to their authority and conformity to their dictates. The true Church lives to bring men into personal and free obedience to Christ: the Church of the Priesthood lives to enslave men to the priest.

Such is, I say, the Church *system* constituted by a priesthood. God forbid that I should say that this system in an unmitigated form, in its bare and ghastly nakedness, has ever been seen among men. It would, indeed, be too loathly a spectacle for earth. No: that system, has, I have said, gradually usurped upon and obscured the spiritual faith and fellowship of the Church of Christ; and everywhere in the priestly system of the Western and Eastern Churches there has lingered upon it some dim effulgence, some vision and inspiration of the evangelical faith and Divine grace of the Church of Christ, which it could not wholly extinguish and efface. As a system, however, such we affirm to be the carnal Church of a *priesthood* in contrast with the spiritual Church of a *brotherhood*. And you have seen how in each particular, the former repeats and imitates the latter, and presents us with a material and grotesque similitude of it. I have been often struck with the fact that the so-called Catholic Church of the Roman Pontiff is a perfect but inverted image, graven by human device and in superstitious ceremonial, which reproduces in a carnal fashion every lineament, and repeats in like manner every office of the Holy Catholic Church of Christ.

Now, I have sought to exhibit thus these two systems in a parallel of contrasts, because, since error has power to deceive men mainly as it counterfeits truth, so the best way thoroughly to expose and confute error is to unveil the greater glory of the truth it delusively simulates, and to show to men how the truth yields them the perfect satisfaction of those needs which error pretends to appease by the stones and scorpions of her spurious creed. It is no use our inveighing against the Roman Church, and the sacrilegious or blasphemous assumptions of her priesthood, if we do not show how the true Church yields in every single respect the blessed spiritual reality of which they fabricate and palm a deceitful likeness, and unless we strive to develop and build up our Churches as spiritual societies, manifestly and richly dowered with these Divine realities for men.

But I have also drawn out this parallel because we are now able, I think, to see with some clearness and certainty how the one system grew upon the other, and gradually overshadowed it,—which is the second division of my address, and which, like the others that follow, will be very briefly treated.

(2) I wish to emphasise with as much distinctness as I can ensure, the one primary cause of that mournful priestly usurpation

which has robbed the Church of her true life and glory, because it presents a momentous warning to our Independent Churches, which seems to me not uncalled for. That cause was, briefly, the fact that the Church relaxed the condition of membership with herself, and thus those who were not true believers, who were not awakened by the Spirit of God to the new Divine life of faith in Christ, were admitted into her membership, and were encouraged, if not coerced, to join it. It became thus, not a Church of the saved, but of the baptised. Now, this being the case, there remained only one way of securing even the outward form of the Church. If they who constitute it are not men who live by one Divine Spirit, who is Himself the life of the Church, and the eternal ground of its permanency, how can they continue to form one society, save as that society accepts another and wholly different principle as the basis and the law of its existence? There are but two formative principles, according to which any society can be permanently established: either (1) a unity of spirit and of faith in those who form it, which unity forms at once the secure bond and the inspiring genius of its free constitution; or (2) the dogmatism and coercive power of external authority. So in the Church, if the inward principle decays, the outward must take its place; if it ceases to be a living organism, it is changed into a mechanical structure; if the spiritual perishes the hierarchical becomes its substitute; if there be not a brotherhood, then there must be a priesthood. In like manner, when the oneness of the spiritual faith was lost, there was no longer any true unity, either visible or invisible, either of continuity or of community, in the widely scattered Church of Christ. Hence the *priesthood* strove to maintain this unity in an external fashion by their doctrine of apostolical succession, and the indelibility of priestly orders everywhere. And as every system must press towards the completion of its own idea, so we have seen in our day how the Roman hierarchy, which must have every note of the Church presented to the senses in a palpable and present form, is no longer satisfied with that unity of the priesthood, which was supposed to be created by their succession from the twelve Apostles, but announces that unity to exist, and to be actually seen, in the one absolute Head of the Church, the Roman Pontiff, and that all bishops and priests everywhere are but his deputies and servants.

I think we may now further see how the priestly ordinances and the numerous sacraments of the Western and Eastern Churches came to be invested with their supernatural and magical character. As the Church lost her true spiritual communion, she was unable to convey her priceless spiritual blessings to her own members and to the world. Her two typical ordinances were then emptied of all spiritual meaning whatsoever. And yet there remained those marvellous promises and covenants of her

Lord to her, of the Divine healing and grace she was to confer on men. When a living spiritual body, full of Christ, from whom that healing and grace really flowed, her ministers acted in her name and pronounced those words of blessing which she ratified and fulfilled. And those words were then mighty, because quick with the Divine Spirit of Christ in the Church. Now the form of these words remained, likewise the memory of their old meaning and influence survived. And the ministers of the Church, who had become changed into its priests, insisted that the glorious promises of Christ and the glorious gifts of His true Church were still conferred by them. That they were spiritual gifts in the, proper sense of the word could no longer be maintained. All the more therefore, they were supernatural; for without spiritual truth or a renewed mind the priest was able to bestow miraculously on men, absolution and regeneration, and the titles of a heavenly inheritance.

The obedience which was freely rendered to the bishops or elders of the primitive Church, justly enhanced by the notable courage and the sanctity of many of them, led the people to submit willingly to their first pretensions: and the growing powers which the bishops assumed, being unchecked by the free spirit of a pure Church, afterwards terrified them into a dependent servility. Then, finally, the credulous barbarism of the middle ages made the most gross and carnal and idolatrous representations of spiritual mysteries to be the most credible and welcome to the superstitious minds of priests and people alike. Here, however, we trench on the third point to which I have briefly to allude, viz. the various moral forces that co-operated to produce this perversion of the Christian Church from a brotherhood to a priesthood.

(3) The first of these were the subtle invasions in the very Apostolic Church of the spirit of Judaism and of Heathenism. As Jews and Gentile Pagans were admitted into the Church, they naturally brought their old notions of a priesthood and a ceremonial religion with them, which it required the utmost and the incessant efforts of those who recognised the spiritual character of the Christian religion to extirpate. You know how Paul laboured through his whole life to suppress the Judaism—which sprung up everywhere around him, with its legal formalism, and seemed to threaten the freedom and spirituality of the Church. The same tendency, though in another shape, was often provoked by heathen converts. And wherever the spiritual membership of the Church was in the slightest degree relaxed, and its spiritual life impaired, these hostile influences at once began stealthily to gain an ascendancy. Even in the purest and the earliest of the Apostolic fathers, Clement of Rome, it is impossible to overlook the fact that already bishops or elders held somewhat of the position and authority of the Aaronic priests, without, however, their sacrificial duties; and that the outward ritual of

the religion held with him a predominant place which it had not with the Apostles.

Then, where spiritual faith is feeble, religion still asserts and holds its influence through the senses. These were the mainstay of the Jewish and heathen religions, and the Church availed itself of them. Spectacles and music, architecture and art, whatever could attract and enthral the sensuous nature of men,—were lavishly employed to hide, with their false adornments, the simplicity of the Gospel. And men who thus groped after spiritual truth through the mirk of sensuous feelings and amid material things, however elevated, became prone to the terrible bewitchment of idolatry. It was not that the existence of spiritual beings, or that spiritual truth was denied, but they ceased to be believably recognised or honoured, save as they were made palpable to the touch and luminous to the eye. And hence sprang the sorcery of sacramentalism in the Roman and the Eastern Churches. Barbarians were indeed subjected to the faith of Christ: but the faith itself was barbarised for their sakes: Christ's religion was perverted whilst they were converted.

Again, and chiefly, there is that mighty influence by which priestcraft seduces and enchains its victims in every age, by which Roman and Ritualist priests multiply and attach their adherents—a priesthood lifts from the conscience the pressure of spiritual duties, because it professes either to discharge these duties for a man vicariously, or to absolve from the guilt of their omission. To a carnal nature the one thing that is intolerable is to stand in the light of God's presence, and to engage there in His service. And to those whose spiritual nature is feeble it is often a glad deliverance to escape this sublime duty. Also, to all such, it is hard, if not impossible, to take the spiritual principles of Christ and freely but resolutely apply these to the training of our secret dispositions, and of our conduct in every human relationship. Easy, in comparison, is the obedience to any outward penance, however rigorous in the performance—of any ritual, however complicated—if by such means, together with lavish gifts to the priesthood, the terrors which haunt the soul can be allayed, and a hope of future happiness can be purchased.

Let these moral influences which operated among the laity of a Church that had lost the sheet-anchor of its safety, viz. the spirituality of its membership, and which made them willing abettors of priestly delusions, work in conjunction with the love of power which naturally animated the priests themselves—who by the awe of their supernatural might made monarchs crouch at their feet—and we can understand something of the malign forces that transformed to such evil shape the Church of Christ, so glorious in her original brightness.

(4) And now, in a few concluding words, let me urge a few paramount reasons which condemn the priestly system which is now again in our

day asserting itself with a rampant vigour, and enslaving multitudes, and should lead us earnestly to maintain the spiritual doctrine of the Church as a brotherhood of believers, which we and our fathers have held. First, what has our Lord denounced so severely as the formalism of the Pharisee—making religion a mere ritual of outward observance? What has He taught so impressively as that religion is of the heart, an inward spirit of purity and love, which labours and rests in immediate communion with God? Against what have His Apostles testified so powerfully and peremptorily as the pretension of human mediators to stand between man and God, and the imposture of their daily sacrifices? Thus priestcraft, in every form, is a heresy and denial of the faith. Further, in whatever of good it holds, it is schism, for it cuts off from the whole Church a certain class of men, and professes to confine within their order and to place at their disposal spiritual gifts which Christ gave His whole Church. It deadens the sense of responsibility, before their God, in individual men, and thus at once destroys their mental and moral freedom, making them the subjects of the priest, and hinders the formation of robust individuality in their character. It thus injures irretrievably the individual life of the Christian. Further, it destroys, absolutely, the common life of the Church, because it abolishes that communion of saints in which alone they can impart their gifts or fulfil their duties to one another, or combine to manifest their common faith and accomplish their common ministry to the world. And, finally, wherever priesthood reigns among men, not only is personal freedom impaired and forfeited, and the spiritual life of the Church destroyed, but society is enslaved, and exhausted of its moral energies. A priesthood has always been the effectual ally and defence of civil despotism, and the dark, two-fold tyranny crushes heavily the human society that endures it. Hence it arises, nor need we wonder, that in countries where Christ's holy religion is only seen under the mask of a priesthood there is not only the doubt of infidelity, but an envenomed hatred against Christianity, as though it were the parent of the evils which a priesthood has wrought. Such hatred is blind to the manifold good which Christianity has always wrought, even when it has been corrupted by priestcraft; but its existence shows us how great a menace of peril priesthood brings against Christianity itself.

Then, brethren, by these momentous considerations I adjure you not only to stand fast in the glorious liberty which is your heritage, and to contend against all that would entangle you and your fellow-men in an evil and superstitious bondage, but to show forth to men, not only by the testimony of the lips, but by the mightier testimony of our life, that the Church of Christ is a free *Brotherhood of Believers*—the Communion of Saints.

J. B. PATON.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD DISSENT.

## No. VI.

HAVING given some account of the prominent Dissenting preachers of London in my early life, I now propose to notice the organisation of their several "boards," as they were called, and as united they constituted "the general body of Protestant Dissenting ministers residing in and about the cities of London and Westminster." In the year 1826, being at that time Classical tutor of Highbury College, I was admitted a member of "the Congregational Board," and consequently was recognised as belonging to "the Body" of the "Three Denominations." In those days the several boards acted in concert much more frequently, and made their opinions on great social and religious questions much more generally known in political circles, than they do at the present time. The causes of their coolness, if not alienation, will appear in the course of my narrative. While the members of the Congregational Board were all evangelical, several Arians and Unitarians were members of the Presbyterian and Baptist Boards, and acknowledged as such, acted on public occasions with the Congregational ministers.

To prevent mistake, I would here observe that the general body of Dissenting ministers was not originally constituted by a formal union of the three boards, but the three boards were formed by the general body dividing into three component parts. The London ministers had been accustomed to meet for conference and united action previously to the formation of their several boards; but on account of some discussion respecting the persons who belonged to their number, it was left to the Presbyterians, acting separately as one body, to determine who belonged to them; to the Baptists, in the same manner, to decide respecting their members; and to the third body, as it was called, to say whom they would recognise as Dissenting ministers not belonging to either the Presbyterians or the Baptists. A Baptist was easily distinguished; a Presbyterian was well known to his brethren; but the Independents were not so easily identified. The third body, as it was called, consisting at first of Dissenting ministers who did not belong to either of the other two, became eventually known as "the Congregational Board."

This may explain what may occasion some surprise, that several Unitarian ministers belonged to the third body when the Presbyterian board was uniformly orthodox. Such were Dr. Lardner, and others whose names are preserved in the minutes of the three denominations as associated with the Congregationalists. Some time afterwards the Presbyterian board became, with the exception of the Scotch members,



almost entirely Arian, and eventually Unitarian. Of the Baptist board the General Baptist ministers followed their Presbyterian brethren, while the Particulars steadily adhered to the orthodoxy of their founders. In speaking of the General Baptists, I refer chiefly to those of the old Connexion. The members of the new Connexion, who were a kind of baptised Methodists, so far as I recollect, were scarcely recognised as Dissenters by the London ministers of that time.

There was, however, on the Baptist board a minister, whether General or Particular I do not remember, whose death gave occasion for a curious and rather angry controversy among the ministers of the three denominations. He was a Seventh-day Baptist, one of a sect who observed the seventh day as their Sabbath. On his death that denomination in London was reduced to three women, who constituted the Seventh-day Baptist Church. As the Church was entitled to a considerable endowment from an estate in Suffolk, the owner of the property refused payment on the plea that the Church had become extinct, and consequently no persons could claim the endowment.

The three good women, however, maintained their right to the name and prerogatives of a Baptist Church. As they could not find a Seventh-day minister, they invited a member of the Congregational board to preach to them on Saturdays, and to have a good part of the endowment for his trouble. The Rev. Thomas Clout, for that was his original name, although not liking its odoriferous properties, he assumed instead of it the respectable name of Russell (under which name he may be remembered by the old Coward students as one of their trustees), had no conscientious scruple about preaching on Saturdays, or taking as much money for doing so as the Seventh-day women would give him. The owner of the property, however, prosecuted the law-suit before the Vice-Chancellor, whose opinion was that the question ought to be decided according to the usage of Protestant Dissenters. If, according to their usage, three women could constitute a Church, they ought to retain the endowment; but if they could not, they had no right to it. As to the Dissenting usage, neither the judge nor any of the barristers could speak with any approach to confidence. The Vice-Chancellor, therefore, wisely as it would seem, remitted to the Dissenting ministers of the three denominations to decide whether, according to their usage, three women constituted a Christian Church. The ministers seemed to know little more about this question than the Chancery barristers. It gave occasion for a very extraordinary discussion, in which Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, orthodox and heterodox, appeared strangely divided among themselves. The impression left upon the mind of a stranger, had one been present, would have been that the pastors of Dissenting Churches did not know what was meant by the Churches of which they

called themselves pastors. The meeting was adjourned. A day was appointed for the formal discussion of the subject, of which notice was sent to every member. Mr. Russell undertook the defence of the three women, and his own interest too. Mr. Josiah Conder, supposed to know more about the question than any lawyer, was engaged to argue on the other side. Cake and wine were provided, I suppose at the expense of the property in litigation. Some good men who could not reason could eat and drink; and they took their full share in that part of the proceedings.

Mr. Conder reasoned very ably for his client; as did Mr. Russell for his women and himself. A discussion followed, in which the most divergent opinions were defended. While Unitarians were opposed to Unitarians, Evangelicals to Evangelicals, Baptists to Baptists, the only party which was united consisted of the few Scotch Presbyterians, who unanimously maintained that three women could not make a Church. After a long discussion, and more consumption of cake and wine, the decision was clamorously demanded, and the majority, much to the delight of Mr. Russell, decided that three women could and did make a Church. The majority clapped their hands heartily; the minority looked cross and angry. The most eloquent speaker on the occasion was the Rev. Robert Aspland, the Unitarian minister of Hackney, whose speech did much to influence the decision. I was too young and timid to speak on the occasion, but I was sorely tempted to reply to one argument that seemed to have some force in favour of the affirmative. It was said, If three women could not make a Church, could four? could five? What was the smallest number sufficient for the purpose? The reply upon my lips, though not formed into voice, was, If three could, could two? could one? If so, there might be as many Churches in a town as there were Christians, every Christian constituting himself a Church, baptising himself, eating the Lord's Supper by himself, exercising discipline upon himself. But it was not for me to obtrude my reply to the argument of so many reverend divines of different parties.

Much angry feeling was the consequence of this decision. It was feared that several ministers would secede. I do not think that anyone actually seceded. One Baptist minister, however, soon afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and in a pamphlet published in defence of his change of opinion, attributed his first dissatisfaction with Dissenters to the unscriptural and absurd decision, as it seemed to him, that three women could make a church. He was, I suppose, a man of some intelligence and scholarship, for he was the Principal of Mill Hill School. But how the three women, whatever might be made of them, could have settled to his satisfaction the question of Pædobaptism, or of Episcopal

government, was a question which required for its settlement more learning and logic than Mill Hill could then supply.

The Court of Chancery accepted the decision, and the three women retained the endowment, or so much of it as remained after the heavy expenses of the suit were defrayed. Pleased as Mr. Russell was, he did not long enjoy his success. Soon afterwards a real and proper Sabbatarian preacher made his appearance, and the good women used their newly acquired authority by electing him their pastor. He claimed and enjoyed, as he had good right to do, the endowment, and Mr. Russell had no more connection with Seventh-day Baptists or their money.

The ministers who did not distinctly know what constituted a Dissenting Church, were in quite as much perplexity about the definition of a Dissenting minister. They seemed to agree to little else than that every man among them called himself a Dissenting minister, and was so called by his companions. The phrase did not denote a pastor, for several of them were not pastors, and some had never attained that dignity. On the admission of members, all discussion on that subject was avoided, for every candidate was nominated by several existing members, and their recommendation was accepted without any further inquiry respecting his qualifications.

Had the inquiry what constituted a minister been proposed for discussion, there would have been, I have no doubt, quite as much uncertainty and difference of opinion as there was about the constitution of a Christian Church.

There were several (I now speak chiefly of the Independents) who regarded ordination, when conducted by duly authorised and properly qualified ministers, as constituting a minister of the Gospel. They insisted upon the imposition of the hands of previously ordained ministers, if not as absolutely necessary, yet as the regular and scriptural method of elevating a man to the office of the ministry. So ordained, he became not only the accredited pastor of a Church, but also a regular minister, who retained his official authority, even when he ceased to be a pastor, and consequently was never re-ordained if he resumed the pastoral office. However far and often he removed from his sphere of labour, he resumed it without the formality of a second imposition of hands.

According to these views, something like the Popish doctrine, "once a priest ever a priest," a minister was dependent for his admission to office upon the act, rightly performed, of men who had previously been ordained by the same formality. Although they who held this opinion firmly maintained, as firmly as any of their opponents, the great principle of independency that every Church elected its own officers and especially its pastor, they held that he could be regularly inducted into the

office of a minister only by the act of previously ordained ministers. Dr. Pye Smith and the Claytons, although differing in their opinion upon so many other subjects, were in this perfectly agreed. The language they usually employed, if I remember it correctly, was verbally as follows. In the course of the ordination prayer some phrases were employed to intimate the exact time when the ministers standing round were to lay their hands upon the person kneeling before them. The minister who offered the prayer then commonly said, "We do by the imposition of our hands ordain, consecrate, and appoint this Thy servant to the office and work of the Christian ministry, and give him authority to administer the holy sacraments of Thy Church." I do not mean that every minister so engaged used these exact words, but I think there is not a word in them which I have not heard from the lips of Dr. Pye Smith, John Clayton, and some other ministers who followed their example. Much as I honoured and revered Dr. Pye Smith, I could not ask him to take the part in my ordination in which these words were to be expected from him. Happily my good pastor, the Rev. Theodore Barker, of Deptford, was willing to offer the prayer in any form I desired.

Other ministers by no means agreeing with these views or using this language, concurred in the importance of ordination as a matter of expediency and propriety, and as affording some security against the introduction of improper persons *into* the ministry. By them the imposition of hands was observed as a form for which the precedent of the Primitive Churches afforded sufficient authority. Others contended that the imposition of hands was a scripturally authorised method of designating the person ordained. To this it might be replied that no such designation could be wanted, as no mistake could possibly be made respecting the person ordained. Every attendant observed his person, heard his voice, and knew him well. Ancient usage was poor authority for what had become needless, as the reason for it had ceased, if indeed that reason had ever existed. Thus among those who practised the imposition of hands, there was a wide difference of opinion respecting the nature, the authority, and the value of the ordination service. They could not agree how far by that service an elected pastor of a church was made a minister of the Gospel.

Others, on the contrary, maintained that ordination was nothing more than a proper and friendly recognition of the act of the Church, which not only elected but ordained its own pastor, and conferred upon him all the authority he needed to administer its sacraments and superintend its spiritual interests. Ministers of other Churches were engaged, not as having an especial authority to ordain, but as friends showing their fraternal recognition of the newly-elected pastor. They were present not to

make the minister, but to acknowledge him as made by the Church. As friends both of the pastor and the people, they offered for him especial prayer, and solemnly charged him as to the duties he had to perform, and the spirit and manner in which he ought to perform them. Holding such opinions, many of them declined to unite in the imposition of hands, regarding it as a rite implying authority which they did not acknowledge. This was a prevalent opinion among the ministers of the Eastern counties, influenced by Mr. Ward, of Stowmarket, Mr. Walford, of Yarmouth, afterwards of Homerton College, and other leading men of their district.

That this opinion was prevalent in the Eastern counties is the more remarkable, as in the preceding century the imposition of hands seems to have been more generally prevalent, and more strictly observed there, than in many other parts of England. Mr. Harmer, then pastor of the Independent Church at Wattisfield, in Suffolk, in his "Remarks upon the Ancient and Present State of the Churches in Norfolk and Suffolk," published in 1777, says: "The special solemnity with which a blessing implored upon their labours observed in these counties, is the praying over the persons called to the pastoral office, and laying the hands of the elders of the Churches upon them at that time, a rite which is extremely natural and simple, which has obtained from the earliest times in the Church of God."

In the "Declaration of Order composed by the Elders and Messengers of the Congregational Churches of England," at their meeting held in the Savoy in October, 1658, the article on the subject is: "The way appointed by Christ for the calling of any person, fitted and gifted by the Holy Ghost, into the office of pastor, teacher, or elder in a Church, is that he be chosen thereunto by the common suffrage of the Church itself, and solemnly set apart by fasting and prayer, with imposition of hands of the eldership of the Church, if there be any before constituted therein." The next article says that: "Those who are so chosen, though not set apart by imposition of hands, are rightly constituted ministers of Jesus Christ, in whose name and by whose authority they exercise the ministry to them so committed."

From these articles it is plain that the early Independents considered the imposition of hands as a rite performed by previously existing officers of the same Church; and that, although it was desirable, it was not indispensable in constituting a minister of the Church. But among the ministers of the three denominations of fifty years since, whether a man could become a proper minister without ordination, whether he could be properly ordained without the imposition of hands, whether other ministers previously ordained were necessary to give validity to the act, whether if once properly made a minister he could ever be unmade by

himself or by others were questions which, had they been brought under discussion, would have excited as much controversy as did the question respecting the constitution of a Christian Church by three good women. All that can be said is, every man among them called himself a minister, and was polite enough to prefix to the names of others the title of "Reverend."

I have already noticed the ability with which Mr. Aspland, as the leader of the Presbyterians, took a prominent part in the discussions of the general body. Upon the whole, I regard him as the ablest speaker in popular discussion I ever knew. When I joined the body, Dr. Abraham Rees, the learned compiler of the *Cyclopædia*, had recently died. Of his ability in the discussions of the ministers, which were so important as to engage the attention even of a man of his excessive literary occupation, I heard a great deal from those who had acted with him. He was almost the last of the old Arian party in London. He was also a very fine reader. A remarkable instance of his ability was talked about when I was young, and was, I believe, strictly true. On the accession of George IV. the Dissenting ministers went up to the throne in state, and read their address, as they were accustomed to do, immediately after the bishops. The Archbishop of Canterbury read the address of the bishops in a low, indistinct, and mumbling manner. The King, who could read beautifully when he chose, read his answer in the same careless and disagreeable manner. The address of the Dissenting ministers was well read by Dr. Rees, to which the King read his reply clearly, distinctly, and admirably, so as to arrest the attention and excite the interest of all who were present. By his own good reading the King showed his appreciation of the good reading of Dr. Rees. What the bishops thought of it I do not know; but the Dissenting ministers retired to the refreshment-room exceedingly delighted. I have since heard the good reading attributed to Mr. Aspland, but according to my impressions produced soon afterwards Dr. Rees was the reader who induced the idle King to rouse himself and read in his best manner.

Of the discussions which excited a great deal of interest in the general body of Dissenting ministers, I recollect several, which I may hereafter notice. I will now advert only to one, as intimately connected with the constitution of that body, and as producing what some called its dissolution, others with more propriety its disruption,—I mean the secession of the Presbyterian Board, or rather of so many as chose to secede. The Scotch members retained their connection with the Independents and Baptists after the English Presbyterians had seceded.

The Rev. John Blackburn, of Claremont Chapel, Pentonville, was a very active and prominent member of the general body, taking part in

all its discussions, and always expressing a very decided opinion upon the subjects discussed. He never liked the influence of the Unitarians, and would gladly have seen them excluded from the Connexion. Although he did not make so decided a proposal, knowing that he would not be able to carry it, he took every opportunity of opposing their influence and disconcerting their arrangements. In doing so he was supported by several of the younger Congregational ministers ; and on one important occasion he succeeded. His success led to the disruption of the body.

The Presbyterian board, when orthodox as well as when heterodox, had taken the lead in public measures, and acted as the most influential of the three denominations. Originally the chairman was always selected from them, although for several years they had conceded that distinction, and allowed the chairman to be elected from the three boards in rotation. But the secretary was uniformly a Presbyterian. For some years Dr. Thomas Rees, a nephew of Dr. Abraham Rees, had occupied that position very much to the satisfaction of all parties. Had there been a vacancy it would have seemed less unfriendly to have proposed a Congregationalist. It was expected by his friends that, as on several preceding annual meetings, he would have been re-elected without any opposition.

Mr. Blackburn having determined to propose a change, secured the attendance of several young ministers prepared to support him. The result seemed very uncertain. Dr. Pye Smith, Dr. Winter, and most of the older ministers were content that the office should remain where it was, and resolved to support Dr. Rees. The *Regium Donum* men, whether distributors or recipients, were all in his favour. One very Calvinistic Baptist made a speech, to the surprise of everybody, most zealously in favour of the former secretary. His poverty was regarded as the explanation, for he was credited with gratitude for his interest in the "*donum*" of which Dr. Rees was a distributor.

Mr. Blackburn proposed that the Rev. George Clayton be elected the secretary for the forthcoming year. It was a clever and wise proposal. Mr. Clayton had taken no part in any of their controversies. A perfect gentleman, he was personally agreeable to all parties. His friends among the older ministers were placed in a position of some perplexity. The proposal was less offensive, or was intended to be so, by an addition to the effect that the secretary should not be selected from the same denomination for more than three years. To the surprise of many, Mr. Blackburn carried his proposal by a small majority. Mr. Clayton took his seat at the desk of the secretary, and the meeting adjourned in silence.

It was manifest that the end was not yet. At the next meeting the



Unitarians were absent. A meeting of the Presbyterian board had been convened, when it was resolved by a majority consisting of all the English Presbyterians to secede from the general body. This, it was contended by the seceders, was the dissolution of the united body of the three denominations. Feeling an interest in the subject, I wrote in the *Eclectic Review* of that time an article in which I contended that the general body of Dissenting ministers remained as complete as before the secession, for it was originally formed not by the union of the three boards but by the London ministers, as such, restricting their number to persons belonging to one of the three denominations. If only two or three Presbyterians continued in the Connexion, the general body remained according to the principles of its original constitution. The Scotch Presbyterian ministers continued members of the general body.

On the secession of the Unitarians the general body ceased to hold its meetings in Redcross-street Library, which had been granted for that purpose by the trustees of Dr. Williams from the time of its erection. It was intimated that the ministers would be allowed to continue their meetings there if they would meet under some other name, and not as the ministers of the three denominations. To this, however, they would not submit, and were consequently excluded. As the building has now made way for the progress of the city improvements, I may appropriately conclude with a brief notice of it, hallowed as it was for a century by many Nonconformist associations.

Dr. Daniel Williams, the founder, died in 1716; but on account of many difficulties the building was not erected until some years afterwards. In 1727 the trustees, obliged to obtain permission from the Court of Chancery, arranged for the erection and opening of the library. The extensive collection of books which Dr. Williams had purchased in the course of many years, to which he added the valuable library of Dr. Bates, was there safely deposited. Many important additions have been since made by members of the three denominations. The exterior of the building, although respectable, was exceedingly plain and simple, according to the will of the founder, who directed that it was not to be "pompous." This direction was carefully observed, for no spectator could ever discover any sign of "pomposity" in or upon Redcross-street Library. The ground floor was reserved for the comfortable occupation of the librarian and his family; but as he was left only £20 a year it was evident the founder did not wish him to make any more display of "pomposity" in his living than in his habitation. A visitor ascended to the library, consisting of two large rooms, by a staircase, the walls of which were ornamented with portraits of Nonconforming ministers. The more eminent men were honoured by having their portraits placed

in the library itself. In the front room, in which the ministers usually held their meetings, were twenty-five portraits, that of the founder and that of his friend Richard Baxter occupying the most prominent positions. In the second room, considerably larger, but divided into twelve compartments by bookcases, and so unfitted for public meetings, were about forty portraits of eminent Nonconformists. There were preserved several literary curiosities, as a copy of the first edition of the "Paradise Lost," thirty-two volumes of sermons preached before the Long Parliament, and other rare books. What the sermons preached before the Long Parliament may have been I cannot tell, for I never met with anybody who had read one of them; but there can be no doubt they represented a theology very unlike that of the present trustees of the library.

ROBERT HALLEY.

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### PROPOSED CHURCH REFORMS.

THE friends of the Establishment are in the condition of the crew of a vessel who have suddenly found out that their ship is not so seaworthy as they thought, and who, unfortunately, have made the discovery at a time when a falling barometer and a sky covered with dark and threatening clouds warn them that a storm of special violence is gathering, and that its capabilities will be severely tested. To add to their troubles, there is nothing but confusion and anarchy on board. The captain and officers have lost their authority, and even if they could recover it, seem to have no clear conception as to the way in which it ought to be exercised. The crew are occupied principally in criticising their superiors and quarrelling with each other; one party not hesitating to assert that some of their comrades are pirates, intriguing to get possession of the ship and steer it to some hostile port—an opinion in which a considerable number of the passengers fully agree. As for these latter, confused and bewildered, knowing not where to turn and whom to trust, some of them have turned amateur navigators, and are proposing their own schemes for the salvation of the unfortunate vessel. If, indeed, plans can save it there need be no fear, for of them we have abundance. The captain has his; and the officers, among whom there is anything but unanimity, either have their own or propose to modify that of the captain. As for the sailors, they are engaged in a perpetual wrangle about their different projects, and the passengers either chime in with one or other of the contending parties, or vehemently insist on the efficacy of some pet scheme of their own.

The view thus presented is not an encouraging one, but it would be

difficult even for the most inveterate optimist among the Church defenders to show wherein the picture is too highly coloured. We grant that there is amid the turmoil and conflict within the Establishment a common feeling of devotion to it and its interests which sometimes reveals itself in ways which are not very commendable. But in the case supposed there is just the same anxiety for the safety of the ship, even those who are suspected of being disguised enemies being just as desirous to save the vessel as are the rest of the crew, who apparently would prefer to see it sailing under an enemy's flag and engaged in an enemy's service rather than sacrifice it altogether. Certainly among the friends of the Establishment there is the same mutual suspicion, the same division of counsels, the same lack of head and decision, the same inability to cope with the dangers and exigencies of the situation, as we have described in the case of the imperilled, or as we might more truly say, the doomed ship. There seems to be pretty general agreement that things cannot remain as they are; but as soon as they advance a point beyond this and begin to propose reforms that seem necessary and expedient, immediately we are plunged into discord and discussion. To say nothing of plans advocated in Church journals, or diocesan synods, or congresses, we have at present four separate Bills before Parliament, all of which are intended to reform and so strengthen the Establishment. Were they all carried they would hardly touch some of the evils which are most complained of. But, small as they are, Churchmen themselves cannot agree upon them, for the very obvious reason, that each party, while very anxious to consolidate the defences of the State Church, is equally desirous that in doing this it should not in the slightest degree strengthen the hands of its rival. Of the High Church party, at all events, it may be said that they would rather sacrifice the Establishment than see Evangelicalism predominant within it. Whether as much could be asserted in relation to the Evangelicals is much more doubtful. They have borne so much, that it is hard to say how much they would bear rather than show their absolute faith in the Gospel by trusting to its power and the grace of Him from whom it proceeds for its maintenance and extension. But they are at least set upon curbing the development of Sacerdotalism, if that can be accomplished without serious injury to the State Church, and jealously watch every proposal for change lest it should in some way or other tell to the advantage of a party whom they have more than once branded as traitors. It is not necessary for us to point out how abuses are perpetuated and reforms hindered by this mutual distrust. There are other and grave objections which may be made to most of the changes which we hear advocated, and some of which are now before Parliament; but perhaps the most formidable difficulty by which their promoters are confronted is the impossibility of securing an

approach to unanimity among the clergy themselves. There is first the indisposition to move at all, lest in the attempt to remedy one evil some worse thing should come upon the Establishment; and then there is the still stronger fear lest that which may be for the good of the institution may prove annoying to one of the parties in the Church, whose adherents, therefore, will resist it *à outrance*. Indeed so intense is the feeling, that a proposal which proceeds from one section has hardly a chance even of fair consideration from the other, but is supposed to be an insidious suggestion, and at once condemned on the demerits of its authors.

Taking the Bills before Parliament, we should say in general that they are attempts to free the Church from the restrictions to which her connection with the State subjects her. It is no new thing to find that those who are so fond of the dignity and prestige belonging to an Establishment, and so heartily approve of the admirable arrangement by which they are placed in a position of superiority to all other religionists, do not show such a strong admiration of the system when its pressure comes upon themselves, and when they who profit so much by the law are required to submit to the control of the law. It is interesting to see how eloquent they can then become on the rights of the Church to spiritual independence, how vehement in their protests against all interference with her free action, how sensitive to the wrong which is thus done to the Gospel and the Saviour. Nothing could be more beautiful and impressive than the bold statements of great principles which are called forth by circumstances; and the only wonder is, how their advocates can fail to see their application to the case of Nonconformists, who have been forced into their present position solely by their inability to accept the terms which Churchmen wish to repudiate while still retaining the honours and emoluments which are the rewards of submission. It is strange that they do not see that the union of Church and State consists of two elements—patronage and control—which cannot be disjoined; that no State will allow a National Church to retain the independence of a free Church; that it is for them to choose whether they will have spiritual liberty or civil honour and distinction, but that both it is impossible for them to secure.

If Mr. Salt had borne this in mind, he would not have presented so pitiable a spectacle when he moved the second reading of the Public Worship Facilities Bill. As a representative of a Church which claims to include at least half the people, a much larger proportion of the wealth and rank of the nation, and an almost exclusive monopoly of its culture,—the Church of the aristocracy and gentry, the Church of "society" and fashion,—he appealed to the House of Commons to grant to her the liberty which was enjoyed by all other Churches in the kingdom—

the liberty to her members to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. It was a strange thing to learn that in the middle of the nineteenth century there was a Church in England to whose members this invaluable right, as we fondly supposed our Constitution had made it, was denied. It was still stranger to find that the Church which is in this unhappy condition is the wealthiest and the most powerful Church in the kingdom. If Mr. Salt had only thought a little longer, he must have perceived the ludicrous aspect in which he was presenting himself and his Church. That he and his fellow-religionists can obey the dictates of their own consciences, build churches where they like, observe what ceremonies they think right, is as certain as that there is a sun in the heavens. But they cannot do this if they are to enjoy the power of an Establishment. The law would not interfere with the worship of Protestant Episcopalians any more than it would interfere with the extraordinary ritual of the Shakers in the New Forest. But over the clergy and members of the Church of England, as by law established, Parliament is obliged to exercise control; and it is folly to talk of a violation of liberty when there is nothing more than the carrying out of a compact—a compact which assures the privileges of a public Church to those who will subscribe to its creeds and conform to the regulations which the State prescribes. Of course that is not liberty, but the way to liberty is very plain, though perhaps a little hard and rugged. What Mr. Salt wants, however (and there are a great many like him), is not so much freedom to worship God, for that he has, but freedom rather to serve both God and mammon; to remain in the Establishment, and yet obey the dictates of conscience.

The thing which offends Mr. Salt is the strictness and uniformity of the parochial system. Mr. Ryle has more than once denounced, with his characteristic force, the law which gives the clergyman such absolute power within the limits of his own jurisdiction, that though Roman Catholic or Protestant Dissenters may build their places of worship and carry on their work, the zealous Churchman is bound hand and foot, and cannot open a room or hold a single public service because of the opposition of the rector. He may be indolent, and unwilling to be disturbed by any schemes for extension. He may be a high sacerdotalist, and determined to prevent the intrusion of Evangelicals into a preserve which he has not only the right to guard against such invasion, but which he feels himself under solemn obligation thus to protect. Those of the parishioners who will not accompany him to Rome, are, therefore, forced into Dissent, and the Evangelical section of the Establishment thus suffers in both ways. Of course, where a strong Evangelical clergyman is the incumbent, the Ritualists are excluded, and complain in their turn. It is amusing to hear these murmurings on both sides,

but still more so to find that the way in which it is proposed to remedy them is by a modification of the system to which we have always been pointed as the distinctive feature and special glory of the Establishment. It is not proposed, indeed, that absolute liberty shall be given to any number of Churchmen to build a church where they please, but there is to be an appeal from the parochial clergyman, so that if he is exercising his power unwisely and to the detriment of the parish, it may be set aside by superior authority.

This may be very necessary to the prosperity of the Church, but it is utterly inconsistent with the idea of an establishment. On its theory the clergyman is the one authorised instructor of the parish, and anyone who is not acting under him, or with his consent, is an interloper. It does not matter whether he is a clergyman of the same Church, or of some Dissenting community. In either case he is intruding into a sphere where, on Mr. Matthew Arnold's showing, he is only a nuisance. Churchmen have not been unwilling to adopt this view so long as it told only against Nonconformists: they cannot shrink from its consequences when they bear severely upon themselves. It may be quite true that the people are not being taught at all, or are being trained in error. They are under the care of the shepherd appointed by the State, and no objection can fairly be made to the arrangement except by those who deny the right of the State to make such an appointment. To plead that there are different schools of thought in the Establishment, and that it is wrong to exclude either of them from a parish in which it may possibly have many adherents, is only to argue that there ought to be two or three Churches established instead of one; that is, to get rid of the Act of Uniformity by a side-wind, wherever its operation is felt to be practically inconvenient. That Act prescribes what every clergyman shall believe, and how he shall conduct the worship. If he is transgressing the law, there are courts to which appeal can be made; if he is not, it is absurd to call on Parliament to permit an antagonistic system to be introduced into the district which the law has placed under his care and control.

As was to be expected, the Bill, like every other measure of reform, trusts much to the discretion of the Bishops. Churchmen of all schools are continually abusing the Bishops, and yet, with singular inconsistency, are for ever proposing to give them fresh power. It is, indeed, natural enough that a bishop should count for something in an Episcopal Church, and that if there is to be an appeal from an autocratic rector, it should be to his diocesan. So Mr. Salt would give a bishop power to override an incumbent, and on the application of twenty-five or more "adult inhabitants," to license a clergyman to officiate in a parish either in a consecrated or unconsecrated building. This is, after all, a very

lame proposal, for it leaves with the bishop the prohibitory power which it takes from the rector. Under it a strong Protestant bishop like Dr. Baring, might prevent all attempts on the part of Ritualists to secure a footing in Evangelical parishes, while encouraging the Evangelicals, on the other hand, to break into the preserves of Ritualist incumbents. Possibly, after the recent manifesto, it may be suggested that it can only be in rare cases that such strong partisan feelings can rule Episcopal breasts; but we doubt whether such an assurance will be perfectly satisfactory to either party.

But it is not for us to discuss in detail the arrangements proposed by such a Bill. We are interested only in its principle, which, in our opinion, cannot be adopted without abandoning the fundamental idea of the Establishment. It looks a very small matter, but it means a great deal, as may be seen in the reasons on which it is advocated. The *Guardian* supports it on two grounds; first, "The great varieties of doctrine and ritual which are lawful in the Church of England often bear hardly upon those who dislike one extreme or other, and unless some relief is given, many of them will leave the Church altogether." The underlying idea here is one which we meet with continually, that the existing body of Churchmen have a right to a place in the Establishment, and that, as far as possible, everything must be made agreeable to them. It is systematically forgotten that the law which is to be made so elastic for them, was intended to be exclusive, and did actually operate to exclude numbers whose variations in doctrine or ritual were not at all more extreme than those which it is now proposed, not merely to tolerate, but to establish in a parish in opposition to the will of its recognised spiritual guide. We can hardly conceive of a more keen satire upon the Establishment than is implied in this proposal to legalise Nonconformity within its own pale. It is not difficult to understand the feelings of the zealots who chafe under the predominance of the party they hate in particular parishes, but it is, to say the least, questionable whether it be wise to convert the Establishment into two or three rival sects for the purpose of meeting their views. We have before us a remarkable account of the state of things at Birmingham, in the *Church Times*, which may give an idea of the feelings which are at work, and to which this Bill would give fair play. Of course, we have here only Ritualist utterances, but it would be very easy to match them from the other side.

"Church matters in Birmingham," we are told, have come to the worst. What this is may be gathered from the following particulars, which we select from a long description. "Nearly all the clergy belong to the tribe of Simeon." The Trustees will not even have moderate men, and the Bishop so far supports them that "little is to be



seen but a cold, dead level of Puritanism." Church services are conducted "not according to the Prayer book, but after some Public Worship Facilities Act;" as a Roman Catholic said lately, "whatever is too much trouble they call Popery." Still there are signs of improvement. If the parish is thus given up to Puritanism, the clergy outside are not appointed by the Trustees, and some of them are of a better type. Indeed, on the south side, "the Catholics 'hold the forts' in continuous line," and "in fact, a Protestant in this part of the town had to take sittings in a Methodist chapel, as he could not find a church to his liking." Even in the parish (and this is a point which Evangelicals would do well to note) "some of the dominant tribe can't get curates of their own views." "Birmingham, therefore, is not so bad as it is ecclesiastically painted," and the situation, as a whole, is described in this graphic style: "As yet, Birmingham *proper* is Puritan, but it is surrounded on all sides by 'advanced' batteries, and the blockade is going on *hopefully*." There is an old saying of a house divided against itself, of which this irresistibly reminds us. Such a house cannot stand, and ought not to stand. The right feeling of Christian people was shocked a short time ago by the article in the *Times* on the City Temple fiasco, and the representation it gave of Churchmen and Dissenters as hostile forces. But here is something even worse. For here is a party engaged, on the showing of one of its own writers, in hostile operations against another, and strange to tell, Mr. Salt, the *Guardian*, and the other advocates of the Bill, seem to think that the best thing which can be done is to extend the facilities for the prosecution of the warfare, and to allow the party excluded from any parish to establish their own advanced posts of observation or assault within it.

But the *Guardian* has another argument in favour of the Bill, which is thus stated: "We may point with pride to the zeal and earnestness of our parochial clergy as a body; but we may also point with shame to exceptional cases in every diocese where ignorance, sloth, and incompetency are allowing the golden opportunity to slip by, and immortal souls to pass into the other world uncared for by those to whom the care of them has been solemnly and exclusively connected." We wonder how many of the educated Christian gentlemen, whom it is the special function of the Establishment to locate in every parish, and of whom we have been besought not to deprive the people, are to be classed among these "exceptional cases." If they are only few, it is strange that it should be found necessary to pass a law by which provision may be made to supply their *laches*, or that we should be told "if the remedy is severe, the evil is one that demands 'severity.'" Whether the true cure for scandals which arise "from the fact that we have no means of compelling the clergy to do their duty" is to give

other people facilities for doing it for them, is certainly open to question. It is hardly the plan which would be adopted in any other department. If a number of officers were to show themselves lazy, cowardly, or incompetent in the presence of the enemy, it would not be thought sufficient to give the brigadier power to accept the services of volunteers, whose patriotic zeal might inspire them with the desire to serve their country. Nor would such a proposal be made in the case of the Establishment were it not assumed that the parishes are made for the clergy rather than the clergy for the parishes.

The remedy, even from a Churchman's point of view, should be of a different and more sweeping character. If the Establishment has but few of these ineffective clergy, it is certainly a marvel, for the system of patronage, alike in the theory on which it is based and the manner in which it is carried out, is calculated to produce them in abundance. The one point to which essential importance attaches, and on which other Christian communities lay stress in the appointment of their ministers—fitness for the office—is just that which the Establishment ignores. It secures numbers of men eminently qualified and eminently successful, but they are not appointed because of their qualifications, either of head or heart, and they would not have been rejected had these been all but absolutely wanting. There are certain examinations which every candidate for holy orders must pass, and certificates of character which he must produce, but when these very moderate demands have been satisfied, his promotion, we need not say, depends on the patronage he is able to obtain. The Bishop of Peterborough, in his speech on the second reading of his Bill, in which the recommendations of the Select Committee of the Lords are embodied, tells us how that patronage is often obtained and exercised. It would be useless for us to waste our rhetoric—as the Bishop wasted his—in denouncing the enormous abuses with which it is surrounded, and which are eating, as a canker-worm, into the very heart of the Church. In truth, as he had so little to propose, we are surprised that he should have thought it necessary or wise to say so much. But his order are generally more powerful in talk than in action. Last year the Primate made a speech which pictured the Church as in a state of revolt, and was sufficiently dark in its colouring to satisfy the most obstinate alarmist, but it only led to the “*ridiculus mus*” of a Public Worship Regulation Act. This year the Bishop of Peterborough describes, as he has described before, the evils of patronage in such a style as to prepare us for a drastic and effective cure, and ends by proposing a measure which gives but little promise, and whose actual results will fall far below even that little. His diagnosis is excellent, but his treatment of the disease is below contempt—like a doctor who tells his patient that there are infallible symptoms of a serious internal

disorder, and then ends by prescribing occasional doses of barley and water, always to be administered under careful supervision. The two medicines which the Bishop proposes to employ are those which have recently become such favourites—more Bishop and cheap law. The Bishop may refuse to institute a presentee who is too old or too young, who is not accredited by three other clergymen, or is objected to by three parishioners on the ground of moral delinquency or physical incapacity. Should this last obstacle be interposed, then the matter of complaint must be heard either by the Bishop or by the new judge appointed under the Public Worship Act. This, with the exception of a few<sup>a</sup> provisions to reduce the abuses connected with the sale of livings, is really all that is suggested. The Bishop will be authorised to interfere in very flagrant cases, and the law can be brought to bear in cases of doubt with greater promptitude and at less cost. But the sale of the cure of human souls will go on just as ever. The clerical newspapers will still contain those shameless advertisements which are an opprobrium to the State which suffers the right it has usurped of watching over the souls of its people to be vended in the public market, and to the Church which is content to see religion thus prostituted and debased rather than sacrifice the material advantages of an Establishment. Families will still count upon a living as the best mode of providing for some younger son, whose abilities are not particularly brilliant; and he, though destitute possibly of all intellect and spiritual fitness, will undertake to play the part of the educated Christian gentleman—a Lady Bountiful in breeches—in the parish which he looks upon as his rightful inheritance, and where he expects to receive the deference to its religious official. Even the slight restrictions which are put upon the sale of next presentations will be evaded by the skill of practised agents, who will only need a little time to perfect their plans, and our *nouveaux riches* will still find facilities for an investment which they appreciate more because of its social than its financial returns.

The Bishop would have gone further than this if he could have persuaded the Select Committee to adopt his views, but he would have stopped short of the only effectual cure—the complete abolition of an illogical, immoral, and anti-Christian system. Indeed, he thought it necessary, as even reforming Churchmen generally do, to have a fling *en passant* at the popular election of Dissenting ministers, as though there could be any system so scandalous as that which, while confessing the necessity for amending it, he still desires to preserve. But what is to be expected from Bishops? Centuries ago, John Knox, writing about the state of feeling among the prelates of his day, used these words, which are as true in spirit now as they were then: “The Archbishop of Canterbury entertains right views as to the nature of Christ’s presence

in the Supper, and is now very friendly towards myself. . . . We desire nothing more for him than a firm and manly spirit. *Like all the other bishops in this country, he is too fearful about what may happen to him.* There are here six or seven bishops who comprehend the doctrine of Christ, as far as relates to the Lord's Supper, with as much clearness and piety as we could desire, and *it is only the fear for their property that prevents them from reforming their churches according to the rule of God's word.*" So strongly was Knox impressed as to the corrupting influence of Episcopal dignity, that we find him expressing at another time his anxiety lest even Ridley should be injured by his promotion. "There has," he says, "lately been appointed a new Bishop of London (Ridley), a pious and learned man, *if only his new dignity do not change his conduct.*" Unhappily this said dignity has as paralysing an influence to-day as Knox apprehended from it then. It causes its possessors to take a more worldly view of all questions; it creates an intense solicitude for the Establishment, which interferes with their pure devotion to the interests of the Church; it leads them to bow more to policy than to principle; it makes them of all reformers the most timid, the most hesitating, the most willing to enter into unworthy compromises.

The Episcopal manifesto has only supplied another illustration of the same remark. It is a revelation of weakness that is pitiable, and it is weakness in relation to points where there was a special need for strength and decision. In the same breath it tells the laity that they are to beware of unreasonable suspicions, and the clergy that they are alienating the laity by their unwise and illegal procedure. There is a leak in the vessel, and their lordships propose to stop it by means of thin gauze, well saturated in rosewater, and at the same time lecture severely those who think that it needs to be stopped at all. They have set the world laughing at them, have encouraged the Ritualists whom they hoped to win to a more reasonable mind, and have irritated the laymen whom they meant to soothe. Yet there are many who seem to think that the best thing which can be done for the Church is to give her more bishops, and two Bills are before Parliament for the purpose. There are two points on which Churchmen are tolerably unanimous, the first that the Bishops are the great weakness of the Church, and the other, that she ought to have more Bishops. It is not difficult to reconcile the inconsistency. They like the glitter and tinsel of the hierarchy, and they hope that it may attract Dissenters also, but they have no confidence in the wisdom, nor any idea of submitting to the authority, of its individual members. If they cared chiefly for true Episcopal work they could at once increase the power of the present Bench for it, by withdrawing them from a sphere in which they are not needed, and where they have always done more harm than good. But

Bishops, without the dignity of prelates, would not suit their purpose. We have had abundance of these returned upon our hands from the colonies, and they attract no more notice and receive no more deference than ordinary clergymen, if anything rather less. To multiply them would be little gain. They could take Confirmation services, or officiate at the consecration of churches, but for such work as the Bishop of Manchester does, as a leading personage in local society, they would be as useless as the "suffragan Bishops" of Dover and Nottingham are at present. In short, they might make useful administrators, but they would be worth nothing as figure-heads, and it is figure-heads which the Bishops are desired to be. They are meant to play the kind of part which Prince Menschikoff assigned to the two Grand Dukes whom he led out to the battle of Inkerman, to give *éclat* to the army, and when they attempt to rule they create as much astonishment as the Russian princes would have done if they had ordered the advance of a battery or the retreat of a brigade. Probably the Church may get one more of these dignitaries planted down at St. Albans, though the criticism which the project has called forth makes it doubtful what form it will ultimately assume. It is something that the nation is not asked to make any fresh contribution to the cost, but it must not therefore be forgotten that the nation confers the rank which the prelate is to enjoy, and has a right to express a judgment on the wisdom of the scheme. When Churchmen complain that their internal arrangements are overhauled and regulated by those who are not of their number, and may possibly be hostile to them, we would only remind them that it rests with them to remove the anomaly. The whole nation has a right to a voice in the government of the Establishment. A free Episcopal Church would have but one Master, even Christ.

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### CANON RYLE.

THERE is, despite some appearances to the contrary, a general feeling of respect for honest, clear-headed, true-hearted, outspoken men. The Trimmers may secure, especially in quiet times, more present success, for there are always numbers who will commend the prudence of those moderate men, who are so anxious that the truth should never be spoken, except in love, that they sometimes allow their tenderness for its enemies to prevent them from speaking it at all. In general, safe men who never commit themselves to decisive statements or to bold action, and who regard the earnest advocates of "blazing principles" or abstract ideas as the most mischievous of people, and hold extreme views in intense abhorrence as devices of the evil one, are pretty sure to

float on the full tide of popular favour. They are not in troubles of controversy, as others are ; they enjoy a consideration which is denied to those who, unhappily for themselves, feel that they are under an obligation to contend for the faith, and there is so much incense burnt in their honour that they may be excused if they come to believe that their conduct is an embodiment alike of perfect goodness and perfect wisdom. They have their reward, and we need not grudge it them, especially as there come times, as the bishops are learning just now to their cost, when it is seen that the service of the truth demands sterner qualities than those on which they pride themselves. But even when they are most popular there is a secret instinct in the heart which compels the world to do reverence to men of the opposite type—resolute men, who have so strong a grip of principles, or rather, whose principles have such a strong grip of them, that they are determined to maintain them at all costs—unselfish men, who are felt to be more anxious about the triumph of the right than their own position, and are ever ready to sacrifice themselves that the truth may be magnified—fearless men, who alarm their more timid friends by their daring words and deeds, but in whose very boldness there is an element of power which those who are scared by every phantom of difficulty cannot appreciate. The world knows that there could be no real progress without enthusiasm, and though its organs think it necessary to censure their extravagance, and find a secret satisfaction in the work, they would be sorry to extinguish the force which they seek to moderate, and, if the truth were known, have a respect for the fearless independence whose extravagances they undertake to correct, which they have never felt for the sagacity whose caution they have so often commended.

An illustration of these remarks is seen in the case of the subject of this paper. Canon Ryle is one of the most pronounced of the Evangelical party, and though his desire that the forces of the Establishment should present an unbroken front to their foes has made him anxious to find some point of common action with the moderate Anglicans, it has never led him to withhold the strongest utterances of Evangelical opinion. Yet he is as great a favourite among High Churchmen as Archdeacon Denison is among those earnest Protestants, whether in or out of the Establishment, who have sufficient charity and breadth to honour singleness of aim and loyalty to conscience, even when they are shown on behalf of a system which they hold to be pregnant with deadly error. The two men are not unlike, and though such decided antagonists they are almost equally popular in Congress, for even the emasculating influence of a State Church, whose conditions tempt men to tamper with truth, has not extinguished the natural sympathy with brave and earnest men who refuse to bow to the

idols of expediency. The Canon and the Archdeacon alike have the straightforward "downrightness" which we are fond of regarding as distinctively English, though, if it be, the Establishment is singularly wanting in the great national characteristic. It is a remarkable fact, on which, however, we must not dwell now, that in the Archdeacon this quality should have survived all the deteriorating influences of sacerdotalism, and that it should be even more conspicuous in him than in the great Evangelical. Canon Ryle's party might, we believe, have been in a much stronger position to-day if he, and others like him, had taken a stand as decided, and exhibited an indifference to the fate of the Establishment, should its interests come into collision with those of the truth, as noble, as that which the Archdeacon has often displayed. But zeal for a State Church, of which we shall have more to say afterwards, so strangely inconsistent with his own representation of the evils which arise from it, is the weak point in a man who, but for this, might have sounded a trumpet-blast which would have aroused the Protestant feeling within the Establishment and saved it from the melancholy condition to which it is now reduced. The two parties have not contended on equal terms, for while the leaders of the one, like Archdeacon Denison and Canon Liddon, have made it clear that they would rather see the Establishment perish than surrender one iota of the Catholic faith, their opponents have played into their hands by putting the Establishment first and Protestantism afterwards. Of course, Canon Ryle would repudiate any such idea, and with perfect sincerity. He has no consciousness of any such purpose, and yet the subtle influence of his faith in a State Church is such that it hinders him from taking the position which might fairly be expected from him. It is a strange, disturbing element in his nature which leads him into fellowships he ought rather to eschew, and causes him to assail those whom, but for the glamour which is over his eyes, he would recognise as friends whose alliance he should sedulously cultivate. It is this which makes him appear to disadvantage with the leading Anglicans in the qualities of which we are speaking. He thinks as much of the spiritual elements in the Church as Canon Liddon, and if there was to be a struggle for some truth he holds to be vital, he would, we have little doubt, show as much of the spirit of the true hero or martyr, but he has so much higher an estimate of the advantages resulting from the State Church that he is more unwilling to say or do anything by which they might be endangered. We do not question that he is as courageous as the Archdeacon of Taunton, but for the same reason he will be silent where the other would speak, and listen eagerly to suggestions of compromise where the other would put down his foot, and by his very determination command success. The result of such policy is what might have been foreseen. The Evangelicals have



always been retreating and compromising, whereas High Churchmen have never yielded a point, but have used every concession that has been made as an instrument of securing more.

It is due, however, to Canon Ryle to say that any weakness or inconsistency he may thus have exhibited is due, not to any lack of moral courage, but to a mistaken judgment. He is one of the last men to shrink from saying what he believes, and though we may often wonder how he manages to reconcile some of his opinions with others that he has elsewhere expressed, we always feel that he is uttering his real convictions. It is very refreshing to come to his writings after labouring through some of the very guarded and ambiguous reasonings of some of the Broad Church school, which not only leave the reader in doubt as to what the writers themselves believe, but what is much worse, as to whether there is anything so certain as to be worth believing. The contrast between the haze in which all subjects are enveloped, and in which the most opposite opinions are made to look as though they were the same, and the clear light which is upon all that Canon Ryle says, is as striking as the change from a heavy November fog to bright and cheerful sunshine. In capacity for popular instruction Mr. Ryle is surpassed by few. It is a difficult thing to write a good tract, but he has succeeded to perfection, in virtue of the clearness of his views, the directness of his aim and the transparency of his style. It may be true that there is a kind of trick in his method; that whatever subject he takes his thoughts are always presented in the same form, and that in the end the monotony becomes wearisome. But this is only what is true of most styles, and if it is specially felt in the case before us, it is because the arrangement seems to be, perhaps is, more than commonly formal and mechanical.

But such objections tell for little against the great merits of a mode of address which arrests the attention, instructs the mind, fixes itself on the memory, and impresses the heart. The range of thought may be narrow and the tone dogmatic, and if the object were to convince the sceptic, it might be desirable to have a more keen and polished instrument. But Mr. Ryle addresses himself, for the most part, to those who profess to receive the truth but do not fully understand it, and have not submitted their souls to its power. He speaks, too, as a minister of the Gospel who has his own beliefs, which he desires to impress upon the world, and who does not feel it necessary or wise to turn aside and combat all the opposing beliefs with which he may happen to meet. His doctrine may be challenged, but at least he will set it forth in such a manner that everyone shall know what it is, and shall see that with him it is a living faith and not a mere form of words. He is not a great logician, but a clear and earnest teacher, and such authority as his words may possess is derived mainly from the

ring of genuine conviction and deep feeling that there is always in them.

Like all men of his stamp, Mr. Ryle is not always consistent with himself, and seldom takes what we should regard as a comprehensive view of a subject. What he sees, he sees very clearly, and states very forcibly, but he does not perceive the qualifications which may be demanded by some of his own opinions on other points. In this, undoubtedly, there is a power, for the masses of men are little affected by teachers who have hardly made a statement before they seem as if they wanted to recall it, and who are so eager to reconcile every assertion with some other to which it might be thought opposed, that their discourses or writings are without point and force. We are far from saying that these latter have not their own place, for we need to have something more than the bald outline of great truths. Thinking men will not long be content with isolated principles, but demand that they should be regarded in their relations to each other and welded into a system. But the scientific theologian who can do this work is rarely fitted to be a great popular teacher such as Mr. Ryle. Wise men will not institute invidious comparisons between the different kinds of service which the two classes of men are able to render, but will honour every man who, in his own order and according to the measure of the gift of God which he enjoys, shows himself a faithful servant of truth. The Evangelical school has probably men more competent to be exponents or defenders of its theological principles, but it has none who are better able to present their conclusions in such form as to instruct the popular mind than Mr. Ryle.

Of mere rhetorical power, there is little or none in his writings. Pithiness, terseness, and power are their main characteristics. Each sentence has completeness and force in itself; but the eloquence is altogether of force and directness, without embellishment of any kind. We have often heard from those who have been interested in Mr. Ryle's tracts, expressions of disappointment with his preaching. This we can easily understand, for it would require great power of delivery to sustain the interest in discourses with so little play of imagination or variety of thought. His speaking, especially in Convocation, is very different, and is popular on various accounts. It is incisive in style and decided in opinion, qualities which tell even upon the hostile members of an audience if they will only be content to listen, and so allow the power of earnestness to be felt. Then there is much in the manly, genial bearing of the man which recommends him. Opponents feel that they have to do with an honourable, if with a very pronounced and dogmatic foe: friends, that they have a stalwart and trusty champion. The absence of any approach to personal bitterness, and the desire to rise

above sectarian passions, tell also in his favour, and the deference due to a true man who is seeking to advance what he believes the right, is conceded to him even by those who think that the speech is too much in the *ad captandum* style, or who resent a style so confident and absolute that it barely stops short of intolerance, and would with many men be extremely irritating. But there is what for want of a better term we must call a rollicking air in Mr. Ryle's speaking which carries off a good deal that would otherwise be unpleasant, and so, though we fail to see that he exerts any marked influence in Congress, he is always received with cordiality.

There is another reason for this, perhaps the strongest of all. Mr. Ryle is an Evangelical, but he is also a very strong Churchman; and if his own account of the idea of Evangelicals entertained by High Churchmen be correct, it is only natural that so remarkable a phenomenon as he must appear to them should produce equal astonishment and pleasure. A clergyman of his school is supposed by his Anglican opponents to be "a kind of disorderly wild person, who alters the Prayer-book at discretion" [a much more common thing among Ritualists], "who dislikes Baptism, despises the Lord's Supper, admires dirty churches, cares for nothing but preaching, makes light of the prayers, hates Bishops, disapproves of good works, and does not see much beauty in the Church of England." Like all Mr. Ryle's pictures, this is strongly coloured; but if, as he says, "they (High Churchmen) know no more about us than a native of Timbuctoo knows about skating and ice-cream, or an Esquimaux knows about grapes, peaches, and nectarines," it is possible that there may be some who really believe that Evangelicals prefer Dissenters to Churchmen (!), and do not see much beauty in their own Church. To such men Mr. Ryle must be a pleasant surprise. Against him no such charge can lie. He talks, indeed, of his "Nonconformist brethren;" but it is clear that he has never been able to understand our real position, but regards us as jealous rivals who are desirous of dragging down Churchmen to our own level, and cherishes towards us the feelings which such a view would naturally awaken. On the other hand, he is never weary of proclaiming in his own vehement style his devotion to the Establishment, and his readiness to unite in any effort for its defence. No wonder that High Churchmen, and even Ritualists, applaud him to the echo. They can bear even his fierce denunciations of their doctrine so long as he will co-operate to maintain the institution which gives them such vantage-ground. The mystery is how Mr. Ryle, with the views he avows as to their teaching and its tendencies, can be so blind as to the inevitable consequences of upholding an Establishment which has shown itself powerless to purge itself of this Romish leaven.

He is so blindly attached to the principle of an Establishment, that

he does not stop to inquire whether any good that he may hope to secure from the institution is not neutralised by the character it has assumed in this country. No man has described in stronger terms the evils which are to be found in it at present ; but as soon as it is assailed he forgets the actual, and launches out into extravagant eulogy of an ideal which has no existence, and which never will exist. There is not a passage in his writings in defence of the Establishment which might not easily be answered by another, in which he gives vent to his honest indignation against the abuses by which it is scandalised. Thus, when he undertakes to prove that the first to suffer from Disestablishment would be the agricultural poor, he has an eloquent passage on the blessings of a "well-ordered parish," in which "the clergyman's house is the mainspring of a large machinery of charity to men's bodies," and the clergyman himself "the friend of poor Dissenters as well as poor churchgoers." A parish in which the clergyman is thus liberal to Dissenters is certainly a rare exception, and altogether this port-wine and blanket argument is an appeal to very low and sordid motives indeed. But Mr. Ryle, if he does not answer it himself, robs it of most of its value, when he tells us that there are in almost every diocese large parishes in which people "live and die with an abiding impression that the Church of England is a rotten, useless institution, and bequeath to their families a legacy of prejudice against the Church which lasts for ever." "Will anyone," he asks, "pretend to tell me that there are not hundreds of English parishes in this condition? I defy him to do so. I am writing down things that are only too true, and it is vain to conceal them. But what does the Church of England do for such parishes as these? I answer, *Nothing, nothing at all!*"

So again, when warning Dissenters against the false statements of the Liberation Society—among which he classes an assertion of which we never heard, except in his caution that "Disestablishment would enable the State to save twenty-six millions of annual taxes"—he says, "It is utterly untrue that the Bishops are rolling in wealth." But when he has to advocate Church Reform, he very sensibly suggests that the dioceses ought to be diminished, and the salaries of the Bishops be reduced to £2,000 a year. It would be as wise if in arguing against Disestablishment he could believe that his opponents are neither fools nor liars, and they would certainly be both if they made an assertion so utterly monstrous as that we have quoted relative to the revenue of the Establishment. But it would be quite as well, also, if he could remember what he himself has said under other circumstances. It will not answer to present one face of the shield to Churchmen and another to Dissenters, for, unfortunately for him, men will look at both, and his reputation will suffer while his argument is utterly destroyed.

The case becomes far more serious when we look at Mr. Ryle's view of the doctrines that are taught in the Establishment. In his "Guide to Baptism," he says, in relation to Baptismal Regeneration:—

"I see it interfering with every leading doctrine of the Gospel;—it encourages men to believe that election, adoption, justification, and the indwelling of the Spirit, are all conferred on them in baptism, and then to avoid the difficulties which such a system entails, the fulness of all these mighty truths is pared down, mutilated, and explained away; or else the minds of congregations are bewildered with contradictory and inconsistent statements. I see it ultimately producing in some minds a mere sacramental Christianity—a Christianity in which there is much said about union with Christ, but it is a union begun only by baptism, and kept up only by the Lord's Supper—a Christianity in which the leading doctrines that the Apostle Paul dwells on in almost all his epistles, have nothing but a subordinate position—a Christianity in which Christ has not His rightful office, and faith has not its rightful place."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle, Guide to Churchmen, about Baptism, &c.*

Not less decidedly did he write in his "Home Truths," v. 238, more than twelve years ago: "There are not a few parishes in England where the religious teaching is little better than Popery. . . Souls are perishing in many parishes in ignorance. Honest members of the Church of England are disgusted and perplexed." Things have not grown better, but worse in the intervening years. We might truly say to-day that there are numbers of parishes in which the teaching is no better than Popery, is not to be distinguished from Popery. And the evil grows, and Mr. Ryle is the champion of the institution under whose fostering wing it flourishes.

Mr. Ryle would avert disestablishment by Church Reform; but though his proposals are sufficiently sweeping they would do little to conserve the vital interests of Protestantism. He would recast the Episcopate, liberalise Convocation by abolishing the distinction of the two Houses and giving to the body a more representative character, utilise deans and chapters by a new scheme of cathedral work, correct the abuses of the parochial system, introduce new orders of the ministry, and recognise the rights of the laity. He would, in fact, work a revolution in the organisation of the Establishment; but when he has to deal with a question of infinitely higher importance, its public worship, his suggestions are as feeble and halting as they are elsewhere bold and uncompromising. He would divide, abridge, simplify the services, but for the change which must be made in the Liturgy, if the Church is to be saved from being Romanised, he is unprepared. He does not assert the perfection of the Prayer-book, but, as he says, "I would rather bear the ills I know, than flee to others that I know not of." To those who dream of some great reform which shall make the

Establishment really Protestant, and who understand that the first condition of this is that the Prayer-book should be purified, it is discouraging to find a man of Mr. Ryle's stamp saying, "Looking calmly at the condition of the Church of England, about the last thing I should like to see would be a Commission for reconstructing, revising, or adding to the Liturgy. Without a special miracle, such as we have no right to expect, the poor Prayer-book would come forth from its hands (if, indeed, it ever came forth again alive) completely marred and spoiled." We should have thought it better to run such a risk than have the Sacramentarianism, whose true character he has depicted so well, spread over the entire Church like some deadly plague. But the great Evangelical leader thinks differently. He is satisfied that an effectual revision would drive out two-thirds of the clergy, and he does not think the "gain would counterbalance the advantage." "Many good men would be driven out, who would really be far better men than many who would stay behind. I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that the Reformers were Protestant and evangelical men, and meant the baptismal service to be interpreted in consistency with the 17th Article, while I admit that they used unfortunately equivocal language in the Baptismal Service. But I decline to destroy the Church merely on account of a few awkward expressions."

The air of authority with which this remarkable statement is put forth, the quietness with which historic points are settled in opposition to the views of all who have examined the facts, the inability or unwillingness to take a complete view of a great question, and the absolute devotion to the interests of the Establishment here shown are only too characteristic of the man. No doubt a thorough revision would destroy the Establishment, not the Church, but we should have expected a man of Mr. Ryle's views to consider whether its continuance in its present state would not be fatal to much that he holds far more precious than the rank and wealth which the State can give, and which is all that is really imperilled. But when he can satisfy himself with the notion that the men who gave the Prayer-book its present form, Sheldon and his co-workers, whose aim was to purge the Establishment of Evangelicalism altogether, and who in the discussion with the Nonconformists in 1660 showed their true bias, were Protestant and evangelical; and when he can talk as though a "few awkward expressions" constituted the entire objection to the Prayer-book, the case is hopeless. It is thus that the party, of which he is so eminent a leader, has delivered itself over to the hands of its foes. Mr. Ryle has a robustness, a power of popular speech, a spiritual fervour, which marked him out as a leader who might have accomplished great things. But he is paralysed by that strange unfaith which makes him tremble at the prospect of losing the

advantages of the Establishment. Better have a Prayer-book which fosters deadly error, better that a large and increasing portion of the clergy should draw men away from the simplicity that is in Christ, better even that the abuses and evils which he himself admits should continue, than that the Establishment should fall. Hence, Mr. Ryle speaks smoothly even to High Churchmen, and reserves his hard words for Nonconformists. He is one with the former as to the "material ingredients" of the Church, with the latter only as to its spiritual elements; but the former are allies with whom he cultivates close relations, the other enemies to be assailed with all his eloquence. So full is he of his favourite idea that it seems as though he could not even understand their position, and fancies that he will move them when he has shown that Disestablishment will do them no good, as though it were impossible that they could be contending for great principles rather than mere selfish ends. It is strange that such sincere faith in an Evangelical creed can be co-existent with such inability to trust its spiritual force. But it is thus that Anglican Protestantism suffers at the hands of her own friends.

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## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Theology of the Old Testament.* By Dr. GUST. FR. OEHLER. Vol. I. Translated by ELLEN D. SMITH. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1874. (Price to non-subscribers, 10s. 6d.)

THIS volume is on a subject which has received but little attention in this country, and although it hardly satisfies our idea of the manner in which the subject ought to be treated, no student of Old Testament theology can fail to derive advantage from the use of it. Even in Germany John Philip Gabler is regarded as the man who first clearly expressed the idea of biblical theology as an historical science (page 49); and this was so recently as 1787. During the last ninety years attempts have been made to apply this idea, but there is still large room for the labours of scholars both in the Old Testament and the New. The Old Testament, however, especially needs attention. The spirit and aims with which Dr. Oehler approaches his subject, will

be best understood from his own words. He says: "In its development as an independent science, biblical theology is one of the most recent branches of theology. We shall see by and by that the name and conception of biblical theology as a special historical science arose only in the course of last century, and the division of Old and New Testament theology was made still later. Older theologians did not separate dogmatic and biblical theology, and were still further from the idea of dividing Old and New Testament theology, ignoring the gradual progress of revelation, the constant connection of the revealing word with the advance of the revealing history, and treating the Old and New Testament as a sort of promptuarium, which could be used alike in all its parts—proof-texts for every Christian doctrine being brought together from the various parts of the Bible. We are now far beyond such oneness, although some recent Old Testament theologians (Hengstenberg) still show a



tendency to confuse the two Testaments after the fashion of the older orthodoxy. On the other hand, we are confronted in recent times by a view of the Old Testament which entirely cuts loose the Old Testament religion from specific connection with the New Testament, placing it on one line with the other pre-Christian religions, which also in their own way were a preparation for Christianity,—a view of the Old Testament which scarcely allows its theology to claim a higher significance for the theologic knowledge of the Christian, than could, for example, be ascribed to Homeric theology. This antipathy to the Old Testament in the spirit of Marcion and Schleiermacher is still prevalent among theologians, though far less so than it was twenty or thirty or thirty years ago. From this point of view the name Old Testament religion is as far as possible avoided, and Judaism and Jewish religion are spoken of by preference, although every one may learn from history that the Old Testament and Judaism are distinct—that Judaism begins when the Old Testament is about to end, viz. with Ezra and the wisdom of the scribes founded by him. This view consistently leads to the ignoring of the specific character as revelation of the New Testament also—of Christianity. On this point we must not allow ourselves to be deceived. The relation of the New Testament to the Old is such, that both stand or fall together. The New Testament has no other view than that Old Testament law and prophecy form its positive presupposition. According to the New Testament, God built up Christianity out of other elements than those with which modern destructive criticism is accustomed to calculate. We cannot have the redeeming God of the new covenant, without the Creator and covenant God preached in the old; we cannot place the Redeemer out of connection with Old Testament predictions which He appeared to fulfil. No New Testament idea, indeed, is already fully set forth in the Old Testament, but the genesis of all the ideas of New Testament salvation lie in the Old Testament; and Schleiermacher himself was compelled to give a striking testimony

to the organic connection of the two Testaments, which in principle he denies, when he reintroduced into dogmatic the treatment of the work of Christ on the type of the threefold office." . . .

"Therefore Old Testament theology still retains its importance for Christian dogma, though not in the same way in which the older Protestant theology utilised the Old Testament in dogmatic. The old atomistic system of Scripture proof must be superseded by one that shows that the truths of salvation formulated in dogmas, arise as the result of the whole historical process through which Revelation has passed. The possibility of such a Scripture proof is demonstrated just by biblical theology, which presents the Bible revelation in its totality and in its gradual historical course, and so displays the genesis of the scriptural notions from which dogmatic propositions are to be coined, and the context in which they appear in the divine economy of salvation. When dogmatic makes use of the structure of biblical theology, this not only serves continually to renew and deepen the former in regard to existing dogmas; but also those biblical doctrines which, in the dogmatic labours of former centuries, fell too much into the shade, will receive more justice. For Scripture is, as Oetinger has called it, the store-book of the world, the storebook of all times: it offers to the Church in every age just such instruction as it specially requires. Thus, to give a single example, recent times have directed to biblical eschatology an interest in which the older Protestant theology had no share."

*The Miracles of our Lord in Relation to Modern Criticism.* By F. L. STEINMEYER, D.D. Translated by L. A. WHEATLEY. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1875. (Price, Seven shillings and sixpence.)

It is the object of Dr. Steinmeyer to show that there is a direct relation between the miracles of our Lord and the establishment on earth of the kingdom of Heaven. The apologetic value of his general argument amounts to this: on the hypothesis of a kingdom of Heaven,

miracles of the kind related in the Gospels are not improbable but probable; the miracles have a place which can be illustrated and accounted for.

We strongly recommend our readers not to throw the book aside merely because the "Introduction" may seem cumbersome and uninteresting. They will find that the observations on individual miracles are sometimes very original, and nearly always valuable. The miracles are divided into four groups—Miracles which are "signs" of the Kingdom of Heaven; Miracles which are Symbols; Miracles which are Witnesses of the Power of the Kingdom of Heaven; Miracles which are Prophecies. The object of the author is to show that the higher and enduring uses of each miracle—considered as "sign," symbol, witness, or prophecy, constituted a good and adequate reason for working it.

The translation on the whole fairly exhibits the sense of the original German, though it is far from being as easy as it might be, and is not always accurate. The following are a very few examples of the inaccuracies which we could point out. Page 21: "No one can *explain* a miracle, but one can and must *conceive* it;"—"conceive" ought to be *understand* or *comprehend*. A second sentence on the same page: "It is necessary to a miracle that it should signify *some end*, and that significance is the divine object recognisable by us," would be better rendered: "It is necessary to a miracle that it should signify *something*; but its significance lies in the divine end recognisable by us." In a third sentence on the same page: "In its application to the miracles of Jesus, the demand herein founded, that the motive must be shown which moved our Lord to work miracles in *general*, and then each single miracle which He performed in *particular*, is [left undecided]" the words in brackets are due to a misconception of the German idiom. What the author really says, is: "In its application to the miracles of Jesus the demand herein founded [assumes this form], that the motives must be pointed out which impelled our Lord to work miracles in *general*, and each *single* miracle in *particular*." Among several

minor faults we note, on page 153: "He was *χαλεπός*" for "he *became*;" "Psychiatry *must*, &c." for "Psychiatry *may*, &c.;" on page 213, "damaged," for "lost or forfeited;" on page 216, "the *whole* historical truth," for "veritable (lit. bodily) historical truth;" "a *more* untenable ground" for "a ground *at all* tenable."

For the sake both of the authors and of the enterprising publishers who have done so much to enrich the libraries of the ministers of England, we wish that translators would translate *out of*, and not, as seems too frequently the case, *for the sake of getting*, a knowledge of the German language.

*The Wave of Scepticism and the Rock of Truth. A Reply to "Supernatural Religion."* By MATTHEW HENRY HABERSHON. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1875. (Price, Three shillings and sixpence.)

If we must tell the truth, the title of this book rather prejudiced our mind against it. Titles of sober replies to sceptical works should not be flowery; especially should they not immodestly assume that the reply is as successful as a rock would be in repelling a wave. The title we found to be more characteristic of the book than we wished to believe. Not that Mr. Habershon has written to no purpose; on the contrary, he has brought together a good deal of evidence in support of the trustworthiness of the Gospels, and of the reality of the miracles recorded in them, and has made some very good points. But there is a lack of the sobriety and calmness which are prime requisites in a Christian apologist. Some of the faults with which he charges the author of "Supernatural Religion,"—and justly—may be fairly urged against himself. He indulges in strong assertions and insinuations, which irritate rather than convince. We have also noticed sentences which would not surprise us in an "Improvement Society" paper, but are certainly out of place in a published book: for example, "In its (Christianity) essence it is superhuman, abnormal (!), phenomenal (!) . . . ." (p. 14). " . . . The emasculated and perverted creed of

the moralist who rejects the miraculous is sheer confusion and absurdity" (p. 187).

With all its drawbacks, the book may be of service in dealing with the ever increasing tribe of *scepticasters*.

*The Bible Regained and the God of the Bible ours; or, the System of Religious Truth in outline.* By SAMUEL LEE.

Boston: Lee and Sheppard. 1874.

MR. SAMUEL LEE's book is a curious mixture. It contains not a few glimpses of Biblical and ethical truth, which if properly followed up would really, in our view, lead to the regaining of the Bible; but along therewith there are so many unripe speculations, vague subtilisings, and groundless assertions, that we fear his praiseworthy aim in publishing it will not be attained. Like many before him, he regards the story of the experiences of Adam and Eve in Paradise as allegorical; but he is surely original in maintaining that the words "God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam," denote that "Adam was entranced, in other words, deeply in love," with Eve; the supposition being that, as Mr. Lee curiously puts it, "for a time, the *parties* lived unmarried." He considers the "Fall" to have been "from a holy and happy state, not of created, but of acquired holiness." "The theory that after the Fall the original government was abandoned and a gracious economy introduced in its place by Jesus Christ, has led . . . to the doctrine of the Trinity. . . . I know of but one God, an infinite Unit, without the possibility of a reduction to fractions (!)." Mr. Lee's view of the Person of Christ, seems very indefinite, and he almost raves about what is commonly called the Atonement. His view of the Church is original; he says: "The idea of the Church is that of men, and all men who are governed by benevolence or love to God and love to men, acting in their individual (!) capacity and amenable, as such, directly and only to God."

Altogether we cannot say that we consider Mr. Lee to have been very successful in his efforts to enable the present generation to regain the Bible and assure themselves that God is theirs.

*The Divine Gentleness and other Sermons.*

By T. CAMPBELL FINLAYSON. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1874. (Price 5s.)

By way of commending this volume of excellent sermons we cannot do better than give our readers a taste or two. How well Mr. Finlayson brings us face to face with the root-mystery of the world in the following passage from the sermon on "Individuality and Self-Negation:" "We might say that the more 'self' and the less 'self' there is in any man, the nobler he is. This, no doubt, sounds paradoxical. But man himself is a paradox. Think of it. Man is a creature who 'lives and moves and has his being' in Another, and yet is distinct from that Other. Here, indeed, is the very mystery of our nature, that it is utterly derivative and dependent, and yet has power to originate what the Creator seeks to destroy. We can do nothing without God: yet we can do what God cannot do—*sin!* . . . Thus in the very constitution of human nature we discover the basis of the paradox that 'self' is at once greatest and least in the noblest character." In the admirable discourse headed "Natural and Supernatural Selection," occur the following apt words: "A school of thought has recently arisen which almost makes a 'religion' of the doctrine of human brotherhood and the duty of serving humanity, and which separates, nevertheless, both doctrine and duty from the faith and hopes of the Gospel. The men of this school make no account of a personal God; they have given up believing in a Father in heaven; Christ is to them merely a Jewish enthusiast, with noble impulses but mistaken ideas; and the doctrine of immortality is, in their view, merely a dream of the human soul 'refusing to acquiesce in the inevitable.' And yet these men preach the 'solidarity'—the vital unity—of the human race; they speak even passionately of human brotherhood; and they call upon men to regard it as their bounden duty to labour and suffer for the welfare of the world. They tell us that they are thus preaching a loftier than the Christian morality, because they thus summon men to work

for the good of humanity without any regard whatever to a future heaven. They charge us, moreover, with inconsistency, because in one breath we tell them that to deny immortality is to degrade man, and in the next we tell them that to summon men to live for their species without any regard to immortality is to make excessive demands on human selfishness. And so they say sneeringly: 'It would appear then that our doctrine is at once too elevated and too grovelling!'

"But I reply, where is the inconsistency? You clip the wings of the eagle and still bid him soar into the sky; and you tell him there will be all the more credit in his flight now that his wings are clipped! You cut a man off from God and Christ and Immortality; you tell him that he is a mere creature of the dust—a highly organised animal with but a few years of existence before him; you thus dwarf his own nature in his own conception; and then to the being whom you have thus lowered and limited you make your lofty appeal to live the very life of a God! . . . If we are not worthy even to survive death, we are scarcely fit to play the part of Gods to an orphaned world!" Again, how deserving to be laid to heart are the following words from the sermon, "Furnished but Vacant:" "Mere Protesting against error will never save any man's soul. A man may not be so foolish as to confess his sins to a priest; but perhaps he does not acknowledge them even to God; and unconfessed sin is more dangerous to the soul than the Romish Confessional. One would rather, surely, be the poor girl devoutly telling her beads, than the profane and silly fool who could insult and mock her at her prayers. Brethren, whether the Protestant be nearer to heaven than the Romanist depends not on whether his house be more carefully 'swept' from superstitious practices and more fully 'garnished' with orthodox beliefs, but on whether his house, thus swept and garnished, be also *inhabited* by right principles and by the spirit of a divine life."

We had marked several other passages for quotation, but our space is more than exhausted. We wish for Mr. Finlayson's

volume many devout readers, assured as we are that it will greatly aid towards a thoroughly earnest and spiritual life. These sermons are in the true sense unworldly; too many sermons, though brimful of orthodoxy, are worldly to the core; hence the little genuine success of preaching; for, as Mr. Finlayson well says, "You cannot expect a worldly Christianity to create a Christian world."

*Aids to the Study of German Theology.*

Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1874. (Price 4s.)

THE aim of the above work, which is to "transmute German ideas into English thought," is an excellent one. So far, too, as the wants of *general* readers and of those readers who, though they ought to like books that require study, are almost as much afraid of a big, hard book as most people are of mad dogs, are concerned, the author has accomplished his object. A fair notion of the course taken by German thought on the main points of theology from Kant to Strauss may be got from the small volume. It will help, also, to awaken the longings of students. The spirit in which the work is written is fair and even generous—generous even to some whom our northern divines are apt to treat censoriously. We can also, on the whole, commend the style; one excellent quality, that of movement, it certainly possesses; it is disfigured, however, by a number of what we southerners call Scotticisms, which show that the writer is a Scotchman.

We have remarked that the idea is excellent; for translations, *i.e.* language-translations, are at the best very imperfect renderings of the thought of the works translated, save in rare cases. Too many translations, moreover, are "oversettings" instead of "doings-into" English (to use the witty word-play of the late Archdeacon Hare). What we want is thought-translations—a desideratum, we must confess, however, more easy to desire than to obtain.

In the space which he has devoted to his subject the author might have communicated more German *thought*, if he had strictly adhered to the wise resolve

announced on page 4 to be "neither apologetic nor critical, but simply interpretative." Instead of this he is constantly both apologetic and critical—nay more, he seems to have been throughout under the impulse to establish a view of the philosophy of the history of German thought, which he partly expounds in the introduction. After leading one to expect a simple objective exposition, this is a mistake, though it may perhaps increase the popularity of the treatise.

We should require more space than is at our disposal to inquire into the accuracy of the representation here given of the portions of the various systems that are passed in review. In some cases we think it not quite satisfactory; on the whole, however, it may pass muster. Perhaps, however, some portion of the defectiveness we have felt may be due to the great brevity which has been observed. The following are examples of what suggest criticism. Why should Rationalism be spoken of as "obnoxious" to the German mind, when as a matter of fact it reigned almost supreme over the universities, schools, pulpits, and educated classes of Germany for a little short of a century, and is at this moment the creed, more or less consciously, of nine-tenths of thoughtful Protestants? Why should Romanism be said to be "obnoxious," when two-fifths or thereabouts of the inhabitants of Germany have been and are Romanists? The statement that "from Kant there branched forth two straight lines, to one or other of which *all* the different phases of German theology may be referred," these lines leading to an "infallible hierarchy" and that ending in Schleiermacher, is inexact; for the school of German theologians that has embraced such men as Lücke, Twisten, Rothe, Dorner, Tholuck, Müller, and many others, made it its specific aim to reconcile authority and philosophy; theirs is what Germans call the *Vermittelungstheologie*, mediatory theology. It is scarcely right to say that Dorner, Liebnier, and Lange "have adopted the Hegelian Trinity" (page 61); and the modification of this statement given on the following page, "Dorner exhibits *Scripture* in its histori-

cal development, while Lange seeks to illustrate and unfold the harmony of *its* various parts and the rich fulness of its spiritual teaching," following on the remark that "their Hegelianism was rather a framework than a basis," is to us unintelligible. We venture also to affirm that Rothe does not say that the "omniscience of God is *causative*," unless the writer means that, as Rothe teaches (see *Dogmatik*, § 30), the "Divine omniscience is one aspect of the two essential sides of the Divine personality, namely self-consciousness and self-activity," in which case he expresses himself indistinctly. The statement that Ullmann "placed the divinity of Christ in His sinlessness" is scarcely reconcilable with the following passages from his "Sinlessness of Jesus," p. 236-238 (English translation): "When we meet with a man who has actually proved himself sinless, we fairly judge that a Divine energy, in its honest and fullest sense, has been active within him. . . . This energy or principle we must conceive as the Divine in its uncorrupted and true essence. In this way we are led from the sinless Son of Man to the Son of God, and the recognition of the pure humanity of Jesus ends in the conviction of His true divinity." Delitzsch and Ebrard are not the "representatives of a *small* party," but of a large one. We had noted various other points for criticism; but must close with the remark that if the writer of this work has been as much indebted to the last volume of Dorner's "History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ" as he seems to us to have been—we may be mistaken—he would have done well to have acknowledged his obligation.

*A Treatise on the Nature of Man, regarded as Triune.* By THOMAS BEST WOODWARD. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1874.

WE advise no one to attempt to understand Mr. Woodward's book who wishes to retain his sanity. Mr. Woodward may have some coherent meaning in his own mind, but if he has, his attempt to explain it is very unsuccessful.

# *The Congregationalist.*

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JUNE, 1875.

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DR. HOOK, DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

IT is now nearly forty years since the world was startled by the eloquent and powerful sermon in which Dr. Hook, then Vicar of Leeds, called upon the nation to "Hear the Church." It was preached at the accession of Her Majesty and in the pulpit of the Chapel Royal; and the place, the time, the circumstances, and the position filled by the preacher as one of the royal chaplains, all invested it with an importance in addition to that which attached to it because of its forcible and uncompromising assertion of the prerogatives of the Church. It would be instructive to compare it with some of the utterances of the sacerdotal party in our own time, if only to understand what some are disposed to overlook, the remarkable, not to say alarming, advance in Church principles that has taken place during the interval. What then created intense excitement—an excitement that sent the sale up to one hundred thousand copies—would produce no impression now, and the preacher who caused all the commotion, and who is understood to have shut himself out of all preferment for years, and to have barred altogether his promotion to the Episcopate, for which he is in many respects so qualified, by this daring utterance, is now left far behind by the adventurous spirits who have carried their principles and practices to what he probably regards as extreme lawlessness.

In these days the Dean of Chichester would be regarded as anything but an extreme High Churchman. He has not, indeed, retreated from his former position, but he has not advanced with the party to whom his words and example gave so strong an impulse. He has still no sympathy with Evangelicals, their principles or their movements, and is

disposed to find an excuse for Ritualist excesses in their deficiencies ; but his condemnation of the latter is strong and emphatic. He is a High Churchman, or as he would probably tell us himself, and not without reason, a true Churchman, who has sought carefully to conform his teachings and practices to the requirements of the Prayer-Book. There is so much that is anomalous and inconsistent in the Formularies, the Articles sometimes come into such direct collision with the Liturgy, and the Rubrics are often so ambiguous, and in the letter are so often opposed to the spirit even of that moderate Anglican Reformation to which the Church owes its constitution, that it is difficult for any man to be in all respects a perfectly loyal subject of the Establishment. We might even go further and say that the task is impossible. On the other hand, we are bound in justice to say that Dr. Hook and his school come much nearer to the ideal than any other section of the clergy.

His fundamental principle is the continuity of the Anglican Church throughout her entire history. He compares the changes which have taken place in France during the last ninety years with those which have been effected in England during the same period. The former was a revolution, the latter is a reform. "So has it been," he says, "with the English Church. We inherited a Church which, like the State, was not free from error, and what was erroneous, being gradually discovered, has been gradually removed, while mediæval innovations have been made to give way to primitive truth. Our Reformers found their Holy Mother the Church sick nigh unto death : they administered to her the healing medicine and the wholesome food which she required ; and we glory in the fact that we trace our orders down from Augustine, as he from the Apostles." This is certainly a very mild way of speaking of the change that was effected by the Reformation. There has been, no doubt, a regular succession of those Primates, whose story Dr. Hook is telling in so interesting a manner, and Dr. Tait is the ninety-second Archbishop of Canterbury ; but if we compare his Grace with some of his mediæval predecessors, the resemblance seems to be merely in name. Anselm, or Lanfranc, or Thomas à Becket, the special glory of the see, was further removed in doctrine and ecclesiastical position from Dr. Tait than he is from a Nonconformist minister to-day. It was surely something more than a mild medicine that was administered to Holy Mother Church when she was so "sick nigh unto death," that she had to receive a new head, a new constitution, a new voice. That she did not get a new heart at the same time, losing the old heart with its sacerdotal arrogance and pride, and receiving a new one instinct with the feelings of freedom, was a great misfortune, and to it the incompleteness of the work is due. Before the parallel between the story of the nation and the Establishment could be accepted as correct, the nation would have



to get rid of its Sovereign, or the Church to restore the authority of the Pope, from both of which alternatives we may well pray to be delivered.

But we do not propose here to discuss Dr. Hook's principles, but simply to indicate the position that he holds, and which he himself has been careful to define. Puritans and Tractarians or Ritualists are two extremes, and both of them are equally objectionable, because neither "accepts the principles of the English Reformation." "The only difference between the Tractarian and the Puritan, in regard to the formularies of our Church is this, that the former honestly, if not discreetly, have avowed the principles upon which the other party has, from the time of the Reformation, never ceased to act. The Puritans did not use the term non-natural, but what else is meant when they clothe in the garment of Calvinism what the Council has laid before them as plain and simple Catholic truth?" The passage is extremely suggestive, and all politicians who intend to deal with ecclesiastical questions would do well to give heed to it, as indicating the position which High Churchmen, even of the most moderate type, are likely to take in any struggle which may arise. They like neither of the advanced wings, but so far from being disposed, therefore, to consent to any action which would bear heavily upon the extreme on their own side, they are inclined rather to find an apology for them in the disloyalty of Evangelicals even of the most moderate character. In Dr. Hook's judgment—and when we look back to the history we cannot but feel that he is right—the latter can only find a place in the Establishment at all by that flexibility in the use of the formularies which at last has become a scandal and an offence. "If we admit the right of each party," argues Dr. Hook with irresistible force, "to place its own construction on our formularies, we must come at last to the conclusion that we possess no authoritative statements of doctrine whatever." The prevalent idea, however, is, that this laxity was originally permitted in the interests of the Tractarians, and that it is they who have to dread a strict application of the law. Dr. Hook completely turns the tables when he asserts that the Evangelical is not only equally indebted, but that it was originally for his benefit that it was permitted; and then he asks, "The principle having been conceded to the Puritan, where is it to stop?" To answer this is not easy, and the fact that such a question can be raised, and raised with a show at least (we think much more than a show) of justice, warrants a doubt whether a resolve to carry out the law will prove as advantageous to the Evangelical cause as has been generally assumed. It is pretty clear that High Churchmen will not allow the question to go by default. They adhere to what they are pleased to call the principles of the English Reformation, but they have strong sympathies with those who are maintaining that "Catholic

truth" to which they still cling; and even so discreet a man as Dr. Hook has little liking for Protestantism, which "in these days is the war-cry of the non-religious." Anglicans hold that too much has been yielded to Evangelicals already, and they will defend even extreme Ritualists *à outrance* rather than concede anything more, and, above all, rather than consent to the exclusion of brethren whose only fault is that, in their recoil from the Puritanism which is a common object of abhorrence to both, they have carried a little too far in the opposite direction.

The position of Dr. Hook and those who think with him, though open to misconstruction, is perfectly intelligible. They have no love for "mediæval practices" and still less for dogmas which are scarcely to be distinguished from some of the errors of the Church of Rome," and least of all for Rome herself, and for the infallible head she has chosen to set up. In this last point, indeed, the Ritualists are in agreement with them, for this very zeal for "Catholic" doctrine and ritual makes them the more indignant with those who are interposing such serious obstacles in the way of its advance. Those outside the circle of these believers in Church tradition feel that men who carry their ideas of its authority to the fullest extent are the most consistent, and that the Ultramontane has a decided advantage over the more hesitating members of his own communion, much more over the Anglicans, whether moderate or extreme in their views, who appeal to the "Church," when their desire is to put down Puritans, but demur to its teaching as soon as the Romanist cites it against themselves. They fancy that they are able to construct a line of defence by distinguishing between the tradition of the earlier centuries, which is to be obeyed, and that of later times, which has no authority. But the position is open to attack on both sides, and incapable of defence on either. Still, though it be illogical, Dr. Hook can urge in his own behalf, that it is that which his Church has taken, and that he, as one of her clergy, is honest and consistent in maintaining it. The English Reformers, or at all events those of them who exerted most influence on the character of the Church, had "always more sympathy with Luther than with Calvin," the difference between them being, according to Dr. Hook, that the German had a *tendresse* for the old Church, a pleasure when he found his private judgment in harmony with her teaching, and an unwillingness to contemplate the idea of a permanent separation from her, whereas the great Genevan divine, "himself a Protestant Hildebrand," was restrained by no such considerations, and was bent on establishing a new sect. Calvinism, whether as an ecclesiastical or theological system, is specially offensive to Dr. Hook, and though among the nobler Englishmen who were prominent in the earlier period of our

Reformation, there were some of very different sentiments, it must be admitted that he is in perfect accord with the men of 1662, who gave the finishing and decisive touches to the constitution of the Anglican Establishment. We give those who insist that Anglican principles are identical with those of the Evangelical school, or at all events can easily be reconciled with them, credit for perfect honesty, but we cannot express as favourable a judgment of their knowledge of history. Even if the case in relation to the earlier Reformers was much clearer and stronger than it is, it would not justify their position, for the Anglican Church is not that of Cranmer and Hooper and Latimer, but of Sheldon and Cosin, and others who united with them to purge out any of the leaven of Puritanism which might be found in it. "Our Reformation," says Dr. Hook, with considerable truth and still greater sagacity, "was not one revolutionary act, but a series of events covering the space of a century and a half." The conclusion is obvious. The Church must be judged by what it was at the close of the period, and not by any of the varied phases which it may have assumed during the vicissitudes of the struggle. The Dean of Chichester maintains that the moderate High Church school most correctly represents the idea of the men who finally determined its character, and he is right. We should say that they answered completely to the requirements of the Prayer-Book, were it not that we have thirty-nine Articles that contain the doctrine of Calvin, which their soul abhorreth.

Whatever his ecclesiastical views, however, Dr. Hook was one of the most energetic and successful parish priests of this generation. His work at Leeds was remarkable alike for singleness of aim, breadth of view, and great administrative ability. He was one of the first to enter upon the work of recovering the alienated masses of the large towns for his Church, and the success which attended his efforts has served both as an example and encouragement to others of his brethren. It was all the more remarkable because of the school to which he belonged, to which the sobriquet of "High and Dry" had been generally applied with truth. It was his business to show that it was possible to be High—what in those times was very High—and yet very far from being dry, to be fired by a zeal which approached to genuine enthusiasm, to discover a tact and judgment which won the sympathy and approval of the most opposite classes, to exercise a liberality which was in direct contradiction to the articles of a narrow creed, and to manifest an unselfish devotion and unflagging diligence in the discharge of parochial duty, which contradicted all the traditions of his school. The Evangelicals were at the time supposed to have a monopoly of the earnestness of the Church, and the spectacle furnished by Dr. Hook of one who did not conceal his opposition to their views, throwing himself into the work of

His office with an ardour which the most devoted of their number could not surpass, was as novel as it was impressive. It was soon found out that he had in some points great advantage over them, stronger and deeper popular sympathy, more flexibility and freedom, more tact in appealing to the strong common-sense of the masses, as well as to the æsthetic tastes of the more cultured—in short, more of the very qualities in which the High and Dry men were supposed to be specially defective.

In some respects Dr. Hook might have been thought unsuited to Leeds, and Leeds unsuited to him. A man of literary tastes, he might have preferred a sphere in which there would be more opportunities for their cultivation; a decided Churchman, he might have inclined to a place where the Church was predominant and Nonconformity less powerful. But the very difficulties of the town must have had a fascination for him. He was resolute, energetic, daring, and he found occasions enough for the exercise of all these qualities. Beyond the respectable middle class, on whom Dissent had so strong a hold, there lay the great masses of a large and growing population, with hard heads but a great deal also of generous feeling, and unhappily too prone to regard all Christian Churches with impartial indifference if not hostility. The Vicar made it his business to work upon all. He was prominent in all great movements, entered into discussions of public questions, used his scholarship and eloquence for the advancement of the literary institutions of the borough, and in this way made himself a power. He was firm in the maintenance of his Church principles, but they did not hinder his co-operation with men of all varieties of opinion in works of general benevolence and usefulness, nor did they prevent him from arraying himself more than once on the popular side. His liberal views on the Sunday question were in perfect consistency with his general aversion to Puritanism, and of course they won him golden opinions among the class, which of all others, might have been thought to be irreconcilable. While he thus made his influence widely felt outside his special sphere, he was unselfish in his policy, showed marvellous tact in organisation, and was indefatigable in his labours in his parochial duties. A large body of curates was appointed, all kinds of Church improvements were carried, new churches were built, everything possible was done to make the machinery complete. His administration was really a resurrection for the Church, and showed that one of the most powerful servants she can have is a High-Churchman, not too High indeed, and on no account bigoted, but one who can uphold the authority of the Church and yet show breadth, geniality, and tact; who is not afraid of the people, and knows enough of them to get near their hearts, in whom the priest has not extinguished the man, and

who has sufficient *savoir faire* to preserve him from the fatal blunder into which strong Evangelicals and extreme sacerdotalists alike are apt to fall; and who especially has a zeal for the Church, which makes him ready to sacrifice all personal aims and ambitions for her advancement.

It must be added, that Dr. Hook was to some extent aided by the character of the Nonconformity in the town, especially at the earlier period of his residence. The Congregational ministers of the day were men of eminence and power, honoured in the town and esteemed throughout the kingdom, well able to cope with the Vicar on all points of controversy, but deficient in that skill for dealing with the people which he so largely possessed. Broad popular sympathies are essential in order to compete with such an antagonist, and these were what the Nonconformity of that day had scarcely learned to cultivate. It addressed itself chiefly to the middle class, and possibly was too strongly imbued with their sentiments to be able to enter into the feelings and adapt itself to the wants of the people.

The Education controversy served to bring out the contrast, and to present Dr. Hook to great advantage in the eyes of the people. The position taken by the Congregationalists at that time was one that the masses were hardly able to understand, and those of them who cared for education grievously misjudged such men as Mr. Baines. All the services they had for years been rendering to the work of education were forgotten, and it was hastily assumed that narrow sectarian feeling alone prompted their opposition to the schemes of the Government. Looking back, it seems to us that their action was a fatal blunder, so far as the result in the relation of our Churches to the education of the country is concerned, but we cannot regret the stand they made on behalf of what they held to be a great principle, or believe that it can have been entirely without effect. If there is a point on which we are entitled to find fault, it is that some of them should have thought it necessary and right to compliment the clergy for their zeal in the establishment of day schools, and to insist on the claim they have thus established to special consideration in any national system. It is quite true that Nonconformists appear to great disadvantage in the comparison, but it is equally true that it was through their acceptance of the view of the voluntary principle, which found its ablest exponents in Leeds, that they have been so sadly distanced in the race.

Dr. Hook was far in advance of his day on the question, and it is refreshing even now to turn to his little pamphlet and see the sound judgment, the thorough liberality, the far-seeing sagacity, by which it is characterised. It is too little to say he was broad and enlightened for that time, for his views are those only of the advanced school now. He

anticipated the idea of the much-despised secularists, and the programme he proposed is almost identical with that of the Manchester Conference. Thus this High-Church Dean tells us that "to make the Bible a class-book, where the education given is avowedly secular, is a profanation of the Sacred Volume;" and again he says, speaking of those literary schools which he proposed to keep quite apart from the class-rooms in which, at stated time, religious teaching was to be given, "Bibles should be on the shelves for the use of the school of religion; but it must be a law that the Bible shall never be used as a class-book. Is it not" (he asks, when insisting on the necessity of personal influence in order to true religious teaching) "a mere mockery to tell persons that there is a religious education given in our National Schools, *because the children are permitted to dog's-eat a Bible?*" It is somewhat startling to compare these utterances of a clergyman, so zealous for the extension of his Church, full as they are of practical sense, with the kind of talk to which we were accustomed during the education controversy, even from some Nonconformists. There are some who have been treated as little better than rationalists or infidels for saying no more, and champions of the Establishment have not hesitated to attribute the action of those Nonconformists who desired to separate the secular from the religious element in education, to a faltering of their loyalty to the Bible. What would they say to a man occupying so high a position in their own Church as Dr. Hook? He was so far from supposing that love to the Bible would lead us to force it into the day-school, that he suggests that it should lead us to take the very opposite course.

In taking this view he seems to have been greatly influenced by that better view of the practical worthlessness of that kind of "general" religious teaching for which some contend. "On this general religion, which is no religion—on this semblance of religion, the majority of the people will, under such a system of education, be taught to rest as sufficient. Instructed that this will suffice, they will proceed no further. They will be brought up to suppose that Christian doctrine is a thing indifferent, an exercise for the ingenuity of theologians, but of no practical importance. They will thus be educated in a state of indifference to the Christian religion, indifference will lead to contempt, contempt to hostility, they will regard the Blood of the Covenant as an unholy thing, and crucify afresh the Lord of Life. Such a system of education would be indeed like snow—it might reflect light, but could not be a source of heat." Dr. Hook evidently was a Birmingham Leaguer of the religious type long before there was a League. In the League are united those who object to the religious element because they do not care for it at all, and those who would exclude it from the public day-school because they care for it so much. While Nonconformists who form the latter

class have used such arguments as those we have quoted, it has sometimes been charitably suggested that they were influenced only by fear and jealousy of the Establishment. When we have them thus presented by a Church dignitary, they may wear a different aspect. We fear that the vaunted system of the London School Board, of which Mr. Samuel Morley seems so enamoured, would be condemned on the Dean's principles. It has got rid, we believe, of a good deal of the religious difficulty, but it has succeeded still better in getting rid of all religious power. It may be a fair compromise, but as to there being any reality in it as a religious influence, we do not believe. For that we must look elsewhere, to the institutions which it was rather fashionable to depreciate during the discussion about the day-schools, but in which the true power of the Church to affect the young is to be found. Dr. Hook wrote before that fashion set in, and he said what is as true to-day as it was then, that "the main-stay of religious education is to be found in our Sunday-schools."

His own proposal is thus stated: "If the State says that it will make provision for literary or secular instruction, calling in the joint aid of the Church and Dissenters to complete the education; if it divides education into two departments, assuming one to itself, and offering every facility to those who labour in the other department, a great portion of the objections to which I have alluded will be annihilated." If the Nonconformists of that day had closed with these suggestions, what a different chapter would the story of Popular Education for the last thirty years have been. Unfortunately, they, under the guidance of Leeds, would hear of no interference of the State with education, and a golden opportunity was lost, to the hindrance of education, to the injury of the nation, and to the serious detriment of Nonconformity. But the scheme which Dr. Hook proposed, and the reasoning which he supported, reveal much of the spirit of the man, show how free he was from the trammels of party, how capable of taking an independent position, without regard to the prejudices or fancied interests of his class, how resolute in brushing away conventional ideas and setting forth the real facts, and how appreciative of the wants of the nation and of the conditions on which alone a system of State education was possible.

He could not have thought or written thus if he had been a mere Erastian, but he had not, so far as we can discover, a sign of the weakness and unbelief of that miserable system. In him there is no disposition to hang on to the State, or to fancy that the Church stands in need of its favour and support. On the contrary, he frankly recognises the change which the rise of Nonconformity has made in the relations of the Church to the State, and says: "The notion is now exploded which



once prevailed, that the Church of England has an exclusive claim to pecuniary support on the ground of its being the Establishment." His view of the actual position of the Anglican Church is remarkably fair, and needs only correction in one point, and the addition of another, to make it perfectly satisfactory to us.

"Our ancestors endowed the Church not by legislative enactment, but by the piety of individuals. Even royal benefactors acted in their individual, not their corporate capacity, and their grants have been protected, like property devised to other corporations by the legislature. . . . The Church they endowed and protected was once the Church of the whole nation; it was corrupted in the middle ages; it was reformed; and as the old Catholic Church reformed, it remains among us this day, one of the great corporations of the land. But it ceased to be the religion of the whole nation when many departing from it, a full toleration of all denominations of Christianity was granted. It exists, therefore, now simply as one of the many corporations of the country, claiming from the State, like every other corporation, protection for its rights and its property."—Hook on the "Education of the People" (1850), pp. 46, 47.

We could desire no better text from which to expound the principles and defend the army of the Liberation Society. We should question the Doctor's theory, as to the exclusively private origin of endowments, many of which were undoubtedly created by public grants; we should still more strongly object to his attempt to minimise the change effected in his "Old Catholic Church" at the Reformation, and demur altogether to the idea that any endowments given to the earlier could, on any principle of equity, belong to the later Church; most of all should we dispute the right of a Church, which once was identical with the nation, to become "one of many corporations," and still retain the revenue which was given solely to a national institution. But this is not the place to discuss the question, and we have not quoted Dr. Hook's words for that purpose, but simply to show the position which his school occupies. "Those who like myself are called High Churchmen, have little or no sympathy with mere Establishmentarians." This was written twenty-five years ago, and of course time may possibly have wrought some change in his views, but they are those of a school, not merely an individual. That school assuredly lives, and it is one of the encouraging facts of the time that there are true-hearted men who think more of the Church than the Establishment, and who would even surrender the property which in their judgment (prejudiced and mistaken we think it, but undoubtedly sincere) belongs to her, rather than compromise her loyalty to "Catholic" truth. We must, however, confess to a difficulty in understanding the exact position which Dr. Hook takes in relation to the Establishment. We

should not have supposed that he had any leanings towards the Broad Church theory, but there are some remarkable expressions in one of his volumes, which seem to point in that direction. Speaking of the Marian persecutions, he says: "There are certain persons among the clergy of the English Church, who, in the nineteenth century, are accused of an inclination to the popish ceremonial, or of contaminating the atmosphere of their Church by infusing into it the malaria of Rome; they are said to inculcate from the pulpit, or in their writings, doctrines which, in the opinion of their accusers, are heretical. When against these persons a prosecution is instituted, the question is whether this be or be not a persecution. If it be not, then the question must be asked, 'What more than this was done in the sixteenth century?'" In reply, he points out the difference in the penalty, and then sums up. Our contemporaries "view with abhorrence capital punishment inflicted on account of heretical opinion. We rejoice in the fact, but we must not ignore the other fact, that, though the penalty is different, yet the principle is the same, when our desire and endeavour are by coercion to restrain the expression of opinion." But surely this is the very principle of the Establishment as it exists. It is that on which it has always acted in relation to Nonconformists, and we heartily welcome the implied admission that it is of the essence of persecution. To keep Nonconformists out is as bad as to expel Ritualists from a national institution. Carried to its full extent, Dr. Hook's teaching must either sweep away a religious Establishment altogether, or give us one in which every variety of opinion is tolerated. If liberty is to be enjoyed by the Ritualist, it may be claimed by the Atheist also. Dr. Hook is quite right. The State cannot pronounce an opinion heretical, and exclude those who hold it from any public privileges, without being *guilty of persecution*. For this very reason there ought not to be a National Church.

At a comparatively early age, Dr. Hook was led to exchange the active labours of the Vicar for the learned leisure of the Dean. It must be added that very few men have so well deserved such an honourable retirement. His work at Leeds was incessant, and merited higher reward than the Chichester deanery. Nonconformists sometimes sigh for these pleasant retreats, and it is not to be denied that they have their advantages. If, indeed, they were always reserved for men like Milman, or Stanley, or Alford, to whom they afford the opportunity of doing great literary service, the nation as a whole would profit by them. Dr. Hook, too, has done and is doing a noble work. His *Lives of the Archbishop* are remarkable alike for the learning and the industry which they display, and it is impossible not to admire the heroism with which, though he is now approaching fourscore years, he still prose-

cutes his task. Very simply and yet touchingly he speaks of himself in the preface to the recent volume. He may say, in the words of the great and good Dr. Hammond, "It is time for me to be weary, which yet I am unwilling to, while my labour may be useful." His work will be a classic in ecclesiastical biography, and an important addition to his other contributions to the literature of his Church. Still in Chichester his sphere is very narrow, and though a man of such power could not but exert great influence in the counsels of the Church, it seems a pity that a preacher with his eloquence, and an administrator with his tact and judgment, should so early have been relegated to a position, which despite its dignity, is certainly one of comparative obscurity. He was marked out by his gifts for a Bishop, but his avowal of strong Anglican principles shut him out of a position he would have so well adorned. A significant fact this, which his party would do well to lay to heart.

There is a pleasant story of the late Bishop of Winchester, with which this sketch of a grand old man may fitly close. The Bishop, in his usual humorous style, was fond of propounding as a conundrum to young ladies—"By what article in your dress may I name two of the most eloquent preachers in the Church?" When they had been sufficiently puzzled, and were obliged to confess themselves beaten, the answer was given amid laughter, in which the Bishop would heartily join—"Hook and I"—(eye).



### A HOMILY FOR THE TIMES.

"Thus saith the Lord, Make this valley full of ditches."—2 KINGS iii. 16.

THESE words were spoken by the prophet Elisha at a very critical moment in the history of the people of Israel; and they set forth a duty, upon the performance of which the temporal salvation of Israel and their victory over their enemies depended.

The Moabites, who had been tributary to the Kings of Israel from the days of David, had cast off their allegiance and refused to pay the tribute or tax levied upon them. Jehoram, King of Israel, resolved to subdue their rebellion. He, accordingly, gathered together all his fighting men at Samaria, in preparation for the invasion of the land of Moab. And, to strengthen himself in this war, he sought and obtained the help of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah.

The two Kings and their united armies passed through the country of Edom, in their march to the territory of the Moabites. They had a special object in view in taking that route: they wanted to secure a junction with the forces of the King of Edom. And their object they

accomplished ; the Edomites, headed by their King, joined the war-like expedition.

After a march of seven days, the allied armies reached the borders of the country of Moab ; but they were in no condition to attack the enemy. They were weary and thirsty, and there was no water for them to drink. They found themselves in a land of drought and danger. Most trying and dispiriting were their circumstances. If the Moabites had known their opportunity, and had made a determined and sudden onslaught upon them from their mountain-fastnesses, they would in all probability have utterly discomfited them.

In the great extremity, Jehoram, King of Israel, knew not what to do, though he was the leader of the expedition ; it was in his interests it was organised. He *ought* to have given the word of command in that moment of difficulty ; he *ought* to have suggested the course to be pursued : but he gave up all as lost. His words were words of despair. " Alas ! " he said, " that the Lord hath called these three Kings together to deliver them into the hand of Moab."

In Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, there was another spirit. He did not give up all as lost. He was a better man than Jehoram, King of Israel. He trusted in God in that great emergency ; and he felt sure that, as in other straits and darknesses in the history of His people, God had interposed, so in that strait and darkness He would interpose. And Jehoshaphat's advice was—" Ask counsel of God ; consult God ; let us cast ourselves upon God." Most likely he remembered, in that serious juncture, how God in those very regions had once brought water out of the flinty rock for His people.

And as it was the Lord's wont to give directions to His people, to make known His will to them, by the mouth of His prophets, Jehoshaphat inquired if there was a prophet of the Lord in the camp ; and his inquiry was met by the answer, " Elisha is here." Strange, was it not, that Elisha should have been in that camp ? that he should have accompanied those armies in their long and weary march ? He was not a soldier ; he had no position assigned him in those armies. The three Kings did not know of his presence. He was not there because they had asked him : nobody asked him. He was there because God had sent him. God knew all about the coming dangers and difficulties ; and unsolicited, of His own sovereign goodness, He provided against them. How like God that is ! He blesses His people in answer to their prayers ; He blesses them also when they do not pray. " He PREVENTS them with the blessings of His goodness." He ANTICIPATES their need. He foresees what they cannot foresee ; and when they pass into the unforeseen circumstances, there emerges for them the adapted provision of His loving forethought and care.

Elisha the prophet was more to that confederated host than thousands of chariots of war. Everything, indeed, depended upon him, under God, in the great and pressing danger; and very soon was acknowledgment made of his importance. It was not known by the three Kings, through all the march, that Elisha was accompanying them; but the hour discovered him and raised him at once above the Kings themselves, and above all their "mighty men of valour." Humble petitioners did the three Kings become. Instead of summoning Elisha into their presence, they went in person to him. They were the subjects now, and he was the King. Though a poor man, and originally only a ploughman, he was greater than they. Not in outward position, nor in material possessions, but in spiritual character does true greatness lie.

And Elisha's greatness became further manifest in the interview that took place between the three Kings and him. How faithful Elisha was! How fearless he was! What a rebuke he administered to Jehoram, King of Israel! "What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father, and to the prophets of thy mother; they were thy friends in the days of thy prosperity, let them be thy friends in this time of adversity that has come!" Jehoram was Elisha's own King, and yet Elisha dared to speak to him so; he dared to rebuke him for his complicity with idolatry; he dared to rebuke him for his inconsistency in following Baal in the sunny day, and seeking the Lord in the dark day. Ah! a kind of inconsistency *that*, never very uncommon. Any sort of religion, or no religion, when trouble is far away! The religion of God, when trouble comes and casts its fear-inspiring shadows on the soul!

With the stern and faithful prophet Jehoram humbly remonstrated, and entreated him not to reproach him, not to aggravate his distress, but if possible relieve it. But Elisha was inexorable. He saw no signs of a genuine penitence in the King of Israel, only fear; and his petition he disdainfully rejected. He could do no other. It was impossible for Elisha, as the representative of Heaven, to treat with Jehoram. Yet the case was not hopeless. Jehoram's destiny was linked to another; and for the sake of that other mercy came to him, and a great deliverance was wrought out for him. In the very words in which Elisha declared his rejection of his petition, there was the light of comfort; there was the prospect of salvation; there was the assertion of the principle, which has found its grandest illustration on the cross. "As the Lord of Hosts liveth, before whom I stand, surely, were it not that I regard the presence of Jehoshaphat, the King of Judah, I would not look toward thee nor see thee."

What blessing sometimes comes to others for the sake of one good man! How indebted Jehoram was to Jehoshaphat, King of Judah!

He supplied the condition of blessing and help. He was the point at which the King of Israel, and the King of Edom, and the allied armies were brought into connection with Elisha and with Elisha's God. He was an indispensable link in the spiritual chain. It was for his sake that Elisha consented to inquire of the Lord what was to be done in the difficult and perilous circumstances.

And not a little remarkable were the means which Elisha adopted to prepare himself for the revelation of God's will—not a little remarkable were the means which Elisha adopted to fit his spirit for the action of God's spirit. He called for a minstrel to play before him. And while the minstrel played, and perhaps sang as well as played, "the hand of the Lord"—the spirit of the Lord—came upon Elisha. Elisha was prepared by the sweet, and soothing, and elevating strains of that harper, for the manifestation of God to his soul. The divine manifestation was somehow associated with that minstrelsy. "It came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon Elisha."

We have all been struck with the effect which a pious minstrel from America has been producing in this land of ours, how his minstrelsy has been accompanied with the coming down of God's Spirit into the heart and life of men! But it is no new thing that Mr. Sankey from America is doing. He has simply revived a very old practice—a practice as old as the days of Elisha—a practice as old as the days of David. "It came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord—the Spirit of the Lord—came upon Elisha;" and multitudes to-day, in all the districts of this kingdom that have been visited by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, can testify to an experience similar to the experience of Elisha.

While "the hand of the Lord"—while the Spirit of the Lord—was upon Elisha, he received a Divine message for the three suppliant Kings, and their weary, thirsty, dispirited armies. "Thus saith the Lord, make this valley full of ditches. For thus saith the Lord, ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts." And the divine message was obeyed. The valley, "the parched valley," was made "full of ditches." All night the warrior-host laboured in preparation for the promised and expected blessing. Hope stimulated their exhausted energies; and in the morning, just at the time of the morning sacrifice at Jerusalem, just as the smoke of the daily offering began to ascend from the altar to heaven, and just as Elisha and other of God's faithful ones were looking towards the holy temple, and breathing forth their heartfelt thanksgivings and requests, floods came rolling down into the valley, and filled all "the ditches." Rainclouds had burst in the night on the mountains of Edom, and in the morning light "the

parched ground became a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." And refreshed and strengthened with the waters of blessing God had so graciously and marvellously sent, the allied armies rose up and attacked their enemies the Moabites, and completely vanquished them, and overran and pillaged all their land.

"Thus saith the Lord, make this valley full of ditches!" It is God's message to his Church to-day. God's Church is an army, an allied army, and she is engaged in a great warfare. Her enemies are numerous and powerful. Even in this Christian England, the Church's enemies are numerous and powerful. What giant evils are still among us, "defying the armies of the living God!" and in far-off lands the Church's enemies reign with almost undisturbed sway.

The Church, as she is now, is not equal to the conflict. Her condition is analogous to the condition of the allied armies of old. Her encampment is in a "parched" valley. Her fighting power needs renewing. She wants the waters of blessing, the waters of strength, from the eternal fountains away amid the hills of God.

And these waters of blessing, these waters of strength, God longs to send in upon all her tented ground. His message to her—and it is coming with special urgency just now—is, "Make this valley full of ditches." Prepare the way for the blessing. Make room for the blessing. Put away sin; put away unbelief; put away worldliness of heart and of life; put away everything the word of God condemns. Repent, and be re-converted; and let the whole spiritual soldiery of the Church wrestle in prayer, and take at the hand of its victorious Captain and Leader the pledge of a more complete consecration. Make the valley full of these ditches, and the waters will flow in and fill them all. These waters are only waiting for channels and reservoirs!

Oh! until "the ditches" are made and filled, the Church will not conquer the world for God. The Church's supreme necessity at this moment is preparation for the inflow of the life and power of God. Make room for God, and He WILL come. He only wants room. "Make the valley full of ditches;" do your part, and do it in dependence upon Him. And when you have done your part, up to the measure of your responsibility; when the "ditches" are made, He will fill them with the tides of His own glorious life: and then there will be heard "the noise of a great shout in the camp;" and the enemy will say, "God is come into the camp; woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore:" and the battle will be carried forward with irresistible might over all the country of the Moabites.

*Derby.*

W. CROSBIE.



## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

XVIII.—SINAI TO AKABAH.

WE reached Sinai on Thursday, March 14th. On Monday, March 17th, we broke up our camp and re-commenced our journey. The majority of travellers, on leaving Sinai, pass along the Wady-es-Sheikh for some eighteen or twenty miles, and then strike north, crossing the desert of Tih to Nukhl, a fort lying about half-way between the head of the Gulf of Suez and the head of the Gulf of Akabah. This route takes them through the heart of the peninsula, and is the most direct line from Sinai to the south of Palestine. It is said, however, to be very uninteresting. As we intended to see Petra on our way to Hebron, our way lay north-east, towards the Gulf of Akabah, which we struck at about the distance of two days' march from its head.

There were several matters to be attended to on the morning before starting. The monks are good enough to act as laundresses to travellers, and we had to pay our washing-bill. Salem, too, had some small accounts to settle. Our friend and guide, the Greek monk, had to receive his backsheesh. The "Visitor's Book" was brought down from the convent for us to sign. This book, by the way, afforded us some amusement. We turned over its pages and saw some interesting signatures—the signatures of friends and the signatures of men known to us by reputation. But I looked through it several times without finding the names of Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Allon, Dr. Spence, and Mr. Bright of Dorking, who were at Sinai a few years before us. When a long way from home, it is so pleasant to see familiar handwriting, that this was a disappointment, and I told the monk that I was looking for the names of some friends of mine, and could not find them. I explained to him that my friends whose names were missing, and who had come to Sinai together, were ministers of religion. "Ah," said he, looking very solemn,—"*party come—much clergymen—buy butter, flour, dates, bread, at convent: say go away Tuesday and go away last night,*" by which last phrase we discovered that he meant that when the monks came down to the "much clergymen" on Tuesday morning, they found that the "much clergymen" had gone off the night before without paying their bills! "What was the dragoman's name?" we asked. "Hassan,"—the very name of the man who was dragoman to the party of "much clergymen" to which Dr. Allon and Dr. Stoughton belonged! I tried to bring home to Dr. Allon his dragoman's rascality, but he endeavoured to make it clear to me that the offence must have been committed by another man. How he

proved it I do not remember. I tell the story for the sake of pointing a moral for other travellers: Don't forget the ten commandments when you go to Sinai; take care that your dragoman settles his accounts with the monks.

Our farewells were over at last. We shook hands very cordially with the robust monk from Patmos, who had been our companion and guide, and with one or two other more polished brethren who had come to bid us good-bye, and at 8.30 we started. It was a cold morning. There was a thin layer of snow on Ras Sufsafah, and later in the day when we saw Gebel Katharina lifting its head above the surrounding mountains, snow extended from the summit far down the sides. The air was very brisk and exhilarating. Our way lay at first along the Wady-es-Sheikh, a fine broad and level road, with lofty granite cliffs rising on both sides; this was doubtless the way by which the children of Israel came on to the plain of Er Rahah. After walking seven or eight miles, we came to the Sheikh's tomb, which gives its name to the Wady. The tomb was hung with strips of dirty rag—the best offerings by which the wandering tribes of the desert can express their reverence for the departed saint. Every year the Tawarah Arabs hold a festival at the tomb. They encamp round it for three days, and kill sheep in the saint's honour.

Just beyond the tomb we struck to the right into Wady Suweireyeh. The Wady was not level, like the Wady-es-Sheikh. The scenery was still fine. Emerging from this Wady, we passed over, what I find described in the ordnance map as "open rolling country;" in my notes I find that I describe it as "rough country." Murray calls it "a region of low, rugged, and bleak hills, intersected by shallow bare ravines," and gives two hours as the time for passing over it. Putting these descriptions together, which vary in the degree of their severity, my readers will be able to form some conception of the district. When we had got over it, we entered Wady Saâl, a narrow gorge, at times not more than fifty yards broad. This Wady is many miles in length. It winds incessantly, and is perpetually promising to prove a *cul-de-sac*. The rocks which rise on each side are richly coloured—sometimes green and sometimes a brilliant red. We encamped after we had been travelling along Wady Saâl for about two hours.

I suppose that it was in this Wady that Jethro wanted to leave Moses, and that Moses pressed him to remain, because he knew the wilderness so well: "Leave us not, I pray thee; forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou shalt be unto us instead of eyes." (Numbers x. 31.)

From the account of the position of Erweis el Ebeirig, in Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus," it seemed certain that we ought to pass it

the next day. I spoke to Salem about it at night, and he called our Sheikh Nassar into the saloon tent to ask him about it. The old man said he knew Erweis el Ebeirig very well, but that we should not pass it till Wednesday, or perhaps early on Thursday morning. I told Salem to make him understand that it must be very much nearer than he supposed, but the sheikh was immovable.

The next morning, Tuesday, March 18th, we were off at a quarter to eight, and walked for two hours; Mr. Lee walked some time longer. Wady Saál still stretched away north-east. The road was very stony, but the rich scenery was fine enough to compensate for any discomfort. It must have been about half-past 12 o'clock, I think, that the Wady debouched into a large open plain, from which, however, it continued again in a south-eastern direction. We went across this plain for about an hour, and then stopped to lunch. I again asked about Erweis el Ebeirig, and was again assured that it was still a long way off. But within five minutes after we had mounted our camels on rising from lunch, I felt almost certain that we must be actually at the place. Palmer describes it as having a great many small circular enclosures of stones, with stones in the middle blackened with fire, and speaks of an erection of rough stones, with a conspicuous white block of pyramidal shape on the top. I pulled up my camel and saw the circles all about me, with the blackened stones in the middle, and just near was the cairn covered with a bit of white rock.

This was one of the most interesting parts of our journey. By a most interesting argument which invests the theory with the strongest probability, Mr. Palmer maintains that this is the *Kibroth-hattaavah* of the Exodus (Num. xi.) This was the place where the Israelites remembered "the fish" which they "did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic" (Num. xi. 5); and they "also wept again, and said, who shall give us flesh to eat?" (Num. xi. 4.) And God sent them quails; "and while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague." Mr. Palmer shows strong reasons for believing that the circular enclosures which we saw were the very stones which were arranged by the hands of the Israelites in making their camp, and that the central stones were blackened by the fires which they kindled. Within a short distance of the place he discovered a large number of ancient graves—graves in which they probably buried those who died of the plague. We had been sitting for an hour at lunch within a few yards from the point where the sand which has covered the rest of the camp leaves part of it uncovered, and we might have investigated the whole site. It was rather provoking to have missed

the chance of doing it. I cannot help thinking that there must be another place bearing the name of Erweis el Ebeirig, which was more familiar to Nassar. However, notwithstanding the mistake, we saw, though imperfectly, what was probably the very handiwork of the people who had passed through the Red Sea, and who had listened to the awful voice which came from the heights of Ras Sufsafah.

Our route was still north-east. On leaving Erweis el Ebeirig we had a sharp shower of rain, which lasted twenty minutes. The Arabs eagerly drank the rain-water which accumulated in little pools on the rocks. It is a great mistake, by the way, to describe the desert as monotonous. At intervals of every three or four days throughout our journey the whole character of the country and scenery changed. We were now really on the sand which, according to popular opinion, covers the whole of the Desert, but of which up to this point we had seen very little. The cliffs, too, which we reached after passing across the open country, were sandstone, and some of them were very curious. I remember one great quadrangle through which we passed about an hour before reaching camp that evening. There was an open court of about half a mile square, and the yellow cliffs rose almost perpendicularly to the height of 300 or 400 feet. They looked like majestic buildings, rising story above story with stately towers, and in many places the face of the cliffs seemed covered with rich carving which had perished through long exposure to rain and frost. It required the faintest exercise of imagination to believe that we were passing among the ruins of a splendid desert city. We encamped a short distance along Ridhân Eshka.

On Wednesday, March 15th, we started rather later than usual; we were not off till 7.45. The sand was often quite deep, and I was glad to mount my camel at 9 o'clock. All day we were among the curious sandstone hills. It is very hard to give a clear and accurate description of them. Their height varied. Sometimes they were not more than 100 feet from base to summit; at other times they were 400 feet high. In some places they rose in the face of each other quite perpendicularly, and made a handsome roadway of about twenty yards in breadth. Sometimes they were of a dazzling white; sometimes they were red. The most remarkable formations were at a place called, I think, El Masalik, where we halted in the middle of the day. The cliffs in this neighbourhood were perfectly white, and the reflected heat which came from them was very intense. One cliff was formed like a vast cathedral, with nave and choir and lady chapel. On one part of its face there was a square smooth block, which looked like a monumental tablet from which the inscriptions had vanished. Slender towers rose towards the blue sky. The weathering of a great part of the face of the rock had the effect of most delicate fret-work, and there were also

horizontal lines of niches—the vacant places of forgotten saints. The rocks opposite to “the cathedral” were still more curiously formed. It was hard to believe that some parts of them had not been carved by human hands, so as to make Gothic windows with slight columns, graceful arches, and beautiful tracery. The “street” between the rocks was filled with dazzling white sand.

I have a conviction that Salem or Nassar—whichever was responsible for guiding us—made a mistake in the way that morning when we started again after lunch. I believe that we were to go by Wady Huderah; instead of this, I think we passed through a Wady which has no name in the Ordnance Survey, and which lies a little to the west of Huderah, and we encamped in Wady Ghazaleh, a very rough and stony ravine.

I find in my “notes” that our people had been unable to purchase corn at Sinai for their camels, and that the poor beasts had been living since Monday on the scanty vegetation of the Desert. They would not be very badly off till they got near Erweis el Ebeirig, but while we were passing over the sand on Tuesday afternoon and all Wednesday, they could have had very little to eat; and there was no chance of getting corn till we reached Akabah. I also find in my “notes” a description of two of our attendants, which I may as well transcribe.

Mr. Wallis had a boy about nine years of age to attend to him and his camel. His name was Mansour. He was a brown, lithe, vigorous little fellow, and was very rarely tired. Occasionally, when the sun was very hot and the walking bad, he was permitted to clamber up on to the camel behind his master. It was amusing to see the acrobatic feats which Mansour performed when making his ascent. It would have been contrary to all propriety for him to have asked Mr. Wallis to stop; and so while the camel was still lounging along, he laid hold of some loose piece of rope which might be hanging from the saddle or some of the luggage, and climbed up hand over hand, swinging in the air near the animal's legs until he had scrambled on to its back. Then he seated himself with great pride and satisfaction just above the root of the monster's tail, and held on as best he could. He wore a little red fez, round which he twisted a narrow strip of cotton several yards in length to protect his head from the heat of the sun. His way of arranging his head-dress when it got loose was original. He tied one end of his long strip of cotton to the tail of his master's camel; the other end he held with his hand to his fez, and then he turned himself round and round, while the camel was moving on, until the whole strip was wound round his head, and everything was *comme il faut*. He wore a cotton shirt—more or less white—with open sleeves; in these sleeves he tied his worldly wealth. He had an over-shirt, which I believe was

originally white, with thin green lines running down it. This was his usual costume ; but when the mornings were cold, he wore a rough outer garment of camel's hair, which my lady readers would probably call a Burnous. Occasionally he wore sandals ; but he frequently suspended them to some part of the dressings of Mr. Wallis's camel. He was a very kind lad—kind to everybody, and especially kind to his camel. If he saw a tuft of green stuff a quarter of a mile off, which he thought his camel would like, he ran flying off for it and brought it back with great triumph. He assured us that he was engaged to be married ; that, however, was rather a doubtful statement on the part of the young gentleman. When we asked him whether he would like to come to England, he said yes. We also asked him what he would like to be in England, and suggested a choice of possible employments ; but the child of the desert scorned them all ; if he came to England, he said that he should like to be Sultan. As there was no opening for him of that kind, we could not offer to bring him home with us.

My man, Sar, was about eighteen or twenty years of age ; he had a white cotton cap which was horribly dirty, and round it he had the usual long strip of white cotton. He wore a white shirt like Mansour, and over it what may be described as a long narrow sheet of cotton, thrown with some grace over one shoulder and drawn under one arm, and then thrown over the other shoulder and worn loose. He also had his Abba or Burnous for cold mornings. He always carried a pipe with a large cylindrical stone bowl made at Mecca, and a wooden stem, three-quarters of an inch in diameter and two feet long. He had a gun slung on his back, with a barrel four-and-a-half feet in length. It was an ancient weapon. It was not fired with a cap nor even with a flint. A bit of dry rope was tied on to the stock, and when the gun was fired, this was lighted with a spark struck from a piece of flint, and the smouldering rope end was applied to the touch-hole. I used to give Sar a pipe or two of tobacco every morning, greatly to his satisfaction. He was fairly attentive to me ; but after I got used to my camel, he sometimes left me for an hour or two together. I have no doubt he found my company very dull. With the other men he kept up incessant talk ; what they had to talk about I cannot imagine. Notwithstanding their roughness, the men seemed kind to each other. One day I noticed that Sar's foot was sore, and he walked lame. He had lost his sandals or worn them out. Another man took off one of his own sandals and gave it to Sar, who wore it for the rest of the day, so that Sar and his friend had a pair of boots between them.

On Thursday, March 20th, after walking for three hours down Wady Ghazaleh, we struck Wady Wetir, or, as it is sometimes called, Wady el Ajn, at a quarter past ten. We found ourselves in a magnificent

amphitheatre of dark coloured rocks ; the area was covered with sand, but under the cliffs on one side there were large tamarisk trees. A stream of excellent water, of which the camels drank very freely, ran below the trees, and passed into the ravine through which we had to travel towards the Gulf of Akabah. This ravine is described by Miss Martineau in language which seemed to me at the time a little over-coloured ; but it is really very magnificent. The rocks, which rose precipitously on each side, were sometimes black and sometimes a deep red ; beautiful bright green hanging plants clung to their sides. Generally the Wady was very narrow,—as far as I can trust my memory it was often only fifteen, twenty, or thirty yards wide,—and the dark majestic cliffs rose straight up from the sand. Again and again our progress seemed barred by cliffs which rose like impassable barriers before us. The stream, which entered the ravine from the amphitheatre at its head, soon disappeared in the sand.

We were three or four hours riding through this Wady, and as we approached its mouth, we had before us a scene of surpassing beauty and glory. The Wady opens on to the gulf, and on the other side of the sea were the mountains of Arabia, all in a glow under the setting sun. The whole heaven was flushed with splendour ; the mountains were such as Bunyan saw in his vision ; had I seen bands of white-robed angels coming to meet us, and caught sight of the gates of pearl and the shining towers of the New Jerusalem in the distance, I do not think that I should have been greatly startled. Gradually the colour of the mountains became more intense, till at last it was a “living” and most ethereal red.

We turned along the shore of the gulf northward, and presently instead of the fair walls of the Heavenly city, we saw a small Arab encampment. It consisted of a few circular buildings of rough stone, eight or ten feet in diameter, and four or five feet in height. When occupied they are probably covered with branches of palm. We passed a woman drawing water from a well. Then two men with a sheep and a goat came to us, and apparently wished to sell the animals. The salutation between these men and our attendants was very courteous. With young men of the same age, hand was placed in hand, but there was no “shaking” of hands. In saluting an older man, a hand was placed on the shoulder, and there was a pretence of kissing both cheeks. Salem bought some fish of these people. I do not know whether he bought the goat or the sheep.

The shore was covered with millions upon millions of shells. The varieties seemed endless, and many were very beautiful. We encamped near the sea, about half an hour to the north of the opening of Wady El Ain. The gulf looked much narrower than I expected to find it, and it



is the very image of desolation. I suppose its waters are never vexed with a keel;\* and yet this was once the main highway by which the wealth of India found its way to more western lands. It was down this gulf that the ships of Solomon sailed 3,000 years ago, to bring him curious and precious things from the far East; and when Petra was one of the great centres of international commerce, the Gulf of Akabah must have been almost as famous at Indian ports, as the Mersey, and the Thames are now. I wonder whether Liverpool and London will ever become a mere tradition like Ezion-Geber.

When we got to camp, Salem discovered that he had lost his keys, and a man was sent back on foot, to the place where we encamped the night before, to look for them. He went off with some bread and a bottle of water. It seemed to me an odd thing that Salem should have any hope that the man would find the keys, and when I saw him start alone, I was sorry for him. However, on Sunday he came back to us, bringing the keys with him. I suppose that I was asking about how the poor fellow was to live while he was away from us, and that this suggested the information which I find that Salem gave me the day the man left us. He said that for the last few days our Arabs had been living on two handfuls of Indian corn a day.

On Friday, March 21st, our route was by the sea the whole day. The mountains on the opposite side of the gulf were still very fine, and the cliffs on our own side were sometimes extremely curious—their forms being sometimes most fantastic, and their colours curiously varied; they were striped with lavender, white, red, and black. The sand was still covered with innumerable shells.

On Saturday, March 22nd, after a march of five hours, we lunched in a charming bay; some members of our party bathed while lunch was preparing. Soon after lunch we had to strike inland, as there were great cliffs lying north of us, which projected into the sea and cut off our path by the shore. We crossed two passes—the second of which was very steep and rough—and then we were on the shore again. The sight of the camels struggling over the wild rough road was most grotesque. They were often almost down.

When we reached the shore again we were not far from an island—Kureiyeh—lying near the head of the gulf. It is a huge block of granite, rather less than a quarter of a mile in length, and has the ruins of an ancient fortress on it, which is at least 800 years old. The walk by the shore to camp that Saturday evening was most romantic. Road—that deserved to be called a road—there was none. Our way was

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\* I am not quite sure whether provisions are not sent to the Fort at Akabah once a year by sea.

often over rough masses of rock. The sea rolled to our feet. The ruins on Kureiyeh looked weird as the evening fell. The whole scene was suggestive of loneliness and desolation. It was rather late before we reached the tents, which were pitched on the shore a little north of the island and two hours' distance from the port of Akabah. Salem thought that we should have a quieter Sunday there than at Akabah itself.

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### ON GROWING OLDER.

IN Thackeray's "Newcomes" there is a pathetic passage that may well serve as our text; or, at least, as an illustration of our subject. Without preface, let it speak for itself: "Clive was not sorry to be left alone. The father knew that only too well. The young man had occupations, ideas, associates, in whom the elder could take no interest. Sitting below, in his blank cheerless bedroom, Newcome could hear the lad and his friends talking, singing, and making merry overhead. Something would be said in Clive's well-known tones, and a roar of laughter would proceed from the youthful company. They had all sorts of tricks, bye-words, waggeries, of which the father could not understand the jest nor the secret. He longed to share in it, but the party would be hushed if he went in to join it, and he would come away sad at heart to think that his presence should be a signal for silence among them; and that his son could not be merry in his company. We must not quarrel with Clive and Clive's friends because they could not joke and be free in the presence of the worthy gentleman. If they hushed when he came in, Thomas Newcome's sad face would seem to look round, appealing to one after another of them, and asking, 'Why don't you go on laughing?' A company of old comrades shall be merry and laughing together, and the entrance of a single youngster will stop the conversation; and if men of middle age feel this restraint with our juniors, the young ones surely have a right to be silent before their elders. The boys are always mum under the eyes of the usher."

The man who feels as Colonel Newcome did, knows by instinct that he is growing older, and that others have noted the change in him. It is curious, the way in which this knowledge seems to come about. The sense of physical fatigue or failure does not bring it; the mere reckoning of years seems to have little to do with it; not even the white threads in the hair, or the grey that will make its appearance in the beard. But, suddenly, there does come over us, with suddenness not less remarkable than certainty, the sense that we are growing older. We

go into the company of young men, like Clive Newcome and his friends; they cease their laughter and subdue their talk to the gravity which is supposed to be fit for the ears of the seniors. Then we know, too plainly to be mistaken, what has happened to us. We are growing older: the stamp of middle age is upon us. Sometimes the knowledge comes in another way. It is not the juniors who, as Thackeray says, are mum in our presence; it is the seniors who begin to grow civil to us, as people who are getting nearer to their own standard, and therefore worthy of being consulted and thought something of. If any man fails to recognise by physical or mental signs his advancing years, let him note how the old men treat him, and then he will know. These old men are curious; sometimes they take to young people, but only in a friendly, patronising, compassionate sort of way, as if pitying them that they have not reached the calm delights and large experience of age. But they seldom, if ever, consult or trust young men. Nothing under five and forty has any real chance with them. Even that period of life has about it a flavour of youth that is not quite acceptable to the old. They scent rashness in vigour of action; inexperience in quickness of decision; presumption in positiveness of opinion. These are signs of youth, and those who exhibit them are to be quietly snubbed and made to feel the truth of Tennyson's dictum that "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." It is only with the real growth of age that our elders begin to think that knowledge and wisdom may be united in the same person. So, when the elders really take to a man, and make much of him, and listen to his counsel, and give him their own fullest and longest confidences, he may be quite sure that he is growing older.

These are two infallible signs: the quietness of young men in our presence; the confidence of old men in our judgment. There is another sign—the deference rendered by men whom we recognise as people of middle age. When they come and ask us to take responsible positions, it is clear enough that the bloom of youth has gone off, and that if we do not know it others do. Sometimes, no doubt, leadership comes to comparatively young men. What is called "birth" will give it to them occasionally; or the possession of great wealth; or an exceptional faculty for public business; or that indefinable quality which men call genius, or which they recognise instinctively and give place to, as by some law of nature. But, as a rule, positions of trust, high ceremonial functions, the foremost places in debate, the authority of management and the like, do not fall to the lot of a man until he has attained the period of middle life; and the circumstance that these things do come to him, mark out for himself and for others the fact that he is growing older.

It is an odd kind of feeling when we do actually realise it. Many

men are slow to recognise or admit it ; and when they can't help doing so, there is a kind of pang that is not altogether pleasant. All of us who have reached this period of life can illustrate the matter from experience. We feel strong, vigorous, lively ; we sympathise with the amusements of younger people, we enter into their views, we enjoy the same books, we can talk with interest of the same topics. Our step is firm and elastic ; we are conscious of cheeriness of tone and youth of manner ; we are capable of great and sustained exertion ; we cannot realise the fact that so many years have passed over our heads, and that we are going over to the elders. Suddenly, the conviction flashes upon us. We meet somebody, of our own age, whom we have not seen for a long time. We stop and talk, and the process of self-examination begins unconsciously, with our inspection of his appearance. He stoops a little, his hair is grey, the lines of his face have deepened, his eyes have lost something of their former fire, his voice is changed in a curious way, the whole bearing of the man has undergone a mysterious alteration ; it is "set," so to speak ; there is a perceptible loss of mobility ; he has hardened into something different from the man we used to know. As we part from him we think, "So-and-so is getting much older;" and then we remember that his age and ours are about the same ; and then we look into the glass and wonder if he has noticed in us the changes we have remarked in him.

It is so, depend upon it ; when we find that an old friend exhibits visible signs of advancing age, we may be sure that we do the same, however little we may think it. Nothing, indeed, is more curious than the inability of a man to recognise changes in himself. With the blessings of good health and cheerful temperament, we really have no means of judging in the absence of some standard of comparison. Even in the association of great cities a man's life is so essentially solitary that he does not mark the changes wrought by the lapse of time. All of us have an ideal period of life to which, while health and vigour last, we seem always to belong. Time stands still with us. Children grow up—the daughters become women and the sons pass into manhood—the wife's hair is streaked with grey, the man's own locks blanch a little ; but, so long as he relies on self-comparison, he does not lose the sense of youth. The children, no longer playthings, have become friends and companions ; the wife retains her bloom of early womanhood, the thousand incidents of home life, with their infinite fund of allusion and their constant play of light and colour, give a sense of continuity to existence, and help us to forget how far removed the ideal period is from the actual. Presently, however, there comes a sudden change that marks advance in an unmistakable manner : the marriage of a child, a long illness of some one near to us, the death of a close

relative or a dear friend. Then we begin to feel that we are getting older : it is like the chance meeting in the street, the keen comparison, the discovery that others have travelled far on the road of life, and the conviction that we must have done the same.

It is much the same in regard to our work. Busy men have little consciousness that they grow older. They are occupied from morning till night with affairs important at least to themselves ; they go through the daily routine without strain ; they even address themselves to new tasks with a satisfactory consciousness of power ; and when the work is over, they throw off the burden of it, and take their rest as if nothing had happened to weary or disturb them. While a man is in this condition of physical and mental vigour, he does not know how time flies. The people about him have grown up with him ; they do what he does ; one thing fits another ; the whole machine moves on, doing its daily work, easily and without showing any perceptible strain. It is only now and then that the sense of increasing age is really experienced. A man pauses for a moment and notes, with a strange surprise, how much more responsible his position is than it was years ago ; how undertakings have grown upon him ; how he has insensibly risen into a place of command ; how he gives orders when he used to receive instructions ; how others are solicitous of his notice, or are eager for his good opinion, just as he used to be of the notice or the friendly word of men who have long since passed out of sight. Noticing these things, he begins to understand that years have told upon him also, and that he has really grown older. The very ease with which he accomplishes a difficult piece of work tells him the same story when he comes to think of it for a moment. Difficulties that used to oppress him as a young man are no longer experienced. He writes with ease, and the once reluctant thoughts come to him as by a sort of inspiration. He speaks or preaches with fluency ; there is nothing of the old sense of hesitation, no sudden beating of the heart, no rebellious lump in the throat, no mistiness of vision that once converted a sympathising audience into an assembly of stern and critical judges. He has an unconscious air of authority in what he says and does ; and those before whom he used to tremble, now seem to accept his words as matters of course. Or, as a man of business, he enters into more difficult speculations, lays out larger plans, sees at a glance where new markets may be found, faces and overcomes risks and responsibilities which once seemed to him to be insuperable. All these are signs of the one thing. The greater power, the skill, the ease of labour, the gift of ready speech or writing, the authority, the obedience paid to him, the indefinable air of deference exhibited by younger people—these are the results of increasing experience ; and experience is the direct fruit of advancing age.

Curiously enough, it is the young man who most completely realises the idea of growing older. Let the reader go back in mind to the time when he was twenty, and let him think of somebody who then was thirty, or thirty-five, or forty. How thoroughly matured the oldest seemed to be ; how really old one used to think him. "When I get to that age I shall be well advanced in middle life, with a world of experiences and ideas and facts of which I now know nothing. How strange and unpleasant it will be ; how greatly I shall have lost elasticity of mind and vigour of body, and the keen sense of enjoyment in living which belongs to youth, and the bright visions of hope and fancy that must die out when one gets beyond the poetic age." Such reflections as these have passed through the minds of most young men on looking at their seniors. Yet, as years roll on, these impressions fade, and another set come up in their place. The man who once thought five-and-thirty absolutely old is no longer of that opinion when he attains five-and-thirty himself. The period of age has managed to shift itself, like the ever-receding line of the horizon. He has journeyed across the level of the plain, has climbed the mountain side, and now looks out beyond to remoter distances, without feeling the change that has occurred in himself and his position. The consciousness of growing older has not yet come upon him ; looking back upon the fancies of youth, he laughs gently at them, and wonders that he could ever have thought early manhood so far advanced. A friend of the writer condenses his experience into a comparison : "When I was twenty," he says, "I thought thirty very old ; when I was thirty, I pushed the limit on to forty ; forty came, and fifty took its place as the term of middle age ; now that I am close upon fifty, I begin to think that at sixty I may find myself growing older. At present I seem to be quite a young man, and wonder a little sometimes that my juniors do not share this impression with me." Ah, these juniors ! they look at the matter with different eyes. While we, who have got on in years, desire to share their enjoyments, to enter into their feelings, to laugh with them, to unlock the mystery of their merriment, we find the invisible barrier set up ; the touch of the steel is cold and hard under the velvet glove ; the jest comes to a sudden stop as we join the company, the laughter dies away, an awkward restraint succeeds the careless merriment ; it is the story of Thomas Newcome and Clive over again ; the boys are mum in presence of the usher.

Well, it is the way of nature ; and we must make the best of it. All the care and thinking in the world will not lessen the number of our years by even so much as a single day. While we have been marching over the plain, gathering flowers, and enjoying the sunshine, and seeming to have before us such an inexhaustible wealth of days, time has

gone on insensibly, the years have gathered behind us, and now fling their growing shadows in the declining sun across our path. We have climbed the hill, lingering here and there in pleasant valleys, rambling lazily along this green path and the other, listening to the song of the birds and the babbling of the hill-side brook, watching the sunlight glancing in and out among the stems of the trees. Now we are on the summit, and must soon begin the descent unto the valley below. It is strange when we come to realise the fact of the downward journey—strange to even the calmest of us, or the most vigorous, or the most hopeful. We reconcile ourselves to it, as to the inevitable ; but it is not quite pleasant. To some men, indeed, it is a real and serious pain to feel that they are growing older. They take it to heart and sit and brood upon it, till the future becomes greyer and greyer, and then they fall into fretfulness and sometimes into positive gloom. It is a matter of temperament, no doubt, and to some extent a matter of habit. If a man allows himself to feel the beginning of regret it soon grows upon him. The world, with all its charms and attractions, seems to be slipping away ; the hopes, and fancies, and illusions of youth fade like the evening sunlight ; the shadows thicken and lengthen, till the entire prospect is lost in them. There is a chilliness in the air, like the evening wind that blows in autumn off the sea, and brings with it great folds and banks of dense grey cloud. It is at such times, and with such men, that the common difficulties of life become intolerable. Worries grow fast into troubles, and troubles into rooted, brooding cares and sorrows. Hindrances, that would have once been tossed aside, now seem to be hopeless ; there is no way over or out of them ; all that can be done is to sit down and wait, or to give up and let things take their chance. Bodily ailments, trifling in themselves, are magnified into serious disorders ; ordinary failures in business enterprise are transformed into irretrievable losses ; a little difficulty in doing what has to be done presents itself in the new guise of an approaching lapse of power to do anything. With such people, thought becomes graver and deeply tinged with melancholy ; regret assumes the place of a leading feature of the mind ; they dwell upon chances missed, opportunities lost, time wasted, projects unrealised, hopes unfulfilled. So many things to do, so little done, so brief a space of time to fetch up lee-way, such a growing disinclination to make the effort. It is a terribly unhealthy frame of mind, a miserable and a dangerous one ; but nevertheless one that is far too common, especially with men whose fortunes have fallen below their desires or hopes, or the consciousness of their powers. We wonder sometimes why men of high intellectual gifts, quick fancy, lofty imagination, capable of great plans, and blessed with fair health and strength, do so little after middle life. The secret of many such cases has just been laid



bare. They have suddenly realised the fact that they are growing older, and it has struck a chill into their hearts and almost paralysed their lives. They brood rather than think ; they dreamily form plans which it is a pain to execute ; they revert as by a sort of fascination to what has been, or might have been ; they lose the desire to do ; and so, like rivers lost in the sands, their lives thin out, and finally dry up and disappear. Whenever a man of this type begins to deplore his advancing age, it is a dangerous, if not a fatal sign ; he sighs over each fresh birthday, and marks the growing heap with another stone, till at last he piles up a great black cairn that hides the blue sky and the sunlight, and entombs hope and vigour, and freedom of will, and even life itself, for all that life is worth.

But, happily, there are others of a different type. There are plenty of men who meet and bear their age with smiling faces ; they grow older, they are conscious of it, they regard it as inevitable and, therefore, not to be dwelt upon with regret. If gloomy fancies creep in, they shut them out again. They will not look into the shadows ; or if they do, they contrive to see pleasant gleams of light in the deepest shade, and to imagine or perceive a fuller glory beyond it. Such men have their difficulties, of course, their trials and sorrows ; but they bear them as part of the common lot and say nothing. If a serious hindrance rises in their way, they brace themselves all the firmer to overcome it ; perhaps a little stronger effort than formerly may be needed ; but it is made, and the work is done, with a reward all the sweeter than if there had been no sense of labour. The ever-present feeling of duty helps such men wonderfully ; no doubt there are plenty of things they have left undone, and many that might and ought to have been done better ; but this is no longer the question with them. Time has passed very quickly, and is going still quicker, like the ebb when the tide has once fairly turned. There are many things plainly needing to be done ; the business in hand is how to do them. Looking back, or sitting down and brooding won't help ; and so the cheerful, temperate, steady, duty-doing man resolutely sets his face forward, neither looking back nor resting, but going straight on with his growing years, and making the best of them. If this were a sermon, one might show how the lessons and the consolations of religion help such men as these to do their work and spend their lives, regardless of the pains of advancing age. But it is only an essay—a mere idle gossip—and therefore we say that, putting religion aside, it is the best, the truest, and the wisest philosophy to realise the fact that we are growing older, to look at it steadily and without shrinking, to use the time left us for work in the best way, and then to trust the future in the hands of a Power greater than our own.

Whoever desires to bear his age well, and to keep in health of mind and body, and to carry to the end the comfort of a calm, strong, cheerful spirit, must take this plan as his rule of life. Rest is excellent, desirable, necessary, precious, when we are in sickness, or overstrained, or feeble from excess of years. But rest is not for the strong, whatever their age. They cannot take it at all without danger; they cannot indulge in it, and make it their chief business, without death. To idle is to rust; to brood over the inevitable advance of years is to canker the mind, and to set the heart upon the unprofitable and very poisonous business of eating itself. If we do grow older, if others know it, and if we are conscious of it ourselves, what then? Turning back is impossible, standing still is out of the question; we must go on of our own good will, or we shall be carried on, whether we like it or not. Let those who do not relish the idea of growing older take this comfort—that in doing their duty in life and in continuous, hard, and useful work, they renew their youth, and live two lives in one. The young men may have the genius—some people think that nothing really great is attempted after thirty—and the old men may have the wisdom, or think they have it, which suits some of them just as well. But it is the men of mature age, neither young nor old, who can best do the work of the world; given the natural capacity, the training and the will, who can do it so well? They have knowledge and experience, acquaintance with men and books and affairs; their perceptive faculty is keen and rapid; their judgment quick, solid, and exact; their physical power unbroken—nay, greater even than in youth, because while scarcely less full it is better husbanded and directed. We speak, the reader sees, only of the better class of men, but it is a class into which all may enter at will according to their means, for there are many gradations in it and many kinds of work to do, and each of us may find in it his place and business. See what these men may do if they choose—the infinite variety, the importance, the pressure of the work that lies ready to their hand, and which neither the young nor the old can venture to touch. There are home and personal duties of which we need not speak; every man knows them for himself, and in every man's case they are varied by his own special circumstances and surroundings. Beyond these, there are abundant duties to the family, the community, and the State; for the benefit of the poor, the teaching of the ignorant, the succour of the helpless, the comfort of the afflicted. So long as he can work at all no man has a right to consider himself exempt from tasks like these. There need be no trouble in selection. Whoever sets himself to consider what has to be done and what he can do best, will soon find his appointed place, and settle himself down to his own special work. To do it well, it only needs that he shall put his heart unto it, and that he shall cast aside all thought of self,

whether of profit, or renown, or ease, or of the self-distrust, the false shame that hinders or prevents so much good work that might be done for the world. We say deliberately that it is the men who feel that they are growing older who can do such work as this the best, for they have great powers and special faculties, capacity for endurance, judgment strengthened by knowledge, experience which saves them from error or from loss of time in experiment, and they, too, have the method which long training alone can give. If there is any reader who has reached the time of life of which we have spoken, and who is disposed to repine or to brood over it, or to waste his time in vain regrets, let him take this great, noble, and efficacious medicine of downright hard and useful work. It will maintain and strengthen the health of mind and body alike, develop cheerfulness of temperament, and bring with it a rich reward. And as time goes on and the work gets itself done, such a man may look forward to the prospect of honourable rest in the calmness and beauty of old age ; and beyond this to the ultimate rest ; to the welcome sentence : " Well done, thou good and faithful servant ; " to the everlasting life and growth which more than realises the poet's dream of eternal youth !



## A BY-WAY OF DISSENT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE discovery over the ingle of an East Lancashire farm-house, where it had rested for nearly a hundred years, of a little time-stained, dust-covered diary, Boswell-like in the minuteness with which its compiler recorded trifles, and its careful deciphering by Mr. Dobson, enable us to glance at the daily life of a Nonconformist divine of a period anterior to that embraced in Dr. Halley's "Recollections of the Old Dissent," recently published in the pages of *The Congregationalist*.

It is almost unnecessary to say that in Lancashire, aptly named by Old Fuller "the cockpit of conscience," Dissenters had for more than a century a hard time of it ; clergymen of the Establishment not only preaching the duty of drawing the sword upon "schismatics," but even standing by and tacitly encouraging the ill-treatment of prisoners for conscience sake.

The second quarter of the eighteenth century, however, saw a lull in the storm, and in many out-of-the-way nooks of the county the life of a Dissenting minister was quiet enough ; a round of doing good and getting good, toil and rest, each day bringing its task, each night its reward in the consciousness of duty well done. Many of the obscure heroes were not what we should to-day term scholars, but they were learned in the promises of the sacred Book, and they taught the truth

in homely words; they might have been out of place in the fashionable drawing-room, but they were at home in the chamber of affliction, and they were earnest and God-fearing in a corrupt age.

One of these men, Peter Walkden, whose fingers traced the quaint, crabbed entries in the little volume, lived in an isolated district, lovely in its loneliness of mountain and moor.

The valley in which was the district where he laboured, extensive as is its sweep, is full of spots interesting to the antiquary, and from the hill at the foot of which he lived, the country stretches away to the sea five-and-twenty miles distant, a golden flood of glory seeming to rest at sunset upon its troubled waters, and, but for the tall chimney of a factory here and there, the landscape from Whitewell, with its grand amphitheatre of mountains, past old Parlick, away to the Irish Channel, would be as pastoral as it was when Mr. Walkden tilled his little moorland garden, worked about his farm, and cut turf on the fells.

From Thornley, with its dark fir woods and heathery expanse, the view on either side is exquisite, but on the left of the ridge the Ribble valley smiles in the sun, and the old river—the Bellisama of the Romans—winds sinuously under the distant bluffs, past Ribchester, leaving the scene of the preaching of Paulinus, the ruins of the old Abbey of Whalley, the last Abbot of which was executed for the part he took in the Pilgrimage of Grace, his gravestone bearing the prayer, “*Jesu fili Dei miseri me.* J. P.,” the old church, rebuilt in the year 1100, and the still older hill of Pendle, upon which George Fox received his first illuminations. “From the top of this hill,” he has recorded in his Journals, “the Lord let me see in what places He had a great people to be gathered.”

The valley on the right, perhaps, is not so rich in historic relics as is the other, with its Roman remains and early English crosses, ruined abbeys and old churches; but its graveyards are full of the dust of the brave men and women who, in troublous times, earnestly contended for the faith delivered to the saints, and in it still stand both of the little chapels in which Mr. Walkden preached. The one in the village of Newton was erected in 1696, its first minister being a nephew of the celebrated Thomas Jollie, one of the heroes of 1662, and the other in Hesketh-lane, about a mile from the little village of Chipping, was built in 1705, and is now only occasionally used. In it sleeps Mrs. Walkden, the “my love” of the Diary, who was buried early in 1744, the diarist outliving her twenty-five years.

It is almost unnecessary to remark that the Diary contains but few references to the exciting events of the period, for although the district was less isolated than the neighbouring one—where, as tradition has it, a traveller in the year 1820, observing festivities, and inquiring the reason

thereof, was informed that the battle of Waterloo had just been won—the diarist seems to have regarded such matters as of but little moment by the side of the joys and sorrows of his family and flock, and it is well for us that such was the case, for the stirring scenes of the eighteenth century found other and perhaps abler historians, and it is pleasant to turn from their pages to the record of smaller things, the troubles and pleasures of humbler lives.

Perhaps the first feeling of the reader of the little book will be one of astonishment at the quantity of ale, in penny pots and otherwise, which the diarist and his compeers consumed. Ale appears on almost every conceivable occasion; at christenings and funerals, on week-days and Sundays, and before and after Divine service: When it is remembered, however, that tea and coffee were almost unheard-of luxuries, the frequency with which ale was imbibed seems less remarkable, and only the Sabbath-day indulgence appears noteworthy. The fact of the transaction being carefully entered shows, however, that there was nothing considered unusual, unlawful, or inconsistent with the diarist's sacred calling in the practice. On one of these occasions the diarist records simply that he "got refreshed," but in many others he enters into detail as, "being too soon (*i.e.* for the service), I went into James Walmsley's, smoked a pipe, and had a penny pot of ale." After the services on the 28th of Sept., 1729, John Eccles having had his young son baptised, "he invited me and my love," writes Mr. Walkden, "to come in awhile to Thomas Rhodes's. We did so, and eat and drank there, and smoked one pipe and no more." Once again, after service, Dec. 7, 1729, "I and my love and son Henry being cold, we went into Walmsley's and warmed us, and got a hot pint of ale; got a bottle of aliger. I paid 1d."

In striking contrast to this Sabbath-day freedom is the conduct of "one old John Miller, a travelling Scot," who is entered as having died in Oct., 1729, at Widow Hall's in Shire-lane, near Hurst-green. "The old man," says the diarist, "was found ill in the lane on Friday, was taken in by some neighbours into the widow's; he was paralytic and insensible all the night, and continued so most of the Saturday. A neighbour took out of his pocket what moneys he had, and in the sight of several witnesses, counted it, and found he had 10s. in silver, and 1d. in brass; that on Lord's Day he was sensible and asked for his budget; that he desired earnestly to be at a lodging-house of his near Great Merley; that they offered to procure a horse and man to conduct him thither, *but he refused it on the Lord's Day.*"

The reverend gentleman's fondness for tobacco, too, is evidenced by frequent references to the weed. In that day, however, tobacco was not an expensive luxury, for, according to several entries, it cost only four-

teen pence per lb. There is an amusing account of a covetous member of the congregation longing for the minister's brass tobacco-box, and ultimately effecting an exchange.

It can easily be understood that the minister's stipend would not be very large in such a district, and the numerous references to the necessary multifarious occupations of the pastor, comprise allusions to his "reaping with Mary Richmond;" helping his love, as his wife is invariably designated, to gather fruit; "clarking;" going to the fair and returning, as he has it, "quite ill in my bones;" spending the day "wholly at home in one innocent employ or other;" going to the distant town of Preston to buy hats, "one for me and another for my love;" or to sell butter and eggs, and what, perhaps, is most remarkable, making breakfast for the family and "putting my little ones to bed."

If the salary was but small, however, it is evident that the cost of living was proportionately little. Food was almost ridiculously cheap in comparison with the famine prices of to-day; fresh butter being only 4d. per lb., "a neck of veal and a calf's foot," 9½d., beef 1¼d. per lb., the diarist occasionally buying it by the foot; yule loaves—*i.e.* rich Christmas loaves—3d. each, "28 herrings 6d.," a leg of mutton 11d., cheese 2d. per lb., claret 9d. per quart. Dinner in the town, with its usual accompaniment of "a pint of ale and more," generally cost 3d., and the quantity of ginger-bread given for a penny may be inferred from the fact that the diarist seems on many occasions to have made a pennyworth serve for a light dinner. Other articles were cheap in proportion, a coat costing 3s. 6d., a pair of shoes 2s. 1d., and "black Jersey for footing my old stockings 2d."

The most interesting entries, however, are those which throw light upon the diarist's relations with his congregation; and it is pleasant to find that if the pastor was concerned for the welfare of his flock, the people cheered him by many unexpected acts of kindness. Thus, on one occasion, when the surgeon had to visit the little dwelling, "I offered him pay, but he would none," finishes the record; on another, John Wilkinson sends his daughters Jane and Jennet to "help us all day;" at other times the receipt of a piece of beef, some wool, or a basket of plums testified to someone's regard. After service in the comparatively distant little chapel at Newton, if rain came on, or if it was "looking like for rain," some of the hearers compelled the preacher to lodge with them for the night, the reading of a psalm and family prayer concluding the day. A legacy of seven shillings per annum was bequeathed to him by a member of one of his congregations, and another brought some of the "burying provisions," of which the diarist records that his "love" gave each of the family a taste.

The people seem to have had a friend in their pastor's wife, and many

are the entries testifying to her active goodness. Thus at midnight a messenger brings word that Robert Seed, being ill, wished Mrs. Walkden to come and give him some advice about taking physic, and the good woman trudges away, and is entered as being "about one hour away." In all sorts of difficulties the pastor seems to have been appealed to, and in only one instance does he record that he lost his temper, that occasion being when "bawled at" by a man who falsely accused him, Mr. Walkden here quaintly admitting that he was "angry at him," and that he "smote him with a stick two or three times *about his hat*." This is not by any means the only quaint entry in the Diary; on the contrary, the little volume is full of such bits of unconscious humour. "John *alias* Mr. Parkinson," "I never saw any of 'em before, so was glad to see 'em," "I found the old man by the fire, *but* much abated in his vitals," "went direct to Skerton to old John Avions, and found him old and decayed, but in a competent degree of health," being a few examples.

The references to other ministers are very interesting. "A wandering straggle-brained clergyman" called in, and got refreshment. "His name is Smith, who pretends to have a living in Derbyshire, not far from the Peak, and is driven aside by trouble arising out of his being bound with a kinsman for £500," says the diarist. On another occasion, "an old itinerant mendicant preacher of the Church of England," lodges with the family a few nights, "he being an old neighbour of mine when at my father's house." Neighbouring ministers are set down as unable to lend the diarist eight-and-sixpence for a month, "having it not."

There are but few allusions throwing any light upon the relations between Dissent and the Establishment. One, however, refers to a controversy respecting tithes. "As I warmed me, the landlord told me that old Mr. Townley, Vicar of Slaidburne, was dead, and that the controversy therefore was all dropt; that the parish was glad of his death in the hope that the tithe would now fall into other hands." Tithes being gathered in kind at that period, it is easy to imagine how fruitful a source of dispute they would be. Another entry records the burial of a woman, "but without any ceremony of priest or clerk, because she died excommunicate." A third refers to a visit from the parish clerk of Chipping, who was anxious to ascertain what children Mr. Walkden had baptised during the past three years, the entry concluding, "I gave him an account of six, and one of my own, viz. daughter Catherine. I paid for Katherine's baptism, viz. 6d., and he went his way."

From the cradle to the grave is but a step, and numerous are the quaint references to the funerals of members of the two little congregations. The minister generally accompanied the cortège to the distant parish graveyard, unless, indeed, he was prevented by stress of weather.



In one instance Mr. Walkden records that after "the corpse was carried forth and they set forward with it," he sat and smoked a pipe, and then got his horse and "overtook 'em 'at Wood End and attended 'em to Slaitburne, and was in the church and at the grave till Mr. Weathered read over the office of burial." On another occasion, however, the entry was made, "seeing the sun low, and knowing it a long way to Slaitburne, and then eight miles from home, I not being able to abide the night air, but catch cold, I turned back and came direct home." He acted similarly on another occasion, when he was "out of order of a cold, and it being late and like for an ill night." From another entry it would appear that the office of burial differed somewhat from the service of to-day, for the diarist records that he was in the church before the corpse, that he sat "while Mr. Clarkson read the 30th Psalm and part of the 14th of the 1st Corinthians, and we sang four verses of the 39th Psalm, and Mr. Clarkson prayed, then preached from Eccles. xii. 7. Sermon being ended he dismissed the people, so I saw the corpse interred in the yard beside the dial."

It is not difficult to picture the scene, with the funeral procession passing along the leafy lanes or snow-covered roads; the bearers and mourners, hat in hand, and the minister on horseback bringing up the rear. At a later day it was usual for mourners and bearers to sing that beautiful hymn by Dr. Watts (No. 3, book 2, Old Collection), commencing:—

"Why do we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to His arms."

Peculiar emphasis being given to the verse:—

"Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume."

In Mr. Walkden's time, however, if one may judge from the absence of any allusion to this custom, the procession was a silent one.

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## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

### NO. XIV.—THE FESTIVALS OF PENTECOST AND OF TABERNACLES.

"**T**HRICE every year," is the language of the Pentateuch,\* "shall thy males appear before the Lord thy God, in the place which he shall choose." "All," adds the Oral Law,† "are bound to appear,

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\* Deuteronomy xvi. 16.

† Tractatus de Sacris Solemnibus, i. 1.

except the deaf, the idiot, the minor, the mutilated, women, unfreed slaves; the lame, the blind, the aged, and those who cannot walk. Who is the minor? He who cannot sit on his father's shoulder, and thus ascend the mountain of the Temple at Jerusalem, are the words of the School of Schamai. The School of Hillel says, whoever cannot hold by the hand of his father, and thus ascend the mountain of the Temple at Jerusalem: as it is written in the Law (Exodus xxiii. 14), Thrice thou shalt keep a feast to Me in the year."

The treatise of the Mishna which commences with these words, is the last tract of the second order, called *Seder Moed*, or the Order of Festivals. The appearance before God, commanded by Moses, is explained to include six fundamental duties. First, every male is to appear in the court of the Temple at Jerusalem, where the Lord has established the throne of His Majesty, to purify the people. Secondly, in three annual festivals, he is to celebrate festal days. Third, he is to rejoice on these occasions. Fourth, none shall come up empty, that is to say, without sacrifices. Fifth, the Levite is not excepted from this rule. Sixth, at the close of the year of remission, the whole people are to assemble at the Feast of Tabernacles.

This triple convocation the teachers of the Law held to be commanded by the great legislator to commemorate, first, by Pasque, the Exodus of Egypt; secondly, by the feast of Harvest, the giving of the Law; thirdly, by the feast of Tabernacles, the possession of the land of promise.

The lowest amount of money value to be paid for the holocaust and for the peace offerings required on these occasions was fixed by the Senate at three silver maah; a coin weighing sixteen troy grains of silver, and being thus the equivalent in weight of two of the silver pennies struck by the English mint in the reign of King George the Third. The precision with which the Mishna specifies every precept is such as to enable us to arrive at the exact weights of the shekel and its aliquot parts, without any question or contradiction. No doubt was left as to any detail of duty imposed on the Jews.

Of the first of these three annual convocations, comprising the distinct rites of the Paschal supper, eaten in the night between the fourteenth and fifteenth of Nisan, the feast of unleavened bread, from the fifteenth to the twenty-first inclusive, and the offering of the first fruits, we have already spoken. With regard to the second feast—which in the Book of Exodus is called the feast of Harvest; \* in the Book of Deuteronomy, is entitled the feast of Weeks; † and in the Book of Leviticus is directed to be held fifty days after the day of the wave offering, or first fruits—a

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\* Exodus xxiii. 16.

† Deuteronomy xvi. 16

doubt exists as to the exact determination, arising from the question whether the word Sabbath, occurring in the last cited passage, denotes the weekly Sabbath, or the solemnity of the first day of the festival. The meaning which appears to be the grammatical sense of the passages in the latter case is, that the first fruits were to be offered on the sixteenth of Nisan, and that the day of Pentecost, or fiftieth day thereafter, should fall on the seventh of Sivan, the third month. The Sadducees, who relied on the written Law alone, and refused to be guided by the traditional explanation of this passage given by the Pharisees, maintained that the word Sabbath was to be accepted in its ordinary sense, and that the day of first fruits and the day of Pentecost were each to be celebrated on the first day of the week. That some hesitation is still felt on the subject is evident from the fact that the modern Jewish almanacks mark the sixth of Sivan as the day of Pentecost, and the seventh as the second day of Pentecost. The festival was for one day only, when the High Priest wore his golden robes, and the proper sacrifices of the day were offered in the Temple. But the offerings might be made, in performance of the obligation, on any day of the week, commencing on the sacrificial day of Pentecost.

Little more than the above is said in the Bible or in the Mishna of the feast of Pentecost; which was, from its limitation to a single day, the least important of the annual solemnities, although it is that which is most frequently mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. The victims offered for the fixed rite of that day, in the Temple, we have already shown (No. ix. p. 729) to have been twenty-six. The blasts of the trumpets, we gather from the rules given in the Mishna, were thirty, namely, three on the opening of the gates, nine times at the morning sacrifice, nine times at the additional sacrifice, and nine times at the evening sacrifice. If the feast fell, as it might do, according to the opinion of the Pharisees, on the eve of the Sabbath, the six blasts proper to that time would be added. In this case the peace-offerings of private individuals were not to be slain until after the Sabbath, and the High Priest was forbidden to wear his golden vestments on that day, their use being restricted to the festivals.

Saul was recognised as King, after his victory over the Ammonites, at the feast of Pentecost, which was held on that occasion at Gilgal; when the unusual portent of the occurrence of thunder at the harvest feast is mentioned in the Book of Samuel.\*

There is a remarkable feature of the annual commemoration of the day of Pentecost by the Christian Church to which, so far as we are aware, attention has never yet been directed. The three first Gospels

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\* 1 Samuel xii. 17.

are each perfectly clear in indicating that the Crucifixion occurred on the fifth day of the week, our present Friday, and that the fifteenth of Abib, or day following the celebration of the Paschal supper, fell on this day. The month of Abib, or Nisan, contains thirty days. The succeeding month, Zif, or Ijar, contains twenty-nine. If the fifty days prescribed by the Law are reckoned from the day after the first day of unleavened bread, which is the interpretation of the Pentateuch that seems most simple to an European scholar, the day of Pentecost is the seventh of Sivan, which, on the year in question, fell on the first day of the week. According to the doctrine of the Sadducees this occurred, not only on this year, but always. But according to the modern Jewish almanack, which gives the sixth of Zif as the day of Pentecost, the assemblage mentioned in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles would have been on the Sabbath. The invariable habit of the Christian Church is thus in accordance, in this respect, with the opinions of the Sadducees, and not with that of the modern Jews.

As to the date of the feast of Tabernacles, the only question that can arise is that of the actual observation of the crescent of the moon on the first day of Tisri. The accurate determination of this month was more important than that of any other, as provision was made in case of doubt as to the days of Passover and of Pentecost, but an error in the determination of the day of Atonement was irremediable. The messengers, therefore, who were authorised to declare the determination of the first day of Tisri, were not to be detained by the observance of the rest of the Sabbath.

The festival of Tabernacles lasted from nightfall between the fourteenth and fifteenth days of Ethanim, or Tisri, the seventh month of the Regnal Jewish year, till nightfall of the twenty-second day, being a day longer than the feast of unleavened bread. For seven entire days every Jew was bound to make his abode in a booth, or tabernacle, erected according to certain rules, to take his meals there, to sleep there, and to make his house only an occasional resort, although if rain came on he was at liberty to take shelter in the house. It was necessary for the booth to be at least ten palms in height, to have three walls, or closed sides, and to be so constructed that the larger part of it should be unshadowed from the sun. It was also requisite for the booth to be constructed for the special service of the feast. It was legitimate to erect the booths on the roof of a house, or under a tree; but it was unlawful to stretch a cloth either as a canopy or as a carpet for it. It was unlawful to train over it a vine, a gourd, or an ivy plant. Branches and boughs of trees, grass or straw, not bound in sheaves, and all vegetable products which were not subject to the imputation of impurity, were proper for the construction of the booths.

The rules which are given in the tract *De Tabernaculis* for the construction and use of the booths required for the Feast of Tabernacles, are extremely minute. Maimonides, in his preface to the Mishna, illustrates the necessity of an oral tradition, coeval with the Pentateuch, in order to the right understanding of the latter, from this very case. The mere words, "you shall dwell in booths for seven days," he remarks, do not explain that the precept is incumbent on men alone, not on women, nor on those men who are sick or on a journey; that the roofs of the booths are to be made of what springs from the earth, and not covered with woollen or silken fabric, or with anything made of earthenware; that the Jew is to eat, to drink, and to sleep in his tabernacle for seven full days; and that the size of the booth is not to be less than seven palms square, by ten palms high. This interpretation, it is the belief of the Jews, and the decision of the Synhedral Legislation, was communicated to, and by, Moses, together with the written precept. It is clear that unless some definite regulation had been originally given, the observance of the Law might have fallen into a mere conventional evasion of its force; and the command neither to add to nor to diminish from the Law would have become vague and uncertain in its influence.

Fresh branches of palm, myrtle, and willow, were borne at fixed times during the festival of Tabernacles. A *lulab*, or young palm branch, the frond of which had not developed, but spread like the top of a sceptre; and a citron, a myrtle branch, and a willow branch, each picked under certain definite restrictions, were to be carried by each Jew. While the Temple stood, these were carried for seven days in Jerusalem, and for one day only in the provinces. But after the destruction of the Temple, it was ordained by Rabbi Jochanan Ben Zachæus, a disciple of Hillel the first, who died in 70 or 73 A.D., that the *lulab* should be carried for seven days, and that the wave-offering on the sixteenth of Nisan should be omitted. On the first Sabbath that fell during the feast of Tabernacles, the branches were to be left in the Temple or in the Synagogue, and resumed on the following day, as the ceremony of bearing them was not to supersede the law of the Sabbath. Thus it is the language of the Mishna that the branches were to be borne for either six or seven days (according to the incidence of the Sabbath), the hymns and rejoicing were to last for eight days, the use of tabernacles and the pouring out of water for seven days, and the blowing of the pipes for five or for six days.

The water-pouring during the festival of Tabernacles was a solemnity which is referred to by the Prophet Isaiah,\* and is one of the precepts

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\* Isaiah xii. 3.

known as the traditions of Moses from Sinai. A golden *amphora*, which would hold three *logs*, or seventy-two cubic inches, of water, was filled at the fountain of Siloe, and borne with solemn rejoicings to the Temple. On arriving at that gate of the court which was called the water gate, the silver trumpets and the shophars were thrice sounded, the threefold blast being repeated at the opening of the gates, at the arrival at the outer, and again at the arrival of the inner gate, at the filling of the water, and over the altar. Two silver basins were placed by the altar, perforated at the base, and thus communicating with two apertures in the marble pavement. Water was poured into the eastward, and wine into the westward, of these basins, and the priest was enjoined to raise his hands, so that the people might see the pouring out of the water. The Sadducees disregarded this ceremonial, as not being described in the Pentateuch. The pipes were sounded on these occasions, when the water-drawing was not on the Sabbath, or on the two great solemnities, the first and the eighth days, of the festival, as their use did not supersede the Law of the Sabbath.

At the close of the first day of the feast of Tabernacles great rejoicings were made in the second, or women's court of the Temple. A golden candelabrum, with four branches, was erected. Steps were placed by each branch, and four young priests, selected from the very flower of the sacred order, poured into the receptacle supported by each branch oil from a vessel containing 130 logs, or nearly twelve English gallons. The old girdles and other garments of the priests were torn into shreds, and used as wicks for these large basins of oil, and the whole city was illuminated by the light thus kindled. Men selected for the purpose danced before the people with burning torches in their hands, singing the appointed hymns. The Levites stood on the fifteen steps descending from the court of Israel to the court of the women, which corresponded to the fifteen psalms of degrees, with citharæ, nablii, cymbals, trumpets, and other instruments of music, and accompanied the chant. Two priests stood in the lofty gate of the court of Israel with trumpets in their hands. At cock-crow they sounded thrice. Descending to the tenth step, they blew thrice. Arriving at the level of the second court, they blew thrice. Thence they marched, sounding as they went, to the eastern gate. There they turned with their backs to the east, and recited the Confession: "Our fathers, in this place, turned their backs to the Temple, and their faces to the east, and bowed to the rising sun; but as for us, our eyes are toward the Lord our God."

The whole twenty-four vigils or bands of the priests were engaged in the services of the Temple during the festival of Tabernacles. Each victim was offered by a separate band. Thus the thirteen bullocks,

two lambs, and one goat, of the additional sacrifices of the first day were offered by sixteen bands, and the remaining eight bands offered the remaining fourteen lambs. The numbers diminished until the seventh day, when each order sacrificed alike. On the eighth day, lots again were cast for the distribution of the sacerdotal functions as on other great festivals. This equal service of the entire priesthood occurred at each of the three annual festivals. When a festival fell on the day before, or the day after, a Sabbath, all the orders had a like share in the distribution of the shew-bread.

On the feast of Tabernacles, in the first year of the week of years, the King took a part in the public worship of the Temple by reading a prescribed section of the Law. This solemnity took place on the second day of the feast. The precept in the Law on which this custom was founded, is found in Deuteronomy, chap. xxxi. ver. 10. A wooden tribune, or throne, was placed for this purpose in the court of Israel, in which court no one but a king of the house of David was allowed to sit down. The king was seated on this throne. The *Ædituus* then took the roll of the Law and handed it to the President of the Council; he handed it to the Sagan, or vice High Priest; the Sagan handed it to the High Priest; and the Pontiff to the King. The King rose to receive the sacred roll, and then reseated himself, and read the section of the Law, commencing with the first verse of the first chapter of Deuteronomy, to the fourth verse of the sixth chapter. He then read the *Audi Israel*, which immediately follows; and then in proper order the following sections: "And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently" (Deut. xi. 13); "Thou shalt truly tithe" (Deut. xiv. 22); "When thou hast made an end of tithing" (Deut. xxvi. 12); The section concerning the King (Deut. xvii. 14); and the blessings and curses contained in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of the same book. The King then pronounced the same benedictions which were pronounced by the High Priest on other occasions.

We referred to this rite in a former chapter (No. 2), and mentioned the account given in the Mishna,\* of its performance by Herod Agrippa, in the year 56 A.D.

The benedictions of the High Priest were eight, namely, on the Law, on the Divine worship, on praise, on the forgiveness of sins, on the sanctuary, on Israel, and on the priests. The last appears to have been a prayer on his own behalf. The whole of these lessons and prayers were to be uttered in the Hebrew tongue.

A very important check on the chronology of the Hebrew monarchy is furnished by the knowledge of this sole occasion on which the king

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\* Treatise Sotah, vii. 8.



took the principal part in the public worship of the Temple. The regnal years, as we before mentioned, commenced on the first day of Nisan; but the sacred years for fixing the festivals commenced six months earlier, on the first of Tisri. The day for the reading of the Testimony by the king was the sixteenth of Tisri in the Sabbatic year, regnally counted, but in the first year, according to the count of festivals. The death of Athaliah, in the sixth year of her usurpation, is distinctly stated in the Hebrew text\* to have occurred in the Sabbatic year. On this occasion the High Priest gave to the youthful king "the testimony" in the court of the Temple. The ceremony of the reading the appointed portions of the Law is here directly indicated. The solemnities furnished an appropriate occasion on which to produce the legitimate, though infant, monarch to the people. The incidence of this event on the seventh year of the week, and the synchrony of that septennial reckoning with some twenty other definitions of the incidence of the Sabbatic year which occur in the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the works of Josephus, are necessary conditions of any chronology of the Hebrew monarchy that can command the serious attention of the scholar.

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### ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

THE Gospel of St. John is so obviously different from the three earlier Gospels (as well as from all other books ever written), and its distinctive features are so strongly marked, that to characterise them, and describe its Style, Object, and Contents, may seem a simple task. The more thoughtfully it is attempted, the more difficult it will be found. The extreme simplicity of the Apostle's diction, and the brevity and plainness of his sentences (both in the Gospel and the Epistle), produce on the reader's mind a deceptive effect with regard to the profundity of the thought, resembling that produced by the glassy clearness of a river in concealing from the eye its real depth. If any reader imagines that St. John's writings are easy to understand, let him rest assured that he has scarcely yet begun to understand them.

I. *STYLE*.—By the "style" of an author, so far as his language is concerned, we understand two things: his choice of words (including any peculiar use of particular terms), and his arrangement of sentences. Taking the term in a wider sense, we have to add to these his habitual strain of thought and feeling (or lack of feeling), which give tone, colour, and form to his composition, as the texture of a fabric produces the pattern and smoothness or roughness of its surface.

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\* 2 Reg. xi. 4.

The similarity, if not identity, in style, of the Gospel and the General Epistle of St. John, is plain to every intelligent reader, not only in the original language, but in our English translation. This is easily and naturally accounted for by the supposition that, in continually meditating on and recounting to others during forty or fifty years, the words of Jesus, to which for three years he had listened with the most devoted attention, the beloved Apostle had made his Master's style (as far as that was possible) his own. To this, however, the objection is urged, that on this hypothesis the same style ought to be traceable in the other three Gospels, as far as the discourses of our Lord are concerned, and that the strongly marked style of John suggests that he has rather ascribed his own strain of thought and language to his Master than borrowed them from Him.

In reply to this criticism (which, in conceding the genuineness of the Gospel, would go far to destroy its value) we have to note, first, that some allowance must be made for the tinge of colouring which must be imparted to discourses delivered in Hebrew when translated into Greek. Even supposing that in some instances our Lord may have employed the Greek language, yet the occasions of the discourses recorded by St. John—to a member of the Sanhedrim, to a Samaritan woman, in the Temple at Jerusalem, in a Galilæan synagogue, in the family circle of His chosen Twelve—render it certain that they would be spoken in His own mother-tongue. Moreover, it would be unreasonable to imagine (even if comparison of the first three Gospels did not contradict such an idea) that we have in any of the Gospels full-length *verbatim* reports of our Saviour's teaching. Rather, the Evangelists have preserved for us (what it is the highest achievement of the reporter's art to furnish) faithful but condensed reports, omitting much, abbreviating what is recorded, but misrepresenting nothing, and vividly presenting the soul and substance of the discourse. This was plainly indispensable, if the Gospels were not to be swollen to an unwieldy bulk, which would have frustrated their usefulness and imperilled their existence. They were designed—not perhaps by their writers, but by God—for world-wide diffusion and for immortality; and of both these, great brevity combined with great fulness was an essential condition. Condensation was therefore as important as faithfulness; and it has been effected with such marvellous art and felicity, that the reader is totally unconscious of it.

Furthermore, it consists with the highest views of inspiration to regard it as certain that out of the immense range and variety of Christ's teaching, different minds would retain and reproduce different portions. Even in the Synoptic Gospels, the parables of Matt. xiii. are very different from those of Luke xv.; while the Sermon on the Mount, and

the discourse against the Pharisees (Matt. xxiii.), present wholly distinct types of teaching. On the other hand, one brief passage, preserved both in the first and third Gospels (Matt. xi. 25—30), so closely resembles the discourses narrated by St. John, as to assure us of the existence of a whole region of our Saviour's teaching left unexplored by the first three evangelists.

As four paintings of a landscape, by as many artists, in which the same objects, viewed from different points, present dissimilar outlines and colours, would assure us of the reality of the scene from which these unlike pictures were taken; so the very divergences in the representations of our Saviour furnished by the four evangelists, assure us of the reality of the Model from which they drew: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

II. OBJECT.—The grand object with which this Gospel was composed is most explicitly stated by the evangelist himself: "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." In other words, the aim is practical, and of the loftiest kind: to present such a view of the personal character, teaching, actions, and claims of Jesus, in the words of an eye-witness and disciple, as may render Him to us a real and Divine person—our own Teacher, Saviour, and Lord.

Subordinate aims are not excluded by this declaration; but any such, supposing they can be pointed out, must be held quite secondary to what the author himself announces as his main object. Two such purposes have been ascribed to the Gospel, and in contempt or oversight of this obvious caution have been treated by various writers as furnishing its key and mainspring: first, that it was supplemental to the other three Gospels; secondly, that it was polemical, designed to refute Gnostic or other heresies.

The first of these views is an ancient one, being recorded as a tradition by Eusebius, Jerome, and Theodore of Mopsuestia (contemporary with Chrysostom and Jerome); but in such a form as to show that it was rather an inference from the contents of the Gospel, than a tradition of any historical value.\* There is this much of truth in it, that the fourth

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\* "After Mark and Luke had already published their Gospels, they say that John, who during all this time was proclaiming the Gospel without writing, at length proceeded to write it on the following occasion. The three Gospels previously written having been distributed among all, and also handed to him, they say that he admitted them, giving his testimony to their truth; but that there was only wanting in the narrative the account of the things done by Christ among the first of His deeds, and at the commencement of the Gospel." (Eusebius, *Ecl. Hist.* iii. 24.) See the whole chap. (pp. 132—135 of Cruse's translation), it contains the loose and inaccurate statement that the other three evangelists wrote the history of *only one year* of our Lord's ministry after John was cast into prison. See for the passages from Jerome and Theodore, Davidson's *Intr. to N. T.*, i. 321.

Gospel practically does supplement the other three, dealing with scenes and portions of our Lord's ministry which they (doubtless for wise and satisfactory reasons, did we but know them) have left unrecorded. It would be unreasonable to suppose St. John ignorant of their existence and general contents. It is probable that this knowledge would greatly influence his choice of materials for his narrative, out of the vast store laid up in his memory. He takes for granted the knowledge of facts which they narrate. But the idea that he had those three Gospels before him, and wrote his own expressly to supplement their deficiencies, is contradicted both by the unity, plan, and entire spirit of his work, and by the complete independence of his narrative, amounting sometimes to apparent contradictions, not easy to reconcile.\*

The second view—that St. John wrote his Gospel in order to refute some of the heresies which had already commenced to trouble the Church and threaten Christianity—can likewise appeal to the voice of antiquity for support. Like the former view, it contains an element of truth, but if regarded as a principal or controlling purpose, it is at variance with the whole tone and contents of St. John's Gospel.†

Much light would be reflected on this question if we were able exactly to determine the date at which St. John wrote. The general current of opinion tends to place this date towards the close of his long life; but the evidence is slender. "As usual in traditional matter, on our advance to later writers we find more and more particular accounts given: the year of John's life [when past ninety], the reigning emperor, &c. under which the Gospel was written. In all such cases the student will do well to remember that such late traditions are worthless exactly in proportion to their particularity of detail."‡

We may accept the witness of Irenæus, that this Gospel was written after the other three, and when the Apostle was residing at Ephesus; and hence infer that it was subsequent not only to the events narrated in the Acts, but to the death of the Apostle Paul, to whom the welfare

\* Of these the most important is the apparent discrepancy regarding the day of the Crucifixion. This is, I believe, capable of satisfactory explanation, but its discussion does not come within the scope of this essay, bearing, as it does, no less on the first three Gospels than on the fourth, and involving astronomical facts regarding which authorities are at variance.

† Irenæus and Jerome are especially relied on in support of this view, into which it is not needful here to enter. It branches into various hypotheses, some holding that St. John wrote against the Ebionites (or Judaizing Christians); others, against the heresies of Cerinthus, the Docetæ (who held the human nature of Jesus to be only visionary), the Nicolaitans, the Gnostics generally, so far as Gnostic views were developed; others, against the disciples of John the Baptist. The question is fully treated by Dr. Davidson, and briefly by Dean Alford.

‡ Prolegomena to Alford's Gr. Test., vol. i. p. 63 (4th edition).

of the Ephesian Church after his decease had been matter of peculiar concern. Yet this does not bring us beyond the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. The expression (chap. v. 2) "there is at Jerusalem . . ." seems to indicate that Jerusalem was still standing, and the use of the past tense in chap. xi. 18, would, I venture to think, rather strengthen than weaken this indication. Eminent critics, however (as De Wette), refuse much weight to this inference, and it has been even ingeniously conjectured that when the city was destroyed, Bethesda was *left standing*, on account of its useful and merciful purpose. The peculiar manner in which the death of the Apostle Peter is spoken of (chap. xxi. 19) is quite consistent with the idea that it had already taken place—rather in fact, suggests it. But, seeing that the rejection of Jesus by the rulers and nation of the Jews forms so prominent a feature of St. John's narrative, it seems surprising that he should not make the faintest allusion to the tremendous retribution which overwhelmed his city and nation, if he wrote after that awful judgment had been consummated.

Assuming, then, that this Gospel was written prior, but not long prior, to A.D. 70, the beloved disciple had already approached—possibly passed—threescore and ten years; and no reason can be surmised why he should delay for another ten or twenty years the weighty yet delightful task of committing to writing the inestimable treasure of his personal testimony. Already he saw himself surrounded with a widely different state of things from that in which, nigh forty years before, he had gone forth with the little band of brother Apostles (now probably all gone to their rest) to proclaim the kingdom of Christ, and tell the story of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus. A third generation of Christians was already filling the benches of the learners, to whom the Gospel was was not a new revelation, but the faith of their fathers. "False prophets," "grievous wolves, not sparing the flock," "many deceivers," "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," already infested not only the Ephesian but other Churches. Christianity, as a new and immeasurable force bursting into the realm of human thought and life, had shaken to their foundations all received systems of religion and philosophy. Mingling in divers proportions with the subtle and daring systems of Greek, Oriental, and Egyptian philosophers, it caused, or at least greatly contributed to, that boundless ferment in the intellect of the age which was favoured by the fact that, beneath the immovable pressure of the Imperial Government, energy which might have spent itself under different political conditions, in war or politics, was glad to escape into the airy regions of mystical, metaphysical, or fanciful speculation. The poisonous germs of a hundred heresies were already sprouting above the soil.

Amid so wild and troubled a present, discerning with prophetic foresight a yet more wild and troubled future, the venerable Apostle set himself to the task of recording that past from which all light and hope had sprung, for himself and for all mankind. Forty years' ministry guided and empowered by the inspiration of that Spirit, who was promised both to lead into all truth, and to bring all things to remembrance, had not rendered faint or confused, but only brightened and strengthened, every trait of the picture he wished to paint, giving to it, in the tender light of memory, an ever increasing harmony, unity, and fulness of meaning; and imparting a Divine skill in the choice, proportion, and employment of his materials. And as pestilential swamps are best drained and healed, not by the spade and earthen pipe of the engineer, but by planting the tree whose wondrous power it is to drink up the stagnant ooze and absorb or dispel its miasma; so the last survivor of those "who from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word," has taught us that the most effective polemic is to "preach Christ," and the likeliest way to dry up the sloughs of heresy and unbelief is to plant with all our might the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

III. CONTENTS.—St. John's purpose being, as he has told us, to awaken, or to sustain and justify, personal and lifegiving faith in Jesus, as the Christ, the Son of God (xx. 31); and this on his personal testimony as an eye-witness and disciple, we find the key-note of the whole Gospel in the words, "We beheld his glory" (i. 14). The Evangelist does not, indeed, seek to give prominence to his own experience. He suppresses even his own name, and speaks of his first master, the Baptist, simply as "John," as though there had been no one else of the name. His design is, to place Jesus before us as He appeared to others, both friends and foes, in the most contrasted circumstances; and to let His character and teaching speak for themselves to our hearts. Still, the atmosphere of personal experience breathes through his whole narrative. He takes as his starting-point his own first interview with the Lord Jesus. But this naturally leads back to the ministry of John the Baptist, by whom he was directed to Jesus as "the Lamb of God;" and this, again, calls for some general account of that ministry as a preparatory witness to the Greater One who should baptize with the Holy Ghost. But neither the Evangelist's purpose, nor (we may venture to add) his cast of mind, and long converse with the highest and deepest truths, permitted him to speak of John's ministry as a mere matter of history, apart from its inmost meaning and necessity. Who, in very truth, was Jesus, thus wonderfully heralded and described? He was the Messiah; but what did that mean? Was He only what He seemed to be—a man; or, if more than a man, how much more? This question St. John answers in

those wonderful opening verses which are unique even in Scripture for their union of simplicity and sublimity, brevity and fulness, and which condense into a few short sentences all that man can know of that glorious mystery,—darkly taught in the Old Testament Scriptures, but (as the writings of Philo and the Chaldee Targums show) not wholly unknown to learned and pious Jews—the eternal existence, in unity with the Father, of the Son of God.

Uttering thus grandly and boldly the key-note and glorious theme of his Gospel, the Evangelist also sounds that bitterly mournful strain which forms its secondary theme, the rejection by the chosen people of their promised King: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." But the beloved disciple adds, "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father."

After the graphic account (bearing the inimitable stamp of truth and reality) of his own and his earliest fellow-disciples' introduction to their Master, St. John leads us at once to Galilee, not to retread the scenes rendered familiar by the first three Gospels (or by the preaching which they embody), but to show us the old home-life of Nazareth melting away in the dawning glory of the public ministry of Jesus; whose full sunrise is immediately depicted in the great prophetic—almost regal—act, of the cleansing of the Temple.

The claims advanced by Jesus, His miracles, and the numerous conversions effected by His public ministry, having been most briefly touched, St. John then gives specimens of His dealings with individual souls, in two powerfully contrasted cases: the "Master of Israel," who sought truth by night, but lacked courage to follow her into daylight; and the sinful Samaritan woman, surprised into penitence and faith by the wayside in the hot summer noon. Incidentally, the contrast between Jesus and His disciples is shown in strong relief; and while the whole foreground is filled with the rising fame of Jesus, the figure of the Baptist ("not yet cast into prison") is shown in the background in its noblest attitude, that of self-renouncing loyalty.

Briefly glancing at the Galilæan ministry which fills so large a space in the Synoptic Gospels, the narrative again brings us to Jerusalem at a feast; and records a miracle wrought on the Sabbath, with some of the momentous doings and sayings which arose out of it. We have here a marked crisis in the ministry of Jesus; the first manifestation of that stubborn unbelief and murderous hostility on the part of the Jewish rulers, and of the nation as far as it followed their lead, the growth and bitter end of which we have styled the "secondary theme" of this Gospel. The main sources of this hostility are clearly stated: First, our Lord's disregard and disapproval of those rabbinical laws and traditions by which God's Law was encrusted with superstitious observance and trans-



formed into an intolerable burden ; and, secondly, the claim advanced by Jesus, "that God was His Father, making Himself equal with God." In contrast to this malignant unbelief, our Saviour's claims are set before us, with unsurpassed clearness and fulness, in His own words.

The sixth chapter brings us to the following Passover, when Jesus did not go up to Jerusalem.\* There St. John travels for the last time, and more largely than elsewhere, into the ground occupied by the Synoptic Gospels. The miracle of the feeding of the five thousand is the only one common to all the evangelists. That of the walk on the waves is common to St. John with St. Matthew and St. Mark. His narrative has throughout the independence as well as graphic particularity of an eye-witness. As in other cases, the miracle is recorded not for its own sake, but as the basis of an example of our Lord's public teaching in the synagogue of His own town. The defection of many of His professed disciples is recorded, in contrast with the devotion of the loyal few ; and Christ's perfect knowledge of the human heart is again (as in ii. 24, 25) intimated.

The next four chapters show us Jesus again at Jerusalem : at the Feast of Tabernacles, half a year before the Passover at which He suffered ; and at the Feast of Lights. The selected examples of His teaching, in accordance with St. John's constant plan, are not expositions of duty, prophetic warnings, or popular parables, such as the former Gospels give us ; but continued unfoldings and enforcements of the claims of the Son of God, as set forth by Himself, on our personal faith and obedience. Another splendid miracle wrought on the Sabbath is narrated at length, with its results in the minds of believers and unbelievers ; and the growing rage and hatred of the rulers are seen venting themselves on those who dared to avow their faith that Jesus was the Christ. In the beautiful allegory of the shepherd, fold, and flock, another phase of the inexhaustible wealth of our Lord's teaching is displayed from that familiar to us in the parables of the first three Gospels.†

The bare supposition that the unequalled narrative of the eleventh chapter is a fiction from the pen of a dishonest forger, seems enough to cover with ridicule the criticism which leads to such a result. To a mind conversant with literature, above all with the literature of the second century, it should amount to nothing less than a *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet the sceptic is under the unhappy necessity of assailing this chapter ;

\* The third Paschal-tide noticed by St. John, if the feast in chap. v. 1, was a Passover. On this, however, critics are sadly at variance. The supposition of four Passovers (implying three years of ministry) does not hang merely on this question.

† Exactly harmonising, however, with the indications furnished by such passages as Matt. v. 13, 14 ; vii. 13 ; xxv. 32 ; Luke xii. 32.

because if it be a true narrative by an eye-witness, the case of Christianity is proved. As it records perhaps the grandest of all the miracles of Christ, so it constitutes the finest example of St. John's method of dealing with the miracles : not massing them in groups, but selecting a very few, and presenting each singly with masterly vividness of graphic detail, shining with its own light ; and then with marvellous dramatic force showing that light reflected in the minds, words, and conduct of those among whom the amazing deed was wrought, so that we seem to see with their eyes and hear with their ears.\*

With the twelfth chapter, the first part of this Gospel is brought to a close, in a summing up of awful solemnity. The trial of the Jewish nation is over. The terrific warning of their greatest prophet as to the blinding of the eyes and hardening of the heart which result from wilful rejection of truth, is accomplished. The breach between them and their promised Saviour is irreparable, final. But across the gathering darkness falling on the holy nation, city, and temple, a sudden gleam of the glorious future is thrown by the desire of Gentile strangers—"certain Greeks"—to see Jesus ; in which seemingly trifling incident the Saviour's own soul discerns the augury of His glory, now close at hand, when the dying grain of corn shall bring forth much fruit, and the Rejected of Israel be the Light of the world.†

The remainder of the Gospel subdivides into three sections. Chapters xiii. to xvii. show us the Master with His disciples on the last night of His earthly life, preserving for us that wonderful farewell discourse and even more wonderful prayer, which may be said to have lain nearer to the heart of the Church than any other portion of Sacred Writ. The next two chapters narrate the betrayal, condemnation, crucifixion, and burial of Jesus ; special prominence being given to the national rejection of Messiah in the declaration of the rulers to Pilate, "We have no king but Cæsar !" Incidents are related not referred to in the other Gospels ; some of which probably survived in no living memory but that of the Apostle John. The twentieth chapter is a glorious example of that "dramatic power" already noticed. The Evangelist says nothing of the Resurrection itself, which no mortal eye witnessed, but shows us the empty tomb, as beheld by the wondering eyes of himself and Peter ; and then the risen Saviour.

The Gospel is brought to such a distinct close at the end of chapter xx., that the last chapter reads like an appendix written at a later date.

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\* On the dramatic power of the Scripture histories, as an evidence of their inspiration, see the beautiful lecture in Mr. Henry Rogers' work on "The Superhuman Origin of the Bible," Lect. vi.

† The idea of Christ as "the Light," so often repeated from chap. i. 4 onwards occurs here for the last time.

I venture to conjecture that it was added after the martyrdom of St. John's beloved old friend and fellow-labourer (first as fishers on the Lake and then as "fishers of men"), whose solemn reinvestiture with the apostleship which his fall seemed justly to have forfeited, is related with wonderful terseness but with exquisite beauty and tenderness.

Throughout these sections minute autographic traits, marking the hand of an eye-witness, abound. The unity of purpose pervading the whole Gospel is powerfully manifested. Nowhere is "Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God" brought so near to us; so tenderly, so vividly, so attractively, yet majestically portrayed.

Reluctantly the pen is laid aside, in the vain attempt to indicate the successive master-strokes of the picture, and the theme is left with the reader as one best studied, when all is said, in silence and prayer.

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### CONVOCATION AND RITUALISM.

IF Convocation were a reality and not a pretentious sham, the representative body which it professes to be, and not the clerical assembly which it actually is, its deliberations would have a high value, and its decisions have considerable weight at the present crisis in the history of the Establishment. If in any true sense it expressed the opinions of the adherents of the Anglican Church, it would, as all would readily admit, be entitled to a voice, and a voice which must have some authority in the settlement of questions bearing on its worship and discipline. But all the world knows that it can only speak on behalf of the clergy, and in truth for not more than a section of them, that the laity form no part of its constituency, and that a large body even of the clergy have no voice in the election, and that in the Lower House, in which alone the representative element has a place, it is (happily for the most part) checked and counteracted by the more influential, if not more numerous section, of *ex officio* members. Its votes, therefore, express only the views of the Deans and Archdeacons of the province, and of those clergymen whom the votes of the beneficed clergy, who enjoy the suffrage, have chosen as proctors. They are no index to the opinion of the people, they do not help us to understand the mind of the curates, they may not even express the judgment of the clerical electors, as the majority of their representatives may be overborne by the minority, sustained by the Dean and other members, who owe their position to the Prime Minister. In this way the State may really exercise a controlling influence even in the body which claims to be the Church's Parliament. This anomaly among others has greatly

troubled good Canon Ryle, who very truly says, that "to pack a so-called representative assembly of Churchmen with scores of nominees of Prime Ministers and Bishops, is to my mind most objectionable." But if logic is all against the arrangement, experience is in its favour, for it must be said that it is the official members who save Convocation from the extravagance into which otherwise it would certainly be betrayed, infuse into it the slight element of liberality which it possesses, and secure for it whatever measure of influence it enjoys.

The idea which Canon Ryle gives us of this "little clerical Parliament," and of the views which many excellent Churchmen entertain respecting it, are, to say the least, startling. The Canon himself thinks that it is possible to reform it, and that the attempt to do it should be made. "If the existing Convocation could be silenced or suppressed, and the Church of England could be insured a fifty year's lease of quiet life, I should be content to leave the subject of Convocation alone. But seeing what I see, and hearing what I hear around me, I dare not sit still. I am for bold action. I hold up both my hands for [Convocation Reform." Bold enough the action would be if his proposals were carried out, the Convocations of the two provinces fused into one, the *ex officio* members expelled, all the officiating clergy admitted to the franchise, and, worse than all, lay members introduced into the Assembly. He must be sanguine, indeed, who expects that a scheme which would be equally offensive, though on opposite grounds, to the authorities both of Church and State, to Erastian laymen like Sir William Harcourt, who would resent the proposal to galvanise a worn-out Ecclesiastical corporation into new life, and to high Ecclesiastics, who would indignantly oppose the admission of laymen into the governing body of the Church, has the remotest chance of being adopted. In the meantime it is not pleasant to feel with Mr. Ryle that "Convocation is a great fact," and in his estimation a very ugly fact, since "it will annually meet, and talk, and debate questions, and by its unwise proceedings will inflict annual damage on the Church of England." But then it is distrusted by some, detested by others, known by all who look at the substance rather than the shadow, to be utterly impotent. We should fear, if we were Evangelical Churchmen, that to talk about reforming it would be to give it a fictitious importance. On the whole, it seems to us that those "excellent Churchmen, whose opinion is generally sound and wise," show their ordinary sagacity here when they suggest that "the safest plan is to let Convocation alone with its immense defects, to give it rope enough, and let it annually hang itself before the eyes of the public, till it falls into contempt, and is suppressed as a nuisance."

We have thought it necessary to give the view which numbers of the

soundest Churchmen take of Convocation, because of the false halo which there is around it in the eyes of many, who have no right appreciation of its character, and still more of the extravagant pretensions put forth by High Churchmen, who assume that Parliament has no title to legislate on Ecclesiastical questions without its consent. There have in truth been so many concessions made to it by successive statesmen that it has come to believe in its own power. It is really nothing more than what, according to Canon Ryle, "it looks to an outside spectator," "an Ecclesiastical Debating Society, in which certain well-known names are perpetually coming to the fore, and of which the proceedings are never read by one in a thousand." But some of its members have a very different view. They fancy that Parliament dare not introduce a Church Reform until their approval has been secured, they dream that great issues are dependent on the result of their deliberations, they even go as far as to suggest that the Church is not bound by the decisions of Parliament, unless they have received their endorsement. It is an illusion, and a very mischievous one; but it is one which gave unusual interest to the meetings of this Spring, and the practical effect of which has been, that Convocation, assuming to dictate in relation to the crucial questions which at present agitate the Church, has given more signal proofs than ever of its utter incompetence for the discharge of the functions which it claims to exercise. It has often gone far to confirm the judgment of the "excellent Churchmen" cited above, but never further than in the recent meeting in which it has contemptuously ignored the views of the people, and shown its inability to understand the signs of the times, placed itself in direct opposition to public opinion, and done its utmost to increase that alienation between the clergy and the laity, which the Bishops so naturally deplore.

There is nothing extraordinary in all this. Convocation has simply developed the vices which attach to all clerical assemblies, or rather which attach to exclusive assemblies of professional men in whatever sphere. We do not expect a body of railway managers to show proper consideration of what is due to the travelling public, nor a company of lawyers to have a primary care for the interest of suitors. It is only necessary to read a speech of Sir Edward Watkin's, at a meeting of the shareholders of any railway which rejoices in his sway, to understand how divergent would be the views of railway management between him and his sympathisers and the passengers who use the line. So, the recent action of the bar in reference to the Supreme Judicature Act, shows us how the lawyers may form a very different estimate of a cumbrous and complicated procedure, from that which is taken by those who have to provide the costs and endure the vexations of the delay in the administration of the law. Nothing is more common than to reproach clerical

assemblies for their selfishness and arrogance, and the reproach is so far justified, that we have a right to expect in them the action of nobler motives. But they are no worse than others. We at once admit that they ought to be better; but they only show the ordinary failings of human nature, and the blame rests not upon them so much as upon the system which places them in a false position, by investing them with an authority to which they have no rightful claim.

In an Establishment, constructed on such principles as those of which Sir William Harcourt has made himself the exponent, and which are much more easy for High Churchmen to repudiate than to disprove, there is no room for such a body as Convocation. The State is omnipotent, and in our judgment ought to be omnipotent. But being so, it is little better than mockery to summon a body of ecclesiastics, and throw before them some of the most exciting questions of the time for discussion, with a tacit understanding that their decision will have as little influence on the action of Parliament as the opinion of Lord Northbrook's Commission on the fate of the Governor of Baroda. Bearing this fact in mind, however, it is a little amusing to note the diplomatic artifice which is employed to secure a certain style of deliverance from a body, to whose opinion little or no influence is attributed, except in clerical circles, or by those Ecclesiastical laymen whose narrowness and arrogance surpass even that of the clergy themselves. The Canterbury Convocation should have assembled at the time of the opening of Parliament, and as, from the gravity of the crisis, there seemed a special necessity for the fullest deliberation, the postponement of its meeting came upon all who were interested in it as a surprise, which effect certainly was not lessened by the reason assigned for the delay. Lent came early this year, and the Primate, in his consideration for the members of the two Houses, would not call them away from the sacred and pressing duties of the season, to the excitement and agitation of Convocation debates. We are necessarily so unacquainted with the mysteries of Lent, that we confess ourselves utterly incompetent to pronounce as to the validity of this excuse. But it did strike us, as uninformed and disinterested observers, that it was somewhat singular that the same considerations had no weight in the Northern Province, and that the Archbishop of York imposed upon the clergy the burden from which the Primate spared their more fortunate brethren of the South. The thing was a mystery, until the *Church Times* supplied a key to its solution. It is not a trustworthy guide, but for once its explanation has an air of probability about it. We give it in its own words, that our readers may not lose the benefit of the characteristic grace and elegance of its style. It sees the appearance, at least, of "adroit manipulation," and does not hesitate to suggest that

the Primate's professed consideration for the parochial duties of the proctors was only a pretence, intended to hide his desire to prevent all action on the part of the Canterbury Convocation, until that of York, on which, if we are to accept the testimony of Canon Ryle, (who tells us that "for soundness in the faith and common sense, Northern Churchmen far surpass their brethren in the South), more confidence might be reposed, had spoken. Here is the account of the proceeding:—

"The reports of the ruridecanal chapters seem to have convinced the Primates that it would be unsafe to let the Southern Convocation declare its opinion; and so His Grace of Canterbury gravely propounded the novel theory, that the proctors of his clergy could not spare a week at the beginning of Lent for the performance of their synodical duties. He, therefore, arranged for a meeting a couple of months later than usual. Dr. Thompson clutched at the ball thus thrown down at his feet, and held a sitting of five days, in which his little 'one-horse' Convocation (as our American brethren would call it) modestly took upon itself to pronounce on the two vexed questions of the eastward position and the vestments. To be sure, its deliverances could hardly have been quite satisfactory to the most rev. prelates. A resolution in favour of the vestments was rejected by only 28 to 22, or reckoning the representative members of Synod, by 16 to 14; but one proposed by the Bishop of Carlisle, pooh-poohing the assault on the eastward position, was carried by 30 to 18, or, reckoning the clergy proctors, only by 20 to 9."

As the *Church Times*, which must certainly be acquainted with the demands of Lenten observance, and must be regarded as an authority on that point, does not see the ground of the Primate's difficulty, we must suppose that it was not a serious one, and that we must look elsewhere for an explanation of the delay. His Grace evidently likes the Public Worship Act less the nearer the time comes for putting it in force. When it received the royal assent, it was so different from the proposal which in evil hour for the peace of the Episcopate and the security of the Establishment, he submitted to the House of Lords, that he might well have failed to recognise his own child, and have supposed that some wretched Erastian changeling had been palmed off in its place. Still, he made the best of the situation, and though his smiling countenance must have hidden an aching heart, he seemed at the close of the last session prepared to submit to any humiliation rather than sacrifice the hope of freeing the Establishment from the curse of "lawlessness." During the fierce and angry excitement of last July, he afforded a remarkable example of the weakness which may dwell in the breast even of a Primate, a weakness, indeed, which can only be explained on the ground of the great importance he attached to the passing of the Act, for whose sake it was displayed. But during the last few months a change has passed over the spirit of his dreams. Ritualism has held its ground, and the Primate would seem to have



been awed by its defiant aspect. If he supposed that a mere menace would be sufficient to induce it to submit, the event has proved how egregiously he was mistaken, and now that he and his brethren have to choose between carrying out the threat, or consenting to be defeated, they are in a state of great perplexity. Whether this caused the delay in the summoning of his Convocation of Canterbury, is among the secrets of the Archiepiscopal breast, into which we must not presume to pry. We have only the facts before us in the following sequence : First, the York Convocation meets at the very time when it was assumed that that of Canterbury could not assemble, and disappointed the hopes of those who expected from it a strong deliverance both against the Vestments and the Eastward position, and what was even worse, furnished fresh proof, in the speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, of the impossibility of uniting moderate men of all parties to put down Ritualists. Then followed the memorable Episcopal manifesto, which was really a whining appeal to the clergy to obey the law which the Bishops were evidently afraid to enforce. It certainly seems as if there was a desire to stave off the anticipated resolution of the Southern Convocation, if possible, to modify their tone.

Such were the preliminaries to the meeting of Convocation which had to confront, during its brief sitting, some of the most difficult questions ever submitted to such an Assembly. The Bishops, with that commendable prudence in which they are so seldom deficient, abstained from all discussion of the knotty questions which are agitating the Church. If they had dealt with them at all, it was certain that they would have pleased nobody, whereas they would have been equally sure to expose the hollowness of the apparent agreement of which the Allocation was the outward symbol. Very wisely, therefore, they assumed an attitude of silent expectancy, and waited for the Lower House to instruct both them and the nation as to the views of the clergy. It, nothing loth, at once undertook the task, and it must be said in its favour, that it left no room for doubt as to its sympathies and opinions. If it represents the feeling of the clergy, there can be no question that they do not wish to have Ritualism suppressed, that they will not stand by and see it "stamped out," that, on the contrary, they will find excuses for its abuse of liberty, and do their best to screen it from any attack made upon it, lest its overthrow should involve others in its destruction. It is not easy to conceive of a more complete illustration of the antagonism between the clergy and the laity, than that which these proceedings supply. The feeling of the people is decided and strong both against the Eastward position and the sacrificial vestments. The clergy are determined not to sacrifice the former, and though the latter point has not yet been determined, we fear they are

as anxious to allow the use of the obnoxious robes, under certain restrictions, which amount to little or nothing.

The report of the Committee, presented to the Convocation, wore the appearance of a compromise. But in truth it was only the appearance, for though, as might have been predicted, it did not please so decided and consistent a man as Archdeacon Denison, it conceded everything which any Ritualist need ask, far more than a reasonable member of the party could, ten years ago, have hoped to get. The Prolocutor was charged by some Evangelical organs with having packed the Committee, but if a Committee ought fairly to represent the opinions of the body by whom it is appointed, the allegation cannot be sustained. High Churchism was undoubtedly dominant in the Committee, but it is equally so in Convocation itself. We must go further and say, that even if the constituency by which the proctors are chosen were enlarged, so as to include all officiating clergymen, we believe that the ascendancy of the Anglican school would become only more apparent. In short, the Report seems to us a true reflection of the actual state of opinion among the clergy. It did not propose any change in the Rubrics themselves, it did not suggest that any particular position or special robe should be made obligatory on the celebrant at the Lord's Supper, it simply urged that liberty should be granted, and that this should be secured by certain explanatory notes to the Rubrics. This may be called a compromise, but it is the kind of compromise which France got when she obtained peace by allowing Germany to remain in possession of Alsace and Lorraine. Germany did not pretend to annihilate the French power altogether, any more than the Ritualists ask at present to extinguish Protestantism in the Establishment. But the German standard which floats over Metz and Strasburg is not a more unmistakable symbol of German victory, and a more serious menace to France, than the toleration of the Eastward position, and the Vestments would be the sign of a Sacerdotal victory, a grave and ominous warning of the peril with which Anglican Protestantism is threatened. It is strange to find what slight importance numbers attach to these things, and yet it is not strange when we contrast the weakness which the Evangelicals show in relation to them, with the decision, the boldness, and the uncompromising resolution of their Anglican opponents.

This was abundantly manifest both in the Report of the Committee and in the proceedings of Convocation. Archdeacon Denison stood alone among the members of the Committee in his protest against the former, and in the recorded reasons for his dissent he shows that loyalty to principle, that contempt of the feeble faltering expediency, which is working such deadly injuries to truth, that fearless spirit which has won him the respect of extreme Nonconformists as much as of those pro-

nounced Anglicans who look up to him as their champion. Even the consideration of the advantage which may accrue to his own friends from the proposed changes, could not induce him to assent to a Report which seemed to him to involve a compromise of principle. Men of his stamp are voted unmanageable, because they will not accommodate truth to the varying exigencies of party, or the ever changing views of the time, and there is no doubt that they often stand in the way of arrangements which would be very convenient. But on whatever side they be found, their love of truth is the salt which saves our controversies and strifes from degenerating into personal squabbles or faction fights. The reasons of the Archdeacon's dissent are nine, but there is only one which calls for special notice. It is that which deals with the suggested note on the Rubric, which prescribes the position of the celebrant during the consecrating prayer. The Committee recommend that the "present diversity of usage which the Rubrics have with so much show of reason been held to countenance, should not be interfered with," and propose that a note be added to this effect. On this the Archdeacon says :—

"III. Because the first of such 'Notes,' that touching the position of the celebrant, would, if adopted, set the seal of the Church alike and indifferently upon two manners of ceremonial; touching which, to say that they are things indifferent, is to affirm an unreality; and although it may be allowable, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, to acquiesce in such diversity of usage, it is a new and strange thing for a Church to set its seal upon it."

Here is the ring of genuine conviction, which is all the more welcome, because of the way in which this subject has been played with. An endeavour has been made, in various quarters, to persuade us that this question of the position of the priest is a very trivial affair, and that no doctrinal significance attaches to it. But if so, we have certainly had "much ado about nothing," and it is hard to measure the blame which belongs to those of the clergy, who have disturbed the peace of the Church and the nation, thrown a stumbling block in the way of ignorant and anxious souls, and created a wide-spread alarm and suspicion in relation both to themselves and others, by their wanton determination to maintain a practice which, in their own showing, is not of vital importance; and is only prized by them as a piece of ecclesiastical antiquity, or, if they like the phrase better, of Catholic tradition. A true man like the Archdeacon, will not stoop to such a suggestion. He recognises the essential distinction between these "two manners of ceremonial," he tells us that "to say they are things indifferent, is to affirm 'an unreality.'" In a document of another kind, the expression might have been made even stronger, but it is at least plain and decided, and in these respects is greatly to be preferred to the language of the protest

from the Dean of Lincoln, the Bishop Archdeacon of London, and five others who united in their dissent.

"III. Because we cannot recommend the formal authorisation of two positions of the minister at the celebration of the Holy Communion (one of which is, to say the least, contrary to the all but universal usage of the Church of England during more than 200 years), without more effectual security against the new position being popularly regarded as conveying a doctrinal significance, not in harmony with the teaching of the Liturgy and Articles of the Church.

"IV. Because it seems to us that two distinct practices, so explicitly defined and authorised, necessarily imply the formal recognition of two diverse doctrines; an anomaly altogether different from the comprehension under one and the same rule of persons, who, while differing from one another in many respects, are content to remain under such rules."

Here the third reason neutralises the strength of the fourth. If the latter stood alone, we might have thought that the assertion of the necessary contrariety between the two theories was as distinct as that of the Archdeacon of Taunton, but, unfortunately, the previous reason suggests the idea, that there might be effectual security, though as yet it has not been provided "against the new position being popularly regarded as conveying a doctrinal significance not in harmony with the teaching of the Liturgy and the Articles of the Church." The truth is, as the fourth reason plainly shows, there can be no such security. The systems are not only distinct but antagonistic. The belief in their diversity is not only a popular impression, but a well-known fact, and it is those who are most familiar with the subject who now how absolute, ineradicable, and complete their opposition is. The third reason is, therefore, a mere trifling with the question. It suggests the possibility of reconciliation where reconciliation there cannot be. We honour the dissentients for their firmness, we admire them especially for the outspoken plainness of their fourth reason, and this makes us regret the more that they should have destroyed its effect by the suggestion of the other.

We find the same kind of fatal weakness, though developed in a much more decided form, in the speech of Canon Miller. It must be hard for an Evangelical to maintain his integrity at all in such an atmosphere as that of the Jerusalem Chamber, and we are bound, therefore, to give the Rector of Greenwich credit for the decided stand which he took in opposition to the Report. It is never pleasant for a man to be in a minority, especially when the majority view him as false to the interests of his own order, and we must always judge leniently of any pliancy on the part of one who is placed in so invidious a position. Dr. Miller showed his usual sagacity in his estimate of the true character of the Report. He was not to be deceived by the show of

moderation of the plea for liberty, and in the plainest terms he asserted that the concession were all on one side. The Anglican would get permission for changes, "which would convulse the Church of England from one end to the other." "They might not call it the Mass, but it would be a most offensive exhibition to the people, and distasteful to the greater part of the clergy." "What," he goes on to ask, "are the concessions which the Evangelical party are to receive? Not a single concession worth having is made to the great and flourishing Evangelical party." We may doubt whether the condition of the party is so satisfactory as is here implied, and, still more, whether its policy entitles it to be described as "great," but these are illusions which may easily be pardoned to one of its zealous members. But we certainly do not wonder that Dr. Miller should complain of the treatment accorded to his friends, though we are surprised that he should suggest the idea that the toleration of practices so often denounced as Romish, could be matched by any indulgence to Evangelicals, and above all, that such compensation could be found in the liberty to leave out the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed. We are glad to find that Evangelicals are anxious to be free from the obligation to read these Anathemas, though we must remind them that Parliament only can set them free; but we did not know that they would regard such liberty as a special concession to them, and there are other points (for example, the permission to modify the terms of the Baptismal service, or the formula of Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick), about which we might have expected to find them more anxious.

They, however, know best what troubles them, and though we think if the vicious principle of compensation is to be introduced at all, Canon Miller might well have asked more, we think much less of this than of his strange, and we must say unworthy, attempts to patch up an alliance with the High Church party. "There is no man outside your pale, if I may so say, who honours the High Church clergy more than I do; or who more sincerely desire that we might get rid of prejudices which separate us and bridge over the chasm. I never speak of them as Ritualists. I have in my hand a sermon I preached thirty years ago, containing passages which show that this is not a transient sentiment in my mind. But why do the High Church party throw their shield around those men whose teaching, whose services, whose practices are none of them in accordance with the spirit of the Church of England?" The man who can talk thus is a leader of "the great and flourishing Evangelical party." Is it wonderful that a party which has such leaders is, in the eyes of all outside its own ranks, and of many of the more loyal and zealous men within them, daily losing much of its influence and prestige? How can it be anything else, if it is only separated from its

High Church adversaries by prejudices? Time was when they were principles, but in Dr. Miller's view they are only prejudices. Grant his view, and the fate of the Evangelicals is not doubtful, nor will it be long delayed.

How different is the tone of High Churchmen. We may have occasion to notice more fully the able and decided speech of Canon Gregory at another time. At present our space will not allow us to do more than point out the striking difference between his uncompromising attitude and the feeble utterances of Canon Miller. He sees what his brother Canon cannot or will not see, that the line of distinction is to be drawn between Evangelicals and High Churchmen, not between the latter and Ritualists. He sees that the extreme Ritualist has only worked out those principles of the moderate Anglican, as to the right of the priesthood and the efficacy of the sacraments, which the Evangelical holds in extreme abhorrence. He feels that he must throw his shield over the men, of whom Dr. Miller would fain be rid, because they mean precisely the same thing as he does himself, though they set it forth in a different way. He must laugh in his sleeve at the man who dreams he would sacrifice them to conciliate the Evangelicals or even to save the Establishment. There is one test we should like to apply to Canon Miller. Is Canon Gregory one of the High Churchmen, from whom he is only separated by mutual prejudices? If he is not, does he suppose that there are some moderate men of the party who would sacrifice him, and even Canon Liddon, for the sake of peace? If he is, then what is the Protestantism of the Establishment worth?

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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Children Reclaimed for Life.* By the Author of "The Romance of the Streets." London: Hodder & Stoughton. (Price Three shillings and sixpence.)

THIS pretty volume contains an account of Dr. Barnardo's remarkable work in the East of London. It is a remarkable story of courage, faith, benevolence, and success. He was led on from very small beginnings, to an enterprise which has now assumed very considerable magnitude. The special qualifications which he has for his work must be considerable, but the account of what he has done may stir other hearts to attempt similar usefulness. The book is written rather too much in

the *Daily Telegraph* special correspondent style to be quite to our taste; but this will not diminish its popular attractiveness.

*The Year of Salvation: Words of Life for Every Day.* By J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D. Translated by C. SPENCE. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. (Price, Seven shillings and sixpence.)

THIS volume contains daily readings for half a year. Dr. Van Oosterzee is a learned theologian, but he can write simply and fervently. The translator has rendered the original into most readable English.

# *The Congregationalist.*

JULY, 1875.

## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

XIX.—AKABAH TO WADY ITHM.

ON Sunday, March 23, we were encamped on the sea, near the head of the Gulf of Akabah. The heat was intense. On Monday we started at 6.45, and for an hour and a half our route lay across the sands. Occasionally, on the left, there were pleasant groups of palm-trees. On the shore there were waggon-loads of coral. Above the head of the gulf we passed over baked mud, which showed here and there the traces of the streams which drain the Wady Arabah. About ten or eleven o'clock we reached the cluster of houses in the neighbourhood of the fort of Akabah. We had our carpets thrown down on the ground under a wall, a short distance from the sea, and while Salem and the Arabs went on with the tents to the camping place a few hundred yards' distance, we sat down to lunch, with Hassan and Mahommed for our attendants. Twenty or thirty men squatted down on the ground in a half-circle to watch us. The people living here are not Bedouin, but children or remoter descendants of Cairenes, who were sent to Akabah on military service and made it their home. The population amounts to about a hundred. Their costume was rather different from anything we had seen before. The men who sat about us at lunch had a large white cotton shawl for a head-dress; it was fastened round their temples with a rope of camel's hair. Nearly every man had a long gun. They seemed to find a solemn amusement in watching us while we were eating. A few children, with not much on them except their hair and their skin, and who at first were very much afraid of us, peeped at us from behind their fathers and uncles; but when they had discovered that we had enough to eat without eating them, and when they



had tasted our sweetmeats, they plucked up more courage. After lunch we mounted our camels, and moved in stately procession to the tents.

The fort is kept by about thirty Turkish soldiers, and there are five or six more men for the "artillery." There is a governor, a military commander, and a doctor. It is a station for the protection of the pilgrims to Mecca, and also a quarantine station. All pilgrims are examined when they pass the fort, and are detained if there are any signs of cholera. Soon after we reached the tents, the governor—a tall man in a flowing white robe—paid us a visit of ceremony. He was accompanied by a very respectable-looking old gentleman, who was the military commander. We entertained our guests with cigarettes, coffee, lemonade, and sherbet. This was literally all the entertainment which we could afford them, for neither his excellency nor the soldier could speak any language but Turkish or Arabic, and Salem was too busy to remain with us and act as interpreter. We had to sit together, therefore, without talking. Occasionally the governor put his hand to his heart and bowed to us. As we supposed that this meant something courteous, we put our hands to our hearts and bowed to him in return, smiling a little, but keeping as grave as we could. It was not very amusing after the first ten minutes. The visit must have lasted for two hours. Towards the close of it, a young fellow came in—the doctor's clerk—who knew a little English; and at last the doctor himself came—a brisk, talkative old gentleman—in a very airy costume, which would destroy the dignity of even the President of the College of Physicians. The old gentleman was an Arab, but had been educated in Paris, and he spoke French fluently. Unfortunately he had lost his teeth, and he seemed to think that by the rapidity of his talking he could make up for the want of distinctness in his articulation. However, the clerk's slow-going English, and the doctor's torrent-like French, were a relief after the silence of the governor, and we succeeded in exchanging what may be courteously described as our "thoughts."

The long ceremonial visit of the afternoon ought to have satisfied the official mind; but in the evening the governor and the military commander came to us again. We felt that we had been sufficiently civil to the great people earlier in the day, and left Salem to entertain them. After they were gone, Salem privately confided to me his opinion that "no men who have not lived with people of Europe are well educated. The governor," he went on to say, "does not know that he ought not to come to us again till we ask him or go to see him." I liked Salem's notion of "a well-educated" man. It was defective no doubt. The purely intellectual side of education was suppressed altogether. But his notion was good as far as it went; to him, the

educated man was the man who had been trained to behave well. Salem's test would make sad havoc with some men who have a great deal of knowledge. I pitied the governor. Poor fellow, he must have a dull life with his two wives, and was doubtless glad to have a chat with an intelligent man like Salem. Comparatively few European travellers came in his way. His duties are very light and very monotonous. The chief relief he gets is when a Haj passes on its way to or from Mecca; and when the vessel from Suez comes round once a year with supplies. These supplies include corn and other commodities, which the government distributes through him to the Bedouin, through whose territories the Haj passes.

Several days before reaching Akabah we had sent on a messenger to announce our coming, and to inform the Bedouin occupying the country north and north-west of Akabah, that we should want camels for Petra. Another travelling party, consisting of an Irish lady and gentleman, whose tents we had seen near the Wells of Moses at the commencement of our Desert journey, and whom we had seen again at Sinai, had reached Akabah on the previous Saturday evening; we reached it on Monday morning;—they, too, had sent on their messenger to the sheikhs of the Petra district. Between us, we wanted upwards of thirty camels. On Monday evening the camels, with their wild-looking drivers, began to come in. At night twelve men were sent down by the governor to guard our tents; Salem was infinitely disgusted, for he had to pay so much a head for them. Early on Tuesday morning, camels and Bedouin continue to arrive; but the great Sheikh, without whose presence we could do nothing, did not appear. Salem fretted and fumed. I do not think that Salem's temper was improved by a third visit paid to our tents that morning by the governor, who found our tent and our company so pleasant that he stayed again a couple of hours.

About noon I was sitting in the shade of one of the tents dreaming about the ancient commercial activity of this deserted and desolate port, which, as I have said, is now visited by a vessel only once a year. At a few hundred yards distance from me were huge mounds of earth, which, I suppose, cover the remains of the ancient city. "Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red sea, in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon." (1 Kings ix. 26, 27.) Ezion-geber may perhaps have stood ten miles further north, in the valley of the Arabah, which is now dry; under the mounds, near our tents, are probably concealed the ancient Eloth or Elath, which after being for some time in the possession of the Jews, was taken by Rezin, King of Syria. It remained an active, commercial city down to Mahomedan times. I was looking at the mounds

and thinking moodily of the history they covered, when suddenly there was a cloud of dust, and I saw that a brilliant cavalcade was coming up at a swift pace right over the grave of the ruined city.

The dromedaries moved in a style in which I had hardly ever seen them move before, and the riders were dressed in a most picturesque manner. The great Sheikh and his friends had come at last. They dismounted and made their way to the saloon tent, where Salem received them and entertained them with the usual coffee, sherbet, and tobacco. In the course of an hour we went in and exchanged courtesies with our guests. Sheikh Mahommed, the chief man in the country through which we were to travel, was a very distinguished-looking personage—tall, with noble features, and with a singular refinement and delicacy in his whole countenance. The dignity and grace with which he received us would have done honour to an ancient European court. The other Sheikhs were also very gracious. They were all smoking and drinking. As soon as they arrived, Salem had a sheep killed, and by four o'clock or earlier their lunch was ready. Five Bedouin and the governor disposed of half the sheep, and six pounds of rice. They like to have the rice served floating in melted butter, so that when they dip their hand in the dish, the butter runs through their fingers. In the evening, the half-dozen gentlemen went down to dine in the tents of our Irish friends. There they consumed another half-sheep.

In the afternoon Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I went beyond the Fort to see a Haj which had just arrived from Mecca. There were about two hundred, including men, women, and children. It was the Algerine Haj, but many people from Cairo had joined it. Most of them looked horribly dirty. The old doctor found them very troublesome; they positively refused to pay their fees for his certificate. From what I could understand, he examines the whole camp, and if he finds no disease, gives a certificate to its chief. Unless this certificate is handed to the authorities at the next station, the Haj is not allowed to proceed. The fee is determined by the number of pilgrims. These turbulent Algerines told the doctor that if he did not give them their certificate they should wait for the next Haj, which was only a day behind them, and that they would go forward with that Haj as soon as the doctor had made his examination of it, and granted his certificate. I asked the doctor why the governor did not turn out his soldiers and force the mutinous pilgrims to submit; the doctor pointed me to the guns and pistols and swords which the pilgrims carried, and suggested that the thirty or forty soldiers would be over-matched.

Later in the day we went to the fort to return the governor's three visits. We were received in a large room—a roughish outhouse we

should call it in England—opening on to the quadrangle in the centre of the fort. A stone divan, about two and a half feet high, ran along two sides of the room; the “divan” was very much like the brick stand on which beer casks are placed in a cellar, but rather higher and broader. On this stone shelf there were very pretty mats and Persian carpets, with great cushions placed against the wall. The governor squatted on the shelf at one end, and we sat or squatted with him. The commander-in-chief was there, and the artillery officer and the lawyer. One or two rough-looking fellows served us with water, coffee, and pipes. It was amusing for a little time, and as we were the visitors, we could leave when we were tired. That night the Sheikhs, with two or three of their friends, sat up till two o’clock, smoking Salem’s tobacco. They got through four pounds, and were at it again at seven o’clock in the morning. I was sitting smoking my morning pipe, when Sheikh Mahommed came up to me. I was shocked at the change in his appearance, produced by the mutton he had eaten and the tobacco he had smoked. The noble face was bloated; the dignity and refinement were gone; he looked half-stupid and quite brutal.

Our visit to the governor on Tuesday was a visit of ceremony. On Wednesday we visited him on business. We had to settle in his presence the terms on which Sheikh Mahommed would arrange for our journey through Petra to Hebron. We were received in the same “outhouse” in which we had been received the day before. We were a numerous company, and, so far as colour went, very brilliant. The governor sat at the end of the divan. He was smoking a cigarette, and wore a light cotton dress with pink stripes on it; he had cotton trousers, which left a large part of his legs bare; thick socks, which came up to his calf, and no shoes; on his head, of course, was the red fez. Next to him sat our Salem, cross-legged, smoking a chibouque. Salem had a green jacket, baggy green trousers, yellow slippers, which he threw on to the floor below him, and a red fez with yellow silk round it. Then came Mr. Lee. Next to him sat Sheikh Mahommed; a piece of rich amber silk, with broad maroon stripes, was fastened round his head with a white rope. He had a brown outer garment, bluish trousers, red boots, coming half way up his legs; pistols were stuck in his belt, a sword in a red scabbard hung at his side, and he smoked a long chibouque, with a Mecca bowl. I sat next to the Sheikh. On the other side of me sat the withered, chattering old doctor, with loose white trousers and white waistcoat, and a flowing puce robe. Like Salem he had thrown his slippers on to the ground. Then came Sheikh Hamad, who was to have charge of our party, and who was dressed very much like Mahommed. Next him sat the lawyer, or scribe, in a

white turban and white dress. Matting had been laid on the floor under the windows, and there sat our poor old asthmatic Sheikh Nassar, who had brought us from the Wells of Moses, and from whom we were soon to part; he was arrayed in the crimson glory of the dress which Salem had bought for him in Cairo. One of Sheikh Mahommed's dependents sat next to him, and then the artillery officer. After we were seated the doctor's clerk came in and sat down on a chair near the door. Last of all came the military commander, and sat on a stool in the middle of the room.

Coffee and pipes and compliments occupied us for half an hour. There was a small charcoal fire in the corner of the room, on which the coffee was boiled, and from which pieces of burning charcoal were brought to light the pipes. We were served by a man whose clothes were filthily dirty; happily his clothes were very scanty. The governor was informed that Mr. Lee, who was sitting near him, did not smoke; of course his excellency smiled and bowed; he then told the man to fetch a chibouque; the bowl was filled with tobacco; the governor put the large amber mouth-piece into his mouth; the man brought a piece of charcoal and dropped it into the bowl; then the governor "drew," puffed once or twice, and passed the pipe on to me.

The business was got through expeditiously. Sheikh Mahommed was too sleepy and stupid, in consequence of his excesses the previous night, to say much, but he gave an occasional grunt of assent. The lawyer drew up the agreement and all was settled. The camels were to be paid for at a fixed price per head, and special backsheesh was to be paid for the privilege of passing through Petra. Part of the money was to be paid down, part was to be paid at Petra, the rest at Hebron.

In the afternoon the Sheikhs and the governor came up to our encampment to dine. The lunch tent was prepared for them and their friends, and there was another half sheep consumed. There was a curious sight after they had dined. The lunch-tent was open at one end, so that the governor and the Sheikhs, when they sat down to smoke, could be seen and spoken to from outside. Some seventy or eighty men sat on the ground in front of the tent, including fifteen or twenty Akabah men, about fifty Bedouin from the Petra district, and some of the Bedouin that we had brought with us from the Sinaitic desert. When it got dark they lit their fires, and the scene was very picturesque. At night Salem gave a grand entertainment of fireworks, for which he had arranged with the artillery officer. There were one or two displays for which I do not know the technical name—a blazing, fizzing, fussy thing rushed backwards and forwards between two poles—and a huge wheel whizzed round and threw off streams

of fire. These were very successful. The rockets, of which there were a large number, were as beautiful, I think, as the rockets at the Crystal Palace. The Arabs were wild with delight. The Sheikhs sat up again over their coffee and pipes till nearly two o'clock in the morning, and at six o'clock I saw them smoking again.

Notwithstanding all these dissipations we were getting tired of Akabah. There was very little to see. The town, or village, consists of about thirty or forty solidly built hovels and the fort. Each hovel has a garden at the back, surrounded by a wall. In the gardens we noticed good crops of onions and vegetable marrows. The line of palm-trees, stretching for a quarter of a mile along the shore, looked very refreshing to the eye when we first saw them, and the heat made their shade welcome. Still, we had had enough of Akabah, and were glad to find that early on Thursday we were to make a start.

I despair of being able to give any impression of the wild uproar which commenced on Thursday morning as soon as the tents were down and the luggage ready to load. Thirty-one camels were wanted for ourselves and the Irish lady and gentleman who were encamped near us; the people had brought in forty-eight. Of course every man who had brought a camel wanted to be engaged, and the Bedouin sprang like wild animals upon our bedsteads, tents, and portmanteaus, and the rest of our *impedimenta*. As soon as one man had seized anything to carry off to his camel another flung himself on to the prize and tried to take it from him; but notwithstanding the free fight, the ground was almost cleared in a surprisingly short time; I never saw the camels loaded so quickly. Still the swearing, struggling, and yelling went on, and if Sheikh Mahommed and Sheikh Hamad had not come out at last, about a quarter to eight, there would soon have been a fair chance of some of our possessions getting injured. Hamad, who was to have charge of us, indicated very quietly who was to go, and when the less fortunate men with fierce exclamations resented his decision, he put his hand on one of them, and with a blazing eye and a few sharp words, cowed them all. Still there was one great question unsettled. Which of the "elect" were to have the advantage and honour of mounting the travellers? To carry the gentlemen is a better thing than to carry the luggage. If the gentleman smokes there is a chance of tobacco; and there is always a chance of getting a little of the luncheon to eat, and a drink from the water-bottles at the mid-day halt; and at the end of the journey there is almost certain to be a little private backsheesh. All the men implored their chief to let them have us. Hamad seemed perplexed; but he solved the difficulty ingeniously. He saw our stirrups lying at a little distance from him, and he went and picked them up. Then he suddenly flung

the four pairs of stirrups over the heads of the clamouring crowd, and the men that got the stirrups were to have the riders. Even now the confusion was not quite over. Hamad had settled who were to go with us ; but of course every man wanted to have as light a load as possible. They, therefore, rushed about and tried to appropriate the lightest packages still left on the ground. The custom seemed to be that a man took off the rope which bound his head-dress round his temples, placed it on the luggage which he had selected, and so made it his own. All the men had the right to make the first choice, and they left the Sheikh's camels to carry the rest. Dignity, therefore, in this part of the world has its duties. The consequence, however, was that all Salem's heaviest luggage was left for Hamad's camels. What the men had chosen for themselves was light in proportion to its bulk ; every man seemed to have a good load, but there was comparatively little weight in it. It was impossible for what was left to be put on the camels of the Sheikh. Then Salem began to play the indignant and furious orator : he screamed at the men ; made impassioned appeals to Mahommed and Hamad, who listened to him with great equanimity ; he clenched his fist, tore off his fez, and seemed fairly distracted. In a little time the two Sheikhs got this further difficulty adjusted. There was one more scene before we were fairly off. During our encampment at Akabah, Salem had bought sheep and milk and vegetables of the people in the village, and at the last moment they came up to be paid. He declared that they were trying to swindle him. The doctor, I think, was appealed to, and the doctor's clerk. There was a great deal of gesticulation and shouting and indignation and scorn—especially on Salem's side ; but the creditors were at last appeased, and the parting seemed friendly and even affectionate.

At last we were ready to start. All bills were paid ; the camels were fairly loaded ; the governor had received his backsheesh—a gold watch and chain, or rather a gold chain—for we had left at Cairo the two gold watches which we took with us as a present for persons of high degree ; so we could only leave the governor a letter authorising him to claim the watch from a party of gentlemen who were a week behind us, and who, we had reason to believe, would bring on the forgotten packet with them. Sheikh Mahommed, the plausible governor, the fluent doctor, his rather vulgar little clerk, the military heroes had all said good-bye, and we began our march. Our kindly Tawarah people walked with us for about a quarter of a mile, and then bade us farewell with most effusive demonstrations of affection and respect. My man Sar kissed my hand as if I had been a prince. When the crowd began to thin, Salem, who like the rest of us was walking, began to eat his breakfast ; the cook walked by his side and carried the breakfast in



an iron pan. Salem had had rather a hot and furious time, and seemed to be hungry after it.

Nearly all travellers going to Petra have had to make a journey of about three days along the valley of Arabah, and have turned sharp to the east when they were about a day's march from the city. The Arabah is a stony, sandy valley, extending from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea to the head of the gulf of Akabah; it is terribly hot and uninteresting. Even this road to Petra has frequently been closed by the fierce quarrels raging among the Bedouin tribes, and by the reckless manner in which they exact backsheesh from travellers. Before leaving Cairo, Mr. Rogers, the consul, assured us that the Petra country was quiet, and his influence with the Sheikhs had enabled him to persuade them to consent to a fixed tariff of charges for passing through their country. We found that his name was a name of power among these wild people. Not only was the country immediately round Petra quiet, but the feud between the tribes immediately north-east of Akabah had been recently quieted, and in 1872 a party had been able to reach Petra by the ancient route from Akabah, lying through *Petræa*—a route which, according to Murray, no modern traveller, except Laborde, had ever followed. We were, therefore, exceptionally fortunate; Petra was accessible to us, and accessible by the route which for every reason was the route we should have chosen.

At starting we, too, had to travel five or six miles up the Arabah. This part of the valley has abundant vegetation of a kind, and though the cliffs, rising on each side are wild and savage, the valley has not the dreary appearance which it assumes a little further north. We turned eastward into the Wady Ithm, about an hour and a half after leaving Akabah. Sandstone hills, coloured red, yellow, and black, rose on each side to the height of 300 or 400 feet. The bottom of the Wady was sandy and the vegetation less abundant than in the Arabah. Near the entrance were the remains of a wall about four feet in thickness, which once, I suppose, crossed the valley and prevented all access to it. The Arabs could tell us nothing about it; but it was evidently a means of defence against hostile incursions. After we had been in the Wady about two hours, we came to what I know not how to describe except as a natural "veil," formed of sandstone boulders, and rising to the height of forty feet. It looked as though it had been thrown up by a torrent, which had afterwards broken through it, and so formed a channel for itself. The same kind of thing, on a smaller scale, occurred several times afterwards.

We reached camp, which was in Wady Ithm, at 3.30, and found our people in a state of considerable excitement. Sheikh Hamad

had halted with us at noon for lunch, so that his people were left to themselves. When they reached the camping-place none of them would help to put up the tents. Our servant Mahommed, who was Salem's lieutenant, the cook, and the cook's black boy, had had to do everything themselves. There was a great deal still to be done, and everything was in great confusion. The Sheikh soon made the people understand that they must work, and he set the example himself. In twenty minutes the tents were up. Then came a new trouble: Hamad's people had thought that they were likely to get water on the road, and with characteristic imprudence had not even brought their water-skins with them. During the day they had found a nasty greenish little pool, and had drunk some of the water; but on reaching camp they wanted more, and there was none to be had in the neighbourhood. They, therefore, went to the cook's tent and began to help themselves from our water-bottles. Then there was a row. The cook appealed to Salem. Salem stormed at the thirsty men, and they defied him. Then Salem appealed to Hamad, who suggested that he should compromise the business by giving the men a single cask. After dining that evening we were sitting outside our tents and noticed that a Bedouin woman, who was one of our party, was sitting alone and looking weary. Mr. Lee took her a glass of water, at which she seemed greatly astonished: the men said that they wished they were all women. This woman was a widow, belonging to one of the tribes through whose territory we were to pass. She happened to be in Akabah while we were there, and as she had two camels, she put in her claim to be hired. The Sheikh recognised her claim; but it seems that she could claim to furnish only one camel; and each of her animals, therefore, had only half a load. She continued with us till we reached Hebron, and behaved in a very quiet and respectable manner. At night she always lit her fire at a distance from the men, and camped alone with her camels, which, I suppose, formed nearly "all her living."

[I have received the following letter from Dr. Stoughton:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I have only just seen your June number, and there, on p. 337, I find a diverting story about myself and my friends, when we were at Sinai ten years ago. In that story we are charged with decamping at night without paying our bills, owing to the rascality of our dragoman.

It so happens that I contributed to the *Sunday at Home*, soon after my return, a few papers respecting our tour, and in it occurs the following passage:—

"In our journey to the convent we had left our tents and our baggage distant in the rear, and they did not arrive until the next day. On Sunday afternoon our canvas habitations were prepared for us with all their usual comfort, and we were glad of a good night's rest under their shelter, after the strange adventure of the previous evening. Awakening from a sound repose

on Tuesday morning, to which the fatiguing walks of Monday had disposed us, we commenced our journey northwards. It was always a scene of bustle when we made a fresh start ; that morning the bustle was more than ordinary. Our dragoman had made some new arrangement after our short halt ; certain Arabs had been away for awhile, and had just returned ; *and there were accounts to settle with the brethren of the convent*, of whom we had purchased some of their preserved fruits, and to whom payment was due for the slight accommodation furnished us within the walls. The noise of the camels, their obstreperous resistance to the imposition of their heavy burdens ; the screams, quarrels, and fightings of our attendants, as they were packing up and distributing the luggage ; their rebellious conduct towards their master, our dragoman, who administered some tremendous blows—and, as we heard, broke one man's finger—all this together formed something truly terrific ; whilst *the monks of the convent*, with their black caps, long hair, shaggy beards, and shabby gowns, *stood by in silent vigilance, only intent upon having certain accounts settled with themselves. Bills and dues all paid*, the encampment struck, the camels laden, the travellers mounted, the Arabs leading the animals by their halters, the procession once more moved on, and we bid a long adieu to the convent and its inmates."

Such is the account of our departure on Tuesday morning, March 14th, 1865, at half-past nine, written just afterwards ; and there now lies before me a sketch of the two monks who were looking on, as our dragoman packed the baggage on the camels. I well remember the circumstances, and can, testify, that the moral of your story—"Don't forget the Ten Commandments when you go to Sinai : take care that your dragoman settles his account with the monks," does not apply to our excellent travelling companion, who acted as treasurer and paymaster.

Whether the story relates to another party, or whether we were the "much clergymen" respecting whom such a story would be falsely told, I must leave you to settle with the monks the next time you go that way ; only remarking now that I should have supposed you were keen enough to see that our friends at the convent were too business-like to let their visitors off without paying their bills.

Yours very truly,

JOHN STOUGHTON.

*Cromwell House, Kent Gardens, Ealing, June 15.*

Dr. Stoughton has very successfully vindicated the character of his dragoman. But who, then, were the "much clergymen" that left Sinai without paying their bill ? Or did the rascally monk feel that it was a pious act to slander heretics ? It is my creed, however, that a traveller ought to believe—in a way—everything that is told him, especially everything that is told him by such people as monks ; if he does not he will lose half the pleasure of his journey. It is fortunate that I told the monk's story, for if I had not told it the readers of the CONGREGATIONALIST would not have had Dr. Stoughton's interesting letter.]



## ON TAKING THOUGHT FOR OTHERS.

SELFISHNESS is the commonest and most popular of the vices, because it is the easiest, and seemingly the most profitable. The idlest of men may be selfish without effort. The practice of other vices needs resolution: to be avaricious, a man must practise self-denial; to be coarsely indulgent, in a sensual manner, he must either go out of the common way of life to find the means of gratifying his desires, or he must make up his mind to disregard, or even to defy, the opinion of those with whom he is associated. In such cases, too, a direct and visible penalty follows the evil practice; however unreflecting, or however dulled in conscience, a man feels that he has done wrong, and that he must necessarily suffer for it. But in regard to selfishness, the wrong-doing itself is less apparent: indeed, it is sometimes almost or entirely unconscious, and the connection between the vice and its penalty is often altogether hidden. Indeed, the habit seems to have the pleasant result of bringing direct and calculable gain. A man avoids trouble by neglecting a duty; thus he saves himself labour, and worry, and the vexation or the sorrow that comes of failure to achieve a great purpose. Or he derives positive advantage, in money, or position, or immediate influence, by putting his own interest before that of others; and thus, by a selfish act, he seems to be so much the richer or more important. So it comes that selfishness is a common, a pleasant, and a profitable vice. As to the commonness of it, no reader need go out of himself for the proof. In all of us there are abundant seeds of self-love: our daily conduct affords constant indications of its influence. Let anyone examine himself, and see how great a part of his life is made up of thought and work for self. It will be a revelation to him, and a sharp and wholesome lesson, if he takes it rightly; for in most people this persistent love of self comes quite as much from want of self-knowledge, and from the half-unconscious habit of forgetting others, as from a deliberate intention to act in a selfish manner, for the sake of what it may bring in the way of advantage. All of us have a little world of our own, in which we stand as the centre. We dwell, as by instinct, upon our own desires and wants, our hopes and fears; we study our own comfort; everything presents itself to us as it may happen to affect our particular interests; we are intent upon gaining something for ourselves, or saving trouble; and so, often without intending it, we cease to think of others—of their cares or wishes, their comfort or advantage, their pain at neglect, their suffering in being pushed aside, or in having to stand outside the charmed circle we make

for ourselves. No man would be selfish if he could but realise the deadening, degrading influence of the vice: how it lowers the tone of his own life, how wretched it makes those who become the victims of its influence, how it dwarfs and warps the mind, how it narrows personal and family affection; sets a bar, like invisible steel, against the fulness of social intercourse; crosses and thwarts the currents of public usefulness; and brings back a man, steadily, with increasing force, and with ever-narrowing circles, upon the worst and smallest motive and centre he can have—himself, his own fancies, feelings, purposes, and interests.

There is one measure of the general scope and extent of selfishness, which enables us to form a true estimate of it. This is the admiration—in its old and true sense of wonder, as well as of commendation—which people bestow upon what they call self-sacrifice. The compound word implies at once a rule of conduct and a regret. Self is the rule; the sacrifice indicates a shade of melancholy, as if he who makes it had parted, as by some heroic or possibly Quixotic effort, with something he might have kept and used for his own profit. This admiration is the test of rarity. If self-sacrifice were common, we should cease to think of it; there would be only an addition to the range of duties, the discharge of which had become habitual. But as it is, we do note, with wonder, and with a strange feeling—half of compassion, half of a sort of sigh of emulation—the sacrifices of personal ease and interest which some people make for the benefit of others, who, often enough, are scarcely worth the trouble. There are men who put aside their own lives, dismiss all their pleasant hopes into Dreamland, banish the thought of rest, reconcile themselves to years of patient labour that can bring them no profit, and all for the sake of weaker ones dependent upon them, but who would be left by most men to fight their own way through the world. How an elder brother, for example—the illustration is derived from a real case—struggles for the sake of a youngster left him as a sort of legacy by a dead father; how he puts himself in the father's place, sees to the lad's education, pushes him forward in a profession, finds somehow—often with infinite labour and self-denial—the money that is wanted, gives the precious care of thought and guidance that no money can buy, endures disappointment with tender patience, rejoices in the young man's success, and with a sad smile lets him think that he has made it himself; and then sits down to rest awhile, only to find his own youth gone for ever, and to mark the grey shadow creeping across the path he has now to tread alone. This is self-sacrifice. Those who mark it, and know something of what the man has done, think of him with wonder, as one who is good beyond their own strength; but think of him also, with half-confessed pity, as one who

has chosen the shade when he might have lived so much more pleasantly in the sunshine of success and self-indulgence.

Women exhibit this rare and noble quality with greater frequency than men. It seems to come easier to them: their sympathy is quicker and keener, their capacity of self-repression more cultivated by habit. Many readers know some women who live wholly for others—a wife, a sister, a daughter—a patient Griselda, who submits even to tyranny, who never murmurs, whose whole thought and work are concentrated upon those whom she loves; whose life is a sad content, who bears ill-humour, neglect, ingratitude, with cheerful meekness, and finds a sublime reward—though often all-unconscious of it—in the sense that there seemed to be before her a duty to be done by someone, and that she has done it. For her, again, most people have the mixed feeling of admiration and pity already spoken of: a dim idea that such a life, though exalted, is wasted; an unspoken confession that, though it may be well to have such lives to make the world better, it is a stroke of good fortune to have escaped the lot one's self.

It is hopeless, no doubt, and perhaps undesirable, that examples of self-sacrifice, carried to this length, should become a common rule of life. There is no labour so hard, no strain so severe, as that of constant self-repression, and ordinary human nature might well prove unequal to it. Most people can give up something by a sudden effort; it is the steady, unvarying habit which they find intolerable. "Bear ye one another's burdens" is a direction which they can observe on occasions, which they fulfil by a few words of sympathy, or a timely gift, or in some of the hundred ways that occur as possible to be done now and then, by people of kindly disposition to those who are troubled, or are in less fortunate or less happy circumstances than themselves. But the bearing of burdens—which involves carrying them wholly, or for a long distance, or as part of one's daily life—the mass of the world does not understand, or care to bring itself to know; being content, in fact, to interpret texts in the comfortable manner which allows their application to be varied, or dropped out of sight, according to convenience.

But though the higher life of self-sacrifice—that is, of taking thought constantly for others—is unattainable by the mass of people, that constitutes no reason why examples of thoughtfulness for others, as the rule of life, should be so rare as to be matters of special admiration when we meet with them. To a great extent, selfishness is a matter of habit, and it is a duty to try and break the habit down. This does not really involve any heroic effort; we may begin, easily enough, with the concerns of everyday life. This reform, at least, is within our own power. To make the greater change—to soften a man who is selfish from hard-heartedness, or from brutality of disposition, or who is coarsely and

grossly self-indulgent in a merely sensual way, or whose soul is dwarfed and cankered by the greed of money—this needs a higher influence than the repression of a thoughtless habit, and the cultivation of a kindly one. Before water will flow from the rock, the rock must be smitten with the miracle-working rod. But ordinary people, neither better nor worse than the mass of mankind, whose hearts are not flint, may school themselves into such self-sacrifice as will make life higher and sweeter for themselves, and more tolerable for those about them. It needs only that, instead of chiefly and first thinking of themselves and of what they would like, they should think of others—of their comfort and convenience, of their feelings and interests. The saving of pain and labour which might be accomplished in this way is incalculable: life might be rendered easier and brighter to many people to whom it is now not a little dark and wearisome.

Take, for example, so small a matter—as it seems—as courtesy and kindness of manner. We call ourselves ladies and gentlemen, forgetting often what these names mean; that they imply gentleness of thought and conduct, gracefulness, consideration for the feelings and wishes and comfort of those about us—chivalry, indeed, in all its essential qualities. Suppose that for the talk about being ladies and gentlemen we substituted the practice, that we recognised and observed the character implied by the assumption of such names? Note how one great class would benefit by the change—household servants, and persons employed in what are called inferior positions. Many masters and mistresses seem to look upon their servants as people of a really lower race: they are ordered to do what is required, instead of being courteously asked to do it. Their time is regarded as belonging wholly to their employers, so that in some households rest is looked upon as a sort of crime, or, at least, as an offence to be visited with reproof. They are expected to live without recreation, or if they get it, the restrictions imposed are often so irksome as to convert amusement into a penance. Of course, there are exceptions, but as a rule, especially in large towns, servants are practically shut out of the home circle and the home life. Hence the complaints, so common and frequently so true, that the old class of good, faithful, friendly servants is dying out. The fault, however, is not more, perhaps not so much, with them as with their employers. When manners were simpler, and wealth and luxury were less common, there was a closer union between families and their servants: these were really part of the household; manners were homelier, and so conduct and speech were kinder, or at least more familiar. There is no real difficulty in restoring such relations, if people would only give themselves a little trouble to get into the habit, and if they would base the habit upon some moderate study of the characters of their servants,



and upon a recognition of the fact that domestics are much the same in temper, inclinations, and feelings, as those who have the direction of them. A kindly "good morning" or "good night," a pleasant manner of asking for service, a willing recognition of attention and activity, an interest in personal comfort, some knowledge of and participation in the pleasures or cares of servants, or their family relations, an indisposition to put them to needless trouble—these are small things in themselves, taken singly; but in mass they make the difference between content and discomfort. There are people who will do nothing for themselves if they can get a servant to do it for them: mistresses who will hardly cross a room to reach something they want, if the bell happens to be within easier reach. In such households the example of the head is quickly and closely copied by the rest: a thousand things that women and girls might do for themselves, have to be done by servants; and the help is received without a word of thanks. Much the same treatment is applied generally to those whom some of us—that is, those of us who are under-bred—call our "inferiors." Cold, or rough speech, orders in place of requests, the total severance of interest based upon personal feeling, the exaction of labour to the uttermost: this is too commonly the rule, and we are angry if it is resented. But it must be so. We are thoughtless about others; and the want of thought recoils upon ourselves.

Old people, again, need to be treated with thoughtful consideration. Those of us who are strong and robust, full of vigorous life and health, are too apt to deal with the old as if they were of our own standing. We are hasty and impatient, their deliberation wearies us; we make no effort to enter into their ways of thinking, we do not consider how brusqueness or indifference hurts them. We think, in short, of ourselves, and not of them. Yet, with old people of all ranks, patience is very needful, extreme patience sometimes, if we are to study their comfort rather than our own; and with patience, a certain deference as to those who are at once more experienced and yet weaker than ourselves. There is no surer sign of inbred courtesy and thoughtfulness than this considerate treatment of old people—saving them trouble, bearing with their fancies, looking to their personal comfort, helping them without ostentation, keeping back an air of patronage, or forced attention, and above all avoiding any display of indifference. The aged love to be listened to, and to be allowed to speak with an air of authority. If we take thought for them, we shall admit their claim. Some day, perhaps, we may have to make it for ourselves; and then we shall understand the bitterness that comes from the thoughtlessness of the young and the strong.

It would be easy to go through class after class, and to show how by

taking thought for others, we can make life happier for them, and sweeter and higher for ourselves. Children, for instance, have special claims to consideration. Juvenal's maxim—"Render the greatest reverence to youth"—*maxima debetur pueris reverentia*—has a wider meaning than that which it immediately conveys. The poet bids us to refrain from saying in the presence of children whatever it is not fit that they should hear; and in his day, as unhappily in ours, the seniors talked of much that would corrupt or taint the mind of youth. But, enlarging the maxim, we may learn from it to treat children with thoughtful consideration, to study their characters, to enter into their feelings, to try to become their friends, and to foster the growth of confidence and affection between themselves and us. Children are sensitive in much the same way, and in an equal degree, with old people. A hasty word, an impatient gesture, a tone of coldness, an exhibition of neglect, hurts them worse sometimes even than a blow. They are like delicate flowers, which, if roughly touched, close their petals or lose their bloom. An ill-chosen phrase lives in the memory of children for years, sometimes even for life. Wound their self-esteem, and they can neither forget nor forgive the injury. Treat them gravely and kindly, discuss with them, as with reasonable beings, the subjects which interest them, and they become friends at once, and yield their love with all the freshness and abundance of a sweet perfume. The worst injury to children—and it is the commonest—is to treat them with the neglect of impatient disdain. They hunger for companionship and appreciation. Nothing is more pitiable than the state of a solitary child, thrown back upon itself because older people are too careless or too thoughtless to try to understand the wishes and feelings of the little one, to share in its amusements, or to deal tenderly and sympathisingly with the numberless problems and difficulties, the thoughts and fancies, which fill the mind of a quick and intelligent child. Yet the *maxima reverentia* means all this, if we look at it rightly; and those who try to practise it in this light will not only have the love and the confidence of the children—the most precious of all possessions—but will gain in sweetness and tenderness for themselves; will realise, in short, the lesson taught by the Great Master, when He set the little child before Him, and bade the wondering disciples note that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

There are others, besides children, for whom we ought to take thought if we desire to make life happier. There are the dull people, for example. The quick, and vigorous, and energetic—those who see things at once, who appreciate and reason as if by instinct, ought specially to be on their guard against impatience with those who are duller than themselves. The mass of mankind are dull—there is no denying it; they need to have the clearest and fullest explanations before

they understand a subject : if we desire to impress them, we must repeat facts and arguments over and over again, with unflinching patience. To hurry them is to produce hopeless confusion ; to turn from them with contempt is to inflict upon them a blow of which they feel the pain, though they fail to understand the motive. Here patience and labour bring their certain reward in the enlightenment of the subjects of them, and in the higher culture, mental and moral, of those who submit themselves to the wholesome discipline of the process. Even a word may be put in for those terrible social nuisances—the bores : the people of one idea, or those who, being themselves confused, take an infinity of words to convey their meaning. It may seem a startling thing to say, but it is true, that from even the worst of bores something is to be learned, and that it answers to be patient with them. Strangely enough, the bore is often very sensitive : he feels and resents a slight. To be courteous and patient with him is to avoid giving pain ; and this is the mark of a true gentleman : Timid and nervous people, again, need thoughtful handling ; to place them at their ease, one must give them time, and be easily accessible. There are persons—far too numerous—who are unapproachable. “You can’t speak to them” is a common phrase. Such persons commit the error of taking no thought for others : their thoughts are centred in self ; before them the timid or the nervous are stricken dumb, or fall into pitiable helplessness. This fault of manner and temper needs to be corrected as much for a man’s own sake, as for the comfort of those about him—for nothing so narrows the soul and dries up the affections as the double habit, always conjoined, of thinking too highly of ourselves, and too little of those with whom we are associated. Even the most loving disposition is blighted and soured by the constant display of self-satisfied arrogance, or contempt for the feelings and the capacity of others. Many men of great ability and of high qualities give intense pain, and themselves suffer infinite loss by cultivating this temperament, or by not resisting its influence. They have an intellectual disdain of the judgment or the knowledge of those about them, and they show it in their talk and their demeanour. You cannot attempt to sustain a conversation with them without submitting to some loss of self-respect ; they belong to the unapproachable class, and the result is that they at once inflict pain upon their friends and endure it themselves. In the hands of such men, dull, or nervous, or sensitive people suffer terribly. It is like vivisection without the administration of an anodyne. A kind word would put the victims at their ease ; the least willingness to hear or consider what they have to say, to listen to their difficulties, to treat their opinions with decent respect, would give them encouragement, and thus whatever good could be got out of a man would come naturally into view. But the kind word, even if half

uttered, turns into a gibe, the occasional willingness to listen is accompanied with a gesture of impatience or an expression of instinctive contempt, and the weaker or the tenderer of the two gives up the attempt at friendly intercourse, with a sense of injury and almost of insult; and so there is a permanent loss to both—to the strong man, because none of us are so strong as to be above learning from persons of inferior mental calibre, or less extensive knowledge; to the weak one, because his affection is repelled, and his nature is rudely forbidden to realise its desire for growth.

The subject might readily be continued and illustrated by a great variety of examples; but the reader may without effort supply these. Self-examination, however slight, will show us from our own experience, either of suffering or of inflicting pain, how we may benefit those about us, and raise the tone of our own lives by taking thought for others. It is not only in the great things of life that this virtue is needed. The lesser things require to be thought of just as much, if we are really to express in our conduct those "sweeter manners, purer laws," of which Tennyson speaks. Take one familiar example: How many people there are who dread and shrink from noise, the banging of a door, the hasty setting down of something upon the table, the clumsy moving of furniture, the heavy or shuffling step, or the loud strident voice of a member of the household or a visitor. Such annoyances inflict real injury, physical and mental, upon persons of peculiar constitution. They cannot think, or work, or read; they shrink from noise as from an actual blow. Yet of the strong, and vigorous, and healthy, how few think of the pain which is thus inflicted, and try to lessen it? It is easy enough, if we only tried—the failure comes from thoughtlessness. It is much the same with pushing and struggling in a crowd, or at an exhibition, or coming out of an assembly. If people would but be quiet and reasonable, each might have his turn, without annoying others, and with a saving of time and of discomfort to himself. But each strives to be foremost, never thinking of those who must suffer loss or inconvenience by his persistence. Rude staring, again, is a matter which deserves to be thought of in the same connection; and another matter is the thoughtful avoidance of topics or reflections known to be disagreeable to those with whom we are associated. An unfortunate question about family or personal affairs, or a careless reference to some source of enduring grief, or to some cause of shame or embarrassment, will inflict serious pain, not obvious perhaps to him who gives it, but keenly felt by the sufferer. These are amongst what may be called the minor morals; but such things are important in themselves and in their influences, and we are bound to take thought of them; and each successive effort to study the comfort, the

tastes, feelings, and happiness of other people in the thousand relations and incidents of daily life, helps to soften our own hearts and to break down the habit of selfishness in which, as with a wall of brass, even the best of us are too closely shut up. But this taking thought for others, if it is to be effectual, and if we as well as they are to gain by it, must be thorough and instinctive. A mere surface varnish of courtesy and kindness is of no real value. It may perhaps pass muster on occasion and in a crowd, but it can never influence the conduct of life, because it fails to touch the heart. To take thought for others, we must have a genuine in-bred sympathy—the faculty of entering, as by instinct, into their feelings and wishes; a delicate insight into points of character and different shades of temperament, which, without reasoning, warns us off dangerous ground in dealing with them, and prompts us to achieve the greatest of all difficulties, the doing the right thing at the right time, and in the right way. Failing this, our consideration for others may in itself become a source of injury and an offence. It is quite possible, even with the best motive, to do a kindly or a generous act in a manner so uncouth as to rob it of its grace. We may confer solid benefits so awkwardly as to excite a sense of resentment rather than of gratitude. Even a great and noble act of self-sacrifice may lose its significance and be robbed of its charm if the heart fails to go with it. But it is not all of us who can rise to the height of Philip Sidney at Zutphen, or to the pathetic grandeur of David as he poured out to the Lord the precious water from the well at Bethlehem.



### THE BANISHMENT OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

[The name of Roger Williams is held in great honour on this side of the Atlantic as well as in the United States. A petition appears to have been recently presented to the legislature of the State of Massachusetts, praying that the order by which he was banished from the colony more than two centuries ago might be revoked. In a recent number of the Boston *Congregationalist*, Dr. Dexter challenges the accuracy of the popular impression that Roger Williams was banished on the ground that he denied the authority of the civil magistrate in purely religious questions. As this impression is as strong among all classes of English Nonconformists as among the Baptists of America, Dr. Dexter's article will be read with interest. In reprinting it in these pages a few sentences, suggested, for the most part, by articles which recently appeared in two other American newspapers, have been omitted.—ED.]

IT is astonishing how much the inherent difficulty of thoroughly comprehending a man who lived two or three hundred years ago is increased, if he were a somewhat pivotal and distinguished person; and

more especially if he have been subsequently taken up and glorified as their pet hero by any large and enthusiastic body of believers. This seems to be particularly true of Roger Williams. The materials for his exact history are exceptionally abundant. Of few who shared with him the labours, and excitements, and controversies of the first half century of New England, will the close student discover so many and so amply revealing testimonies—from his own hand in letters and treatises, and from the hands of friends and enemies in letters, records, and anti-treatises. He, of all men, ought by this time to be as accurately as widely known.

One can hardly conceive of a pleasanter task than remains to be done by somebody, who, with the requisite taste, culture, and opportunities could dedicate a few months of leisure to the thorough going over, inch by inch, of the whole ground of the American life of Roger Williams, the intelligent perusal of every word discoverable from his pen, and of every contemporary mention of the man and his work; and the clear and candid record of the conclusions to which he should thus be guided about this famous—and deservedly famous—colonist.

Roger Williams arrived off Nantasket in the ship *Lyon*, on the 5-15 Feb., 1630-31. Two things ought to be considered in regard to him at this time. In the first place, he was still very young. According to the old chronology of his life, he was but thirty-one; if Prof. Elton's investigations in Wales are to be trusted—as perhaps they may be—he was not more than twenty-five. In the second place, while never the most sedate and conservative of men, if we are to take the kindly expressed testimony of good and candid witnesses who knew him at the time (and notably that of Elder Brewster and Gov. Bradford)—while gifted, godly, and zealous, he was then also hasty, greatly given to extreme opinions, and very unsettled in the same.

John Wilson, the pastor of the Boston Church, being about to sail for England for a few months of absence, it would appear that that church almost immediately invited Mr. Williams to become their teacher, but he "conscientiously refused, because he durst not officiate to an unseparated people, as, upon examination and conference, he found them to be." [Letter: *Proceedings Massachusetts Historical Society*, 1858, 313.] In the April following he was called to be teacher at Salem, and the court requested the Salem Church to delay action till conference could be had. We next discover him at Plymouth, where Winthrop heard him "prophecy" in October, 1632 [*Journal*, i. 109], and where he remained as an assistant to Rev. Ralph Smith for about three years [Morton's *Memorial*, 78]; when falling into some strange opinions, causing controversy between the Church and him, and discontent on his part, he left "somewhat abruptly" for Salem; afterwards

asking admission to the Salem Church. Objection was made; but on the advice of Brewster, who felt an apprehension that he was likely to become the same kind of a firebrand in the colonies that John Smyth had been in Amsterdam, his request was granted; the grave, gentle, and catholic Bradford noting the event to say: "He is to be pitied and prayed for, and so I shall leave the matter, and desire the Lord to shew him his errors, and reduce him into the way of truth, and give him a settled judgment and constancie in the same; for I hope he belongs to the Lord, and that He will shew him mercie." [*Hist. Plym. Plant.*, 311.] During this residence at Plymouth, he had written a treatise which he had exhibited in manuscript to the Governor and Council, the intent of which was to prove the invalidity of the charter of the colony. Three points in this writing had especially given offence, viz.: (1) His charging the late King James with telling "a solemn public lie," in assuming to be the first Christian prince that had discovered the land; (2) his charging the said king with blasphemy "for calling Europe Christendom;" (3) his personally applying to the then present King Charles I. three offensive passages in the Apocalypse. [*Winthrop's Journal*, i. 145.]

Soon after his return to Salem, where he was, after some delay, chosen to office, we hear of him as objecting to a fortnightly meeting of the ministers of the Bay, which had been thought desirable, "as fearing it might grow in time to a presbytery, or superintendency, to the prejudice of the Churches' liberties." [*Ibid.* 139.] The next development of his extraordinary gift at placing himself on the opposite side, was in connection with two comparatively small matters; his insisting (1) that it was a sin for women to appear in public, and especially to be present at church, without being veiled; and (2) that the cross ought to be taken out of the King's flag, as being an emblem of superstition. [*Hubbard's Hist. New. Eng.*, 204.] It was not long, however, before his restless desire to right public matters which he conceived to be wrong, led him to renew the stir about the patent, and, on request, to send a copy of the treatise which he had written at Plymouth to the Governor and Assistants at Massachusetts. Its positions and reasonings produced upon their minds an impression of both error and presumption; and after labour with him, for perhaps the only time in his life, "he appeared penitently, and gave satisfaction of his intention and loyalty; withal offering his book, or any part of it, to be burnt." [*Winthrop*, i. 145.] So that the court agreed to say nothing more about it, on his taking the oath of allegiance to the King.

Before a year had passed, however (27 Nov., 1634), the court were informed that "Mr. Williams had broken his promise to us, in teaching publicly against the king's patent, and our great sin in claiming right



thereby to this country, &c., and for usual terming the churches of England antichristian." [*Ibid.* 180.] In the next April he was cited before the court "for that he had taught publicly, that a magistrate ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man, for that we thereby have communion with a wicked man in the worship of God, and cause him to take the name of God in vain." [*Ibid.* 188.] Citation did little good, and Mr. Williams's influence in undermining the very foundations on which their land-titles and (through the oath of allegiance, the "freemen's" and the "residents' oath," &c.) their entire civil government, stood, was such that on the 8th July following (1635) he was again summoned to answer to four charges, viz. for teaching (1) that the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace; (2) that he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man; (3) that a man ought not to pray with one unregenerate, even though his wife or child; (4) that a man ought not to give thanks after the sacrament, nor after meat. After long discussion, these opinions were adjudged "to be erroneous, and very dangerous," and he and his Church were desired to consider the matter till the next meeting of the court, with the understanding, that, if satisfaction were not then tendered, a "sentence" must be expected. In less than a week he wrote letters, in the name of the Salem Church, to the other churches of the Bay, admonishing them for their sin in not separating from the Church of England, and for abetting the court in its opposition to Mr. Williams's views. And the next month he sent a letter to his own church, stating that he could no longer "communicate" with the churches of the Bay, neither would he "communicate" with them [*i.e.* his own church] unless they would break off communion with those churches which he insisted were anti-Christian, because they had never formally cut themselves off from the Church of England, and still allowed their members, when visiting England, to commune with it.

Here was an issue distinctly joined. This brilliant but audacious stripling of twenty-nine, with a few of "the weaker sort of Church members, of which number were divers women, that were zealous in their way" [*Hubbard*, 207], was on one side; in general, denouncing the churches (including his own) for anti-Christian character, and the State for insufficient title to its land, and for invalidity in those legal pledges by which it sought to bind itself together; and, in particular, complaining of many things more in the usual doctrine and practice, as unbecoming Christian men; while the great body of the colonists—magistrates, ministers and people, scores, if not hundreds, of whom had grown grey in the cause of Nonconformity before he was born—were on the other. He would not be quiet, and he could not yield. It was

impossible that the only result which, under the circumstances, was natural, could be long deferred.

Mr. Williams was again summoned before the October Court, and charged with the offence of the position taken in these two letters. He justified both, and repeated and emphasised all and sundry of his peculiar views. He was offered further conference, and a month's respite, which he declined. Mr. Hooker was then appointed to labour with him, in the endeavour to dissuade him from the course he had taken, "but could not reduce him from any of his errors." The next morning [8th October, 1635] the court sentenced him to "depart out of our jurisdiction within six weeks" [*Winthrop*, i. 204], which was subsequently extended into liberty "to stay till the spring." [*Ibid.* 209.] But a little before the middle of January, the court being informed that Mr. Williams was taking advantage of its lenity to labour with all whom he could gather into his house in the way of persuading them to the opinions which he held, and fearing that "the infection" would spread, undertook to send him back to England by a ship then about to sail. He pleading that he was too sick to come to Boston to be shipped (I can make nothing else of Winthrop's "he could not come without hazard of his life," inasmuch as there is not the slightest evidence of any intent or suspicion of violence); they sent Capt. Underhill with a pinnace to Salem, to transport him to the ship lying at Nantasket, by whom he was found to have been three days gone, "but whither, they could not learn." [*Ibid.* 210.]

Now the simple and only question before us is, not what opinions Roger Williams at this time held which were incongenial with those then general here—whether far in advance, or far in the rear, of those of others, but for which of these opinions he was thus sent out of the jurisdiction of the colony?

It is, first of all, to be presumed that the sentence itself passed upon him, would specify, with careful exactness, the grounds on which it rested. It did specify [*Mass. Col. Rec.* i. 160.] these three, viz. (1) that he "hath broached and dyvulged dyvers newe and dangerous opinions against the auctoritie of magistrates;" (2) that he hath "also writ lettres of defamacion, both of the magistrates and churches here;" (3) that he "yet mainetaineth the same without retraction." So far as this may weigh as evidence, there is no proof that the subject of toleration came into the question in any manner; for although, as above noted, it had been laid to his charge, in the previous July, that he denied the magistrate to have power in matters of religion, except when they threatened the public peace, that point was not specifically made in the final trial. Besides the language of the decree, we have strong negative proof in the fact that Thomas Lechford—lawyer and Episcopalian,

who must have known all the circumstances, who could have no apparent motive to suppress them, and in whose way it would naturally come to mention the fact, if the subject of toleration had been that in reference to which Williams was banished ; in his *Plain Dealing*, published after his return to England, while he does refer to the founder of Providence, and to his peculiar views, says nothing whatever to imply that he had been made to suffer in the cause of "soul-liberty."

In the nature of the case, upon a question like this, the full contemporary testimony must outweigh the mere opinions—formed more than two centuries after, and upon sight of but a portion of the existing documents bearing on the subject—of investigators, however distinguished and well-intentioned ; the more if reasons existed strongly to prepossess them in favour of one side of the argument. I propose, therefore, to put upon the stand five men who were living at the time ; who had great interest in the subject ; whose means of knowledge were abundant ; whose varying positions ensured the benefit of cross lights ; and whose truthfulness is above suspicion, viz. (1) the man himself ; (2) John Cotton ; (3) John Winthrop ; (4) Edward Winslow, and (5) Joshua Scottow.

1. Roger Williams makes at least two formal references to the subject. One is in *A Letter to Gov. Endecott*, of date Aug., 1651 ; the other in his *Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined and Answered*, etc., printed in 1644. In the Letter [*The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody*, etc. 305] he says :—

"I have to say elsewhere about the causes of my banishment : As to the calling of natural men to the exercise of those holy ordinances of prayers, oaths, etc., as to the frequenting of Parish churches, under the pretence of hearing some ministers : as to the matter of the Patent, and King James his Christianity and Title to those parts, and bestowing it on his subjects by virtue of his being a Christian King, etc.

"At present, let it not be offensive in your eyes, that I single out another, a fourth point, a cause of my banishment also, etc. . . . the point is that of the civil magistrates dealing in matters of conscience and religion, as also of persecuting and hunting any for matter merely Spiritual and Religious."

In the other place he says [*Mr. Cotton's Letter Examined*, etc. 4] :—

"After my publike triall and answers at the generall Court, one of the most eminent magistrates (whose name and speech may by others be remembered) stood up and spake :

"Mr. Williams (said he) holds forth these 4 particulars :

"First. That we have not our Land by Patent from the King, but that the Natives are the true owners of it, and that we ought to repent of such a receiving it by Patent.

"*Secondly.* That it is not lawful to call a wicked person to sweare, to pray, as being actions of God's worship.

"*Thirdly.* That it is not lawful to heare any of the Ministers of the Parish Assemblies in England.

"*Fourthly.* That the Civill Magistrates power extends only to the Bodies and Goods and outward state of men, etc.

"I acknowledge the particulars were rightly summed up, etc."

It is sufficient to note here that Williams himself seems never to have claimed that his doctrine of toleration was *the* cause (but only one of the causes) of his banishment, and that one which he speaks of as most remote and indirect.

2. John Cotton, however, traversed even this statement, in 1647, in his *Reply to Mr. Williams, his Examination, etc.* Therein [p. 26] he says :—

"It is evident [referring to the four specifications above cited] that the two latter causes which he gives of his Banishment, were no causes at all, as he expresseth them. There are many known to hold both these opinions, and yet they are tolerated not only to live in the Commonwealth, but also in the fellowship of the churches. [After saying much the same also of the first two, he goes on :] To come therefore to particulars, two things there were, which (to my best observation and remembrance) caused the sentence of his banishment ; and two other fell in that hastened it.

"(1) His violent and tumultuous carriage against the Patent. [This Cotton declares to be the sole fountain of authority and government to the Colony, and says :] This Patent Mr. Williams publicly and vehemently preached against, as containing matter of falsehood and injustice . . . this therefore he pressed upon the magistrates and people to be humbled for from time to time in dayes of solemne Humiliation, and to return the Patent back againe to the king, etc.

"(2) The magistrates and other members of the Generall Court upon intelligence of some Episcopall and malignant practices against the cuntry, they made an order of court to take tryall of the fidelitie of the People (not by imposing upon them, but) by offering to them an Oath of fidelitie : that in case any should refuse to take it, they might not betrust them with place of public charge and command. This Oath when it came abroad, he vehemently withstood it, and dissuaded sundry from it, partly because it was, as he said, Christ's Prerogative to have His office established by Oath : partly because an oath was a part of God's worship, and God's worship was not to be put upon carnall persons, as he conceived many of the People to be, so by his Tenet neither might church-members nor other godly men take the Oath, because it was the establishment not of Christ, but of mortall men in

their office : nor might men out of the church take it, because in his eye they were but carnall. So the court was forced to desist from that proceeding : which practise of his was held to be the more dangerous, because it tended to unsettle all the kingdomes and Commonwealths in Europe.

"These were (as I tooke it) the causes of his Banishment : two other things fell in upon these, that hastened the sentence. [These he goes on, at a length which need not be minutely produced, to specify as : (a) the excitement produced by his letters of admonition to the churches of the Bay ; and (b) the fact that after he had renounced communion with the other churches and with his own church, he commenced preaching on the Lord's Day in his own house, and so "the spreading of his Leaven" to sundry that resorted to him there.]"

Mr. Cotton, it will be perceived, here distinctly denies that the "soul-liberty" matter had anything whatever to do with Williams's banishment ; affirming that there were persons not only in the full fellowship of the State, but also of the church, who held it ; and in no way obscurely intimates that it was the fanatical and disorderly expression of his opinions, rather than their quality—except so far as that quality struck at the very roots of the titles on which their property was held, and the ligaments which bound society together—which excited feeling and action against him.

3. John Winthrop has always been held to be the most trustworthy of all witnesses upon this whole subject ; as indeed we are indebted to his Journal for the record of most of the related facts. A letter of his which had been lying among his family papers unnoticed for two hundred and forty years has lately been published, which was written by him to Gov. Endecott on this very matter in the height of the excitement [3 Jan., 1633-34] which shows how it then presented itself to his mind. I quote [*Proceedings Mass. Hist. Soc.* 1873, 345] :—

"The things which will chiefly be layd to his [Williams's] charge are these : (1) that he chargeth King James with a solemn public lye : (2) that he chargeth both kinges [*i.e.* : James and Charles I.] and others, with blasphemy for calling Europe Christendom or the Christian world, etc. ; (3) for personal application of 3 places in Rev. to our present Kinge Charles [Savage regrets that Winthrope in his Journal had not preserved these ; they are specified here in the margin to be : chap. xvi. 13, 14 ; xvii. 12, 13 ; xviii. 19] ; (4) for concludinge us all heere to lye under a sinne of unjust usurpation upon others possessions : and all these to be maintayned and published by a private person."

The remainder of the document is devoted to a sketch of what, in Winthrop's judgment, would be a fair answer to be made to these posi-

tions ; but nowhere in the letter is there the faintest suggestion that that theory of toleration, or "soul-liberty," which Winthrop in his Journal has declared to be one of Williams's opinions, had anything whatever to do with the case, as between him and the Colony, which soon issued in the decree of banishment.

4. Edward Winslow was styled "my ancient friend," and a "great and pious soul," by Williams himself [Letter : 4 *Mass. Hist. Coll.* i. 275], and the fact of Winslow's specially kindly feeling towards the exile is sufficiently proved by the circumstance that he journeyed through the wilderness to Providence to see how it fared with him, and put a piece of gold into the hands of Mrs. Williams, in the time of their lowest estate. [*Ibid.*] In 1646 Winslow printed, in London, his *Hypocrisie Unmasked, etc.* In the course of his remarks therein, in regard to the charge made by Samuel Gorton in his *Simplicities, Defence, etc.*, that Williams was banished "for differing from" the Colonists, he says [p. 66] :—

"In answer (1) take notice, I know that Mr. Williams (though a man lovely in his carriage, and whom I trust the Lord will yet recall) held forth in those times the *unlawfulness of our Letters Patents* from the King, etc. ; would not allow the *colours of our nation* ; denied the *lawfulness of public oath, as being needlesse to the Saints, and a prophana-tion of God's name 'to tender it to the wicked,* etc. And truly I never heard but he was dealt with for these and such like points ; however I am sorry, for the love I beare to him and his, I am forced to mention it, but God calls mee at this time to take off these aspersions."

Winslow's connection with the Plymouth Colony relieves his testimony of all suspicion of unduly favoring the Massachusetts men, or measures ; and his declaration, therefore, becomes worthy of special confidence.

5. Joshua Scottow, although less known than the four already quoted, deserves our utmost confidence as a witness. He came hither in 1637 ; was held to be an eminently pious man, as he was one of the founders of the Old South Church ; was made Chief Judge of some of the courts in (the then Province of) Maine ; and was the author of two famous tracts, one of which was entitled, *A Narrative of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony, etc.* In this, after rapidly sketching the condition of things in the colony at an early date, he proceeds [4 *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, iv. 295] :—

"This Heterodoxy was preached publicly ; that there was no communion to be held with the Church of England ; and that if any of our church-members had transiently heard a minister which conformed to the Church of England without declaring repentance for it, he was to be

excommunicated ; and that no communion was to be held with any unregenerate person ; that they ought not to pray or crave a blessing at meals before wife or any relation unconverted, of which conversion their opinion was the Test ; and not only so, but that the oath of allegiance to his Majesty was not to be taken, nor was it lawful to take any other kind of oath, because no Power [was] to be settled by oath but Christ's Kingly Power only ; and that our Pattent ought to be sent back to our King, nor ought we to have to do therewith. Thus was New England attackt by Satan ; and this from an eminent Preacher, noted for Piety in his life and conversation, as his strictest observers characterized him. This child of light [Roger Williams] walked in darkness about 40 years, not only by rejecting the Church of England and its Baptism, but his second Baptism also."

Here the matter of toleration is not even named by one, the bent of whose mind was such as apparently to have given him a special interest in such a question.

Glancing back, now, over the whole case, we are conducted by all the evidence straight to one conclusion. It is true that Williams had advocated, while a resident of Plymouth and Salem, the doctrine that the civil magistrate has no jurisdiction over matters of opinion and conscience ; and that some complaint had been made of that circumstance. It is true that the official sentence may contain a veiled allusion to that, as one of his "newe and dangerous opinions." But it is clear that Williams himself did not take the ground that his banishment was especially, but only incidentally, for that ; while the letter of Winthrop to Endecott, the elaborate, and on the face of it careful and candid, statement of Cotton, and the confirmatory testimony of Gov. Winslow, and Judge Scottow, are quite sufficient to establish it beyond all reasonable doubt, that the banishment of this remarkable young man was, in point of fact, expressly for other causes, and for causes which were far less creditable to his mind and heart.

Let it be distinctly remembered that Roger Williams was, in 1636, a Congregational minister in good and regular standing ; and so remained without any taint of doctrinal heresy for months—almost for years—after his banishment ; so that he was not driven away because he was a Baptist. Nor was his offence—as so many seem to think—that he was too tolerant for his times ; for the most grievous thing about him, and that which clearly most exasperated his enemies, was that he was so intensely rigid in his principles of separation, that—two years after John Robinson's treatise *Of the Lawfulness of Hearing of the Ministers in the Church of England* "found in his studie after his decease, and published for the common good," had seen the light—he refused even to commune with his own church because it would not break off communing with the



other churches in the Bay ; for that their members when now and then visiting home in Old England, went inside the parish churches, and listened to the preaching of the Establishment, without Ecclesiastical censure on their return for so doing !

It begins to be high time that intelligent Baptists should leave off claiming for Roger Williams more than is meet. With all his youthful follies, and permanent frailties, he was great enough, and good enough, to be able to afford to stand before the future in the light of the exactest truth. Conceited and pragmatistical when young, and restless in his beliefs perhaps to the very last, he might still—for aught we can see—have lived in Massachusetts to the day of his death, if he had not insisted on misusing his pruning-knife in hacking, and hewing, and cutting down, the fruitful trees both of Church and State. Possibly, as it was, he might have remained, but for the pressure then felt by the colony from the other side of the sea. The remark of the author of the interesting anonymous letter to Gov. Winthrop during this, or the next year [4 *Mass. Hist. Coll.* vi. 445], "Your disclayming of Mr. Williams his opinions, and your dealing with him soe as we heare you did, tooke off much prejudice from you with vs, and hath stopt the mouths of some," has great significance.

Sir William Martin wrote to Gov. Winthrop [*Hutchinson Papers*, 106] in the March following the banishment of Mr. Williams: "He is passionate and precipitate, which may transport him into error, but I hope his integrity and good intentions will bring him at last into the waye of truth, and confirme him therein. In the meane time, I pray God to give him a right use of this affliction." Cotton Mather, who sometimes hit hard with an epithet, seems to have approached the truth when he described him [*Magnalia*, vii: 7] as having "a windmill" in his head ; and again as "a preacher that had less light than fire in him." Nor, by the way, does Mather—he lived and died before the days of modern hero-worship—appear ever to have heard that "soul-liberty" had anything to do with Williams's troubles here, for he distinctly specifies [*Ibid.* vii. 8] the notions of the invalidity of the patent, and of the sin of an official oath, as the "two crimes" which "procured his sentence of banishment."

On the whole, then, there can be small doubt that the verdict on this subject of the thoroughly informed and candid history of the future, has been foreshadowed by Dr. Palfrey, where he says [*Hist. New England*, i. 413], "The sound and generous principle of a perfect freedom of the conscience in religious concerns can scarcely be shown to have been involved in this dispute;" and by Prof. Diman [*Publications of the Narragansett Club*, ii. 7] in the conclusion: "Could it even be proved that Williams had rendered himself obnoxious by his opinions, rather than

by his disorderly expression of them; there would still be no reason whatever to suppose that the opinions which rendered him thus obnoxious were connected, to any considerable extent, with his views respecting religious toleration. The unmistakable tone of this whole discussion shows that his rigid principle of separation was what made him suspected and disliked."

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## HYMN-TUNES, OLD AND NEW.

THE word Hymn-Tune, in its widest signification, may be taken to include all the different ways in which a hymn can be set to music; and it is surprising to find how various are the musical types and styles which this definition includes. Some are manifestly beyond the pale of Psalmody, and therefore beyond the scope of our inquiry. The late Sir Sterndale Bennett, for example, has set the hymn, "Abide with me," as a chorus in his cantata "The Woman of Samaria," but this was no more intended for public worship than are the sacred songs which young ladies warble on Sunday evenings. Leaving such compositions, however, out of our reckoning, the hymn-tunes intended for use in churches are sufficiently varied to form a number of distinct styles, which it must always be interesting to examine. The lover of psalmody, unless his prejudices are strong and his vision narrow, will learn something from every style, and find that each has arisen as the expression of a stage of musical culture, or in obedience to the principles which have governed the conduct of public worship at different times and in different sections of the Church.

Within the memory of middle-aged men, a great change has gone over the style of English psalmody. Forty or fifty years ago its condition was somewhat of this kind. The grand old tunes, like the Old Hundredth and French, our heritage from Reformation times, were used with others, like Hanover and St. Ann's, written in the same style, and scarcely less noble and lasting in structure. Their massive force, when sung by large congregations, was not to be surpassed, but the popular taste seems to have desired a relief. Tunes of a more florid structure had found their way into use, and very greatly did the people enjoy singing them. The Old Hundredth and its companions had this character in common, that they possessed as a rule but one note to each pulsation of the music, and each syllable of the words, and hence are often called syllabic. The florid tunes, on the contrary, contained slurred notes and runs for the voices, and were especially remarkable for the way in which one line, generally the last, was taken up by men and women in suc-

cession, and repeated with growing force by both together. Then arose a set of reformers who declared against these repeating and florid tunes, and used every effort to promote their disuse. Mr. Waite and others travelled the country over advocating a purified style of harmony, and bringing all the forces of ridicule to bear against these unfortunate tunes. The result was, that if the congregations were not persuaded, their musical leaders generally were, and to speak a word in favour of the repeating tunes came to be regarded as a sign of a vulgar and depraved taste. In many congregations they ceased to be used, and the more correct models of the reformed school were adopted. It is only justice to Mr. Waite and his contemporaries to say that subsequent tune-book compilers—who to a large extent legislate for us in the style of our psalmody—have gone much further in the work of exclusion than he did. Mr. Waite rejected fugal and repeating tunes like *Calcutta* and *Cranbrook*, but he allowed such tunes as *Rousseau's Dream* and *Mount Ephraim* to remain. Thirty years or more have passed away, and it is the custom to speak of the old florid tunes as extinct. In the large churches in towns it may be that they are rarely heard (though at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle they flourish greatly), but in the small towns and villages, in out-of-the-way meeting-houses and chapels they survive, and the people cling to them with a fondness that makes it worth while to consider the source of their popularity.

If we examine one or two specimens of the class, we shall see that a strong mannerism runs through all. There is something droll in the sober, almost dull way in which some of these tunes open, compared with the style in which they close. It is as if the first part atoned by its air of propriety for the pranks which were about to be played in the second. The first two lines of *Calcutta*, for example, are eminently respectable and syllabic, but how the music runs away further on! *Cranbrook*, which is often quoted as an example of this style, is not sober in any part. Mr. Spurgeon once said that the hymn, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound!" sung to this tune, is the Christian's national anthem. It is remarkable to witness the delight with which the Tabernacle congregation sing such tunes as this. In all that has been said against them, no one has ever doubted that they called forth the voices of the congregation in a way that the syllabic tunes fail to do. Mr. Barnby warns us against "the specious argument sometimes used, that because a congregation sings a certain tune with fervour and evident enjoyment, it must be good;" but granting that the popular taste needs directing and elevating, we submit that there is at least a *prima facie* case for a tune if the people sing it. The compilers of some recent collections appear to have gone on the opposite principle, and considered that congregations must never expect tunes which they can enjoy, any more

than little boys must be allowed to hope for pills made of sugar. These old tunes certainly contained a germ of good ; they are worth examining, and our condemnation of them, if condemnation it must be, should be measured and intelligent.

A characteristic feature is the constant use of florid scale passages. These were a part of the style of musical composition belonging to the time at which they were written. We are familiar enough with these "divisions," as they are called, in Handel's music, and composers as recent as Dr. Callcott had not emancipated themselves from this style. When, therefore, the composer of *Calcutta* wrote,




he only followed the manner of Handel, who had written—



True, the ideas of these tunes are often commonplace, and their sequences are hackneyed. Drawled out at a snail's pace, they become unbearable, but these are faults of composers and congregations, not essential to the type.

A second feature of the tunes is the repetition of lines or parts of lines, for which reason they are often called repeating tunes. Many persons speak of repetitions as if they were in themselves to be objected to. If repetitions in singing are bad, what becomes of our secular music? To take an example which will be familiar to all. Mendelssohn, in his part-song, "O hills, O vales of pleasure," works up the last line of each verse by a repetition and by parting the bass voices from the others, very much—however horrified some may be at the comparison—as do many of the repeating tunes. In fact almost every composer of vocal music avails himself of the emphasis which iteration gives, and infuses a heightening colour and passion into his music by playing upon some significant word or phrase. The old tunes are full of such passages. One of the few that has been spared to us is *Miles' Lane*, and in that everyone must feel how inspiring are the repeated cries of "Crown Him !" This tune bids fair to last ; it has been included in "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," a solitary specimen of an extinct genus. The effect of the repetition was sometimes grand, and sometimes very tender, as in the following refrain of the old tune *Sicily*, sung always to "Awake my soul, in joyful lays," with its recurring last line :—



His lov - ing kind - ness, His lov - ing  
kind - ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free.

It would have been fortunate for these tunes if all hymns had been like "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and "Awake my soul, in joyful lays," in possessing a recurring last line; but such, it need hardly be said, is not the case.

The last line of the favourite tune *Job*, when sung to the first verse of "From all that dwell below the skies," which is printed with it in the old tune-books, goes very well.



Thro' every land, Thro' every land, by ev - ry tongue.

The repetition of the words "through every land" by the full chorus adds force and impressiveness to them. This is very well, but if we take the hymn, "Lord, how delightful 'tis to see," and try to sing the third verse, we get the following:—

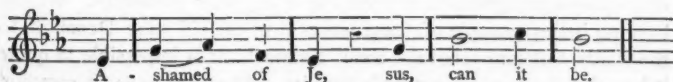


But love Thee bet, But love Thee bet - ter than be - fore.

We are all familiar with the nonsense which the use of these tunes sometimes involved. Lecturers on psalmody generally carry with them a small repertory of the worst cases, for the amusement of their audiences, and there is no need to reproduce them here. That such outrages on the words, and others only less bad, must have been frequent, can be seen by looking through hymns commonly used. The tune *Job*, it must be allowed, is a special offender, because it stops to repeat in the middle of the line. The majority of the tunes repeat the whole line, and so avoid cutting words in half. But even if this was not done, lines were often repeated which will not bear the process. For example, in the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," it would be very well to repeat the last line of the first verse, "And pleasures banish pain." But the last line of the second, "This heavenly land from ours," is not complete in sense, and its repetition would therefore be weak and meaningless. In fact we may say, that if in one case the repetition was effective, in nine others it was ineffective, without meaning, or directly nonsensical.

The truth is, the composers of these old tunes attempted to combine the advantages of two forms of musical composition which must always be distinct. In the first form the successive verses are sung over again to the same music; in the second, new music is set to all the words. The first form is called in secular music the *part-song*, in sacred music the *hymn-tune*; the second is called in secular music the *glee*, in sacred music the *anthem*. It may be objected that repetitions are successfully contrived in the several verses of a *part-song*. But the *part-song* is written to one set of words, and the composer takes care that the repetitions he introduces shall suit all the verses; while the *hymn-tune* is applied to an endless variety of hymns, at the discretion of an endless number of people. It may further be urged that the precentor would take care to avoid hymns or verses that would not repeat properly. But these men were often illiterate or careless. If they got hold of a tune they liked, they would sing it, regardless of results. There are many to witness that they did not avoid these absurdities, and if we look at a hymn-book, we shall see that the task would have been very difficult.

Incidentally it may be mentioned, that by the abolition of repeating-tunes we have not altogether escaped the breaking up of words. Not long since, in a large chapel in a Yorkshire town, the writer of this paper heard six or seven verses given forth heavily and slowly by the congregation, every one of which began with these words:—



The crotchet rest is inserted because in this place the whole of the congregation paused to take breath, completely dividing the word "Jesus." In this case the tune was carelessly chosen for the hymn. Rockingham should never be sung to this hymn, because of the conflicting musical and verbal phrases. The musical phrase ends at the fifth note; the verbal phrase at the sixth. Such conflict is common, and to a great extent inevitable in mating hymns to tunes, but in such a prominent case as this, when every verse begins alike, the precentor is bound to avoid it.

To return, however, to our subject. The weakness of Calcutta and its companions was, that they attempted too much. The hymn-tune, because it is to be applied generally, must not have a particular expression. It must please everybody by doing only such things as no one can object to. The utmost it can do—though this every good tune does—is to bear a general character, which may be expressed by such words as "joyful," "plaintive," or "medium." For reasons already given, there must be no repetition of lines or parts of lines, and the music must be such as to have a general agreement with many verses, rather than a particular suitability to one.

But while we are compelled to declare against the repeating and antiphonal character of these old tunes, we must acknowledge that the modern tunes, syllabic and straightforward, have taken away an element from our psalmody which was highly pleasing to congregations, and which is employed constantly in vocal music with the best effects. The square-cut tunes to which we are now confined may be in better taste, but they are certainly not so interesting and "tune" as old Cranbrook or Job. There was something to lay hold of and remember in those duets for the women's voices—the ponderous reply of the men's—and the mighty rushing when both united. And this, rightly employed, is the very basis of emotional expression in vocal music—the expression that Handel and Mendelssohn used. This element is surely right and proper in sacred music, and that it can be simply introduced, so as to be within the capacity of congregations, the fact of the old tunes being so heartily sung shows. We have taken it away from the hymn-tune, can we restore it in another and a better form?

The old "set pieces," written in the anthem form, avoided the objections which lie against repeating-tunes. In them the hymn was set right through, without any recurring music, and as every phrase was thus prompted by certain words, and confined to them, perfect freedom of treatment was possible, without fear of any after absurdity. We can have no better example of these pieces than the old tune Denmark, the words, "Before Jehovah's awful throne." It is impossible to quote it here; but the music is generally familiar. The piece opens in common



time, with slow and solemn measure ; the second verse, "His sovereign power," being in triple time. With the third verse, "We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs," the music, again in common time, becomes more bold and joyful ; the melody rises higher, and the unison is loud. The last verse, "Wide as the world is Thy command," very aptly fits the words, and helps their expression. Another favourite piece was the setting of Pope's Ode, "Vital spark of heavenly flame." This is even now well known. Many others in the same style may be seen in "Surrey Chapel Music," and other collections of the period. There is no doubt that these pieces were sung most heartily, and enjoyed beyond measure by the congregations. Mr. Sherman testifies, in his preface to "Surrey Chapel Music," that they were "as familiar to the congregation as ordinary tunes." The leaders of our present psalmody have rejected these old pieces, and they have fallen into disuse. Certainly their music was not of a classical order, and contained mannerisms which offend the taste of to-day. But it suited the congregations, and added greatly to their interest in the psalmody.

It is altogether a mistake to deny to the people all music but that which the educated taste of musicians approves. It ought to be frankly recognised that the half-formed and unformed tastes of congregations demand a distinct style, which from the standpoint of art may seem worthless, but from the higher standpoint of inducing the people to praise God with their voices, is not to be despised. The politician does not speak to a public meeting as he does to the House of Commons, nor is the Sunday-school address like the sermon. Congregations, in the same way, should be fed differently from trained choirs. Not only will they fail to enjoy music that is beyond them, but they will not be able to sing it. All shams, especially in public worship, should be avoided. In not a few churches the English Cathedral Anthems and Services are attempted. The choir and organ thunder away, and the congregation try to follow, with very poor success. The music was not written for them, and the accomplished composers would be the first to acknowledge this. When Sir John Goss, Mr. Henry Smart, or Mr. Sullivan write an Anthem or a Te Deum, they have in mind as they proceed the capabilities of a trained choir, whose members are supposed to read music, and to have regular meetings for rehearsal. These compositions are unsuited to congregational purposes, and it is a mistake to attempt their use. If they are to be introduced, let there be the honest performance by choir and organ, while the congregation follow in silence, which is what the composers intended. It is always distressing to see a congregation trying to join in such music—some inventing parts of their own—others passing from one part to another—others looking silent, or following the score with a puzzled air, as if

they had lost their place. The men who composed the old set pieces studied the capabilities of the congregation, just as the cathedral anthems study the capabilities of a choir. We want a new Madan or Harwood to write in accordance with modern taste, and yet to use plain chords and simple modulations.

There is one form in which it is possible to unite the freedom of the old repeating tunes with the requirements of decency and taste. This is by adding a Refrain to every verse of the ordinary syllabic tune, which refrain may be written in the fugal and repeating style. We are all familiar with this use of a chorus in the American pieces which have for years been so popular in our Sunday-schools, and which Mr. Sankey's expressive singing has carried far and wide. These pieces were first composed nearly twenty years ago, by the late W. B. Bradbury, of New York, and the story of their origin is interesting. The custom of making children sing the ordinary church tunes had naturally brought on a reaction, and certain revivalists had begun to set the children's hymns to popular melodies of the day. Mr. Bradbury seized the idea, and set to work composing true "Sunday-school Ballads." His first collection of these appeared in 1859. Their effect was to stop the tide which was running in favour of the street songs, and satisfy the popular taste with a class of compositions which, if not of a high musical order, at least prevented something worse. Since that time the pieces have poured forth in an unceasing stream of good and bad, each enjoying favour until displaced by some new competitor. We cannot join in the wholesale abuse of them which is common among musicians. Some of their music is such as no composer need be ashamed of; in other pieces we meet with those grammatical errors of harmony which uneducated writers always commit. Nearly all of them have melody, and the great aim seems to be a pretty chorus. The verses generally contain one thought, which is enlarged upon, and forms the theme of the chorus. The appeal both of music and words seems to be to the heart rather than the head, and as the pieces have such an undoubted effect upon large masses of people, one is not disposed to criticise their style. Compared with this American poetry, our standard hymns appear crowded with thought and literary beauty; compared with the melodies, our best hymn-tunes show their solid beauty and impressiveness. But each style has a purpose to serve, and the purpose of the American tunes, if temporary, is at least important.

There is no reason why a new style of pieces, employing this device of a chorus, should not be written for congregations to sing. Hymn-writers have a growing custom of winding up each verse with the same line, and it is obvious that when this is done, the danger of making nonsense by repeating the last line ceases. In Dr. Bonar's hymn,

"A few more years shall roll," we find each verse ending with the lines—

"O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away."

The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has for its refrain—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

Other recent hymns have such lines as "My Saviour, comfort me," or "Glorify Thy name," while Miss Elliott's beautiful hymn, with the recurring words, "Thy will be done," is familiar to everyone. To all such hymns musical refrains might be written. Composed in good taste, and in a style suited to the solemnity of public worship, they would form an agreeable variation from the ordinary run of syllabic tunes, and as such would be welcomed by many congregations.

In the next paper we will follow the hymn-tune in its more recent developments.

JOHN S. CURWEN, Jun.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD DISSENT.

### NO. VII.

**I**N this paper I propose to give a brief account of several discussions, which I remember to have arisen among the ministers and other prominent Dissenters of London some fifty years since. It is not my intention to revive old controversies, but merely to relate their history, which may in the quiet review excite a good-tempered laugh at both parties instead of the earnest and often angry feeling prevailing at the time.

I will first refer to the discussion (I can scarcely call it a dispute) respecting the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Practically nothing was gained for Dissenters by their repeal, but theoretically a great victory was won by them, and unbounded exultation was excited by their gratifying but fruitless triumph over Tories and illiberal Churchmen.

Practically, I say, nothing was gained by Dissenters, for the Test Act had long become a dead-letter in the Statute-book of England. Parliament preserved its enactment; but no party thought of enforcing it, and if they had they would not have succeeded. I have been surprised lately to see in a Dissenting periodical the statement, that fifty years ago no consistent Dissenter could become a mayor, or hold any official situation in a corporation or under government. More than a hundred years ago there were many Dissenting mayors and corporate officers who

had never qualified, and never intended to qualify, by partaking of the Sacrament according to the ritual of the Established Church. They were exonerated, and they well knew they would be exonerated, from every penalty by the acts of indemnity, which were passed every year as regularly and as quietly as the acts for imposing and appropriating the public revenue. The mistakes frequently made upon this subject may possibly to some extent be attributed to the extraordinary exultation which was excited on the repeal, as if some great emancipation had been gained for the oppressed and persecuted Dissenters. When there was so much rejoicing, it was natural to suppose there must have been some sort of advantage.

In passing I may observe, that as the Test Act was proposed chiefly to exclude Roman Catholics from office, many of the prominent Dissenters very inconsistently, but very willingly, supported it. It soon, however, appeared likely to become a greater annoyance to its inconsistent friends than to its avowed opponents. Some Dissenting mayors avoided all danger of penalty by practising what was called occasional conformity, which Romanists were not allowed by their priests to practise. By doing so they greatly annoyed the strict and consistent Dissenters, like Daniel De Foe, who published "An Inquiry into the Occasional Conformity of Dissenters in cases of Preferment." In this Inquiry he says, very justly, "To dodge religions and go in the morning to Church and in the afternoon to meeting,—to communicate in private with the Church to save a penalty, and then to go back to the Dissenters and communicate there—this is such a retrograde devotion, that I can see no colour or pretence for in all the sacred books."

Occasional conformity, however, was as offensive to High Churchmen as it was to strict Dissenters. Parliament, therefore, with the concurrence of both Whigs and Tories, passed a bill to prevent it, which bill virtually became the abolition of the test, though not of the Test Act. The penalty ceased to be enforced, until it was virtually abolished by the annual passing of the acts of indemnity.

Why, then, were the Dissenters of fifty years since so delighted with the repeal of the Test Act, and the erasure of the dead letter from the Statute-book? It was truly said that making the communion in the Lord's Supper a title for preferment, a means of acquiring wealth and earthly distinctions, was a lamentable profanation of a solemn service. So it was undoubtedly. But if Dissenters were under no obligation to join in the profanation, it concerned them only as Englishmen living under a profane but obsolete law, not as Dissenters subject to any special disadvantage. It was sometimes said that the Act might be revived and the indemnity refused; but all parties knew—High Churchmen quite as well as Liberals—that any attempt to enforce the Act

would inevitably terminate in its repeal. It was also argued that the persecuting Act remaining among the statutes was a continuous insult and annoyance to Dissenters. The reply was at hand. The annual repeal of the penalties of an Act which no government would enforce, was a plainer and more emphatic condemnation than would have been even its entire repeal. Be that as it may. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts became a great party question with the Liberals, who by promoting it maintained and strengthened their connection with Protestant Dissenters as the persons chiefly concerned.

Although the Dissenting ministers of London were generally very decided and zealous in promoting the repeal of the Test Act; yet even upon that question there was some difference of opinion, or rather of feeling, as to the manner in which they should prosecute their object. While the great majority were united in the course they should pursue, there was a party among them who regarded with dislike and suspicion their acting in concert with the Whigs, as if they were making it a political rather than a religious question. This was especially true of some of the young men who disliked the influence of the Unitarian ministers, and hinted, sometimes said plainly, that they were making the cause of the Dissenters subordinate to the schemes and purposes of a political party. This ill-feeling appeared especially when the Whigs wished to support Canning, Huskinson, and the Liberal party in the Tory government, who were in favour of Catholic emancipation in opposition to their colleagues the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. The Whigs at that time were unwilling to discuss the question of the repeal of the Test Act, as it might interrupt their good understanding with the Liberal Tories in promoting the emancipation of the Catholics. In the discussion of the subject, Mr. Aspland proposed to postpone the petition to Parliament in favour of the repeal, on the ground that their best friends, and especially Mr. Brougham, advised them to wait for a more favourable opportunity. Mr. Blackburn and several of his friends were much dissatisfied, and complained, perhaps justly, that the desires and interests of the Dissenters were made by their own ministers subordinate to the schemes, not always open or honourable, of the leaders of political parties. Mr. Aspland, however, was too powerful for Mr. Blackburn, and very little was done either by petitions or by Dissenting agitation for the repeal of the Test Act.

In the next Session things assumed a very different appearance. The Dissenters became very determined and active. The Whig party, it was said at the time through the influence of Lord Holland and Lord John Russell, were quite willing to act with them. Lord John, young as he then was, undertook to move for the repeal, and gained the confidence of the Dissenters, as he was thought free from the uncertain devices of

Brougham and the older men of his party. He then appeared in the character which he has nobly maintained to this time, the uniform, consistent, and determined friend of religious liberty, to which all other objects, however important or urgent, should be regarded as subordinate. He was well encouraged and sustained by Lord Holland.

The repeal was zealously promoted by different parties of Liberals, both political and religious. Among the London dissenting ministers there was no difference of opinion as to the object; but some few who were opposed to the emancipation of the Catholics, either like the Claytons, were absent from the meetings of their brethren; or like Mr. Ivimey, and two or three of his Baptist friends, jealously observed the resolutions and petition, and took especial care to object to every expression which seemed favourable to the repeal of the penal laws affecting the Romanists. The great majority, however, were favourable to Catholic emancipation, and would scarcely tolerate the expressions of any opinion in favour of limiting religious liberty to the Protestant denominations. At a very large and influential meeting of the ministers of the three denominations, with Dr. Rippon in the chair, an address was agreed upon "to the Protestant Dissenting Ministers of the United Kingdom," requesting them to use their influence with their congregations to procure petitions for the repeal of the Test Act. They were zealously supported by the "deputies of the several congregations of Protestant Dissenters of London." A united committee was formed, consisting of representatives of the London ministers, the Dissenting deputies, the Society for the Promotion of Religious Liberty, the Unitarian association, the united presbytery of London, and others. They published "a Statement of the Case," and followed it by a monthly periodical, entitled *The Test Act Reporter*. The Roman Catholics were induced, some of them it was said very reluctantly, to present to Parliament a petition, numerously signed, in favour of granting complete religious liberty to Protestant Dissenters. The Common Council of the City of London presented one to the same effect, which was carried with loud acclamation against only three dissentients. Other bodies, both civil and ecclesiastical, followed their example, and Lord John Russell found himself supported, and his friends encouraged, by numerous petitions forwarded to Parliament from all parts of the country. In several instances they were presented by members of the Conservative party.

On February 26th, 1828, Lord John Russell moved for a "Committee of the whole House to consider so much of the Test and Corporation Acts as disqualified Protestant Dissenters from holding corporate and other offices." Against the opposition of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskinson, Lord Palmerston, and other Liberal Conservatives, he carried his motion, to the surprise of all parties, by a majority of forty-five. The

Government no longer offered any serious opposition. It was thought by many they had no objection to the repeal; although they did not like to disoblige their High Church friends by being so. Lord John carried his bill with little difficulty through the House of Commons, and then entrusted it to Lord Holland, who, notwithstanding the protest of Lord Eldon and eleven other peers, carried it safely through the House of Lords.

The Dissenters, in their triumph, seem to have lost their senses. I remember no public exultation at all like it. Had they carried the disestablishment of the English Church, they could not have shown more joyous or noisy excitement. It appears to me in strange contrast with the tranquil spirit with which long afterwards they observed the disestablishment of the Irish Church, a measure of far greater importance both in its principles and its consequences.

Among the various methods of proclaiming their triumph, public dinners, in which Lord John Russell's health was drunk "in overflowing bumpers," were the most prominent. Although *post hoc* does not always mean *propter hoc* (nor do I say it does here), his health has been remarkably good ever since, even to extreme age. Of these grand dinners, the grandest was in London, and a very grand celebration it undoubtedly was. It was held in Freemasons' Hall, the largest room that could be then obtained for the purpose. No less a personage than his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex condescended to occupy the chair. He was supported by eleven peers, and many members of parliament. Among the peers were three Roman Catholics, the relief of whom from their disabilities was proposed in drinking their health. We are told in the printed accounts it was done "with fervent and apparently unanimous applause, accompanied with frequently-repeated cheers and waving of handkerchiefs." On that occasion Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters were very good friends. But the loudest applause was reserved for the health and happiness of Lord John Russell. This, we are told in the report, was "overwhelming." He does not seem to have been "overwhelmed" by it, for he addressed the meeting at great length in his customary quiet manner, and calm, cool, thoughtful eloquence.

At this grand dinner, it may be worthy of remark that the stewards betrayed a little of their puritanical education by refusing to employ professional singers to "sing the grace." In the good old-fashioned puritanical way, "a blessing was implored by the Rev. Dr. Winter, and thanks were returned by the Rev. Wm. Broadfoot." As the latter gentleman, true to the tradition of his Presbyterian fathers, was rather longer than is customary with English Churchmen, one of the peers, who probably had never before heard such a thanksgiving, was said



to have mistaken it for a speech, and to have exclaimed, Hear ! hear ! In the *Congregational Magazine* of the time, the report is concluded with this very gratifying announcement : " Although the company was large, the provisions abundant, and the meeting protracted, yet we rejoice to record that, so far as we could observe, it was characterised throughout by that decorum which gentlemen will maintain, and that temperance which Christians will always exercise." What, in plain English, is the meaning of this joyful record ? That the writer, the Rev. John Blackburn, observed (he is careful to limit his praise by his personal observation) no man with the abundance of wine so clamorously drunk as to disturb the decorum of the company. How exemplary was their temperance ! I hope the *Congregationalist* will imitate the example of its predecessor, the *Congregational Magazine*, and on all proper occasions " rejoice to record " the virtues of Protestant Dissenters.

The repeal of the Test Act was soon followed by the removal of the civil disabilities of the Roman Catholics. The former undoubtedly promoted the latter. Catholic emancipation was favourably regarded by Protestant Dissenters generally, but not quite unanimously. At a general meeting of the London ministers, the great majority supported a resolution to petition Parliament in its favour. Mr. Aspland moved it in a very eloquent speech, and Dr. Pye Smith zealously supported him. The direct opposition was maintained by very few, principally by Mr. Ivimey, and two or three Baptist ministers ; but some others thought that Dissenting ministers, acting as such, ought not to take part in the controversy. Some, who admitted they could offer no valid objection, did not like the proposal, and either were absent or declined to vote on either side. On the division, only four or five voted against it, but several would not vote at all. The petition was presented to the House of Commons by Lord John Russell, and caused a great deal of remark about the descendants of the Puritans, so directly opposed to the Catholics on all theological questions, petitioning Parliament in their favour. One party admired their consistency in supporting universal religious liberty ; the other deplored their degeneracy in surrendering their hereditary principles.

Another controversy I distinctly remember prevalent among, not the Dissenters only, but religious people generally throughout the country. I refer to the widely-prevalent discussion respecting the Bible Society circulating the Apocryphal with the canonical books of Scripture in several European languages.

The question, plain as it seems at first sight, was attended with no small doubt and perplexity. About the English Bible there was no difficulty. The Authorised version of the Canonical Scriptures was

the only book in the English language ever circulated at the expense of the Society. But what were to be regarded as the authorised versions of other European countries? If the phrase was understood to mean the versions generally acknowledged in Protestant and Catholic countries, they contained the Apocrypha either as a separate part or mingled with the canonical books. It was at first considered right to assist foreigners in circulating what they regarded as their Holy Scriptures, leaving with them the responsibility of determining their own canon. Consequently, assistance was granted by the Committee of the Bible Society to the circulation of editions containing the Apocrypha in different forms. Having been in the early years of my ministry the dissenting secretary of the Huntingdonshire auxiliary to the Bible Society, I felt great interest in the discussion, and on my removal to London I carefully observed its progress and results. I did not like the Apocrypha. Tobit and his dog were not very helpful to my religious character. But I doubted whether we ought to impose our canon upon other Churches, or refuse to assist them in circulating their own, because in some particulars it was different from ours. Besides, I was led to believe, as were many other people, that the Canonical Scriptures, without the Apocrypha, could not be extensively, if at all, circulated in many European countries. A great deal might be said, and a great deal indeed was said on both sides. In the *Congregational Magazine* for 1826 there is a review of the controversy, to which is prefixed a list of eighteen books or pamphlets written upon the subject, and several others were published before the end of the controversy.

It was remarkable that the most zealous supporters of the Bible Society, in its circulation of the Apocrypha, were Dissenters, while several of its decided opponents were Evangelical clergymen. This might be attributed to the fact, that several of the Low Church party were at the time contemplating a proposal for excluding the Apocryphal lessons from the Prayer-book. There were, however, Church writers on both sides; but, throughout the dispute, the most able and zealous defender of the Bible Society in its Apocryphal circulation was the *Eclectic Review*, the well-known advocate of the opinions and practices of the Dissenters.

The controversy at one time threatened to destroy the Bible Society. Happily, however the wisdom and moderation of the Committee prevented that threatening catastrophe, although it could not restrain the violence of its opponents. The resolution to which, after long and anxious discussion and consultation with all parties concerned, the Committee agreed, would seem as if made on purpose to satisfy the opponents of the Apocryphal circulation; and yet they were the only

persons who continued their opposition to the Society. It was, that : "The funds of the Society be applied to the printing and circulation of the canonical books of Scripture, to the exclusion of those books and parts of books which are usually termed Apocryphal; and that all copies printed, either entirely or in part, at the expense of the Society, whether such copies consist of the whole, or of any one or more of such books, be invariably issued bound, no other books whatever being bound with them; and further, that all money grants to societies or individuals be made only in conformity with the principle of this regulation." What more could the opponents of the Apocrypha desire? Although they could not demand or devise anything more express or decided, many of them continued their opposition and complaints. The Edinburgh Committee, influenced chiefly by the Haldanes, took the lead, and promoted a severance of the Scottish Bible Societies. The other party might with some reason have said, Why not be content with printing the Canonical Scriptures, and leave foreigners, on their own responsibility, to bind with them other books printed at their own expense? But the Committee, as if desiring to concede everything to the Scotch party, expressly provided that into the Bibles they printed, it should be impossible to introduce any Apocryphal books. What, it may be asked, could have been the objections of the Haldanes and their countrymen? It was said that the Committee ought more promptly to have come to the resolution, and not have hesitated so long about it; that they ought to have acted like true Protestants, and avowedly have condemned the Apocrypha; that their resolution might be evaded. How, it was not easy to say. It was further said, "Several who had agreed to the resolution had been favourable to the circulation of the Apocrypha. The reply was, "They were not favourable to the Apocrypha, considered by itself, but only as a means of promoting the wider circulation of the Canonical Scriptures." Moderate men in England, of both parties, could not refrain from saying that their Scottish friends wanted to find some pretence for a disruption, and would form another society exclusively under their own control.

One great advantage, however, has resulted from the decision of this painful controversy. It was generally thought impossible to circulate in several countries of Europe the Canonical Scriptures without the Apocrypha, but the difficulty so much feared disappeared on decided action. Many thousands of copies of Holy Scriptures, without the Apocrypha, have been and are still circulated in the different languages of Europe. Among the Protestant communities, Lutheran and Reformed, the Apocrypha is losing much of its authority. Decided action has here proved, as often it does, the most expedient course. Here, as elsewhere, we have reason to say, "Do right, and fear not."

As to the cry once raised so fiercely, that not a word of human interpolation should be mingled with the divine truth we circulate, we ask, who can ensure that exactness and perfection of inspired teaching? Do our Scotch friends themselves require it? Do they not circulate our received text and Authorised version with their few interpolations and doubtful readings? Do they exclude, for instance, the two apocryphal additions which are often paraded as the great texts in favour of believers' baptism?—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved," "And Philip said to the eunuch, If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest." If our Scotch friends were told that, by circulating these apocryphal additions to the New Testament, they were promoting the cause of the Anti-pædobaptists, would they insist on their omission in all the copies which they contributed to circulate? Among the most zealous of the opponents of the apocryphal circulation was the good Baptist minister Mr. Ivimey, who never, so far as I knew, demanded for the Bible Society the exclusion of those texts from their copies of the New Testament. But consistency, unhappily, does not belong to theological controversy.

Other Societies, formed upon the principle of members of different denominations uniting to do a good work in which they could all co-operate, had, like the Bible Society, their dissensions and troubles. Several disputes arose, and threatened painful results among the members of the Religious Tract Society. Books printed by the Society, when written by Dissenters, sometimes betrayed their origin by some slight expression of opinion, and were therefore regarded with suspicion and dislike by Churchmen, while Churchmen's books were often looked upon with quite as much dislike by Dissenters. I select an instance in which the board of Congregational Ministers acted in opposition to the Committee, and, what is very unusual after angry controversy, both parties were gratified with the result.

The Committee of the Religious Tract Society, in 1825, issued proposals to publish an edition of Milner's "History of the Church of Christ," "with the omission of some passages in which the author had given his opinion on a few points of a disputed nature." They were understood to be the points on which Churchmen and Dissenters differ in their opinions. What more could Dissenters require? Why, some would ask, should they be afraid of a publication of Milner's opinions? If they were, they betrayed unreasonable distrust of their own. But even this "omission of passages" did not satisfy the ministers of the Congregational Board. They convened a special meeting to consider the subject. They were unanimous in their opposition. Whatever, they said, might be omitted, the prospectus represented the whole book as "important and valuable." They passed, "with com-

plete unanimity," three resolutions, protesting against the publication of the book in any form as a violation of the catholic principles on which the Tract Society had been formed. They complained that the history "possessed in common with all other ecclesiastical histories a bias in favour of a particular mode of church discipline." They protested against the "shibboleth of a sect." People have now become wiser and more tolerant. It is thought quite enough for societies to act impartially. If they circulate the shibboleth of one sect, they circulate with it the shibboleth of another. Impartiality in such matters is all that ought to be required. Every author, unless he be unnaturally restrained, will write so as to betray his own opinions and feelings. Writing under that unnatural restraint, he will write little that is worth reading. The Committee of the Tract Society next proposed to "submit the revision of the book to any ministers they might appoint." Even with this proposal the ministers were not satisfied. Another "especial meeting" of the Board was convened, when it was "resolved, with perfect unanimity, to decline the overture, and to protest against the projected publication." Eventually, the Committee of the Tract Society resolved "to publish the work on their own responsibility, without the author's name." With this arrangement the Congregational ministers were perfectly satisfied. Their satisfaction seems to me as strange and inexplicable as their previous disapproval. The end of the angry dispute was an appropriate sequel to the commencement. The name of the author was the offensive part of the book. If sectaries will only conceal their faces with a mask they may utter their shibboleths and shibboleths as loud as they please, without doing one another any harm. But I will say no more about it, as possibly some of our disputes may appear as silly and senseless as this grand controversy to our peaceful successors.

I could give some account of several other controversies which I distinctly remember, as that with the Baptists about their mission to Jamaica, when their native teachers were charged by the Independents and Presbyterians with teaching their proselytes to worship John the Baptist; or that among our own people about the introduction of clerical vestments and instrumental music into our places of worship; but I have said quite enough, possibly too much, about our controversies. I will only observe how completely some of them are forgotten. I might mention, for instance, the manner in which the word "chapel," used to describe a Dissenting place of worship, has entirely superseded the good old name "meeting-house," or more frequently "meeting." When "chapel" was first used by Dissenters, it was very offensive to many old people. It sounded, they said, like an affectation of equality with the Church of England. It seemed as if those who used it were ashamed of their dissent. They were looking with disdain upon the

quiet simplicity of their fathers. They had better go at once to Episcopal or Methodist chapels. And now there is scarcely a "meeting" left among us. "Chapel" was thought a more respectable name, and respectability has carried the day among Dissenters, as it generally does among other people.

ROBERT HALLEY.

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## CHRISTIAN MORALITY.

IT is a very suggestive fact that men who see in Christianity only a high form of ethics, and study the New Testament from a moral, not a religious point of view, instead of understanding its morality better than others, are just those who blunder over this point. The remarks of Mr. Mill on this subject are not only well known, but also frequently quoted by those who wish to say something against Christianity. It may therefore be worth our while to examine these observations. We shall find that Mr. Mill has misrepresented Christianity, not from any want of integrity, of which he was incapable, but from his not having comprehended the life and work of our Lord.

In the "Essay on Liberty," page 29 of the people's edition, we read: "Christian morality (so called) has all the characters of a reaction; it is, in great part, a protest against Paganism. Its ideal is negative rather than positive; passive rather than active; innocence rather than nobleness; abstinence from evil, rather than energetic pursuit of good; in its precepts (as has been well said), 'Thou shalt not' predominates unduly over 'thou shalt.' In its horror of sensuality, it made an idol of asceticism, which has been gradually compromised away into one of legality. It holds out the hope of heaven and the threat of hell, as the appointed and appropriate motives to a virtuous life: in this falling far below the best of the ancients, and doing what lies in it to give human morality an essentially selfish character, by disconnecting each man's feelings of duty from the interests of his fellow-creatures, except so far as a self-interested inducement is offered to him for consulting them. It is essentially a doctrine of passive obedience; it inculcates submission to all authorities found established; who, indeed, are not to be actively obeyed when they command what religion forbids, but who are not to be resisted, far less rebelled against, for any amount of wrong to ourselves. . . . It is in the Koran, not the New Testament, that we read the maxim, 'A ruler who appoints any man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State.' . . . Even in the morality of private life, whatever exists of magnanimity, highmindedness, personal dignity,

even the sense of honour, is derived from the purely human, not the religious part of our education."

Here we take our stand against Mr. Mill. In the first place, Christianity is not summed up in a code of laws drawn by induction from our Saviour's precepts. These teachings "were meant to contain only a part of the truth," as Mr. Mill admits himself. But if a man has the *Spirit* of the Master in him, he is fit for any emergency of life, in any nation, and at any time. If a man looks on our Lord as only a moral teacher, he cannot help misunderstanding Him. What a man wants in life is not simply a voice to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it," but a sustaining arm to help him to tread that path. Moral teaching can give the knowledge of what is right, but we want something else to make us *do* the right. Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," says, "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." Christianity is not so much to teach us *what* to do, as *how* to do. Mr. Mill seems to admit this when he says it is "an error to persist in attempting to find in the Christian doctrine that complete rule for our guidance which its Author intended it to sanction and enforce, but only partially to provide." But he seems to have the idea that Christianity alone is not enough to carry a man safely through life. As a morality it may not be, but as a spiritual life it certainly is.

It has been said that Christianity teaches us how to do rather than what to do. Herein is its power. Religion, in any form, where it is moral, supplies the motive. But the world knows no motive so strong as that of the Christian, who says, "The love of Christ constraineth me."

Is it true that, "thou shalt not" predominates unduly over "thou shalt" in the Christian religion? A good Quaker once so far lost his temper as to say, "Confound it all!" His wife rebuked him gently. He replied, with a sigh, "Mary, thou little knowest what I keep in." That is where Christianity is at work—in restraining men. If we can manage to keep the "thou shalt not," we shall have no fear about the "thou shalt."

To say that Christianity has "made an idol of asceticism," is utterly false. Nothing is farther from the spirit and teachings of Him who made wine at a marriage; who took little children in His arms and blessed them; who ate and drank with men, so that His enemies said, "Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber;" who wrought two miracles to feed people; whose last institution, in memory of Himself, was a meal; nothing is farther from the precept and example of such a one than asceticism.

Moreover, Mr. Mill says that Christianity holds out "the hope of heaven and the threat of hell as the appointed and appropriate motives



to a virtuous life." This may be the doctrine of some, but we have not so learned Christ. Our motto is not "The fear of hell forces me," but "The love of Christ constraineth me." Heaven and hell are not instigators to virtue, but the *consequences* of a good or bad life.

Nor is it true that Christian morality tries to "give to human morality an essentially selfish character, by disconnecting each man's feelings of duty from the interests of his fellow-creatures." Christianity alone has taught men to live as brothers, to "bear one another's burdens," to "weep with them that weep," and to "rejoice with them that do rejoice."

Again, Christianity is not "essentially a doctrine of passive obedience." All that can be gathered from Paul's words (the most explicit on the subject), is that bad men are not to break good laws. "For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil," is the key to the whole passage. Truly we are taught to overcome evil with good, and to persuade men by force of argument rather than by dint of muscle; or, as Mr. James Fitzjames Stephens puts it, "to count heads rather than break them." And this is the wisest course. "The Christian opposes justice only to injustice, and in making a stand for rights, instead of by violence, disarms the might of the aggressor by patience and perseverance."\*

We are told that it is in the Koran, not the New Testament, that we read the maxim, "A ruler who appoints a man to an office, when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State." We might with equal justice say, "It is not in the New Testament, but in Mr. Mill's, 'Political Economy,' that we read, 'No one has a right to bring creatures into life to be supported by other people;' in other words, that reckless marrying, without the means of support, is a crime." Neither the maxim of the Koran, nor Mr. Mill's remarks, are in the New Testament; but they are completely in harmony with it, and, so to speak, implied by the spirit of Christianity. Verily the New Testament would be a large book if it contained every moral precept.

We are told that "magnanimity, highmindedness, personal dignity, even the sense of honour," are derived from the purely human part of our education; and that unless Christian ethics are assisted by secular, "there will result, as is even now resulting, a low, abject, servile type of character, which, submit itself as it may to what it deems the Supreme Will, is incapable of rising to, or sympathising in, the conception of Supreme Goodness." It is true that our Lord taught the world the great value of peaceful dispositions. But the lover of peace is by no

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\* "Harless' System of Christian Ethics."

means a coward. Mr. Mill thinks that if a man is "poor in spirit," he must also be "poor-spirited." The apostles were peaceful and poor in spirit; but the world has never seen men more noble-minded and heroic. Heroism is not confined to the battle-field. And was there no magnanimity in the Samaritan who bound up the wounds of the Jew, his natural enemy? Did ever man know magnanimity such as that of the "Man of Sorrows," who, when dying for His friends and His foes, cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? There was some personal dignity in "the noble army of martyrs." There was no lack of high-mindedness in such men as Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor, whose strength came not "from the purely human part of their education," but because they could cry, "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." One who was not ignorant of the history of Christianity, should have known better than to have represented that which made men the "truest friends and noblest foes," as a weak, sickly, cowardly, sentimental religion.

Moreover, a gentleman thoroughly versed in the Koran, informs the writer that the sentence quoted by Mr. Mill is not to be found in that book. The same authority states that Mr. Mill was once communicated with on the subject, and returned some such answer as the following:—"I am sorry it is not there, I wish it were." If Mr. Mill was not perfectly sure, he should have remembered to withdraw it from the next edition.

On page 24, Mr. Mill says: "All Christians believe that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven," not perceiving that our Lord only desired by these words to show that for a man to save himself from the consequences of sin, apart from any Divine mediation, is *impossible*. Again, he says they believe "that if one take their cloak, they should give him their coat also; that they should take no thought for the morrow." Now, did ever any rational Christian take these commands literally? Again, Christians are said to believe that "the blessed are the poor and humble." Such a glaring fallacy of conversion is surprising, when it comes from the author of the famous "System of Logic." To say "Blessed are the poor" is certainly very different from saying that "The poor are the blessed."

Again, Christians are said to believe that "if they would be perfect, they should sell all that they have and give it to the poor." Here he applies a command given by our Lord to a special individual, under special circumstances, to all individuals under all circumstances.

Such is the manner in which Mr. Mill deals with Christian Morality. When a man sees nothing in the Gospels but morality, one does expect that he should understand *that* portion of it thoroughly. But we cannot

expect one who was crammed with Greek at the age of three, made to spend all his time in intellectual pursuits, and brought up with no religion of any species,—we cannot expect such a man to understand that which is hid from those whom the world counts “wise and prudent,” and revealed unto “babes.”

FREDERIC WILKINS AVELING.

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### ARCHDEACON DENISON.

PERHAPS the picture which the mention of the stalwart Archdeacon of Taunton will suggest to the minds of most of our readers, is that of a venerable ecclesiastic, to whom advancing years have brought no decay of fervour or even of passion, seated in the chair of a tumultuous meeting and asserting his determination not only to preserve order but to dictate its proceedings. The Archdeacon, as chairman of the notorious meeting held during the Bath Congress, and designed at once to vindicate the rights of incumbents and to defy Bishops in general and the head of the diocese and chairman of the Congress in particular, was a novelty even in our ecclesiastical conflicts. In the affairs of the world, even the most ardent partisans have to preserve a certain show of moderation, and a gentleman who was not only bent on enforcing his own will upon a public meeting, but showed the strength of his purpose by carrying a heavy stick as a symbol of office and weapon of authority, would soon be relegated to a position such as that in which Mr. Whalley finds himself. We fancy that in the case of most ecclesiastics a similar result would follow. It is difficult to imagine any other Church leader, however strong his convictions and ardent his feelings, committing himself to a similar course of action. Canon Ryle resolved to carry a vote for the reform of Convocation, the conversion of the Episcopate into a more spiritual force, or the abolition of the exclusive rights of incumbents who are not Evangelicals, in a meeting held in awe by an oaken quarter-staff, such as Friar Tuck might have used to belabour his foes,—or Canon Liddon flourishing a shillelagh in the face of any extreme Protestants who should maintain that the subtle Monsignor Capel had too successfully established his point,—are spectacles for which neither Church nor world is prepared, and which certainly would not conduce to edification. If the *argumentum baculinum* was to come much into vogue, even though those who had recourse to it never went further than to brandish their weapons, it would not be very long before some measures would be taken to repress such dangerous manifestations, and certainly those who employed them would give a death-blow to their own influence.

It cannot be said, however, that Archdeacon Denison brought any

discredit upon himself by his strange exhibition. Some laughed, others in their secret hearts regretted what they did not feel called upon openly to condemn, of course opponents made capital out of a procedure which true friends sincerely deplored ; but the popularity of the man himself was undiminished, if indeed it was not increased, by the incident. He was the hero of the Ritualist party at the Congress, and more than one opportunity was taken of expressing sympathy with him and of seeking to annoy his Bishop—the mild and moderate Lord Arthur Hervey—by marked demonstration of feeling whenever he made his appearance. So far from being ashamed of their champion, it was clear that the Ritualists admired his fearlessness, and were not at all troubled by proceedings which spoke more for his decision than his prudence. The good-humour of the Archdeacon had, no doubt, much to do with this : there is nothing malignant even in his fiercest vehemence. He is consistent in an age when there are many trimmers, uncompromising where there is so strong a tendency to conciliate even at the cost of truth, loyal to principle in presence of a temporising expediency. He has thus often exposed himself to censure as extreme and impracticable, but there is not a trace of littleness in his character, nor a suspicion of intrigue in his conduct, nor a word savouring of malice in his speech. The arrogance of the ecclesiastic is tempered, in him, by the straightforwardness and good-nature of the Englishman. Even opponents feel that they cannot resent the most vehement outbursts of one who is so true, and whose fiercest hate is directed against principles rather than persons. It is true that he is no respecter of persons, and seems even to find special pleasure in assailing Church dignitaries who are not faithful to “Catholic truth” and Church authority ; but it is only as exponents of principles that he deals with them ; and, though it cannot be supposed that they relish his hard blows, we cannot believe that they cherish any unkind feeling to one who evidently strikes only in defence of what he holds to be the right. But if adversaries can scarcely be resentful, friends may well be indulgent, and pass over indiscretions, or excesses, in consideration of the great advantage their cause derives from the forcible and manly advocacy of one in all whose words there is the ring of strength and genuineness. A septuagenarian who has grown old in the service of the principles for which he still contends, to whom no one can deny the credit of integrity or ability, and who in his old age shows a force which may well cause younger men to blush, cannot fail to be honoured. The scars which the gallant veteran bears, as memorials of many a hard-fought battle, must tell in favour of a champion who despite them all still presses to the front, and in clear and stirring accents rings out defiance to the foe, or encourages his friends to bold and daring advance.

The Archdeacon's clerical life began at Cuddesdon, a place which has

since obtained so much notoriety, and exercised so much influence in the High Church movement. The atmosphere of the region, especially at the time when the Oxford School was in the ardour of its first love, must have been eminently favourable to the growth of a sacerdotal sentiment. How far the young curate may have been affected by it, and how much he may himself have contributed to strengthen the tendencies at work in the place, we have not sufficient information to determine; but we do know that from his first appearance in public life he was known as an ardent defender of the most advanced views of Church principles and rights. He was a member of Church Unions both in London and Bristol, in which his marked individuality both of opinion and character, his boldness in advocating extreme views however unpopular, and his remarkable force, soon gave him a prominent position. The subject of national education afforded one of the earliest occasions for the exhibition of his special qualities. He took at the outset a position of his own, and he holds it with consistency to the present time. He is as far as possible removed from the Dean of Chichester, and in fact arrives, though of course by a very different process, at the point held by the old Voluntaries. If the Government would recognise the right of the Church over the education of the people, and give her the means for the fulfilment of the duty, we do not suppose he would object. But to the Church becoming a stipendiary to the State, and submitting her schools to the inspection of its officers, and accommodating their teachings to its requirements, he has from the first been vehemently opposed. He has always been a strong supporter of the National School Society; but his chief aim has been to keep it true to its original idea, and to prevent any compromise of its distinctive principles by the acceptance of a Conscience Clause. In his view, a School rate for the support of an educational system which the Church has not shaped and does not control, is as great an outrage upon conscience as the old Church rate could have been to the Dissenters, and ought to be resisted. Those who are most opposed to him, must admire the consistency with which he has carried his principles to their logical issue, and maintained them at all costs.

It was his lot, however, to play a much more important part in our ecclesiastical struggles than this. The recollection of the excitement produced by his avowal of views on the Lord's Supper very advanced for that day, has almost died out amid the still fiercer agitations that have succeeded; but at the time he was the hero of the party, whose battle he fought with equal energy and determination. He had been an examining chaplain of the Bishop of Bath and Wells; but in the absence of his diocesan, Bishop Spencer—who was only a *locum tenens*, and who may be supposed, therefore, not to have acquired all

that calmness and moderation which the office is calculated to develop—deprived him of the position because of a sermon preached in the church of East Brent. The Archdeacon, nothing daunted, but on the contrary rather stimulated by the opposition, immediately proceeded to set forth his views more fully, and on a more public platform. In the old cathedral at Wells he preached the three sermons, which afterwards became so notorious, in which he advocated a doctrine of the Real Presence with which, unhappily, the Anglican Church has since become sufficiently familiar, but which was then as novel as it was startling. There certainly could not be a more distinct assertion of the presence of our Lord in the sacramental elements than that which is contained in his words: "That to all who come to the Lord's Table, to those who eat and drink worthily, and to those who eat and drink unworthily, the Body and Blood of Christ are given; and that by all who come to the Lord's Table—by those who eat and drink worthily, and by those who eat and drink unworthily—the Body and Blood of Christ are received." The idea of a spiritual participation dependent on the faith of the recipient, of a subjective presence of the Lord realised only by the soul which trusts in Him, is here put aside almost with contempt. Mistake is impossible. Where the bread and wine are given to the communicant, he, whatever his state of heart, receives the Body and Blood of Christ. The essential point is, of course, the consecration by the priest, which effects the mystical change. Well might the Protestants of the district take the alarm, and protest that a doctrine like this—which may have since been put into more striking form, or have been made more offensive to English feeling by the Romish symbolism with which it has been associated, but which could hardly be exceeded in its outspoken assertion of sacramental grace—was "unsupported by the Articles, taken in their literal and grammatical sense, was contrary to the doctrine and teaching of the Church of England, and had a very dangerous tendency."

At first it was thought that the Archdeacon had so far exceeded even the liberty permitted to the Anglican clergy, that he must be deprived of the office whose influence he had abused, to the subversion of the very doctrines he was bound to maintain. There was, of course, one of the periodical outbursts of Protestant feeling, which look so formidable, and have hitherto proved to be worth so little. Few spectacles are more melancholy in the eyes of all lovers of the truth than these wild manifestations of a zeal, which is made up in almost equal proportions of bigotry and fear, and whose vapourings only serve to bring contempt on the cause in whose behalf it is displayed, and to encourage its enemies to still further aggression. Erastianism has so taken the heart out of much of our Protestantism that it seems incapable of

striking a manly blow in defence of the truth. It is ever ready to flame out into angry denunciations, or to get up an imposing show of resistance to those whom it is so fond of calling traitors ; but they know well enough how much these excited, vehement words mean. For a time the air is full of rumours of the great things which are to be done : startling leaders appear in the leading journals ; enthusiastic public meetings are held, and decided resolutions passed ; violent speeches are supplemented by letters in the *Times*, printed in large type and well leaded ; the country is deluged with pamphlets, in which the most extreme measures are advocated ; and to anyone who does not understand the phenomena, it seems certain that the Establishment is on the eve of a great crisis. Those who have watched similar movements before are able to contemplate signs which, to less practised eyes, seem portentous, with perfect equanimity. Experience has made them familiar with the natural history of these ecclesiastical cyclones. They can predicate the successive stages through which they will pass, and with tolerable accuracy estimate the length of their duration. There will be the stage of gathering excitement, which will be followed by that of angry menace, in which will be heard threats of secession, or announcements of certain vengeance. Then will follow the crisis, in the form of some judicial deliverance ; and amid the roar of the thunder and the rapid flashing of the lightning on both sides, it will seem as if the end of the world, or at least of the Establishment, was approaching. But shortly the storm will show signs of subsidence ; milder counsels will begin to prevail ; men who seemed bent on internecine warfare will find out some *modus vivendi* ; and by and by the sun will break out from behind the clouds, and smile benignantly on Judah and Ephraim dwelling together in tents, so pleasant that their attractions compel them to bury their old enmities. Perhaps the cause of truth suffers ; but at least the Establishment is preserved.

If we could collect all the professions of alarm as to the effect on our Protestantism, or our Christianity, of some daring heresy that has been propounded by Anglican clergymen, the fierce condemnations of the treason that the offenders are perpetrating, the strong declarations that at whatever cost the evil must be stamped out, and the enthusiastic resolutions to sacrifice everything rather than be accomplices of such disloyalty to truth, which have been uttered in the course of these controversies, it would be evident that if the Protestantism of the Establishment is in evil condition to-day it has not been for lack of brave words on the part of her defenders. But we would gladly have parted with bushels of such words for one manly deed. Unhappily these deeds have always been lacking, and as the result the Establishment has been drifting, slowly at first, but more rapidly of late, and ever steadily, on to Rome.



Mr. Denison had to encounter an early storm, and one of a very violent character. "The Protestant and popular religion of our country," he says, "consists mainly in a hatred of anything that touches Rome, or can any how be made to savour of Rome." His doctrine had a very decided flavour of Rome, and accordingly he received the sort of treatment which he so graphically describes:—

"If any man, either in town or country, wants to excite the greatest popular disturbance he can, let him hire for sixpence the biggest knave and scoundrel he can find to go into the market-place, or the street, or the village road, and shout out: 'Down with the Pope.' In five minutes all the greatest fools in the place, men, women, and children, are all round him, shouting out till their voices crack: 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' Just look at the amount and value of the English Shibboleth, 'Civil and religious liberty.' This man is a Roman. Away with him: to the lions with him. This man is a despiser of the Church; a laughter at the Scriptures; an avowed infidel, denying Christ and the Holy Ghost. A bold, brave man; a champion of liberty. Give him three cheers, and let him go."

The Archdeacon probably smarts under the recollection of the prosecution instituted against him by Mr. Ditcher, which threatened at one time to be a *cause célèbre*, but which unfortunately went off on a legal technicality. Dr. Lushington, sitting as judge in the Diocesan Court of Bath and Wells, which was the Court of First Instance, with his customary clearness of mind and a superiority to extraneous considerations, yclept statesman-like views, only too rare in ecclesiastical judges, declared that the Archdeacon had contravened the teaching of the Church, and as he refused to recant, pronounced a sentence of deprivation against him. But the defendant now allowed his counsel to put in a plea which we should have expected a man of his courageous temper would have repudiated, and the appeal to the Court of Arches, so far as it was argued, proceeded entirely on the ground that more than two years had elapsed between the alleged offence and the commencement of the suit. By the only legal decision which was given, therefore, on the subject of the indictment, the Archdeacon's doctrine was pronounced contrary to that of the Church; but the judgment proved to be a nullity because of a delay which, by the way, was not the fault of the prosecutor, but of the unsettled state of the diocese. The Archdeacon escaped by a legal subtlety of which we should have thought he would have scorned to make advantage.

Of course he may say that it was not for him to play into the hands of his opponents, and it is possible, or indeed probable, that there have been many repetitions of the offence since, which might have been, and in our judgment ought to have been, followed by similar proceedings. He writes as though only fools were ready to rally to the Protestant

cry ; but we should say that the surest proof given of folly by his assailants was, that they left the question they had raised in so unsatisfactory a position. He does injustice to the English love of liberty. There is no country in Europe where a teacher of Romish doctrine, even in its most extreme Ultramontane form, is heard with more patience, receives more abundant compliments (often far more than deserved) for his great subtlety and learning, or is answered with more care and respect, than in England. The only condition is, that he be true to his profession, and avow himself an adherent of the Church whose doctrine he teaches. The cry, "To the lions with him !" is only raised against ministers of the Establishment who are esteemed disloyal to their trust, and all that it means is, let them go to Rome, to their own company. After all it is only a cry, and comes to little. But if it meant more, what reason is there for complaint? If the Anglican Church be Protestant, it is not an act of persecution to exclude from it those who hate Protestantism, and labour to overthrow its power. If it be not, then the sooner it is known the better, that Protestants may no longer be deceived by the fiction on which the people act, when they demand that masked Romanists should be separated from its communion. The Archdeacon himself is one of the last who should object to this, because he recognises in the most distinct manner the essential difference between the "Protestant" and the "Catholic" view, and denounces in the strongest terms the equivocal action which the Bishops, in consequence of their relation to the Establishment, are forced to take when they "admit indiscriminately and equally into the Diaconate and Presbyterate those who affirm, and those who deny, the doctrine of the sacraments." If the Bishops should not ordain men of these conflicting opinions, and if in doing so "their action is two-voiced," it follows that the two classes should not be found in the same Church. This once admitted, the Archdeacon can hardly charge those who would exclude his "Catholic" friends with unfaithfulness to liberty, so long especially as he reproaches the Bishops for not refusing ordination to true Protestants.

But whatever else he is, he is not a consistent friend of liberty. He has at times been placed in circumstances where he has been the champion of the feeble, in opposition to strong if not high-handed acts of authority, and has too a great deal of the English love for fair play and even of independence ; and while he insists strenuously on the rights of the Church and the priesthood, he seems to have a very faint conception of the obligations to obey his superior under which the priest may be. But so far is he from advocating freedom, that heresy has no keener adversary. Hence, while he is so ready to resent an outcry against Romish tendencies, he was himself one of the most conspicuous actors in the movement against the Rationalism of the "Essays and

Reviews." He was then, as now, one of the most popular men in Convocation, an eloquent speaker, a dashing leader, a high-principled though rash adviser. All the vehemence of his nature was thrown into the proceedings against a book which he regarded as a scandal to the Church, and an insulting menace to Christianity. He spoke against it, he organised action against it, he was appointed chairman of the Committee of the Lower House which sat to consider it, and was mainly responsible for the famous report in which it was so decisively and emphatically condemned.

All this, we must add, was in perfect accordance with the views he has always advocated. He does not ask for liberty to preach the Catholic faith in the Church; he holds that it is the faith of the Church, and that every departure from it is heresy. Whether it is right that it should be denied a place in the Establishment is a point on which we have no means of ascertaining his opinion; but we should infer from all his reasoning that he would condemn the State which supported and patronised error. One point is clear, that he sees as distinctly as the most zealous member of the Liberation Society the distinction between the Church and the Establishment, and as a clergyman of the Church, would keep her free from the intrusion of error.

"One thing is plain to begin with," he says, "that it is not the Primitive and Catholic Church of England which is chargeable with this unhappy issue" (the double-mindedness of the Bishops), "but that modern arrangement and adaptation to civil uses and popular will, commonly called 'the Establishment,' which for some three hundred years has assumed the name and ancient authority of the Church of England. To confound the Church of England with 'the Establishment,' is a very common mistake; especially it would seem with our Bishops; but it is one of the greatest and most fatal mistakes that can be made." (*The Episcopate with Two Voices*, v. vi.)

But while, of course, we accept the distinction as right in principle, we fail to see how the facts can be made to square with the theory. There is a true Church within and apart from the Establishment, but it has never had any formal constitution. Of a Church of England which existed before the Establishment, and can be regarded as independent of it, history says nothing. The nation and the Church were once identical, that is, to put it in other words, the whole of the people accepted the Established religion; but a "Primitive and Catholic Church," such as that of which the Archdeacon speaks, owes its being only to the Churchman's dreams. That, however, is his stand-point; and so long as he is not required to keep back what he holds to be any part of the "one faith" of this "one Church," he can, without scruple of conscience, retain his position as a parish priest.

"For my own part, as an English priest, I possess for my own, here in this Church of England, the whole substance of Catholic truth. I cannot, there-

fore, be induced by any defect nor by any fault of the existing arrangement, nor again by any amount of persecution, to desert the Church of England." (Episcopate, &c. p. 19.)

To Nonconformists outside, who have not felt, or if they have felt have resisted the attractions of the Establishment, it is partly amusing and partly distressing to note the number and contrariety of the pleas which different men will urge to justify them in clinging to it. Here is what the Archdeacon calls "a compound form of the Church; a form compounded of elements mutually repugnant, and which neither will nor can be reconciled;" an amalgam of the "Catholic faith" with "the inventions and figments of presumptuous men touching the Faith, the discipline, constitution, and authority of the Church, the Apostolical succession and the Sacraments; figments and inventions wrongfully stamped with the name of Re-formation." How anyone can be a clergyman in such a Church, and flatter himself that he has no share in her corruption, because he holds the "Catholic" faith himself, even though he has, by act of solemn subscription, accepted all the "figments and inventions" as though they were possessed of equal authority, is more than we are able to comprehend. Our wonder is increased when we find how severe the Archdeacon is upon the Bishops for their "two voices." A priest he is, and will remain; but a bishop he could not be unless indeed he were allowed to carry out his own Church notions. His account of a bishop is true enough, but being so, we marvel how he can maintain his allegiance to a Church whose chief officers answer to his description.

"Then what the world calls private judgment or opinion, what the Church calls belief is, so far as his (a bishop's) official action is concerned, no longer the first thing with him, but the second. It has become to him a thing of inferior and subordinate consideration. For a bishop who has to administer a diocese, in which he finds priest and deacons, Catholic and Protestant, with its many subdivisions, and who has to admit men of both classes, and of the many subdivisions of the second class, into the Diaconate and Presbyterate, and to the cure of souls,—that bishop, unless he is prepared to elude or override the special conditions (whether expressed or understood on both parts), makes no difference in the case) under which he was offered and accepted a Bishopric in 'the Establishment,' cannot help being, in respect of his official action, at one and the same time Catholic and Protestant with all the endless subdivisions. (The Episcopate, &c. p. 17.)

This is hard upon the Bishops—perhaps not more hard than they deserve; but we marvel that the Archdeacon does not see how severely it tells upon himself. The priest is as much an integral part of the Establishment as the bishop himself, and owes first his presbyterate to the ordination of a bishop, thus doomed to speak with "two voices," and then his right to place and authority in the parish to the direct

appointment of that Establishment which is so corrupt and does so wickedly. Even if the "Catholic Church" makes him a priest (a position we do not concede), it is the Establishment which makes him parish priest of East Brent and Archdeacon of Taunton. Whatever responsibility there is for the faults of the system belongs to him equally with the bishop. It is not the Episcopate alone, but the Establishment, which speaks with "two voices," and yet he is content to be of it, to accept its status and to exercise its influence, to profit in every way by its position.

The Archdeacon's position is certainly anomalous, and while we admire his independence, his thoroughness, his outspoken boldness, we cannot accept his logic—if logic it can be called—or see how his action is to be defended. His notion seems to be that in East Brent he is the spiritual ruler, and he is indignant with anyone who seeks to restrain his autocracy. His correspondence with the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who has had a very difficult part to play, and who on the whole has shown good temper and judgment, not to say kindness and consideration, in the discharge of an unpleasant duty, enables us, better than anything else, to understand the man himself. His exalted ideas of priestly prerogative, his tendency to mistake his own conceptions of duty for the will of the "Primitive and Catholic Church," his extravagant assertion of his private judgment and his endeavour to exalt it into an authority which warrants him in defying Episcopal admonition and legal injunction, his undoubted faith in his own infallibility, and the contempt, not unmixed with arrogance, which he shows for those who differ from him, are as remarkable as they are characteristic. But as characteristic, also, are his manifest conscientiousness, his earnest desire to do good, and belief that the plans he has adopted are the best suited to secure it, his extreme sensitiveness, and his unflagging resolution. If we do not speak of his courage, it is because we do not see that it requires any special exercise of this virtue for an archdeacon, and especially a veteran with such a reputation, to defy a Bishop. On the contrary, it was the Bishop who needed courage to sustain him in taking decided action, which was sure to expose him to the persistent and bitter assaults which Lord Arthur Hervey has had to encounter for the discharge of a necessary duty, and one which could not be welcome to a man of his spirit.

A good deal of sympathy was accorded to the Archdeacon because of the Bishop's withdrawal of the license of his two curates because of their Romish proclivities. There can be little doubt on the mind of any impartial man who studies the facts, that the procedure was fully justified if the law of the Anglican Church is not to be reduced to a name, and the power of the Bishop to an empty form. Of course it pressed heavily upon the Archdeacon, left with the sole charge of a parish of 775 souls; but the pressure was caused chiefly by his own determination to persist

in a style of service entailing considerable labour, and pronounced by his Bishop to be illegal. The singular feature of the case is that the ceremonies about which the controversy has arisen have only been adopted by the Archdeacon during the last four years. He is therefore in this awkward dilemma. Either they are obligatory, in which case he has been guilty of sad negligence in the years during which he dispensed with them,—or they are not, and if so he is disturbing the peace of a diocese, defying his spiritual ruler, and perpetuating a state of feeling in his own parish which must be most injurious to its spiritual interests, for the sake of things which are, to say the least, doubtful, and of secondary importance. The very ground he takes himself, indeed, affords one of the best justifications for any severity which the Bishop may show in judging the case of Ritualistic aspirants to priestly orders. He adopts his own idea of the law, and refuses to accept what he calls "a certain modern and stultifying interpretation of it by a civil court." That is, he sets aside the authority to which he is bound to submit, and yet he will not withdraw from the office the conditions of whose tenure he repudiates. He knows the difficulties and uncertainties of law, and the odium which is sure to come on those who might employ it against him, and, secure in the immunity he enjoys, he defies the power he is bound to obey. The Bishop could desire no better reason than his example affords for hesitation in adding to the number of priests who, once safely lodged within the Church's citadel, may boldly unfurl the flag of revolt and defy their superiors to turn them out.

We have felt bound to write thus plainly of a man for whom we entertain on many grounds a high respect, because we fear lest the personal popularity which in this country is generally enjoyed by one who shows marked individuality, and a certain style of dashing boldness, should blind many to his faults. The Archdeacon's scorn of compromise, the very extravagance with which he asserts his own views, and the trenchant vigour with which he assails opponents, all create a certain prejudice in his favour. It is all the more necessary, for the sake of those who are disposed to admire him, forgetful of the injurious influence he is exerting, and the unwarrantable liberty he claims, to insist that in an Establishment no man can be a law unto himself. There are others beside the Archdeacon of Taunton who need the reminder, and for him it may, at least, be said that he has the courage of his convictions, and is ready to brave the penalty of his fidelity to truth. Nonconformists may naturally feel some tenderness for one of the few Church dignitaries who has dared to advocate disestablishment, even though they dissent from the reasons which have led him to the same conclusion as themselves.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Pastoral Theology: A Treatise on the Office and Duties of the Christian Pastor.* By the late PATRICK FAIRBAIRN. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clarke.

THIS is a posthumous publication, and is, we suppose the last contribution of one of the ablest of modern theologians to the literature of the Church. It discusses all the principal subjects which relate to the nature and work of the Christian minister, and discusses them with a ripe wisdom and an extensive knowledge which must make the book extremely useful. Although Dr. Fairbairn was a Presbyterian, his treatise will be read with great advantage by Congregationalists. It is preceded by an interesting biographical sketch of the author, written by the Rev. James Dods.

*From Jerusalem to Antioch.* By J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price, seven shillings and sixpence.)

THIS volume contains a series of sketches covering the first great movement of the Christian Church, beginning with the farewells of the disciples to their ascending Lord and reaching to the time when it became clear that the Church was not a mere Jewish sect, but was destined to reach the outlying nations of heathendom. The sketches are full of just and beautiful thoughts, and give abundant evidence of those masculine qualities of intellect and of that theological learning which distinguish Dr. Dykes.

*The Unchanging Saviour, and other Sermons.* By the late CHARLES VINCE. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price, six shillings.)

OF the eighteen sermons contained in this volume, one only had been revised by himself for publication; four others are printed from manuscripts of his own, which, however, he had never selected nor prepared for publication; the remaining thirteen are printed from a reporter's notes. A gentleman at Ply-

mouth employed a shorthand writer for some months to report for him Mr. Vince's morning sermons, and these reports were placed at the disposal of the editor of this volume. Those who knew Mr. Vince will recognise in all the sermons indications of the qualities which made him so great a preacher—his strong common sense, his firm grasp of the great truths of the Gospel, the manly simplicity of his style, and the rich, sympathetic nature which was, perhaps, one of the chief elements of his power; and those who did not know him may learn from these printed discourses something of the secret of his influence. But the volume cannot give an adequate impression of the real energy and wealth of his intellectual and moral life to those who never heard him. There was always a singular felicity in the relations between what he said and the circumstances in which he was speaking, and an intuitive appreciation of all the associations which his words would awaken in the minds of his audience. Of these elements of his power as a speaker and preacher, it is, of course, impossible for a printed book to give any conception. The audience cannot be printed, nor can the complex conditions of the time at which he was speaking be printed. We think too, that although in these sermons there are occasional examples of his power of illustration, the examples are not among the best; and we also miss the rush of excitement which occasionally—though perhaps rarely—made his speaking so effective. But the words of the editor, in which, referring to Mr. Vince's friends, he says that, "rather than possess no memorial of his memory, it is believed they will be glad to have even an imperfect one," express exactly what will be felt by a very large number of persons in Mr. Vince's own congregation and in other parts of the country. The memorial would have been much more imperfect but for the patience and the loyal devotion to the memory of his friend which have been manifested by the editor.



# *The Congregationalist.*

AUGUST, 1875.

## CAN MR. GLADSTONE SAVE THE ESTABLISHMENT?

MR. GLADSTONE has very wisely turned aside from his conflict with "Vaticanism," with the results of which he may, for the present at least, rest satisfied, to a more practical question, and one which more immediately concerns him, both as a religionist and a statesman. There is, indeed, a connection between it and that which has recently occupied so much of his attention, much more intimate than he himself is prepared to admit. They are, indeed, only different branches of the same question, for the real danger of the Anglican Establishment arises from the tendencies towards Vaticanism at work within it. This, unhappily, Mr. Gladstone does not perceive. There is no point on which we, and earnest Protestants generally, are more at variance with him than in his estimate of the strength of the party which is seeking to Romanise the Establishment. "If there be within the Church of England," he says, "a section of clergy or of laity which is engaged in such a conspiracy"—that is, as he puts it, "a conspiracy which aims at reversing the movement of the Reformation and at remodelling her tenets, her worship, and her discipline on the basis of the Papal Church (ay, even with all the aggravations of her earlier system, which that Church has in the later times adopted),—it is one extremely, almost infinitesimally small." The language, it must be observed, is extremely qualified, and if it is to be taken literally and strictly Mr. Gladstone's statement may, therefore, be maintained. Very probably there are not many in the Establishment who are prepared to set up the idol of Papal Infallibility, to bow their knee to Pius IX., to accept the dogma of Immaculate Conception, or to acquiesce in all the teachings of the Syllabus. "The aggravations of the earlier system" would not find

many advocates, and perhaps the number of those who would submit to the authority of the Pope at all is not very considerable. But it is possible that men may desire and unite to "reverse the movement of the Reformation" without going to such lengths as these, and the conspirators for this purpose are neither few nor feeble, but, on the contrary, a body formidable alike from its numbers and from the zeal, ability, and courageous devotion of its members. For the time being they are opponents of the Papacy and its pretensions; but experience has taught us how rapid and certain is the process of development in these cases. Cardinal Manning, so long as he remained in the service of the Anglican Church, did not advance further, if as far, in a Romeward direction as those who are now representatives of the extreme sacerdotal theory in the Establishment of which he was once a distinguished champion. Probably even when he joined the Church of Rome he would have shrunk from the advanced position he has subsequently taken. With cases such as his to warn us, there is little encouragement in the fact that the Ritualists have not yet avowed any sympathy with the Papacy, and may possibly not have any conscious intention of bringing England once more under its control. Our business is not only with what they say, or even with their immediate purpose, but with the tendency of their principles; and looking to this as indicated both by their intrinsic character and by the results already produced, we have no hesitation in saying that, whether designedly or not, the extreme section of the Anglican party is promoting the interests of Vaticanism in this country. The exaltation of the priest, the ascription of supernatural power to the Sacraments, the assertion of the supreme authority of the Church, the contemptuous disregard of the law by whose provisions nevertheless they are content to profit, all are of the essence of Vaticanism, and foster the spirit which prepares men to acquiesce in its monstrous demands. Let these priests have the opportunity of indoctrinating England with their views for twenty years to come, or even for a shorter period, and we can entertain little doubt as to the ultimate triumph of the system Mr. Gladstone so justly hates, and has so vigorously assailed.

The present subject, therefore, is so cognate to the other that the answer to the momentous question which he propounds in the pages of the *Contemporary*, "Is the English Church worth preserving?" will with many depend on the reply to another, "Is it possible to purge out of her the Romish leaven by which she is being corrupted?" Those who put such an inquiry are certainly not likely to be satisfied with the assurance that the evil is not what has been supposed, and that the consequences threatened are much less serious than have been pictured by imaginations too active and too much under the dominion of party

spirit. The weakest point in Mr. Gladstone's argument is that in which he endeavours to convince men of this, not only by denying the existence of a strong Romanising party, but by insisting that the practices which were condemned by the Purchas judgment, and on which the stress of the controversy lies—the eastward position, or to use the convenient if somewhat clumsy term which Mr. Gladstone has given us, “orientation,” and the use of sacrificial vestments—are so far innocuous that there is not necessarily any dogmatic significance in them. His reasoning in defence of this view is of course ingenious, and no doubt has persuaded himself. It is marked, indeed, by all that subtlety which we regard as one of the most dangerous qualities of his mind, and one which does most to create a mistaken impression in relation to him among those whose judgments are necessarily formed upon imperfect data, and are therefore very superficial in their character. No one who has had the opportunity of knowing him, and has at the same time the capacity to form an intelligent and unbiassed opinion, will for a moment doubt that he expresses the sincere convictions of his own mind; but we quite understand how the world generally, including numbers who cannot, and others who do not wish to comprehend him, and in fact view all he says and does through a distorting medium, regard this only as a piece of finessing.

Such assuredly it is not, but the result is not at all more satisfactory because we believe that we have here a faithful representation of Mr. Gladstone's own views. He has a mind strongly influenced by æsthetic considerations; but it is a great mistake for him to suppose that those on whose behalf he is pleading are governed by the same. Taking him on his own ground, we might argue that in Christian worship there are things of infinitely higher importance than æstheticism, and that wherever it comes into collision with the edification of the congregation, it should at once give way. Thus, to take his argument on “orientation:”—

“The bishops at the Savoy Conference laid down the principle as one founded in general propriety and reason, that when the minister addresses the people he should turn himself towards them; as for example, in preaching or in reading the lessons from Holy Scripture; but that when, for and with them, he addresses himself to God, there is solecism and incongruity in his being placed as if he were addressing them. The natural course then, they held to be, that congregation and minister engaged in a common act should, unless conformity between the inward and the outward is to be entirely expelled from the regulation of human demeanour, look together in a common direction. Where this is done by a clergyman reading the Litany at a faldstool, he commonly turns his back on part of the congregation and part of the congregation on him. When the same rule is followed in the prayer of consecration, the back of the clergyman is turned towards the entire congregation only from the circumstance that he officiates at the

extreme east end of the church. The proper idea of the position is, not that he turns his back on the congregation, but that, placed at the head of the congregation, and acting for as well as with them in the capacity of the public organ of the assembled flock, he and they all turn in the same direction, and his back is towards the whole, only as the back of the first line of worshippers behind him is towards all their fellow worshippers."

Possibly practical considerations may be too paramount with us, possibly it may be our Nonconformist training which prevents us from appreciating fully the necessity for "conformity between the inward and the outward;" but even at the risk of seeming to approve a "solecism and incongruity," we must say that the force of all this reasoning is overborne by regard to the edification of the congregation. Public worship is not a mere spectacle, and our first thought about any of its forms is not as to their correspondence with some æsthetic ideal. The primary condition with us is that the people should take an intelligent part in the worship, and where the congregation is large, this is an impossibility if the officiating minister turns his back upon them. We were present a short time ago at a grand Ritualistic ceremonial. The church was arranged according to the extreme ideas of the school. The sacarium, which of course was carefully railed off from the rest of the church, was of great depth, and at the extreme point of the recess was the altar at which the celebrant officiated. We suppose that he read the ordinary service as prescribed by the Prayer-book, but even with us, though we were on one of the front seats, this was only a matter of faith. It was difficult to see what was done; it was impossible to hear what was said. The mass of a Romish Church mumbled indistinctly in Latin, would have been just as useful as this service in an Anglican Church. Those who were familiar with the different parts of the ceremony might be able to follow it, but to all others it was nothing better than dumb show. A performance of this kind, for it is nothing better, is a miserable caricature of Christian worship, even though there should be no doctrinal significance attached to it. We challenge its propriety even on æsthetic principles, one of the first of which surely is that there should be a fitness in the forms we employ to accomplish the ends for which they are used. It is not surely necessary that we subordinate all practical considerations to the working out of some ideal of beauty in order that we may show a true æsthetic spirit. In public worship, as everywhere else, we must have regard to truth as well as to appearances if we are to fulfil the conditions of the highest art. If by an attempt to carry out some ideas of our own as to the proper attitude of a minister and congregation in their united address to God, we destroy the possibility of any real fellowship in that service, and convert it into a mere performance, of which the people become nothing more than mere

spectators, we are exalting the shadow above the substance, and injuring art itself by placing it in antagonism to reality. It would, perhaps, be generally confessed, except by the advocates of extreme theories, that in order to an act of common worship the congregation should be able, even without the help of their Prayer-books, to follow the words of prayer; but we go further even than this, and contend that, this being so, the clergyman cannot assume a position which interferes with this without violating true æsthetic principles. The "solecism and incongruity" belong to the supporters, not to the opponents of "orientation," which, we are bold to say, never would have been adopted merely on the grounds of taste. We can see how Mr. Gladstone, who often reaches a point by a path of his own, may find a justification for it in such reasoning as that which he urges with so much skill; but it has not convinced us, and we are certain it is not that which has influenced any but a very—we might use his own adverb and say, "an infinitesimally"—small section of those who are prepared to see the Establishment perish rather than surrender the eastern position. If, indeed, it is felt to be an object of essential importance that minister and people should, in addressing God, turn in the same direction, it is easy to conceive of an arrangement by which this might be effected without the disadvantage attendant upon the practice for which High Churchmen contend; but if it were proposed that to accomplish this the people should turn their backs upon the minister, we should soon learn how little questions of taste have to do with this exciting controversy.

There could, in truth, be few reflections more severe cast upon the High Church party—for it is the party as a whole, and not the Ritualistic section of it only, which has taken up this point, and seems determined to maintain it to the last—than to suggest that they attach no dogmatic significance to a form for the sake of which they are plunging the Church into a conflict, the issues of which no man can foretell, but which even the most confident optimist can hardly anticipate without anxiety. These men love the Church and the Establishment. They believe the former to be "the ancient and Catholic Church of the country;" they regard the latter as a fitting tribute of the nation to religion, and a powerful instrument for its extension and defence; but they would peril both with the tolerable certainty of destroying the unity of the one and of sweeping away the other altogether, rather than submit to any restraint upon their liberty in this particular. If it be what Canon Liddon calls one of the "spiritual" ingredients of the Church, an outward symbol of a truth which he and his friends value so highly that they will not forego any opportunity of teaching it, whether by word from the pulpit or by means of picture at the altar, or if it appear to them essential to complete their idea of the sacred service in which they engage in the

Communion, we can understand and admire their conscientiousness and pertinacity. But if this element be wanting, and they are contending only for some doubtful point of æsthetic propriety, they are only to be acquitted of grave criminality on the plea of hopeless infatuation. The Bourbon who lost the crown of France by refusing to change the colour of a flag, is not so stupid as the priests who are lighting the fires which will consume the Establishment, rather than make a concession which has no claim to be esteemed a matter of conscience if it has no relation to any religious dogma. The Comte de Chambord may, at least, plead on his own behalf, that his white flag has not only historic associations, but a distinct political meaning; but Canon Gregory and his allies have not even so much to urge if they endorse Mr. Gladstone's representations of their case.

But there is no chance that they will do anything of the kind. Whatever faults they have committed,—and they are numerous and grave enough,—it cannot be alleged that they have concealed the true significance of their ceremonial. Again and again have they told us, in language too plain to admit of misconstruction, that ritual is valuable in their eyes only as the symbol of doctrine, and it is not possible to dismiss them, and their opponents who join battle on the same issue, with Mr. Gladstone's somewhat contemptuous remark that "the concurrence of the two parties named above in their construction of the eastward position, is no better a reason for the acquiescence of the dispassionate community, than the agreement of two boys at a public school to fight in order to ascertain who is the strongest, is a reason against the interference of the bystanders to stop them if they can." The question is really not about the kindly offices of bystanders which may be very properly employed in either case, but as to the possibility of their succeeding by a determination not only to ignore the occasion of the quarrel, but to insist that it never had any existence. The illustration is hardly one of good omen; for if two boys at a public school had resolved to fight, it is not likely that they would be prevented except by superior force, and this, we fancy, is equally true about contending parties in the Church. It is very possible, too, that their differences might appear to all outsiders absurd and meaningless, but the attempt to end them by persuading the eager combatants themselves that they had mistaken the nature of their quarrel and were fighting about a shadow, would be as hopeless an undertaking as it is easy to conceive. And after all that can be said, men must be allowed to know something of their own mind, and there is something more than a waste of ingenuity in endeavouring to prove to ardent champions of a symbol, that it has not necessarily any doctrinal meaning, while its relation to doctrine is the only thing that gives it any value in their eyes. If Mr.

Gladstone could establish his point the controversy would cease, but in the meantime its continuance, and the excitement with which it is surrounded, is the surest proof that he is wrong. We do not often find much to admire in the utterances of the Primate, and still more rare is it for us to see in them the qualities of strength and manliness; but the severity of the crisis seems to have had the effect of raising him from his ordinary tone and compelling him to employ language of unusual point and strength. That it indicates an intention to take decided action, we, remembering how little fruit his emphatic denunciations of Ritualism in the House of Lords have borne, dare not predict, but his bold and pointed words express no more than the facts, and show that he at least is not ignorant of the extent and nature of the evil, however unwilling or unable to employ a remedy. There can be little hope of Mr. Gladstone's suggestion becoming the basis of an Eirenikon when a mild and moderate man, speaking under the deepest sense of responsibility and under circumstances which invest his words with special authority, thus strongly, decisively, and indeed almost contemptuously repudiates his representation of the facts:—

"It is childish to say there is no doctrine or significance in these things, when the persons who do them take it as the greatest insult that you can inflict upon them to say that they are contending for a posture, or a light, or a dress, when they are really contending for some doctrine far beyond anything which has ever before been tolerated within the Reformed Church of England, which they think, rightly or wrongly, is symbolised by these things. The things are perfectly indifferent in themselves; so is the white flag in France, but the white flag in France is supposed to represent absolute power and resistance to all those institutions which the French nation desires to have for the security of its liberties. Therefore, though the white flag no more represents a system of doctrine than the position of the celebrant would represent the system of doctrine in this matter, yet, of course, if a man tells you, 'I will introduce it in order to show you that I am the absolute and indefensible ruler of this country, and that all your free institutions are nonsense,' then we must believe that he at all events holds that there is something really implied: some deep principle at stake in the maintenance of this mere empty outward sign. Therefore, it seems to me childish, whoever be the great authority that propounds it, to say that these things do not imply any doctrine. Of course, they do not in themselves, but in the minds of those who contend for them they do; and when you maintain, as I am thankful to find that the Lower House of Convocation maintains, that in giving any sort of toleration to them they, at all events, do not mean to assent to the doctrine, they still cannot lay down the proposition that there is not a meaning on the part of those who contend for these things, which perhaps imply a great deal more than they would appear to imply."

Some of the other prelates, indeed, would seem to have got the idea that the Lower House of Convocation had adopted Mr. Gladstone's view, and to have derived some satisfaction from the fact, that though



it pronounced in favour of liberty on both the disputed points, yet it toned down its resolutions by adding that it was not intended to give any sanction to "any doctrine other than what is set forth in the Prayer-book and Articles of the Church of England." We find no cause for gratitude in this extraordinarily gracious announcement that a body of clergy who owe their position in the country solely to the favour of the law, and who could not assemble at all except by permission of the State, do not mean to sanction a breach of the law. Such as the declaration is, however, it is misinterpreted by the right reverend fathers who look on it with such complacency. The Bishop of London expressed the views of others as well as himself when he explained it as meaning that "the Lower House wish to declare that by vestments, or eastward or other position, no doctrine is specially necessary or properly intended." What the wishes of the Lower House may be his lordship must know much better than we possibly can, but the resolutions certainly do not bear the construction he puts upon them. They do not say that these rites and vestments do not symbolise doctrine, but that the doctrine is not other than that of the Prayer-book, and that no sanction can be given to any such doctrine. The effusive gratitude of some of the Bishops is therefore wasted. We do not see how the Lower House could have said anything less. Many of its members were, no doubt, extremely anxious to make things comfortable—an amiable disposition which was specially manifested by Evangelicals, who, finding themselves unable to stem the current of High Church feeling, were anxious to yield with as much grace as possible, and still to preserve some show of consistency. Possibly Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet may have affected others beside the Vicar of Greenwich, who, after first making a brave show of resistance, came down the next morning after breakfasting on the words of a "remarkable statesman" overflowing with charity and full of an anxious desire to "lubricate matters." Canon Miller indeed presented a sorry spectacle, and one of which he must himself be ashamed. He avowed himself utterly opposed to vestments, but he thought great good would be done if the House would divest their use "of any doctrinal significance attaching to them;" that is, if the House would vainly endeavour to set aside facts. The Canon did not pretend to say that there were any among those who desired their use, who had any other object in view except the setting forth of a special doctrine, and he expressly said he would not ask any man to disavow such an intention for himself. But he thought that if both parties would only agree that the symbol did not necessarily involve the doctrine, some good would result. That is, though every man who adopts chasuble, tunicle, and alb, is well known to assume these robes as the proper vestments of a priest when offering the "eucharistic sacrifice," yet some-

thing would be gained for the truth if Convocation would declare that there may be those who love the robes for their own sake, and that a doctrinal significance does not *necessarily* attach to them. When we have found the extraordinary characters whose weak love for man-millinery has triumphed over every other feeling, and who, like a number of overgrown babies, have a pleasure in being tricked out in all the colours of Jacob's coat, it will be time enough to discuss this proposition. The truth must be in evil case indeed if it has anything to gain by a compromise so utterly misleading. But, weak and meaningless as it is, the House did not accept it, but, as we have already seen, adopted another and very different provision.

We have dealt with this subject at length partly because it is the key of Mr. Gladstone's whole position, and partly because it seems to us necessary to expose a fallacy which is extremely mischievous, but which is sure to be popular among the large class who are anxious to find some excuse for clinging to the Establishment under all circumstances, and are glad enough to be told that Romish practices are innocent of Romish doctrines, and which has become all the more threatening now that a statesman so conscientious, amid all the subtlety of his intellect, has given it the sanction of his great name. If it be once disposed of, the greater part of the argument of the Article goes with it. Addressing the different parties in the Establishment, Mr. Gladstone says in effect: "You must live in peace, or the Establishment must perish. It is far from certain that even your union will save it; it is sure that your divisions will destroy it. There is a possibility of peace if each will be tolerant of the other, and that tolerance may surely be exercised if the things about which you are contending are seen in their true light, and it is admitted on all sides that they do not necessarily imply differences on Christian doctrines. But if, on the contrary, you are determined to prosecute the conflicts *à outrance*, and to call in the power of the law to settle the dispute, there can be but one result." The warnings which are given are remarkably distinct and emphatic, and undoubtedly they are as true as they are plain:—

"It is said to have been declared by persons in high authority" (among whom we must reckon the Primate and others of the prelates, and the Prime Minister) "that a large portion of both clergy and laity do entertain the desire to Romanise the Church. I am convinced that it is not so, but if it be so, our condition is indeed formidable, and we are preparing to 'shoot Niagara.' For I hold it beyond dispute that, whether minor operations of the knife be or be not safe for us, large excisions, large amputations, are what the constitution of the patient will not bear. Under them the Establishment will part into shreds, and even the Church may undergo sharp and searching consequences which as yet it would be hardly possible to forecast."

The premiss which Mr. Gladstone questions we believe to be per-

fectly true, and the conclusion which he draws from it is irresistible. Ritualists are Romanisers in the sense of the term which we have already explained, and the country will not be persuaded to the contrary, or believe that the Protestantism of the Establishment is safe so long as they are permitted to prosecute their designs with impunity. The action which Convocation has taken in the matter of the "Ornaments" Rubric since the issue of Mr. Gladstone's remonstrance, is only another proof of the resolution and strength of the party, another encroachment which warrants and will intensify the anxiety and alarm of the people, another indication of the peril attendant on the possible success of the prosecutions which are sure to be instituted under the Public Worship Act. We doubt, indeed, whether they will succeed. All our warnings as to the illusiveness of that Act have been abundantly confirmed by the publication of the rules of procedure under it, while the uncertainty which hangs around the notorious "Purchas judgment" renders it more than possible that the result of any proceedings which may be taken will be very different from that which credulous Protestants anticipate. But should they really be effectual, it is folly to expect that the party which has shown itself so powerful in Convocation will succumb. On the other hand, if they fail, it is worse than idle to hope that the Ritualists will lower their flag and declare that the practices, which it has been found impossible to repress, have no doctrinal significance. It may well be that then the cry will be raised for a revision of the formularies in a Protestant sense; but in this Mr. Gladstone warns us again that there will be no less danger:—

"I look upon any changes whatever, if serious in amount and contentious in character, as synonymous with the destruction of the National Establishment. But the matter is one of opinion only, and I fully admit the right of the nation to make any such changes, if they think fit, with such a purpose in view."

But if the right of the nation is recognised, it is abundantly clear that the writer has a deep-seated aversion to its exercise. Erastianism, in whatever form it may assert itself, awakens an indignation which is shown alike in his elaborate argument to demonstrate the unfitness of the Courts to adjudicate on these ecclesiastical questions, and in his condemnation of all attempts on the part of the Legislature to restrain the freedom of the Church.

"The renewal of scenes and occurrences like those of the session of 1874 would be felt, even more heavily than on that first occasion, to involve not only pain but degradation. The disposition of some to deny to the members of the National Church the commonest privileges belonging to a religious communion; the determination to cancel her birthright for a mess of pottage; the natural shrinking of the better and more refined minds from

indecent conflict ; the occasional exhibition of cynicism, presumption, ignorance, and contumely, were indeed relieved by much genial good sense and good feeling, *found, perhaps not least conspicuously, among those who were by religious profession most widely severed from the National Church.* But the mischief of one can inflict wounds which the abstinence and silent disapproval of a hundred cannot heal ; and unless an English spirit has departed wholly from the precincts of the English Church, she will, when the outrage to feeling grows unbearable, at least in the persons of the most high-minded among her children, absolutely decline the degrading relation to which not a few seem to think her born."

This is perhaps the most suggestive and significant passage in the article. It reveals most plainly the workings of the author's own mind ; it indicates most suggestively the difficulties with which the Establishment is menaced in consequence of the revived life of the Church. Erastianism can be dominant only where faith is feeble and love is cold ; for wherever men have a loyal trust in their living Lord and the supremacy of the truth, they must chafe against the limitations which a cold-blooded utilitarianism would impose on the development of the Church. Mr. Gladstone evidently feels this, and his kindly allusion to Nonconformists, in the words we have placed in italics, would seem to indicate that he is not able to lay to his soul the "flattering unction" which those employ who flatter themselves that the partial sacrifice of freedom has some compensation in the increased geniality and breadth of view which the Establishment is supposed to promote. His casual references to Nonconformists are marked by a sympathetic appreciation to which we are for the most part strangers, and exhibit a catholicity of temper which is not common among men of his ecclesiastical tendencies.

But it is not too much to say that his tone of feeling is essentially Nonconformist. Reviewing the legal attacks upon various parties which have really been only the true application of the principles of the Establishment, as embodied in the Act of Uniformity, he says : "I do not disguise my belief, founded on very long and rather anxious observation, that the series of penal proceedings in the English Church during the last forty years, which commenced with the action of the University of Oxford against Bishop Hampden, have, as a whole, been mischievous." So think we, but we think also that they have been the natural outcome of a system, which makes the creed and ritual of a Church part and parcel of the law of the land. His conclusion is that "the more we trust to moral forces, and the less to penal proceedings (which are to a considerable extent exclusive one of the other), the better for the Establishment, and even for the Church." The logic is unanswerable, but it carries us a great deal further than Mr. Gladstone has yet reached. Moral forces are, in our view, inconsistent with the idea of an Establishment, which is the creation of the law, and of which "penal proceedings" are

a proper instrument. He is so candid and far-seeing that we wonder he does not perceive that "penal proceedings" were the origin of Nonconformity, and that, in fact, we are subject to them still. The most severe action which could be taken against any offenders within the Establishment, would only have the effect of placing them in the same position in which Nonconformists are at present, and for precisely the same reason. We are kept outside because we will not submit to the terms of admission: they would be turned out because, having accepted them, they have practically set them aside.

In short, all Mr. Gladstone's reasonings point to one conclusion. The evils of which he complains are inherent in an Establishment; the liberty he desiderates is possible only to a free Church. Is it hopeless to expect that the nation will give a certain class of religionists the distinctions and endowments belonging to the National Church, and then allow them to act according to their own ideas of what is right and becoming? The Church which accepts the patronage of the State, must surrender her own independence, and her champions, however wounded and humiliated by some of the results of that sacrifice, can have no right to complain. The question for them to determine is, whether the advantages they enjoy as a privileged Church are sufficient compensation for the loss of the "commonest privileges belonging to a religious communion." A condition of bondage can never be pleasant, and it becomes specially galling when its obligations are set forth in the most bald and repulsive form, after the fashion of Sir William Harcourt, or of any others who may have exhibited "cynicism, ignorance, or presumption" in discussing Church affairs; but there is at least this satisfaction, that it is not inevitable. The Episcopal Church may have the privileges of the free if she will accept the responsibilities and burdens of the free. Otherwise liberty is impossible. The opposing parties among the clergy will not agree to exercise mutual tolerance; and if they would the nation would have a right to say whether it would permit a state of things under which the character of the Establishment would rapidly be changed. The freedom which is sought is, in fact, freedom for the fuller development of the sacerdotal and sacramentarian theories of the "Catholic" school; and however acceptable these may be to a large and increasing body of the clergy, they are utterly distasteful to the people, who, if we are to have an Establishment at all, have a perfect right to determine what its character shall be. To sum up, Mr. Gladstone is not likely either to calm the excited feelings of ardent controversialists, or to induce Erastianism to lower its arrogant tone; and when this has become apparent to him, we may expect to find him also among the champions of religious equality. We do not complain that he still clings to the idea of Estab-

lishment, and cherishes a hope, which however is manifestly very faint, that it may be conformed to his view. We have not space here to discuss the expediency or morality of the comprehensiveness he advocates ; and it is the less necessary because it is certainly unattainable, and we can only regard Mr. Gladstone's endeavour to secure it as the despairing effort of one who feels it hard to part with so much that his early education, the associations of a lifetime, and the habits of his own mind, lead him to value and cherish. But he cannot succeed in his gallant attempt, and where he fails, it is not likely than anyone will be found equal to the salvation of the Establishment.

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## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

### XX.—WADY ITHM TO MOUNT SEIR.

IN the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where we encamped in Wady Ithm, is the mountain which poor Dr. Beke, just before his death, supposed was the true Mount Sinai. When I saw the letters in the *Times* announcing his discovery, I recognised very distinctly the chief features of that part of the Wady where our tents were pitched the first day after leaving Akabah. The grounds on which Dr. Beke maintained that this was the site of the giving of the Law were singularly weak.

On Friday morning (March 27) we began our march at 7.30, and our route was along Wady Ithm, which still continues in a north-easterly direction. We mounted our camels after walking about seven miles. The valley increased in fertility : at noon we came upon several acres of barley. The Wady opens on to an extensive plain, lying a considerable height above the sea, and bordered with hills. The plain is eighteen or twenty miles in length, and perhaps eight or nine in breadth. It is covered with herbage ; goats, sheep, and camels find plenty of feed : water is obtained from the neighbouring hills. On the plain we saw several small Bedouin encampments ; the tents were low, and looked wretched. In the centre of the plain we passed the ruins of a building or enclosure of considerable size, partly constructed of hewn stones. We were not sure of its name, but it sounded like Kuraiyeh. Hamad told us that there was a battle here between Ibrahim Pasha and the Bedouin, and we picked up several rough bullets. The story of Ibrahim Pasha is already surrounded in this country with a fiery and radiant halo of romance. He did what the Turkish Government has never yet been able to accomplish—reduced the Bedouin to order, and made his name a terror to them. If he had been permitted by the Western Powers to make himself master of Syria, the fortunes of this

part of the world might have been brighter. We passed a second but smaller enclosure of the same kind a few miles further on, and not far from this place we encamped, near a spot marked, in Murray's map, Humeiyimeh.

In the course of an hour or two after our tents were pitched, a number of sheikhs came to us, one after another, until at last there was an assembly of five or six of them. As each man came to our tents, he stuck his long spear--the symbol of his authority--into the ground and let it remain there. They were *enfants terribles*, wild and fierce, and when they began to debate, their eloquence was the eloquence of the hurricane. They were the chiefs of tribes through whose territories we were to pass, and had come to claim their share of the backsheesh. Our Sheikh Hamad was unwilling to give it them, and wanted them to wait for it till we had reached Petra. There was a great deal of consultation between Hamad and Salem, and from time to time Salem came to tell us how the debate was going. At last Hamad yielded: whether he yielded altogether or made a compromise with them by giving them part of the money they claimed, I forget. When the storm was over, we gave our guests dinner, and they consumed half a sheep.

On Saturday morning (March 28) we were off at 7.20, and our route was still across the great plain. The plain is broken in places by remarkable ravines in the limestone rock. The part of it over which we were travelling was covered with beautiful wild-flowers, and the bushes were bright with blossoms. We crossed what is marked as a Roman road on Murray's map, but which looked to us like the ruins of an aqueduct. In the course of the morning I was walking far in advance of the rest, and came up to a woman who was sitting alone, watching some goats. She had a skin of sour milk, and offered it me to drink. It was an intolerable draught: however, I gave her a small coin, and she seemed better pleased with the silver than I had been with the milk. We passed the chief encampment of Hamad's own people. The tents, like all the tents in the country, were of black camel's hair. Poles were stuck in the ground, and rose about three feet and a half; over these the tents were stretched. Hamad's own tents were about five feet in height, and were at once recognised, not only by their larger size, but by the Sheikh's spear which was stuck in the ground in front of them. We stopped to look at the encampment as we passed, and Hamad had a few minutes with his wives and children.

In the afternoon we walked for a couple of hours, and passed off the plain among some rolling hills. Here we encamped. The scenery was very beautiful; the hills about us were covered with grass; the air was cool; indeed, at night it became quite cold. We should have liked to spend Sunday there. Our encampment, however, was very near an



encampment of Bedouin, and though they belonged to Hamad's tribe there seemed very little chance of our getting a quiet day, and, for the first time in our journey, we lost our Sunday's rest. We had another motive for moving on. Although the country was quiet, no one could confidently say that the quiet would last. Salem did not show much anxiety, but he was evidently anxious, and thought it best to get on as rapidly as we could. On Sunday morning, therefore, we were off again at 7.20, and we went on till 11.40, and then encamped, so that we got half the day for rest though we did not get the whole.

Our route still lay through very pleasant scenery. A little time after starting we came over a pass with a name which sounded something like *Tovrah*; then we were among rolling hills covered with flowers and with aromatic herbs. The vegetation here was a sombre green. The track was beautiful for walking, though at times difficult for the camels. I find, in my notes, that we were not on our camels for an hour during the whole of the morning. We saw many small enclosures of rough stone, which the Bedouin use when they encamp in the district. The Bedouin who were with us performed a curious ceremony when we were passing a small oblong pile of stones in an upland valley. They took the earth lying about it and sprinkled it over their own heads and the heads of their camels. They told us that this was the grave of a Bedouin saint, Sheikh Hamad by name, who died twenty-five years before. Another pleasant valley was covered with the remains of an ancient city. There were ruined terraces on the sides of the hills, and the traces of a very considerable city lower down. At the north-eastern extremity of these ruins we encamped, near a well of beautiful water. I have marked the place in my notes *Glagah*; it must be the same as that marked in Murray's map *Ain Dalageh*. I have "noted" that there was barley in the neighbourhood. The water flowing from the spring became rather muddy soon after we had encamped, and as we wanted to drink we got a pocket carbon filter, dropped the piece of carbon into the stream, and began to suck through the flexible tube. Hamad sat down near us and watched us. The use of the instrument was explained to him, and then he wanted to try it. He dropped the carbon into the muddiest part, and sucked; when he had got a mouthful he squirted it out of his mouth again to make sure that the process was as effectual as we had told him it was. His momentary surprise when he saw the stream of bright, clear water coming out of his mouth, was most amusing, and yet it was only momentary. His face instantly recovered its habitual repose, and, like a devout Mahomedan, he exclaimed "Allah is great!"

We had a pleasant service in one of the tents in the afternoon; meanwhile Hassan and Mahommed took advantage of the abundance

of water to have a grand wash, and before dinner-time a number of dirty table-cloths and table-napkins were as white, clean, and as well "got-up" as if they had been sent to a laundress familiar with "Hudson's Washing Powder" and "Reckitt's Blue."

Monday, March 31st, we started at 7.30. Our track ran among the pleasantest rounded hills, which were covered with grass. The summit of the hills was only a few hundred feet above us, but we had gradually reached a height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the sea. The morning was lovely; the sky, of course, was brilliantly blue, and the whole heaven filled with light; the air was fresh and cool, and the verdure all round us was delicious to the eye after the wild bare rocks we had become familiar with in the Sinaitic peninsula. I had mounted my camel and was dreamily enjoying the luxurious light and air, when suddenly there were wild shouts of Gebel Harûn! The Arabs seemed intoxicated with excitement. I looked up and saw a scene of singular grandeur. Our track among the hills had suddenly brought us on to the face of a mountain which swept in a noble curve eastwards, and rising from the valley beneath us, in the hollow left by the curve, rose a magnificent mountain—the mountain of Aaron, Mount Hor. The great mass of the mountain, from the point from which we first saw it, appeared oblong, like the nave of a cathedral. Cyclopean walls of sandstone, of a deep red colour, rose perpendicularly from the valley beneath us to the height of 2,000 feet. From the extreme west the ridge rose in a slight curve and then fell, and then rose again in the form of a vast dome; from the dome there rose two slighter eminences: one of them, the loftiest, at once suggested the idea of a sarcophagus. We were on the face of Mount Seir, which formed a vast bay, and Mount Hor was an island lying within its headlands. Northwards the view stretched far away over the "south country" where the patriarchs fed their flocks, and to the southern hills of Judæa: westwards we saw a great part of the white limestone desert of El Tih, with cloud shadows moving slowly over its ancient desolation; immediately below us there was a labyrinth of rugged sandstone Wadys—white, red, and yellow.

We turned eastwards at this point, and as our track still followed the face of Mount Seir, and at a great height, the views all day were magnificent. At 10 o'clock we passed a large stone reservoir, about forty feet square; we traced an artificial channel which led the water from the heights above us into the reservoir. In the neighbourhood were the remains of a large town; the name given to it by our Arabs was something like Arayef. As we went on we saw constant traces of the ancient terraces on the hills, and here and there we noticed that the ground was still cultivated, and that there were growing crops. After lunch our track brought us above the level of the summit of Mount Hor, which is

about 4,800 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The sides of Mount Seir are still covered with the remains of terraces and of ancient buildings. We also noticed what appeared to be the ruins of a fort, surrounded by an outer wall ; and we passed over the masonry of a very ancient road. At 5 o'clock, after one of the most memorable days of our journey, we encamped near a small reservoir hewn into the side of the mountain, and lined with stone : it was filled with water.

As I have said, a large part of the table-land of El Tih was visible from Mount Seir. From all the higher points on these hills the Edomites must have seen the night fires of the Israelites during their wanderings, and the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud. Just before we encamped we thought we made out the Wady down which the Israelites probably came from El Tih when they sent their message to the king of Edom, praying for liberty to pass through his country to the land of promise.

In describing the country over which we were travelling, I have overlooked some of the incidents of the day. When we were loading in the morning, a flock of sheep went by, on its way to Cairo. The Bedouin claim one sheep out of every flock that passes through their territory. The sheep feed on their way, and I suppose the people think that they have a right to get payment for pasture. How often the sons of the desert think themselves at liberty to levy their tax I do not know ; if a flock passed two companies of Bedouin in the course of the day, I suspect each company would seize a sheep. So far as I could make out, there were no "passes" given, freeing a flock from toll when toll had been once paid. Hamad's people left off loading the camels and rushed at the passing sheep ; they picked out a good fat one and brought it to our camp. However, Salem said that the "gentlemen" did not like practices of this kind, so that the animal was returned, and the owners kissed Hamad with great effusion. At lunch we had a long talk with Hamad about himself and his habits. He was a man of about five and thirty years of age ; his figure was slight ; his long shining black hair hung over his shoulders in plaits, and his face when in repose was singularly gentle and refined. Indeed, we agreed that he was very like a young lady in England known to two or three of us. His voice, too, was soft and low, and his whole manner very "lady-like." He told us that he was the nephew of Mahommed, the principal Sheikh of the tribe, and that he was himself second in authority. They had about 2,000 people under them, and could bring 600 fighting men and boys into the field. Every summer it was their custom to go on a marauding expedition against some distant tribe. The men had for themselves what booty they were able to seize. In the summer of 1872 Hamad had received a bullet-wound in the arm when out on one of these

agreeable summer tours, and he showed us where the bullet had entered and passed out again. It had left a double scar. I asked him some weak question about whether he thought what he got was worth the danger; he smiled a bright smile, and said that in that foray he had got twenty-three camels as his own share of the plunder, and that for such another prize he was quite willing to have another shot of the same kind.

In the evening, after dinner, we received a visit from four of the most rascally-looking villains that I ever saw in my life. One of them was a person of considerable renown in the neighbourhood. He was not a Bedouin, but lived in the village of Eljy below us. I had often heard of the way in which the wandering tribes plunder the fellaheen, who live in the villages, and had pitied the poor people on account of their sufferings; but it seems that the fellaheen are very much worse than their oppressors. The Bedouin have some sense of honour, and whatever generous qualities can coexist with a habit of plundering and lying; but the fellaheen seem to have no good qualities at all, and Ibrahim was an excellent representative of his people. He was between forty and fifty years of age. He had a face which was full both of cunning and resoluteness: his nose was of a size never to be forgotten; his whole frame was very powerful. His costume in a melodrama would satisfy the wildest imagination of the frequenters of the lowest theatre in the east of London. A long gun was swung on his back, and a sword hung at his side. His friends were armed in the same way. Ibrahim handed us his "testimonials," and it occurred to me that it greatly contributes to the honesty of documents of this kind if the man to whom they are given is unable to read them, and if none of his friends are able to help him with them. Ibrahim had one testimonial from a lady—English or American, but I think English—which was very creditable to him; but the two papers which interested me most were written by Frenchmen. I am sorry that I did not copy them; but the first of them ran in this way: "Ibrahim has the reputation of being the greatest villain in these parts, and I think he deserves it; but he will not let the other villains touch you." The other was a little more piquant: "Ibrahim appears to be a very respectable man in this country, where theft and murder do nothing to injure a man's position in society. He is a strong, active fellow, and knows the neighbourhood well." We learnt from Salem that a party from Jerusalem had been at Petra a few years before, and that Ibrahim was making free with some of the good things in the cook's tent. The cook—who was a Greek—struck him in the face, whereupon Ibrahim shot him. This excellent gentleman and his companions had come to offer their kindly services to us while we remained at Petra. They placed themselves at our dis-

posal as guides, philosophers, and friends. Salem had a little talk with them, and we travellers looked at them without talking; as their testimonials were so satisfactory, it was arranged that they should come up to our camp early the next morning.

We were within two hours of Petra. The name does not occur in our version of the Old Testament, nor is the place ever mentioned in the New Testament. In Judges i. 36 ("the coast of the Amorites was from the going up to Akrabbim, from the *rock* and upward") and 2 Chronicles xxv. 12 ("and other ten thousand left alive did the children of Judah [under Amaziah] carry away captive, and brought them unto the top of the *rock*"), and in Isaiah xlii. 11 ("let the inhabitants of the *rock* sing"), the *rock* is the city of Petra.\* In 2 Kings xiv. 7, parallel with the passage in 2 Chron. xxv. 12, the city is called "Selah," which is the Hebrew word for rock, represented by English letters. It bears the same name in Isaiah xvi. 1. In Obadiah 3—6 there is a noble passage addressed to Edom, in which again the clefts of the "rock" represent the mountain home of the children of Esau: "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord. . . . How are the things of Esau searched out! how are his hidden things sought up!" In the fourth century before Christ the Nabatheans, who seem to have come from the south, drove the descendants of Esau northwards, and made the rock city their capital. Under their rule it became a great commercial city. The wealth of the East came up the Red Sea and the Gulf of Akabah and was carried to Petra, probably by the same route that we had travelled. From Akabah it was sent across to Tyre and Sidon, and so reached Greece and Italy. Strabo describes the city as it was in the time of Augustus. He says: "The metropolis of the Nabatheans is Petra, so called, for it lies in a place in other respects plain and level, but shut in by rocks round about, but within having capacious fountains for the supply of water and the irrigation of gardens." It is also referred to by Josephus, Pliny, and Eusebius. In the middle of the sixth century we hear of a Bishop of Petra, who was present at the Council of Jerusalem. From that time till the beginning of the present century the city is never mentioned, the Petra of the Crusaders being another place. The true Petra was rediscovered by Burckhardt, who, in a letter written from Cairo in 1812 expresses his conviction that the wonderful ruins and monuments in Wady Mousa

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\* It admits of considerable doubt, however, whether Judges i. 36 and Isaiah xlii. 11 refer to Petra.

were the remains of the ancient Nabathean capital. Carl Ritter, before Burckhardt's letter was published, had reached the same conclusion.

Since Burckhardt's time Petra has been visited by a succession of travellers ; but the people are so uncertain and so unscrupulous that very few have been able to remain very long. In some cases they have stayed only a single day, and in others, I believe, only a few hours. Salem was evidently not very confident about our own chances of seeing the ruins thoroughly. The story of our stay there I reserve for next month.



### ALCOHOL.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have just published a book—not a large or a dear one—which deserves to be read and thought of, especially by persons whose function it is, by teaching and example, to influence those about them. The book referred to is a reprint of six lectures “On Alcohol,” delivered before the London Society of Arts, by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., one of our keenest investigators and ablest physiological teachers. It is not in the ordinary sense what is called a “temperance” publication. Dr. Richardson is not a total abstainer, nor does he enter upon the moral and social effects of drinking. Not a word of declamation escapes him: he has no denunciation for the publican, no proposal of legislation, no “appeal” to the moderate drinker, or even to those who habitually drink to excess. He simply deals, as a chemist, a physician, a scientific observer, with the nature, characteristics, and effects of alcohol upon the human subject, physically and mentally ; and he does this as calmly as if he were in the class-room explaining to a group of students an ordinary lesson. The inquiry upon which he enters is this: “Of what physical value has alcohol been to man? of what value is it to man? We know” (he says) “it is of no value to any other animal.” The use of alcohol, as a drink, is comparatively modern. For many centuries there was nothing known to mankind beyond the formation of a vinous fluid. At length, probably about the eleventh century, by the act of distilling wine, a fine spirit was obtained from it, containing no water. For a long period this pure spirit was applied mainly to chemical and medicinal purposes. “Indeed, many centuries elapsed before the process of distillation became active for the production of those stronger drinks which, under the name of spirits, are now in such common use in daily life. Brandy—from *brennen*, to burn ; thus *brantwein*, brandy—is a comparatively late term in European literature. Gin, contracted from Geneva, is not to be found as signifying a spirituous drink in our vocabularies of two hundred years ago.

The term rum is assigned to the native American peoples, who so designated the vinous spirit distilled from sugar; and whiskey (Celtic *uisge* water), though it may have been known as a distilled drink as long as *brantwein*, has not been Anglicised for more than a century and a half." There are four stages in the general history of alcohol (the word itself being Arabic, and signifying a subtle essence), from the first to the time when it came strictly under analytical chemical observation, and in regard to common knowledge, to the present time. These stages are:—

1. The stage of manufacture of wine or beer by fermentation—a stage extending from the earliest history until the time of the adepts, say about the eleventh century of the Christian era.

2. A stage when there was distilled from the wine a lighter spirit called, first, spirit of wine, and afterwards alcohol.

3. A stage when this subtle, or distilled spirit from wine, was applied in its refined and pure state to the arts and to the sciences.

4. A stage when this same process of distillation was applied to the production of alcoholic spirits for the use of man as spirituous drinks, under the names of brandy, gin, whiskey, rum—a stage comparatively modern.

This last is our common stage; and so common is it, that nearly £120,000,000 of money are invested in this country on alcohol as a commercial substance; in the sale of it, in one form or other, as an article of drink. It is worth while, then, to see what becomes of the product and object of this vast traffic, and what it does for those who consume it. Dr. Richardson helps us to deal with these matters by putting them in a new light. Suppose, he says, we regard the question as one of engineering. Imagine that in engines which can be made to exhibit motive power by the application of heat to water—steam-engines in fact—it had become the practice to put into the engines so much spirit with the water, and to work them with this mixture. Then, suppose somebody said, "This is a very expensive process of working the engines, maybe they will work as well without the spirit." You would naturally inquire, "Can such be the fact?" and you would seek an engineer to explain the mechanism of the engines. Accordingly, he looks from this standpoint at "the physical effects of alcohol, when it is put into one of those millions of engines which we call men." The ordinary method of putting alcohol into the human system is by the stomach—that is, by drinking. When it gets into the stomach it will be absorbed, but first it must be diluted, "for there is this peculiarity respecting alcohol when it is separated by an animal membrane from a watery fluid like the blood, that it will not pass through the membrane until it has become charged, to a given point of



dilution, with water. It is itself, in fact, so greedy for water, it will pick it up from watery textures, and deprive them of it until, by its saturation, its power of reception is exhausted, after which it will diffuse into the current of circulating fluid." Therefore, "when we dilute alcohol with water before drinking it we quicken its absorption. If we do not dilute it sufficiently it is diluted in the stomach by transudation of water in the stomach until the required reduction for its absorption ; the current then sets in towards the blood, and passes into the circulating canals by the veins." Thus alcohol passes from the stomach to the heart. This organ has four cavities, those above called the auricles, those below called the ventricles. The auricle on the right side receives all the blood from the veins, and transmits it to the right ventricle ; the right ventricle drives it over the lungs ; the left auricle receives it from the lungs, and passes it on the left ventricle, which drives it through the arterial tubes over the whole body, whence the blood returns again by the veins to the right side of the heart, and so on in continuous circuit. With the blood of course there goes the alcohol which it has absorbed from the stomach. Let Dr. Richardson tell us how the spirit travels minutely through the system :—

"As it passes through the circulation of the lungs it is exposed to the air, and some little of it, raised into vapour by the natural heat, is thrown off into vapour by the expiration. If the quantity of it be large, this loss may be considerable, and the odour of the spirit may be detected in the expired breath. If the quantity be small, the loss will be comparatively little, as the spirit will be held in solution by the water in the blood. After it has passed through the lungs, and has been driven by the left heart over the arterial circuit, it passes into what is called the minute circulation, or the structural circulation of the organism. The arteries here extend into very small vessels, which are called arterioles, and from these infinitely small vessels spring the equally minute radicals or roots of the veins which are ultimately to become the great rivers bearing the blood back to the heart. In its passage through this minute circulation the alcohol finds its way to every organ. To this brain, to these muscles, to these secreting or excreting organs, nay even into this bony structure itself, it moves with the blood. In some of those parts which are not excreting, it remains for a time diffused, and in those parts where there is a large percentage of water, it remains longer than in other parts. From some organs which have an open tube for conveying fluids away, as the liver and kidneys, it is thrown out or eliminated, and in this way a portion of it is ultimately removed from the body. The rest, passing round and round with the circulation, is probably decomposed and carried off in new forms of matter."

The effect of alcohol is immediate on the red corpuscles or cells in the blood. These cells perform vital functions : they absorb the oxygen inhaled in breathing and carry it to the extreme tissues of the body, they absorb the carbonic acid gas produced in the combustion of the

body in the extreme tissues, and bring it back to the lungs to be exchanged for oxygen: in short, they are the vital instruments of the circulation. "With all these parts of the blood," says Dr. Richardson, "with the water, fibrine, albumen, salts, fatty matter, and corpuscles, the alcohol comes in contact when it enters the blood, and if it be in sufficient quantity, it produces disturbing action." It changes the form of the blood cells, causes them to adhere together, deprives them of water, and impairs their natural function, that of absorbing and fixing gases, "and when the aggregation of the cells, in masses, is great, other difficulties arise, for the cells united together pass less easily than they should through the minute vessels of the lungs and of the general circulation, and impede the current, by which local injury is produced."

There is another effect of alcohol—that which it exerts upon the nervous system. Man has two nervous systems, the primary, that of organic vegetative or animal life, which governs all those motions which are purely involuntary; the other, centreing in the brain and the spinal cord, which controls all those faculties which are directly under the influence of the will. "All the minute blood-vessels at the extremities of the circulation are under the control of the primary or organic nervous supply. Branches of nerves from those organic centres accompany every arterial vessel throughout the body to its termination, and without direction from our will regulate the contraction and dilation of the blood-vessels to their most refined distribution." Alcohol paralyses the minute blood-vessels, and allows them to become dilated with the flowing blood. "If you attend a large dinner-party, you will observe after the first few courses, when the wine is beginning to circulate, a progressive change in some of those about you who have taken wine. The face begins to get flushed, the eye brightens, and the murmur of conversation becomes loud. What is the reason of that flushing of the countenance? It is the dilatation of vessels following upon the reduction of nervous control, which reduction has been induced by the alcohol. In a word, the first stage of vascular excitement from alcohol has been established." The instant result of this disturbance is to disturb other organs. "With each beat of the heart a certain degree of resistance is offered by the vessels when their nervous supply is perfect, and the stroke of the heart is moderated in respect both to tension and to time. But when the vessels are rendered relaxed, the resistance is removed, the heart begins to run quicker, like a watch from which the pallets have been removed, and the heart-stroke, losing nothing in force, is greatly increased in frequency, with a weakened recoil stroke." Experiments have shown the influence of alcohol in increasing the work done by the heart. The heart of an adult man makes 73.57 strokes per

minute, about 106,000 for the day of twenty-four hours. Allowing a reduction for sleep, the actual number may be taken at 100,000 per day. With each stroke the two ventricles of the heart, as they contract, lift together six ounces of blood, or 600,000 in the twenty-four hours—or 116 foot tons: that is, tons lifted one foot from the ground. Four ounces of alcohol taken in the day increase this work by one-eighth part; six ounces, one-sixth; and eight ounces, one-fourth. "At length the heart flags from its own action, and requires the stimulus of more spirit to carry on its work. Let us take what we may call a moderate amount of alcohol, say two ounces by volume in form of wine, or beer, or spirits. What is called strong sherry or port may contain as much as 25 per cent. by volume; brandy over 50, gin 38, rum 48, whiskey 43, vin ordinaire 8, strong ale 14, champagne 10 to 11—it matters not which if the quantity of alcohol be regulated by the amount present in the liquor imbibed. When we reach the two ounces, a distinct physiological effect follows, leading on to the first stage of excitement already mentioned. The reception of the spirit arrested at this point, there need be no important mischief done to the organism; but if the quantity imbibed be increased, further changes quickly occur." In this first stage, however, the whole body is affected. The flush on the cheek indicates a general condition. "If the lungs could be seen, they, too, would be found with their vessels injected; if the brain and spinal cord could be laid open to view, they would be discovered in the same condition; if the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, or any other vascular organs or parts could be exposed, the vascular engorgement would be equally manifest." The whole body, indeed, is affected by the alcohol; the whole nervous system is put out of gear.

If its use is continued beyond this first stage, other and more serious effects follow: the function of the spinal cord is influenced:—

"Through this part of the nervous system we are accustomed in health to perform automatic acts of a mechanical kind, which proceed systematically even when we are thinking or speaking upon other subjects. Thus a skilled workman will continue his mechanical work perfectly, while his mind is bent upon some other subject; and thus we all perform various acts in a purely automatic way, without calling in the aid of the higher centres, except something more than ordinary occurs to demand their service, upon which we think before we perform. Under alcohol, as the spinal centres become influenced, these pure automatic acts cease to be correctly carried on. That the hand may reach any object, or the foot be correctly planted, the higher intellectual centre must be invoked to make the proceeding secure. There follows quickly upon this a deficient power of co-ordination of muscular movement. The nervous control of certain of the muscles is lost, and the nervous stimulus is more or less enfeebled. The muscles of the lower lip in the human subject usually fail first of all, then the muscles of the lower limbs, and it is worthy of remark that the extensor muscles give way earlier than the flexors.

The muscles themselves by this time are also failing in power : they respond more feebly than is natural to the nervous stimulus ; they, too, are coming under the depressing influence of the paralyzing agent, their structure is temporarily deranged, and their contractile power reduced.

"The alcoholic spirit carried yet a further degree, the cerebral or brain centres become influenced ; they are reduced in power, and the controlling influences of will and of judgment are lost. As these centres are unbalanced and thrown into chaos, the rational part of the nature of the man gives way before the emotional, passional, or organic part. The reason is now off duty, or is fooling with duty, and all the mere animal instincts and sentiments are laid atrociously bare. The coward shows up more craven, the braggart more boastful, the cruel more merciless, the untruthful more false, the carnal more degraded. *In vino veritas* expresses even indeed to physiological accuracy the true condition. The reason, the emotions, the instincts, are all in a state of carnival, and in chaotic feebleness.

"Finally, the action of the alcohol still extending, the superior brain centres are overpowered ; the senses are beclouded, the voluntary muscular prostration is perfected, sensibility is lost, and the body lies a mere log, dead by all but one-fourth, upon which its life hangs. The heart still remains true to its duty, and while it just lives it feeds the breathing power. And so the circulation and the respiration, in the otherwise inert mass, keeps the mass within the bare domain of life, until the poison begins to pass away and the nervous centres to revive again. It is happy for the inebriate that, as a rule, the brain fails so long before the heart, that he has neither the power nor the sense to continue his process of destruction up to the act of death of his circulation. Therefore he lives to die another day."

Thus there are four stages of alcoholic action in the primary form : 1. Undue distension of the veins and blood-vessels ; 2. Excitement and exhaustion of the spinal cord, with loss of muscular power ; 3. A loss of will and of reasoning power ; 4. Entire collapse of nervous function, and semi-death. These phases characterise persons who have not become fixed in the habit of drinking. For a time—a long time even—the complex organism of the body will bear this without manifest injury, though not without real injury ; but if men drink too often and too much—if, indeed, they drink habitually, after the period of life when the body is fully developed, when the elasticity of the membranes and of the blood-vessels is lessened, and when the tone of the muscular fibre is reduced, then organic structural changes become palpable to all observers—a congested surface, a blotched skin, a red nose ; these external signs (too common even amongst so-called moderate drinkers), tell the story of internal changes, always dangerous and often fatal.

Now comes the practical question—is alcohol a food ? It has been shown that it exerts an influence, general and inevitable, over the whole nervous system and the supply of blood. Does the influence end there, or is there, in addition, a sustaining, constructing, or heat-giving power ; does it, in a word, supply force, and help man to live and do his work

better, or under easier conditions? That Nature did not design it as a food is proved by the facts that it is not a natural but an artificial product; that the hardest-worked animals, and those capable of the greatest exertion, do without it; and that whole races of hardy and laborious men use only water as a beverage. Then, as to the kinds of food which are necessary to man, they differ from alcohol: "All the building foods contain the element nitrogen as an essential part," while "the force-supplying foods are free of nitrogen, and are hydro-carbons, substances that will undergo combustion by oxidation, and liberate force for the motive uses of the economy." The nitrogenous foods exist in the body in the form of what is called colloidal matter, that is, a jelly-like substance. This forms the fibrine in the blood, the organic matter of the skeleton, the muscles, the membranes enveloping the visceral organs, the skin, and the nails, and it is present also in the brain and in the nervous system. "In combination with this active matter there are, however, two other material ingredients—namely, water and saline substance. Upon its combination with water the activity of the colloid depends. Upon the saline rests the various combination of the colloid with the water. In bone the gelatine is combined with a salt called phosphate of lime, with carbonate of lime, and other salts, in much larger proportion than itself. In fibrine the colloidal substance is nearly divested of saline; but in all parts these three material compounds make up the animal structures. Lying outside these structures in the natural state, but really as an adventitious formation, is another animal product, namely fat; a substance detrimental to the motion of the active parts when present in excess, but at the same time capable of combustion, and of yielding heat by the process." Now, in regard to the construction of the body, and its maintenance as a healthy vigorous organism, alcohol has no place whatever. To use Dr. Richardson's words, "Alcohol contains no nitrogen, it has none of the qualities of these structure-building foods; it is incapable of being transformed into any of them; it is therefore not a food in the sense of its being a constructive agent in the building up of the body. In respect of this view there is now no difference of opinion amongst those who have most carefully observed the action of alcohol." There is a belief, however, that it may be a fat-forming food—"ale and beer notoriously fatten, and in some parts of the country certain animals (calves, for instance) are rapidly fattened by the process of feeding them with a mixture of barley, flour, and gin." But this, Dr. Richardson believes, is due to the sugar, not to the alcohol. "Pure spirit drinkers among men, those who do not mix sugar with the spirit, and who dislike spirit which is artificially sweetened, are not fattened by the spirit they take. This tallies also with the observations on the action of alcohol on inferior animals,

for they certainly, under that influence, if they are allowed liberty to move freely, do not fatten." Finally, the writer's conclusion is that "Alcohol does not, certainly, help to build up the active nitrogenous structures. It probably does not produce fatty matter, except by an indirect and injurious interference with the natural processes."

But, if not a food, may not alcohol be a source of energy of actual motion? may it not supply the power of doing work? It will burn when out of the body; it is lost in the body. If in the body it produces heat, and if there be product of carbon consumed in oxygen, then alcohol must rank as a heat-forming food. These questions Dr. Richardson answers from the researches of eminent modern physiologists, and from his own experience, conducted over a period of three years, on behalf of the British Association. "The effects were observed on warm-blooded animals of different kinds, including birds; on the human subject in health, and on the same subject under alcoholic disease. Similar experiments were made in different external temperatures of the air, ranging from summer heat to ten degrees below freezing point." The results are these: In the first stage of excitement from taking alcohol, the external temperature of the body is raised; in birds (pigeons) one degree Fahrenheit, in mammals rarely exceeding half a degree; in man it may rise to half a degree, and in the confirmed inebriate, in whom the cutaneous vessels are readily engorged, it has run up to a degree and a half. On this point Dr. Richardson makes a most important observation: "The heat felt in this stage might be considered as due to the combustion of the alcohol; it is not so; it is in truth a process of cooling. It is from the unfolding of the larger sheet of the warm blood, and from the quicker radiation of heat from that larger surface. During this stage, which is comparatively brief, the internal temperature is declining; the expired air from the lungs is indicating, not an increase, but the first period of reduction in the amount of carbonic acid, and the reddened surface of the body is so reduced in tonicity that cold applied to it increases the suffusion. It is this most deceptive stage that led the older observers into the error that alcohol warms the body." This is the stage which is commonly experienced by so-called moderate drinkers, or those who take alcohol occasionally. As the stages advance, and more alcohol is consumed, the temperature declines, at first slowly, and then with dangerous and often fatal rapidity. Through every stage of the action of alcohol, excepting the first stage of excitement, Dr. Richardson found a reduction of animal heat to be the special action of the poison. He found, also, that as there is a decrease of temperature from alcohol, "so there is proportionately a decrease in the amount of the natural products of the combustion of the body. The quantity of carbonic acid exhaled by the breath is proportionately diminished

with the decline of the animal heat." Thus it appears that "an agent which will burn and give forth heat and product of combustion outside the body, and which is obviously decomposed within the body, reduces the animal temperature, and prevents the yield of so much product of combustion as is actually natural to the organic life." What is the inference? The reader has no doubt drawn it for himself; but if he has not, let him take it from Dr. Richardson as from an authority. "The inference is that the alcohol is not burned after the manner of a food which supports animal combustion; but that it is decomposed into secondary products by oxidation, at the expense of the oxygen which ought to be applied for the natural heating of the body. . . . The practical conclusion is this: That alcohol cannot, by any ingenuity of excuse for it, be classified among the foods of man. It neither supplies matter for construction nor heat. On the contrary, it injures construction and it reduces temperature." As to its effect upon muscular power, there is nothing to justify the supposition that this can be increased by alcohol, even in the first stage of excitement. "The muscles are more rapidly stimulated into motion by the nervous tumult, but the muscular power is actually enfeebled." Dr. Richardson demonstrates this by experiment. He gently weighted the hinder limb of a frog until the power of contraction was just overcome; then, by a measured electrical current, he stimulated the muscle to extra contraction, and determined the increase of weight that could thus be lifted. This decided upon in the healthy animal, the trial was repeated some days later on the same animal after it had received alcohol in sufficient quantities to induce the various stages of alcoholic modification of function. The result was that through every stage the response to the electrical current was enfeebled, and so soon as narcotism was developed by the spirit, it was so enfeebled that less than half the weight that could be lifted in the previous trial, by the natural effort of the animal, could not now be raised even under the electrical excitation. The hygienic conclusions are twofold: "The popular plan of administering alcohol for the purpose of sustaining the animal warmth is an entire and dangerous error," for cold and alcohol act, physiologically, in the same manner, and thus when combined in action, every danger resulting from either agent is doubled. Again, the systematic administration of alcohol for the purpose of giving and sustaining strength is an entire delusion. "An enfeebled or fainting heart may sometimes be temporarily relieved by the relaxation of the vessels which alcohol, on its diffusion through the blood, induces; but that this spirit gives any persistent increase of power by which men are enabled to perform more sustained work, is a mistake as serious as it is universal." Whatever good or whatever evil can come from alcohol is all included in its action upon the nervous supply of the



circulation. "If it be really a luxury for the heart to be lifted up by alcohol ; for the blood to course more swiftly through the brain ; for the thought to flow more vehemently ; for words to come more fluently ; for emotions to rise ecstatically, and for life to rush on beyond the pace set by Nature : then those who enjoy the luxury must enjoy it—with the consequences."

What these consequences are we have partly seen in the opening of this paper. There are others yet more serious ; keeping still within physical bounds, and leaving out of sight the terrible moral and mental evils that result from the habitual use of alcohol in excess, and that, in a lesser degree, are scarcely separable from the so-called moderate use of it. A minority of persons escape, because they use so little—never more than an ounce to an ounce and a half of spirit, and this followed by periods of total abstinence. A few, again, are so constituted that they can rapidly eliminate the fluid from their bodies. But "the large majority of those who drink alcohol in any of its disguises are injured by it." Take the mass of people who drink habitually, "in moderation:" they imbibe from four to six ounces of alcohol daily—a couple of glasses of sherry or of ale at luncheon, three or four glasses of wine at dinner, one or two at dessert, and a little spirit and water before going to bed. Such is a common and a "temperate" day ; but it means from four to six ounces of alcohol, according to the strength of the liquors ; and this means organic changes that bring with them disease and death. The heart beats too fast, the blood-vessels throughout the body are unduly dilated, the brain "flickers," thus indicating loss of power, the structure of the tissues undergoes deterioration, the nerves become unsteady and excitable, sleep is difficult, the digestive organs are impaired, the muscles fail to yield obedience to the will. The sufferer, often unconscious of the extent or the cause of his *malaise*, flies to alcohol again for relief, and thus the mischief goes on increasing, until he falls hopelessly under the dominion of the poison, and exhibits the signs described by Solomon—the true signs of alcoholic excitement : "Who hath woe ? Who hath contentions ? Who hath babbling ? Who hath wounds without cause ? Who hath redness of the eyes ?" All these matters are treated by Dr. Richardson with fulness and with remarkable and convincing power ; and though space forbids us to follow him through the chain of argument and exposition, our purpose will be attained if readers are induced to refer to his book for themselves. Rightly studied, it will make more converts from the use of alcohol than all the exhortations of total abstinence lecturers, or all the efforts of restrictive legislation. We can but quote his closing sentences, and thank him for having given them to the public, sustained by such a body of fact and argument :—

"The most solemn fact of all bearing upon the mental aberrations produced by alcohol, and upon the physical not less than the mental, is that the mischief inflicted on man by his own act and deed cannot fail to be transferred to those who descend from him, and who are thus irresponsibly afflicted. Amongst the many inscrutable designs of Nature none is more manifest than this, that physical vice, like physical feature and physical virtue, descends in line. It is, I say, a solemn reflection for every man and every woman, that whatever we do to ourselves, so as to modify our own physical conformation and mental type, for good or for evil, is transmitted to generations that have yet to be. Not one of the transmitted wrongs, physical or mental, is more certainly passed on to those yet unborn than the wrongs which are inflicted by alcohol. We, therefore, who live to reform the present age in this respect, are stretching forth our powers to the next, to purify it, to beautify it, and to lead it towards that millennial happiness and blessedness which in the fulness of time shall visit even the earth, making it, under an increasing light of knowledge, a garden of human delight, a paradise regained. This chemical substance alcohol, an artificial product devised by man for his purposes, and in many things that lie outside his organism a useful substance, is neither a food nor a drink suitable for his natural demands. If this agent do really for the moment cheer the weary, and impart a flush of transient pleasure to the unwearied who crave for mirth, its influence—doubtful even in these modest and moderate degrees—is an infinitesimal advantage, by the side of an infinity of evil for which there is no compensation, and no human cure!"

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## HYMN-TUNES, OLD AND NEW.

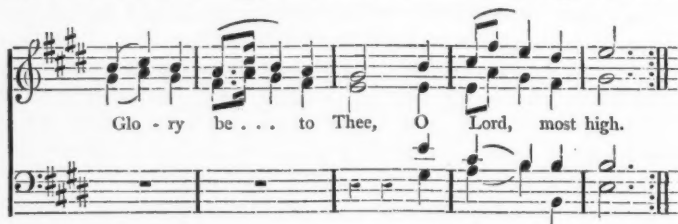
### No. II.

THERE is a class of Psalmists who would have us make an almost exclusive use of the Lutheran chorales. These men are for the most part organists, imbued with the spirit of Bach, in whose motets, oratorios, and *Passions-musik* the chorale occupies such a prominent place. Bach has, indeed, surrounded these old Church tunes with a halo of beauty, and enriched them with all the resources of his harmonic skill. His sacred cantatas have well been described as the apotheosis of the chorale, for the choruses and solos in them lead up to it, and display, by contrast with their own elaboration, the stately calm of its slow and solemn chords. No one will deny that the chorales have a distinctive beauty; many of them have become a cherished portion of English psalmody. But the attempt to give them more than their due place cannot but fail, because the conditions which give them such a hold on the people in Germany and the other Lutheran countries are wanting here. In those countries they are national hymn-tunes, endeared to the people by tradition, a part almost of the Reformed faith, and moreover associated definitely with one set of words. The German, when he sees or hears the notes—



of singing was to be M. 30, or rather more than two beats of a healthy pulse to each note. Between the lines there were to be pauses, filled up by the instrumental interludes which are commonly used, and often printed in the books. The organist was directed to use the great organ throughout, and to turn on the sound as loud as he pleased. In this style one verse was sung to the English translation, "How lovely shines the morning star." All present who had heard the Lutheran singing declared it to be an exact imitation, without exaggeration; indeed two young ladies, who had been at school at Wiesbaden, were quite overcome by the recollections which the singing revived. But before the exercise was half through the audience showed traces of impatience, and by the time the end was reached everyone declared that it was the most intolerably wearisome thing they had ever experienced in music. It would be well to submit the advocates of this style of psalmody to this process. No arguments would be needed to follow.

But though unison never varied would prove so unsatisfying and monotonous after even the imperfect harmony which we now have, it is a question whether we might not use it more as an occasional relief. Still further freshness and variety might also be obtained by letting the unison be taken alternately by the men's and the women's voices. Recent compilers exhibit an unaccountable objection to a momentary silencing of the voices. Anyone, for example, who has heard the close of Camidge's well-known Sanctus in its original form—



must have noticed how the sweetness of the duet makes the entry of the men's voices, and especially the fine cadential movement of the bass, appear doubly strong. But we find this beautiful effect entirely destroyed in some books, the duet being turned into a "full" passage, the tenor and bass singing the notes that were intended to be softly given on the swell organ. The reason for this dread of allowing any voices to be silent is hard to discover. In the case before us musical taste is certainly on the side of the duet, and from the devotional point of view one is at a loss to see what objection can be taken.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan, in the tune-book he has recently edited for the Christian Knowledge Society, has arranged Heber's hymn, "The Son

of God goes forth to war," to the old tune St. Ann's, with organ *obbligato*, alternating unison with harmony, and the men's voices with the women's. The effect in developing the words is admirable. How much variety is contrived may be seen from the following plan of the hymn:—

*Unison, forte.*

The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain,  
His blood-red banner streams afar,  
Who follows in His train?

*Harmony, mezzo.*

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

*Tenor and bass in unison.*

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

*Harmony, mezzo.*

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong;  
Who follows in His train?

*Sopranos only.*

A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

*Tenor and bass in unison, forte.*

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,

The lion's gory mane,

*ff* They bowed their necks, the death to feel;  
Who follows in their train?

*Harmony, mezzo.*

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.

*Unison, slower. ff*

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain,

*Harmony, piano.*

O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train. Amen.

The organ part is in sympathy with the words. The first verse has a very thick independent accompaniment, going above the melody; in the last two lines the air is taken on the pedals. In the second verse

the choir organ, without pedals, softly follows the vocal harmony ; this varied treatment is maintained until the last verse, when the first two lines,

“They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain,”

are accompanied in florid counterpoint, two notes against one of the tune, after which the accompaniment falls away. This is surely a legitimate device in congregational psalmody, and it can be managed by any intelligent organist or precentor. In long hymns it is a physical relief. It does not go beyond the abilities of the congregation, and if judiciously contrived it does much to enforce the meaning of the words.

It is evident that in congregational singing, tunes which rely for their beauty upon the inner motion of their harmonies will fail of effect. For, though part-singing is attempted in every congregation, the air predominates, and the lower parts are much weaker. The beauty of the harmony can only be realised when the parts are well balanced ; besides this, congregational altos, tenors, and basses can seldom sing the chromatic and dissonant notes which this style necessarily involves. When there is an organ the case is better ; the voices are helped, and the full chords are heard on the instrument at least. We cannot have a better example of this style than the tune Weber, which is in most of the collections :—



Many of the good people who sing this tune do not know that it is made up from the opening chorus of the opera of "Oberon," where the fairies come dancing in, singing,

“Light as fairy foot can fall,  
Pace, ye elves, your master's hall.”

The harmonies are delicious, and for this reason the tune is a good deal sung, but it is certainly not congregational in style, several of the chords being very difficult to sing in tune. One or two compilers have apparently noticed that the harmonies are not fit for congregational use, but they have failed to see that this is a case in which the harmonies are the tune. To take the top line as they have done, and arrange it with plain chords, easy to be sung, is an act of cruelty that poor Weber did not merit. He did not write his harmonies for the Church, and the soprano part without them is like a bleached flower.

Reference must passingly be made to the custom of using the chant as a hymn-tune. This is not strictly chanting, for the essence of chanting is the variable length of the reciting tone, and the constant length of the lines in hymns does away with this. There is nothing to be said against the practice. In long hymns, and in metres with long lines, it is a relief, for the words are got through much more quickly than with a hymn-tune. Perhaps this is the reason why the custom so generally obtains in Scotland. Chant tunes are also provided, suitable to the different accents of hymns. Troyte's chant to "Abide with me" is generally known. These are not in the Anglican form. We also meet with regularly written hymn-tunes that partake of the character of chants—one note, several times repeated, being prominent in each line. Dr. Lowell Mason wrote several tunes in this style, and there is one by Dr. Dykes to the words, "Days and moments quickly flying."

In reviewing the progress of the hymn-tune it is impossible not to refer to a work which has for some years taken the lead in producing new tunes—I mean "Hymns Ancient and Modern." One name is pre-eminent in this collection—that of Dr. Dykes, the precentor of Durham Cathedral. Everyone knows his tunes to "Jesu, lover of my soul," "Eternal Father, strong to save," "O come and mourn with me awhile," "Our blest Redeemer," &c. These have all been written for and inspired by certain hymns, and the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" are quite right in insisting that when they are reprinted elsewhere the words shall always accompany the music. So perfectly do these tunes breathe the spirit of the hymns they are written to, that it is hard to believe that anyone can separate them from the hymns. Take for instance, "Eternal Father," with its recurring couplet:



O hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in pe - ril on the sea.

The ascending melody perfectly expresses the cry of supplication. Nevertheless one may sometimes hear these tunes sung to other hymns.



Dr. Dykes's tunes are not made of that solid stuff which outlasts a generation, but they are always musically, without introducing those absurd difficulties and extravagant chords that composers of less judgment affect. In the last edition of the book Dr. Dykes has written a tune to a hymn by W. C. Dix, which contains a new idea. The first two lines of each verse of the poetry are paraphrases of the words of Christ:—

“Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.”

And again:—

“Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light;”

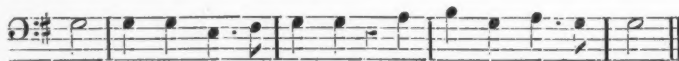
and so on. The remaining lines of each verse form a comment on the first two, thus:—

“O blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppressed.”

And again:—

“O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night;”

and so on. The composer has taken advantage of this similarity between the opening lines to have them given out in unison by the men's voices, to this Gregorian-like melody, the organ softly filling in the harmonies:

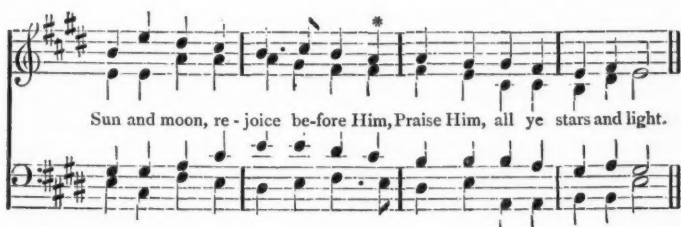


Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, and I will give you rest.

The tune then goes on in harmony. The idea is very happily conceived.

The quick singing of modern times has compelled attention to the metrical structure of hymn-tunes. When music comes to be sung in any but the slowest style, the rhythmical sense seeks for regularly recurring accent, and requires that the several musical sections of the tune shall contain a corresponding number of these accents. In the same way the ear does not tolerate an irregular line in poetry. When tunes are sung as slowly as the German chorales, no recurring accent exists; every note bears a strong accent, and between every line there is an *ad libitum* pause. It is by encouraging the observance of accent that dragging, which is so common a fault of congregational singing, is best prevented. This subject was fully discussed in a former article in this magazine, and it is only referred to now for the purpose of showing how the rhythmical arrangement of tunes has introduced a new license in their composition. The old tunes had always a cadence at the end of each line, because at this place there was always a pause. But when we sing on without pause between certain lines, the need of a cadence

ceases, and the music flows more easily without one. This point is well illustrated in a tune by Redhead :—



Anyone who hears this sung or played will feel that the music forbids a pause at the first asterisk, and in only a less degree at the second. The tune is intended to be sung in the exact time in which it is written.

A tune by Mr. W. H. Monk, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," marks another departure in the hymn-tune form. The metre is a very short one—

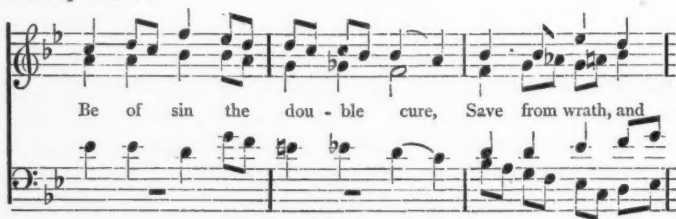
"Jesu, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high;  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry."

To avoid the monotony of a too frequent "full close," the tune ends with a dominant cadence in the relative minor, a full close being given for use with the last verse: the melody suits either harmony. All readers may not understand these technical words, but if they play the tune, or join with friends in singing it, they will see the point. The smooth way in which we pass from the end back to the beginning is very marked :—





Our review would be incomplete without a description of the hymn-tunes which are written in America to be sung by professional quartetts, who in too many places do the singing for the congregation. We have all read of these quartetts and their practices—how during the sermon the soprano fans herself, the contralto sends little *billet doux* to the tenor, and the bass goes to sleep. Their music we may naturally expect to be unique. The pieces they sing are composed by the popular song-writers of the day, and do not differ in style from ordinary drawing-room songs. The harmony is such as may be heard at the opera—entirely free from ecclesiastical trammels. A pretty little symphony comes at the beginning, and one equally lively at the end. In one of these pieces, which is before me, the soprano first sings the words, “Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.” The bass then comes in with “Let the water and the blood,” followed by the contralto with “From Thy side a healing flood.” Then these voices sing together, “Be of sin the double cure,” and the bass joins in for the final line, “Save from wrath, and make me pure.” These last two lines, and the symphony which follows them, will show in a short space the general character of these quartetts :—



The music to the succeeding verses is different, but in the same style ; altogether the piece may be described as one of the greatest curiosities in sacred music to be met with. In another of these quartetts the tenor gives out the whole of the first verse solo ; then the same melody is repeated by the soprano, the tenor playing about it in a kind of counter-point. Then the air is harmonised for all the voices. It cannot be denied that these quartetts are pretty, just as the quartetts in "Martha" and "Lurline" are pretty, but they are utterly unsuited to sacred thoughts and themes. Happily, signs are not wanting that in America a reaction is setting in against these professional singers and their music, and that the people are beginning to call for congregational singing.

The examination of so many styles of hymn-tunes, from the old repeat tunes to the last frivolity of the American quartett, has shown us a wide diversity of structure. The study of so many types is interesting, and ought to be profitable. The leading men in psalmody at the present day have to face this disagreeable fact, that with a great advance in musical capacity by the congregations, the singing is less hearty than it was thirty years ago. Where one person could read music at that time, there are probably ten who can do so now ; tune-books are cheap, and singing-classes are everywhere. Yet the general testimony is that our psalmody has lost much of its vigour and religious force. Everyone with a love for the service of song, everyone who believes in its power, should set himself to discover the reasons for this. No doubt they are many, but among them is the prominent one that our tunes are less interesting. Our psalmody is dying of respectability. We keep the congregations to one uniform pattern of syllabic tunes, many of which are utterly without individuality. The congregations want more variety, more outlet for the feelings—tunes that they can remember and enjoy. The visit of Mr. Sankey may perhaps teach us this lesson with a force that cannot be resisted.

JOHN S. CURWEN, JUN.

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## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

### NO. XIV.—THE DAY OF EXPIATION.

THE great Day of Expiation was the central feature of the Jewish ritual. It is emphatically spoken of, in the Mishna, as *The Day*. Although even this great solemnity may be said to be controlled by the more rarely occurring sacrifice of the red heifer, without the ashes obtained from which the entire Jewish nation would have been liable to irredeemable pollution, it is by far the most important of those ordinances which were fixed as to time.

So much information as to this important rite is accessible, even to those whose erudition does not extend beyond the use of the Latin or German tongues, that the crude and ignorant speculations that are constantly brought forward, not only as to the symbolism, but as to the order of this rite, are positively discreditable to the religious scholarship of the day. There are well-known passages in the New Testament, the whole gist and force of which depend on their allusions to the expiatory rites of this day. The importance of ascertaining, not only their general purport and effect, but their actual detail, is thus not easily to be exaggerated. It must be observed that, in what we say of this and other Jewish rites, we are not citing opinions or drawing inferences, but describing the actual and distinct provisions of the law as sanctioned by the Senate.

Seven days before the Day of Expiation, that is to say, upon the third day of Ethanim or Tisri, the High Priest left his own home and took up his residence in the conclave called Palherdrin, in the Temple. Should the High Priest at that time labour under any temporary or permanent disqualification, a substitute was appointed for the discharge of the duties of the Great Day; and this substitute was called the Priest clad with many garments, to distinguish him from the Messiah, or anointed Priest.

At all other times it was optional for the High Priest to take any part he might think fit in the daily ministrations of the Temple. But during the week preceding the Day of Expiation, he invariably cast the blood of the sacrifice on the foundation of the altar; burned the incense; trimmed and fed the lamps—the object being to familiarise him with every detail of the service, so as to prevent any error or hesitation on the day on which he was bound to officiate.

The elders of the Senate took heed to instruct the High Priest, when new to his functions, in all the details of the rite, and read to him the order of the ritual. On the day preceding the Day of Expiation he was brought early in the morning to the eastern gate of the Court of the Temple; and lambs, bulls, and rams were brought that he might be instructed and expert in his ministry.

The High Priest was not to fast during the seven days of purification; but after sunset on the 9th of Tisri he was not allowed to eat much, lest he should be more disposed to slumber. During the night between the 9th and the 10th he was not allowed to sleep. He was accustomed to read, through that night, or to have read to him, portions of the Books of Job, Ezra, or Chronicles. If he appeared drowsy, the younger priests were instructed to touch him with a finger, and to say, "Lord High Priest, rise, and stand on the pavement." He was thus watched till the time arrived for offering the morning sacrifice.

The elders of the Senate were accustomed to adjure the High Priest, whom they conducted for that purpose into the lofty chamber called the Beth Abtines, in the following words : " Lord High Priest, we are the legates of the great Sanhedrim ; and thou art our legate, and the legate of the great Sanhedrim ; we adjure thee by Him, whose name dwelleth in this Temple, that thou change nothing of all those things which we have delivered unto thee."

Throughout the year the altar was cleansed at cock-crow, or a little earlier or later, but in the three great festivals it was cleansed after the first watch, and on the Day of Expiation at midnight. By cock-crow, on these occasions, the Courts of Israel were filled with worshippers.

Five times, on this day, the High Priest had to undergo a total immersion in water. Ten times he washed his hands and feet. All these ablutions were performed in the appointed chamber, the Beth Happarvah, with the exception of the first washing of the hands and feet, before entering the holy place, or court of the priests, which is elsewhere called the Beth Mokad, or place of the hearth, meaning Court of the altar. A linen veil was hung to screen the Pontiff from the view of the other priests. Behind this he undressed, descended into the bath, came out, and dried himself. The golden garments were then brought him (the crown belonging to which, Josephus says, had endured from the time of Aaron to his own day), he put them on, again washed hands and feet, slew the morning victim ; received the blood and threw it on the altar ; entered the Temple and burned incense ; trimmed the lamps ; and offered the head of the victim, the limbs, the accompanying pancake, and the wine, himself. In the morning he burned the incense between offering the blood and the limbs ; in the evening, between offering the limbs and the cake. He was then again conducted to the Beth Happarvah ; again washed hands and feet ; took off the golden robes ; descended into the bath ; came out and clad himself in white garments, and again bathed hands and feet.

The special attention which was given to the garments of the High Priest dated from the utterance of the Law. He alone was permitted to wear in his ministry more than the four specified articles of attire, made of linen ; and these, for the special rite of the Sacrifice of the Pontifical bullock, he wore himself. These sacerdotal garments were the tunic, the breeches, the girdle, and the mitre.\* To these the High Priest, on

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\* In the address on Ecclesiastical Vestments, published by the Dean of Westminster in the *Contemporary Review* for February, 1875, p. 486, the Jewish priest is said to have been distinguished from his countrymen by his bare feet, his trousers, by his white linen robe, by his sash, thirty-two yards long, by his fillet, by his tippet or ephod : the High Priest by his breastplate, by his belts, and by his pomegranates. This appears to be taken from " Baker's Symbolik." Had the very reverend writer

all solemn occasions but one, added the four vestments of the *anniculum*, or ephod; the *pectorale*, or breast-plate; the *pallium*, or outer robe, which was a seamless garment, fringed with golden bells; and the golden crown, with the divine name engraven upon it. This crown, Josephus states, had been worn by every High Priest from Aaron to his own time.

The vestments of the High Priest were embroidered in gold, purple, and scarlet, on a web of fine linen. In the morning he wore what are called Pelusiac robes, which cost twelve minæ; in the evening, Indian robes, which cost eighteen. There may be a significance in the provision of the Law, that the garments of the High Priest were to cost "thirty pieces of silver."

Clad in the four garments of the ordinary priests, the Pontiff proceeded to the space between the Altar and the Temple. There the bullock for his special sacrifice was brought, its head being to the south and its face turned to the west. The High Priest laid both his hands on his victim, and then prayed: "I confess, O Lord, that I have failed, I have rebelled and sinned against thee, I and my house; I beseech thee, O Lord, pardon my trespasses, and rebellion, and sins, which I have committed, I and my house before Thee, as it is written in the laws of Moses Thy servant." The priests gave the response, "Blessed be the glorious name of His Kingdom for ever and ever."

The High Priest then went to the north of the altar and the western part of the altar-court. The Sagan, or vice High Priest, stood on his right hand, and the Prefect of the fathers on his left. Two goats were there, and a golden urn, in which were two dies of box-wood for the lots, one inscribed with the divine name and the other with the word *Azazel*. The High Priest took the urn, and the designation of the lot was taken by drawing out one die with the right hand and the other with the left, corresponding to the position of the goats. The Pontiff raised the hand which held the better lot, or that for the sacrifice; and it was considered to be a happy omen when "the name," as the first die was called, was in the right hand. The priests replied to this sign by the Benediction as before.

A line of scarlet wool was bound to the head of the goat thus designated as the emissary, or scape-goat, and it was led to the spot whence it was to be conducted out of the Temple. Another thread was bound round the throat of the goat that was to be slain. The High

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consulted the Mishna, he would have been more exact. Bare feet were not a distinction of the priests. No Israelite was allowed to enter the mountain of the house shod. No "tippet or ephod" was worn by the ordinary priest. The eight garments of the High Priest, and the four of the ordinary priest, are expressly detailed in the Talmud.



Priest then returned to the spot where the bullock stood, again laid his hands on the victim, and again prayed, using language much the same as before, but more at length, making special mention of the people of Aaron, or body of the priests ; and pleading the promise that the rite of that day should purify the people from all their sins. The priests again responded with *Benedictum sit nomen*.

The High Priest then himself slew the bullock, and caught the blood in a basin, which was handed to a priest who stood on the fourth square of the pavement by the Altar, and who kept constantly moving the vessel to prevent the coagulation of the blood. The Pontiff then ascended the *divus*, or bridge of the great Altar, carrying a golden thurible, which would hold three *cabi*, or about an English gallon. He filled this with the embers from the hearth, descended, and placed the thurible on the fourth square before mentioned.

The Mishna insists upon the numerous differences between the ritual of this day and that of any other. On all other occasions a silver thurible was used to remove the embers from the altar, and a smaller censer was then filled from it and carried into the Temple. On this day the Golden censer was borne by the Pontiff to the hearth of the altar, and afterwards into the Temple. The priest, on other days, ascended on the east side of the *divus* and descended on the west ; the High Priest, on this day, ascended and descended in the centre. On other days, the hands and feet of the priests were bathed in the brazen ewer ; on this day the High Priest used for that purpose a golden basin. On other days, half a *mina* (or ten ounces) of incense was burned in the morning, and half a *mina* in the evening sacrifice. On this day the High Priest threw on the censer as much as his hand would hold. An additional row of blocks of wood was laid on the altar at the commencement of the rites of the day.

With the golden thurible in his right hand, and the *kupha* filled with incense in his left, the High Priest alone entered the Temple. He advanced to the double veil, the two folds or curtains of which hung a cubit apart, between the Temple and the Oracle, or most holy place. The opening of the outer curtain was on the south, that of the inner on the north, so that no glimpse of the inner sanctuary could be caught from the Temple. The High Priest entered between the curtains, advanced between them to the opening of the second, turned to his left, and advanced within the veil to the *lapis foundationis*, or foundation stone, on which, in the first Temple, the ark stood. This stone, which was believed to have been the spot designated for the divine worship from the foundation of the world, rose three digits above the floor. The ark, the cherubim, the heaven-descended fire, the Shekinah, and the Urim and Thummim were all absent from the second Temple. In the

first Temple, the High Priest set down the thurible between the staves of the ark ; in the second, on the stone of foundation. He threw the incense on the embers, until the whole house was filled with the smoke, bowed reverently, and retreated backwards from the spot. On retiring without the veil, he uttered a short prayer ; but was warned not to tarry in the Temple, even to pray, lest the priests should be alarmed at his delay. So much awe attended the rite, that it was always matter of fear lest the High Priest should not survive its solemnisation.

The High Priest then took the blood contained in the basin before mentioned, and returned with it to the *cella*. He sprinkled the blood, dipping his fingers into it, once upwards and seven times downwards, counting each time aloud. He then placed the basin on a golden pillar in the outer Temple.

The goat was then brought to the place of slaughter, and slain by the High Priest ; and the same ceremonial was gone through with its blood, as that which had been performed in the case of the bullock. The remaining blood from the two victims was then mingled in the same basin.

The High Priest then advanced to the golden altar which stood *coram domino*, immediately without the veil, in the centre line of the Temple. Commencing at the north-eastern angle or horn, he carefully cleaned this altar ; the whole rite, even to the position and movement of his hands, being accurately prescribed. He then sprinkled of the mingled blood seven times on this altar, and threw the remainder at the foot of the great altar, on the southern side ; where there was an aperture in the pavement, through which it flowed, by a subterranean channel, until it mingled with the torrent of the Kedron.

The High Priest then returned to the place where the scape-goat was detained. He laid both hands on his victim, and repeated the prayer twice before uttered. The priests and the people, at the sound of the divine name, then uttered aloud, bowed and fell on their faces, and replied, "Blessed be the glorious name of His Kingdom for ever and ever."

The scape-goat was then delivered to the person appointed by the High Priest, who was almost invariably a priest. The animal was led over the bridge, erected for that purpose, across the ravine to the east of the fortress wall of the Temple. The place where the goat was set at liberty is called Zuck. It was distant ninety *resah* or stadia from Jerusalem. The intermediate stations on the route were marked by tents, and the nobles of Jerusalem accompanied the scape-goat to the first of these stations. At each of these points, except Zuck, food and water were supplied to the goat, and a fresh messenger took the animal on to the next station.

The point called Zuck has not been identified. It was on the side of a precipitous hill. So much terror had been struck into the people, in early times, by the return of the scape-goat from the desert, that the messenger was directed, on freeing the animal, to push him over the declivity. A thread of scarlet wool was tied between the horns of the goat, and a portion of the same tied to the rock. The animal was then dismissed, and, bounding down the side of the hill, broke its limbs before it was half way to the bottom. The messenger returned and sat in the last tent till evening, having incurred ceremonial pollution by conducting the goat, and being forbidden to travel beyond the *techoom*, or Sabbath day's journey of 2,000 cubits; as the law of the Sabbath applied, *a fortiori*, to the Great Day of Atonement.

Meantime, the High Priest had been occupied in offering the fit portions of the victims, the bullock and the goat; the remainder of the flesh of which was borne out from the Temple and burned in the appointed place without the walls. Intelligence that the goat had escaped was telegraphed to Jerusalem by waving of kerchiefs. The turning white of the scarlet thread, either on the horns of the goat, on the rock at Zuck, or on the gates of the Temple, was an expected sign of the acceptance by the Most High of the propitiatory rite; but this is not stated in the Mishna, although it is considered to be indicated by the words of the prophets.

The High Priest then proceeded to the court of the women, in order to read the sections of the law appointed for the day. He was allowed to do this either in the linen vestments worn during the last part of the ceremonial, or in his more splendid and warmer attire. The public minister, or head of the synagogue, took the roll of the Law from its repository and handed it to the head of the Fathers. This priest handed it to the Prefect, or Prince of the Priests, who, in his turn, handed it to the Pontiff. The Pontiff rose from his seat to receive the roll, read, standing, the two sections, "*Achare mot*" (Levit. xvi.) and "*Ac Beaschor*" (Levit. xxiii. 27). He then rolled up the volume, placed it on his breast, and said, "There is more here than I have read before you." He then recited the *Beaschor* (Numb. xxix. 7—11), and pronounced the eight benedictions on the Jews, on the ministry, on the confession, on the sanctuary, on Israel, on the priests, and on the remainder of the services.

Changing the linen garments, either before or after the reading of the Law, for the golden robes, with the same total and partial ablutions as before, the High Priest then offered the ram for himself, the ram for the people, and the twin yearling lambs. Again he bathed, and put on white robes, in which he entered the Temple with the *kupha* and thurible for the evening offering of incense. Leaving them in the

Temple, he bathed for the last time, put on his golden robes, returned to the Temple, burnt the incense, trimmed the lamps, and, by washing his hands and feet last time, completed the service of the day. He then put on his own ordinary dress, and was accompanied to his home by his friends, for whom he prepared a feast in celebration of his coming forth in peace from the sanctuary.

The explanation which is given by the Mishna of the law as to the pardon of sin is as follows. For sins and certain offences, sacrifices were accepted in expiation. Penitence, death, and the Day of Expiation expiate all sin. Light offences are expiated by penitence; but for heavy offences, penitence only respites the punishment until the Day of Expiation arrives to remove it. He who says to himself, "I will sin and repent" will not have time afforded for repentance. He who says, "I will sin and the Day of Expiation will expiate!" will not be pardoned by the rite of that day. For sins against God, the appointed rite affords the means of pardon. For sins against man, the pardon of the injured brother must be obtained before the benefit of the Expiation is secured.

With regard to the special observance of the Day of Expiation as a fast, and the restrictions placed, on that day alone, upon the Jew, we shall speak when describing the fasts enjoined by the Law.

Nothing can show more forcibly the hold which the Divine Law maintained on the hearts of the people, than the awe with which the services of the days of Expiation were regarded. The High Priest felt that he entered the Holy of Holies with his life in his hand. The solemnity is said to have been fatal to the Pontiff on more occasions than one. The caution given not to tarry in the Temple, and the disapprobation expressed by the Sanhedrim on an occasion when the High Priest waited to offer an extempore prayer, are in accordance with the language of St. Luke: "the people (that is to say, the *populus sacerdotum*, or order of priests on service) waited for Zacharias, and marvelled that he tarried so long in the Temple." We have mentioned the majestic presence that was made visible to Simon the Just, and to Ishmael the son of Phabi. The vision of Zacharias, although only one of the ordinary priests, was in accordance with the belief of the people, and with the awe and wonder that dwelt amid the clouds and darkness of the Temple.

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## CONCERNING OUR SHEEPFOLDS.

SOME years ago an English farmer noticed an announcement that Mr. Ruskin had published a volume on "the construction of sheepfolds;" and, thinking that so original a writer might offer some valuable suggestions with regard to the duties of a flock-master, a copy was ordered. We do not know whether the disappointment of the farmer was equal to his surprise when he received from his bookseller a pamphlet that said nothing about agriculture, but said a great deal on the construction of spiritual sheepfolds—on the doctrine and discipline of the Christian Church. We propose, however, to deal with the subject of sheepfolds from a more commonplace point of view, to consider some practical matters affecting the folds where our Christian flocks are wont to gather; in other words, with church and chapel building.

We suppose that the time has almost passed away when it was necessary to defend the application by Nonconformists to their places of worship of the name of "churches." Five-and-twenty years ago it was otherwise; and those who first employed the term paid the penalties of innovation. At that period a certain eminent editor—of the autocracy of whose rule the Rev. Samuel McAll remarked before the Congregational Union that "whom he would he slew, and whom he would he made alive,"—was accustomed energetically to challenge the propriety of giving the name of "church" to our Nonconformist sanctuaries, and for some time even refused admission into his columns of accounts of the opening of Independent "churches."

Whatever may have been the weight of precedent in the matter of the naming of our places of worship, it cannot be denied that there is little to be said in favour of the perpetuation of the term "chapel." It is, we believe, admitted that it comes from the word *capella*, a hood; and that it refers to the fact that when the Kings of France took the field against their foes they bore with them a precious relic, the hood of St. Martin, which was preserved in a tent or *capella*, and that from this and other *capellas* we have received our word *chapel*. The objection sometimes urged, that to call both the building and the people who meet in the building by the same name is wrong, is to overlook the common analogies of our language. We speak, for instance, of a "school" having been built, when we refer to the bricks and mortar; and of a "school" as having broken-up when we refer to the children. We describe the Houses of Parliament as they stand on the banks of the Thames, and we also say that the House "sat" late last night. Similarly we tell how we assembled round our friend's "board," and we soon afterwards mention that the board of guardians was divided in opinion.

The word "meeting," or "meeting-house," is vague and unmeaning; "conventicle" is a term of reproach; and "chapel" is Popish; in default we prefer the name "church." In this matter (as in some others) our Presbyterian brethren are in advance of us. Enter a Scotch town, and ask about the places of worship, and you will perhaps receive such an answer as the following:—"That, sir, is the parish kirk; this is the Independent kirk; yonder is the Free kirk." "But what church is that at the end of the street?" "Oh, it's not a kirk ava; its naething but a 'piscopal chapel—only chapel folks go there."

Having thus referred to the *name*, let us now deal with the *thing*. We will suppose the case of a congregation that has resolved to build a new church: what, it may be asked, will be the best course to pursue? How can mistakes be best avoided; how can the greatest success be secured? It might indeed have been supposed that by this time the erection of churches would have become a matter of the utmost simplicity. Considering that Independents alone open a new place of worship every week, and frequently one every ten days, the year through, it might have been anticipated that excellence could practically be guaranteed, and error be certainly avoided. Unfortunately it is not so; and just as people, with the amplest means and the most experienced professional assistance, seldom build even a house which when finished has not some obvious defects, so it is with our places of worship; and after the utmost care has been exercised lamentable mistakes are repeated.

Perhaps this unfortunate result is to be traced to the lack of experience on the part of those on whom the real responsibility devolves of the erection of our churches. The work is usually entrusted to a "Building Committee." And how is this committee constituted? It probably consists of the best men that can be found, and when completed includes, we will say, a lawyer, a merchant, a farmer, two or three tradesmen, and the minister, possibly no one of whom ever erected a building, except a stable or a cow-shed. They call in the aid of an architect; or perhaps, in the first place, they have two or three architects in competition with one another, from whom the one who makes the most showy design, at what is supposed to be the cheapest rate, is eventually selected. The committee is laborious, anxious, conscientious; by the time their work is completed and the church—for better or worse—is finished, the committee really begins to know something about church building, what to do, and what to avoid doing; and if another church had at once to be erected their services would be invaluable. But, having built one, and having felt the weight of care and responsibility that is involved, they will perhaps shrink from attempting another for the term of their natural lives, and their knowledge and skill will

die with them. The next new church built is undertaken by a new committee, with new ideas and new inexperience, and it proceeds, like its predecessors, to make a new crop of mistakes—mistakes that will survive for years, perhaps for ages.

"But," it is quite possible that the ingenuous reader may here exclaim, "have not the committee an architect able to advise them and to prevent mistakes?" We can only answer, would that it were so. For architects, if the results of their labours may serve as any test of their capacity, are only just beginning to learn how to erect a Nonconformist church. Look at the abortions and abominations they have "put up" in all directions: with massive columns to hide the minister from the congregation, and elaborate gas fittings to hide the congregation from the minister—who like Milton's "Satan" is "dark with excess of light." Look at the places you can neither see in nor hear in; the galleries pitched at such an angle that the people downstairs cannot see the people upstairs, and the people upstairs cannot see the people downstairs; so that, in fact, there are two congregations in the one building, each unknown to and unsympathetic with the other. Look at the pulpits perched up like swallows' nests against the back wall of the chapel; or the narrow boxes with narrower doorways into which the minister can scarcely enter, and which when he has entered, would "cabin and confine" the most graceful speaker that ever addressed an audience. And all these creations of human genius were the product of the pencils of architects who placed before admiring committees beautiful representations in the daintiest colours of the intended building—pictures which (for it is "possible") did "deceive the very elect."

Out of all these perplexities there is one safe path, and only one: it is this. When a new church is about to be erected, place no shadow of confidence in the pretty sketches of artists nor in the persuasive words of architects; but go and see a real, live, complete church which you like. Take that as your model, employ the architect of it, and have it adapted to your own purposes, with only such alterations as the circumstances require, or as shall ensure you some manifest improvements. This course has often been adopted, and with success. A few days since a church building committee from a northern town of Nottinghamshire met in a new Congregational church in Lincolnshire. Every part of the fabric was examined. Every information from the architect, the minister of the church, and from intelligent seat-holders was obtained. Measurements were made, and prices were estimated. The result was that an unanimous resolution was adopted that the new church should be erected in all main respects precisely on the model of the existing one, and that certain defined improvements should be effected, and the architect was requested to draw fresh plans in which these instructions



will be carried out. Every gentlemen present had this satisfaction, that he knew exactly what he was doing, exactly what he was sanctioning, and exactly what the future church would be.

Having determined all the chief parts and arrangements of the projected church, the details should now be settled with the utmost care. The heating and lighting, the position of the fireplaces and chimneys and lamps, the swinging of the doors *outwards* so as to secure easy exit in the event of alarm, access to the roof, and a hundred other matters, can now be easily adjusted, if the committee will only take the necessary pains, and will trust no one but themselves. "But does not the architect attend to all this?" again suggests the simple-minded neophyte. Not a bit of it. "Put not your trust in princes nor in architects," we reply, or you will have to put up with endless inconvenience, or pay for endless alterations, and five per cent. commission to the architect on the cost of all of them. The other day we were asked to look at the designs of some new schools. There was a principal hall, there were a number of class-rooms, and there was a large room for the ladies' working meetings, &c., but not a solitary fireplace was provided in one of them, and the heating apparatus would have had to be brought into operation and every part of the building warmed before the smallest room in the place could, in cold weather, have been made available. And this is a fair specimen of the skill in details ordinarily shown under similar circumstances. Spend, we would say, *days*, if necessary, in completing the arrangements of every nook and corner of the place, from foundation to roof, from cellar to ridge, from vestry mantel-piece \* to scrapers, from ventilators to vane, so that when the plans are finally sanctioned no alteration shall be required, and so that they have only to be carried out in the minutest detail, in their integrity.

The importance of having every detail of plans and specifications absolutely complete and correct before a brick is laid will be allowed when a fact is stated. Many builders when tendering for a projected church are accustomed to send in low tenders, and to undercut the more honest contractor in the hope of eventually reimbursing themselves for the present lowness of their charges by preposterous claims on any extras that may subsequently be required. The best way, the only way, to deal with these gentlemen is to have no extras at all. Do nothing to

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\* Some of our diaconal readers may be interested in knowing that at New College Chapel, St. John's Wood, the mantel-piece in the minister's vestry consists of a beautifully carved bracket, representing a flying angel bearing in his arms an open book; whereas the bracket in the deacons' vestry represents the face of avarice with lines of greed deeply cut—eager, sinewy, miserly—and a hand clutching a bag of gold. The figure delineated is Judas, whom the architect, Mr. Emmett, said he thought was the first deacon!

set aside the original contract, claim the fulfilment of it in its exactness, and you will be saved from a thousand embarrassments and heavy outlay. As a specimen of the way in which extras are sometimes charged for we may mention that in a church built in Cheshire a few years since, the bill contained an item for a cupboard in the minister's vestry in which to hang his gown, of £15 !

When at last you have obtained your new church, allow us to entreat that it be kept tidy. Clean it will be, we do not doubt ; the ladies' dresses would soon tell a tale if it were otherwise, and the ladies would soon repeat the tale in the ear of responsive husbands and vigilant deacons. But many a church that is clean is not tidy ; and if a visitor were incontinently to stray to-morrow up to the minister's vestry he might in many instances find a heap of mortar, or of sticks, or of rubbish piled up in an out-of-the-way corner, showing that the authorities do not object to dirt, but only to its being found out. Let your gravel paths and pebbles be preserved free from weeds. Let your plants and bushes be nurtured in health and verdure. Let the grass in your grounds or burial-places be trimmed. Let not even your coal and wood houses be forgotten. In fact, "let everything be done decently and in order."

But after your church is built, and every detail adjusted, and the opening services are concluded, there is one grim spectre that sometimes haunts the diaconal mind. Every house, says some uncomfortable person, has its skeleton ; and if not every, yet many a church building enterprise has its debt. Now debt, though always undesirable, is sometimes unavoidable. But debts should never be allowed to grow old. If once they get fixed and settled upon a church they cling for very life and die like cats. So at the very earliest convenient moment meditate their extinction, and ascertain the best way in which that extinction can be accomplished.

Now there are various ways of dealing with debts. Not long ago we were called in to advise with regard to the reduction of one. It was only some £600 ; but it was a heavy burden upon a people who were not rich, and who had already exhausted themselves by their liberality. We proposed that the balance should be liquidated by a special subscription of £100 a year fairly distributed over the people. The deacons shook their heads. "Can you find," we asked, "two of your number who will give to this object say half a crown a week ?" "Oh, yes." "And three who will give two shillings ?" "Yes." "And three who can give eighteenpence, and three fifteenpence, and ten a shilling, and twenty sixpence, and ten twopence, and ten a penny ?" "Oh yes, I think we can manage that." "Well, that's all that is needed," we replied, "that's £100 a year." "Nonsense," exclaimed a sceptical deacon, smiling ; "that will never make £100 a year. We could raise

that easily enough, but we couldn't raise £100 a year." "Well," we rejoined, "let us work out this little sum, and as according to the accepted theory we ministers are never men of business, and you deacons always are, you will be able to show where the error lies." So, sitting down at a school-room desk we set to work, our friend the deacon being sure that there "must be a mistake somewhere." And thus it stood:—

Weekly Contributors.			Weekly.	Monthly.	Yearly.
2	at	2s. 6d.	... .. 5s.	... £1 0 0	£12 0 0
3	"	2s.	... .. 6s.	... 1 4 0	14 8 0
3	"	1s. 6d.	... .. 4s. 6d.	... 0 18 0	10 16 0
3	"	1s. 3d.	... .. 3s. 9d.	... 0 15 0	9 0 0
10	"	1s.	... .. 10s.	... 2 0 0	24 0 0
20	"	6d.	... .. 10s.	... 2 0 0	24 0 0
10	"	2d.	... .. 1s. 8d.	... 0 6 8	3 19 0
10	"	1d.	... .. 10d.	... 0 3 4	1 18 0
<hr/>					
					£100 1 0

"The only inaccuracy," we remarked, "in this estimate is that it brings in a shilling too much; and in the fact that by the proper estimate of fifty-two weeks in a year instead of forty-eight, a still larger sum would be realised." "Well," replied our friend the deacon, as he scrutinised and re-scrutinised the figures, "I confess I am surprised. I have no doubt we can find the required number of contributors, and for the required amounts; but I should never have supposed that by comparatively so small an effort so large a result could be secured." Our friend had, however, his recompense. He took his colleagues one by one into counsel; found them at first equally unbelieving, and then vanquished them as he had been vanquished, by the cogency of the arithmetic. Elated with the discovery that what had appeared to be impossible was really practicable, we went to the meeting of Church and congregation which had been summoned, launched our little scheme, carried the day, secured the required promises, and went our way homeward rejoicing. A year afterwards we had a "garden party" in the grounds of a principal contributor, and it was announced that the sum actually received during the twelve months was considerably in excess of the amount expected.

There is also another method of liquidating debt which has been adopted with success. A certain church had been erected at a cost of nearly £6,000; some £4,000 had been paid; and nearly £2,000 remained in the form of debt; £100 a year had to be paid in interest. Year after year the interest was paid, but the principal remained unreduced, until the monotony became so burdensome that various plans were devised with a view to relief. At length a friend made the following

proposal. Suppose, he said, instead of paying this £100 a year in interest you can borrow the money for a limited period without interest; and that during that period you devote all your energies to the removal of the principal. Merely to obtain release from the interest, say, for seven years, would be worth £700, and that would of itself go a long way towards paying off the principal; while the fact that during that period the Church would be relieved from its burden of interest would serve as a powerful stimulus to liberal effort for the cancelling of the whole. In order to take up the debt, let debentures be issued in the name of the trustees for the amount of the debt; and for the paying off of these debentures let weekly contributions be obtained to the amount, say, of about £5 10s. a week; and, in seven years, at the outside, the thing will be done.

Accordingly 200 debentures were prepared in the following manner:—

#### TRINITY CHURCH DEBENTURES.

(Name of Town and Date).

No. —.

We, as Trustees of Trinity Church, do hereby promise to pay to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, or order, the sum of Ten Pounds, without interest, on or before the 24th day of June (*date seven years forward*).

(Stamp)

Entered

_____	} Trustees.
_____	
_____	
_____	
_____	Secretary.

A meeting was held, the plan was submitted, and the debentures were issued. Many of these were taken up by the members of the congregation, others by friends at a distance, and eventually all were got rid of, and the mortgage was paid off. Meanwhile the contributions of the members of the Church and congregation were invited for the regular discharge of the debentures; and so cordial was the appreciation of the plan that within three days after its promulgation £1,600 were promised, and within a week nearly the whole amount was undertaken. The Sunday offerings averaged £70 a quarter; and as quarter after quarter ended seven debentures were cancelled. The occasion of cancelling these shares was very interesting. Usually a tea-meeting was held; and in the course of the evening the ballot-box was produced. This was provided with two locks and keys, which were kept by two gentlemen, and when it was opened its contents were still concealed by a brown holland bag, fitted into the sides of the box, and drawn together at the top with a string, but having an orifice through which a hand could be passed. In this bag were originally 200 counters, the numbers of which corre-

sponded with the numbers on the debentures in circulation. Some young gentleman was now invited to come forward and draw one of the counters. He puts his hand through the neck of the bag, draws out a counter, the number of which is, we will say, "94," reads the number to the audience, and hands it to the secretary. The secretary refers to his book and announces that the debenture numbered "94" is held by Mr. So-and-So; and that that debenture will be paid off and cancelled. Six others are drawn in a similar way; the debentures are perhaps then and there produced and cancelled, and the money paid. And thus quarter by quarter, to the great satisfaction of all the parties concerned, the liabilities of the congregation are steadily liquidated, and the whole remaining debt would have been discharged in the course of two or three remaining years; but happily some special circumstances led to special effort, and the debt came to a close earlier than had been anticipated even by the most sanguine.

But we must draw our remarks "concerning our sheepfolds" to a close. In doing so we can assure our readers that in all such service as that which concerns the house of the Lord, our most honest, able, and painstaking toil should be freely given. Let us give our best—the best our minds can conceive, our love can yield, our hands can work, our best for Christ. Let nothing be slovenly, perfunctory, unworthy. "If," says the Rev. Samuel Martin, "a village preacher be expected to come to the cottage of a Christian peasant, because that preacher belongs to Christ the floor is twice cleansed, the hearth is doubly swept, the best food is served, and served on a ware which, as the heirloom of the peasant's home, knows no common use;"—and if such is done for the servant, what should not be done for the Master?

F. S. W.

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## THE ALLEGED FAILURE OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

### No. I.

**H**AVE Christian Missions to heathen lands succeeded or not? This is a question which no one who is pledged to the support of such missions should be afraid to ask. And when the answer is given that the missionary enterprise has failed, its supporters should fearlessly look the statement in the face. If our faith in the cause of universal evangelisation is worth anything, it will enable us with calmness and honesty to meet our opponents, and offer them reason and not ridicule.

Now, from sources too numerous to quote, the charge of failure is constantly reaching our ears. In the January number of the *Westminster*

*Review* for 1874 such a charge is made. The writer of this article \* expresses his sympathy with the object of Christian Missions, but he declares that modern missions, with scarcely an exception, have proved a failure, and the reason he assigns is that the mode of operations adopted has been a mistake :—

“We have attempted to take heathendom by storm—perhaps it was only right that the attempt should be made—and we have failed. We have been in the position of a troop of children attempting to set fire to a damp plantation growing in a morass, by applying to it here and there a lighted lucifer match. All over it there are cracklings heard, and little ‘centres of light’ visible; and in places, by the burning of a bough or two, small openings are made which if neglected for a year or two will be found to be covered by fresh boughs.”† In another place he says: “In plain language, religious missions are admitted by their most intelligent friends to be complete failures.”‡

This is no new complaint. We have for long been accustomed to hear of the worthlessness of the boasted triumphs of Christianity in heathen lands. A few years ago certain gentlemen, interested in anthropological studies, created an alarm amongst the Churches by the pictures they drew of the moral condition of our African converts. In like manner, travellers returning from the South Seas have occasionally startled the Christian public by their statements respecting the Polynesian Church members. Now it is easy for the friends of missions to turn away from such pictures and statements with the consoling reflection that an enemy hath done this. But such a course is neither just nor generous. It is not just, because such charges are not confined to those who *presumably* have no sympathy with Christian Missions. Latterly, there have not been wanting amongst the acknowledged friends of the enterprise some who have made common cause with these objectors. Notably, a Christian minister published a book a short time ago, in which he maintained that in most of the mission fields the Church had expended money and labour to little or no purpose.§ Nor is it generous to stigmatise as enemies all who venture to question the reality of our success. Such a course reflects discredit upon our Christian charity. We do not say that the Christian missionary is to waste his time in replying to all the vain quibbles of shallow objectors; but we contend that in the face of the oft-reiterated charge of failure, the Church of Christ should seriously ask her missionaries for an explanation of the charge, and without prejudice let her missionaries reply.

\* Christian Missions to the Heathens, p. 56.

† *Westminster Review*, p. 62.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 84.

§ Christian Missions to Wrong Places, among Wrong Races, and in Wrong Hands. By A. C. Geekie, D.D. (James Nisbet & Co.)

In Dr. Geekie's book, to which we have referred, two grave charges are made : First, that in many places the Church, notwithstanding a considerable outlay of funds and effort, has no result whatever to show ; second, that in Polynesia, where it has always been supposed the most signal success had attended the labours of the Christian missionary, that success has all along been more apparent than real. Passing over the first charge, we propose to consider the second.

Having laboured myself for ten years in Samoa, one of the Christianised groups of Polynesia, I am able from my own experience to estimate the worth of the judgment passed upon these newly-planted Churches. Samoan Christianity is forty years old. To short-lived man this seems a long period ; whether in the *life of a Church* it should be regarded as a long period we shall consider further on. The first forty years, however, in the history of a Church does, without doubt, supply us with sufficient data to decide whether or not its growth has been spurious, and whether its future development is likely to yield permanent fruit.

The conversion of the Samoans to the Christian religion was a national rather than an individual conversion. That this does not of necessity militate against the ultimate growth of a genuine and high type Christianity, may be shown from the fact that some of the European nations in which the Religion of the Cross has taken the deepest root were first of all baptised into that religion, not in obedience to an individual conviction, but in obedience to a kingly edict, or in obedience to a fashion set by a monarch or an emperor.

In a very short time after the first missionaries landed in Samoa, the entire population embraced Christianity, and the education and development of the people in their new faith went on rapidly under the influence of a large staff of European missionaries. This staff of labourers has been maintained at a considerable outlay during the last forty years. And what results have we to show for the labour expended ?

1. We can point to an entire community of heathens transformed into a nominally Christian people.
2. Chapels have been erected in all the villages of the group. There are about 250 villages in Samoa, and in each a chapel has been erected by the people themselves at their own cost, and they keep these buildings in repair without any help from the funds of the London Missionary Society.
3. A Church containing about 4,000 members has been gathered, and the catechumenical classes comprise almost as many who are candidates for Church fellowship. This, considering that the population of Samoa is only 36,000, gives us a larger proportion of professing Christians than would be found in any English town of a similar size.
4. Pastors have been educated, and in every village there is now a native minister, who preaches regularly to his fellow-countrymen and attends to all the ordinary duties of a regularly-



ordained minister of the Gospel. 5. An institution has been established for the education of these native ministers, and they are required to pass through a four years' course of instruction in this college before they are entrusted with the care of a Church. 6. A literature has been formed. The foundation of a Christian literature was laid in the translation of the Bible into the Samoan language, many editions of which have been circulated amongst the people. A variety of other books, religious and educational, have been printed, and are freely circulated throughout the group. 7. The people have been taught a system of freewill offerings for religious purposes. They build their own chapels, as already stated. They erect houses for their ministers, and support them. And in addition to what they do to sustain the ordinances of religion amongst themselves, they annually send a contribution of about £1,200 to the London Missionary Society. 8. The Samoan Churches have sent a large number of useful missionaries to the heathen. From its central position this group has formed a convenient basis for aggressive operations in the other islands of Polynesia, and the zeal of our Churches has always supplied us with pioneers to carry on this work. A volume might be written to record the useful, and in many cases self-denying, labours of these men. 9. One of the indirect results of missionary effort in Samoa has been the development of commerce and the material improvement of the people. Where commerce does not precede the Christian missionary it is sure to follow in his wake. This has been the case in Samoa. The rich productions of the islands have attracted merchants; money has been introduced; stores have been opened; and articles of foreign manufacture have found their way into every Samoan cottage.

Now here is material out of which the most glowing pictures of the success and triumph of the missionary cause might be painted. And in the foregoing statement of the results of missionary labour in Samoa, it may be argued, with a show of reason, that the charge of failure meets with an unanswerable denial. Idolatry overthrown, chapels erected for Christian worship, nearly 8,000 converts gathered into the Church of Christ, about 250 native ministers preaching the Gospel every Sunday in the villages of Samoa, 80 students in our college attending theological classes, a considerable literature in circulation and read by a people who forty years ago had never seen the form of a letter; a people with an open hand supporting the cause of religion in their own country, and giving in addition £1,200 a year for sending the Gospel to the heathen, and also sending numbers of young pioneers to preach Christ to those still sitting in heathen darkness—such is the list of results to which we can point!

But it may be urged with reason that all these facts refer to what may

be termed the *surface results* of missionary labour, and that it is possible to attain to all this success without obtaining any really spiritual fruit. When we refer with triumph to the large number of converts gathered into the Christian Church, it may be asked what the spiritual life of these men and women is worth; and whether with this change in their external condition, there has been a corresponding change in their mental conceptions of religion and their inner life.

Referring to their conceptions of religious truth, it is denied by many people that it is possible to impart intelligent ideas of the doctrines of the Christian religion to tribes who have for ages been under the influence of a degrading idolatry. It is urged by such that Christianity needs a forerunner to prepare a way for her, and that it is only commerce and civilisation that can accomplish this work of preparation. Whether these twin sisters do possess this power we shall not stop to inquire here; but is it a fact that the principles and truths of the Bible cannot be comprehended by a people who have sunk into a low state of barbarism? Of course we use the word "comprehend" in a limited sense. Nations eighteen centuries old in the Christian faith have not yet attained to a full comprehension of the truths of the religion they profess. What we mean by the above question is, can an idolater of a low type comprehend the principles and truths of the Bible, to the extent of receiving the *seeds* of those principles and truths into the mind? Or, to put the question in another form, is it possible for the missionary to impart to the mind of such an idolater a knowledge of Christian doctrine which the savage mind will recognise as truth? Passing over the general aspect of the question, we will endeavour to answer it in a few words from our own experience of the natives of Samoa.

We venture, then, to assert that the essential principles of the Bible are comprehended with a considerable degree of intelligence by the people of Samoa. The spiritual nature of God, the immortality of the soul, retributive justice, Divine Providence, a future state, prayer, redemption and repentance—the Scripture teaching respecting all these truths the Samoans have been able, with a certain degree of clearness, to apprehend. Some may ask with incredulity, how the missionaries have been able to impart to these barbarous tribes ideas so abstruse and truths so profound. To such we reply, that it was unnecessary to *impart* the ideas represented in the foregoing list of Scripture truths, because the missionaries found those ideas already existing in the native mind. There was material already prepared, out of which the foundations could be formed, or rather, we might say that those foundations were already laid, upon which the superstructure of Christianity could be erected. In their heathen conceptions of religious truth the people of Samoa embodied the seeds of Christian truth. And it is only when we recognise

this fact, that we can understand the phenomenon of a people emerging from heathen darkness, and embracing so readily the Christian faith.

This is a tempting theme, upon which we should have liked to have written a whole chapter, but space does not permit. We might illustrate how for each of the Scripture truths enumerated above there was material existing in the minds of the people which the missionary could avail himself of, and which could be appropriated in the erection of a Christian theology. Their heathen gods were essentially spiritual, so that they could without difficulty receive the statement that "God is a Spirit." The immortality of the soul was an accepted belief long before the introduction of Christianity. Retributive justice was the most powerful idea in their old heathen theology, and it resulted in their elaborate system of *tabu*. For ages the belief in Divine Providence was most general and influential over the lives of the people. A future state, peopled by the souls of the departed, was a familiar idea. Prayer was a universal habit, and they manifested considerable intelligence in their conception of prayer. For example, when on their boat journeys, those who were sitting as passengers in the boat were expected to pray for those who were plying the paddles. The passengers would repeatedly thank the rowers in these words: "Thanks for your strong strokes;" to which the rowers immediately reply: "Thanks for your intercessory prayers;" recognising, it will be seen, the principle that their power to ply the paddles was dependent upon the prayers of the passengers. For the Scripture teaching, then, respecting prayer, a future state, Divine Providence, the immortality of the soul, the spiritual nature of God, and retributive justice, their heathen theology supplied us with a foundation upon which we could build. Not so, however, with the love and mercy of God: here was something entirely new to be revealed to them. There was nothing in their heathen theology which prepared them for the glad tidings of salvation. There were, however, certain national customs, such as their cities of refuge and their mode of seeking the forgiveness of an offended chief, which enabled them to apprehend without much difficulty the Gospel scheme of redemption and the nature of repentance. Connected with these customs, there were popular ideas existing in the native mind which only needed to be transferred to the region of religion, and they were able at once to apprehend the refuge set before them in the Gospel. The result is, that these people, so recently brought out of heathen darkness, have been able to receive to a considerable amount the light of God's Word. Their ability to do this has arisen from the fact that their heathen darkness was never so dense as has been imagined. Their eyes had been long familiar with glimmers of truth, and they were strengthened thereby to gaze upon the flood of light when at length it dawned upon them. Their heathen

night had not been without its pale moon, which reflected much of the sun's light, and when the sun arose, it shone upon eyes already accustomed to its rays in their reflected form.

But granting that their conceptions of Christian truth may be intelligent, what is the quantity and quality of the spiritual fruit which has been gathered from the dissemination of these new religious conceptions? Unhesitatingly we answer, that while in a sense its quantity may be regarded as large, in very few cases has its quality reached a high standard. While the entire population has embraced the Christian religion, and a very large proportion of the people have made a public profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus, the morality of the mass of the people, though they are nominal Christians, has been but slightly benefited thereby, and the spiritual attainments of the Church members answer at present to a very low type. To speak of the majority of the community as nominal Christians most accurately describes their real condition, for they are Christians in little more than name.

They sustain their right to this name by an outward observance of religious worship and services. They are a chapel-going community ; so much so, that in a Samoan village, at the time of morning service, all the inhabitants, with the exception of the sick, would be found in the village chapel, and the entire congregation would be decently clad, and the great majority would be found with Bible and hymn-book in hand. When a chapel is to be built everyone assists in the work, and at our missionary meetings all alike contribute to the collection. But notwithstanding this compliance with the outward observance of Christian duty, many at the same time are living grossly immoral lives. Amongst the attendants at the sanctuary there are generally some who still, according to the old heathen custom amongst the chiefs, practise polygamy. In Samoa we have the strange phenomenon of polygamy and Christianity existing side by side. It must be explained, however, that this is the result of the absence of public law. The old patriarchal form of government has hitherto prevailed, each chief presiding over his own village without recognising any other authority than his own, and from the want of a central and united government it has been impossible to establish a general civil code ; hence the old heathen laws remain unrepealed. Some of the chiefs who have not only embraced an external Christianity, but have felt its power in their hearts, would of course gladly establish marriage laws to prevent the continuance of polygamy ; but in the next village there may be a chief who is himself a polygamist, and therefore opposed, from the strongest possible reasons, to the establishment of such laws. Nominal Christian as he is, he holds himself amenable to no laws but those of his own corrupt heart. He is an external Christian, without the grace of God in his heart to correct his impure life, and

without civil law or public opinion to check his excesses. It takes more than forty years to form a public opinion strong enough to overthrow a national institution many centuries old, especially when there is no civil law to help in its formation.\* Their mode of warfare also may be referred to as a sure indicator of the extent to which Christian principles have influenced the nation. In several civil wars which have occurred lately we have had opportunity of obtaining data from this source, and it is evident that the leaven of Christianity has not yet told in the elevation of the Samoan warriors; for they still retain the three features which distinguish barbarous warfare: 1. Wilful destruction of the houses and fruit-bearing trees of the enemy. 2. Slaying all prisoners. 3. The decapitation of the slain for presentation to the chiefs. The last-named custom is not practised, however, as might be supposed, to gratify a blood-thirsty propensity, but as a proof of victory. All the success, then, we can claim in the case of the community at large is, that they have given up the worship of their heathen gods, that they acknowledge and believe Jehovah to be the true God, and have an intelligent, although limited, knowledge of the truths of His Word, and that they have adopted the outward form of His worship and service; but the truths and worship of God have as yet exerted a very limited influence in elevating the social and national life of the people.

Respecting the moral and spiritual condition of those who have been received into Church fellowship, we have already said that we can only claim for them a very low type of religious life. The utmost care is used in selecting candidates for Church membership. It may be questioned with reason whether it is scriptural to subject candidates for this privilege to a long probationary course before giving them the right hand of fellowship; but such is the practice followed in Samoa. A catechumenical class is held every week for the instruction of those who are seeking admission into the Church, and all are required to attend these classes for at least a year. In addition to these classes the missionaries have several personal interviews with each candidate during his probation, and none are admitted until an intelligent knowledge of the Gospel has been acquired, and until there is apparently evidence of a change of heart. Now, it will be at once seen that if care in the selection of Church members could secure a pure Church, then our Samoan Churches should be pure; but in spite of all this care we have to mourn over a great lack of stability in our Church members. Very few have attained to that high standard of Christian principle which manifests itself in the higher development of the Christian life. There are a few here and there who tower above their fellows and show a stature

\* A confederation of the chiefs of Samoa for the establishment of laws has just been inaugurated, which seems to promise better things for the future.

almost approaching to Christian manhood ; but the great majority are mere children in Divine things, and all the usual characteristics of childhood find an exact parallel in the religious life of these converts. If they manifest simple faith and sanguine hope, to these childlike virtues they also add weakness and indecision in resisting temptation, and hence the instability we deplore. So frequent are the delinquencies in moral conduct, that to preserve the purity of the Churches and to develop a healthy Christian life, we are obliged constantly to have recourse to discipline. Not being as yet a law unto themselves, we are obliged to place them under law ; and it is very seldom that a Church-meeting is held in Samoa without there being some cases requiring reproof or excommunication. The majority of those expelled seek re-admission, and while we keep an open door to expel, we also keep an open door to restore upon a confession and evidence of repentance. If space permitted we might enter more fully into the details of the low status of our converts in the Samoan group ; but enough has been said to indicate the state of our Churches, and enough to correct the extravagant ideal entertained in some minds of a Polynesian Christian. We have heard some people speak of a South Sea Island convert as though he were an embodiment of every spiritual excellence ; but from our foregoing remarks the absurdity of such a representation will be evident. It will be equally evident, I trust, that those who pronounce missions to Polynesia a failure are guilty of as great an absurdity. When those who have arrived at this conclusion bring forward facts to show the low state of morals even amongst Church members in those countries respecting which the greatest boast of success has been made, their facts are, we believe, in the main, true. It is not with their facts that we find fault, but their conclusion.

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### GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY.

[There are many people who would feel it a disgrace to be wanting in courtesy to strangers calling on them at their own houses, but who seem to have no sense of the duty of being courteous to strangers coming to the house consecrated to the worship of God. The incivility of which some Christian people are guilty to young men and women who happen to be shown into their pews, is sometimes the cause of great and lasting mischief. The sin does not seem to be confined to this side of the Atlantic. In a recent number of the *Chicago Advance*, the Rev. Washington Gladden attacks it with wholesome severity. His article, which we reprint, will, we trust, be laid to heart by all our readers.—ED.]

**H**OSPITALITY is a virtue which has warrant enough in the New Testament, and though the maxims concerning it are addressed to individuals, they may fairly be applied to Churches. It is one of the Christian graces which Churches have special need to cultivate.

Even where seats in the Lord's house are free, as they will be everywhere in the millennium, Christian people ought to show themselves courteous to the stranger within their gates. The fact that they charge him nothing for his seat is no reason why they should neglect or ignore him. You charge nothing for admission to your parlour, but you do not on that account fail to treat your guests with politeness.

When the pews are rented there is an additional reason for hospitable treatment of strangers. The fact that the seats are not free, that they are the personal property of individuals in the congregation, makes the visitor unwilling to intrude. If the Church in renting its seats does not mean to exclude the outside public, it is bound to make that fact appear. The presumption is the other way, and it is only by a diligent and painstaking endeavour to *manifest* hospitality, that those who do not hold pews will be made to feel at home. It is not enough that the ushers are courteous; the spirit of the congregation must be cordial. The very atmosphere of the house ought to be redolent of welcome.

Whatever the spirit of the congregation may be, it will pervade the atmosphere of the room. If the people are haughty and exclusive, they do not need to announce the fact in a placard on the church door; it will reveal itself in the first breath to him who enters. How many such churches there are in all our cities—gorgeous churches—with splendid frescoes and soft carpets and dainty upholstery, everything that could delight the eye and gratify the desire of man except that Christian love of which the church ought to be, in every part, in every member, the articulate expression. Of that there is precious little token anywhere. The people to whom the place belongs enter singly or in genteel groups, silent, sullen, and suspicious.

Each particular elbow is an acute angle, and every man to his brother and every man to his neighbour, says or seems to say, "Mind your own business!" Then march up the aisle, wheel to the right or the left, file into the pews, face round again, shut the pew doors, button them, and then sit down with an emphasis which means, "There! this pew is mine! I hire it and pay for it with my own money. Beware of trespassing on these grounds!" Every stranger who enters is treated as if he were a spy, or perhaps a sneak thief. And when the organist strikes up his voluntary, you listen for variations on that highly appropriate melody,

"I care for nobody—no, not I;  
And nobody cares for me."

How souls are ever converted in such a climate is one of the mysteries of grace. One would as wisely expect to raise tuberoses in mid-winter out of doors on the summit of Mount Washington. Probably those who are in it every Sunday get acclimated, but strangers are not likely to expose themselves a second time to its congealing influence.



It would be easy to mention ministers of splendid ability whose churches are never filled, simply because the people are not made welcome. You might hesitate about going to hear Gabriel preach if you knew that you would be snubbed and scowled at and elbowed by the angels. Such churches are "given to hospitality" just as icebergs are given to warming the water in which they float.

A little care on the part of the congregation to show courtesy to those who enter their doors is never wasted. Surely, the guests in the Lord's house have as much right to be cordially greeted and put at their ease as the guests in men's houses. "In honour preferring one another;" "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification," are not maxims that cease to be binding when one sits down on the Sabbath day in his own hired pew.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Poems.* By J. PRIEST. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

THE title of this little volume is a mistake.

*Social Pressure.* By the Author of "Friends in Council." London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. (Price Twelve Shillings.)

THIS—the last of a charming series of books of a similar character written by the late Sir Arthur Helps—is worthy to stand by the side of its predecessors. Some critics have regretted that Sir Arthur encumbered himself with the slight dramatic frame in which his social speculations are set. To ourselves, the frame seemed greatly to help the picture. What pleasant people they were—Ellesmere, Milverton, and the rest, to whom "Friends in Council" introduced us. Every new book in which they appeared brought us the kind of pleasure which we receive from the visits of old friends. There is not very much that is new in the substance of this last volume. Sir Arthur's old ideas reappear in fresh forms; but incidentally, and in an unostentatious way, there occur many striking and penetrating thoughts. Ellesmere's account of "vulgarity," for instance, is something more than a paradox: he says that it arises from a deficiency of self-confidence.

*The Battle and Burden of Life.* By JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price Three Shillings and Sixpence.)

OF the nine discourses in this volume, seven appeared in the CONGREGATIONALIST under the title of "The Christian's Armour." We do not care to eulogise what has appeared in our own pages, and our readers will remember for themselves the great excellence of this series of papers.

*The Pastoral Care.* Second Edition. By SAMUEL MCALL. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.)

THIS book contains innumerable hints for which young pastors will be very grateful. The ground it covers is indicated by the table of contents:—The Church—Inter-course proper to Church Members—Pastors—Deacons—Deaconesses—Ordination of Ministers—Church Discipline—Church Meetings—Baptism—The Lord's Supper—Marriage—... Conduct of Public Service... Funerals and Funeral Sermons, &c. These topics are not merely *talked about*; Mr. McAll tells the young minister what our customs are, and what it will be wise for him to do. We recommend every student to buy it in anticipation of his settlement.

# *The Congregationalist.*

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SEPTEMBER, 1875.

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## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

XXI.—PETRA.

ON Tuesday morning, April 1st, at a quarter before seven o'clock, we started to make our entrance into Petra. As we were eager to get into the city—which, though so near, was as yet concealed by the mountains, and almost seemed to some of us a city of romance and enchantment, which might vanish before we reached it—we started before the tents were down, and Mahommed was left to superintend the loading of the baggage camels. Before we left camp Salem gave us our directions. As a rule he had recommended us not to let our fire-arms be seen, and indeed through the greater part of the journey we did not actually wear them, but this morning he told us that our revolvers were to be placed in our belts, so as to be visible to everyone that might meet us. He also told us very earnestly, as he had told us several times before, that if there was any “row” we were to keep out of it, and let him and our Arabs deal with it. There was no danger of our getting hurt: the worst that could happen was that we might be plundered. Salem himself was got up in very warlike style. He was in his brightest costume; a revolver and an ancient blunderbuss were stuck in his belt, and a sword in a red leather scabbard hung by his side. Sheikh Hamad was also in fighting order. The four villanous-looking fellows whom we had engaged the night before to accompany us were armed with swords and long guns; Ibrahim looking especially formidable. We had with us four or five of Hamad’s people; the rest were left behind to come on with the tents and baggage.

Our track stretched downwards along the face of Mount Seir. The descent was not very rapid. When we were nearly down we left on

our right the village of Eljy, which, I believe, has the honour of being the residence of Ibrahim. Above the village the ancient terraces are kept up, and were covered with orchards and barley. At last we were down in the Wady,—Wady Mousa. In a few minutes we were to enter the Sik—the mysterious approach to the ancient Rock City; the approach by which everyone that visits Petra desires to enter it, and it was early morning, the perfect time for seeing it. Our expectations were strung up to the highest point. Already on the right side of the Wady we began to see the façades of tombs cut in the sandstone rock. Murray speaks of the “colossal lions” which are carved at the entrance of one of them. The figures may perhaps have been “lions” a couple of thousand years ago, but they are so worn that it is hard to say whether they were or not. As we go on there are tombs in the face of the cliffs on both sides of us, and the cliffs are covered with trees and flowering shrubs. At half-past eight we had reached the Sik. This is a narrow ravine, about a mile in length, often not more than fourteen feet in breadth, with the cliffs rising perpendicularly on each side to the height of a hundred, two hundred, and even three hundred feet. The irregularities in the face of the cliff on one side correspond in some places very closely to the irregularities of the cliff on the other side, so that if by some convulsion of nature the two cliffs were brought together each would fit into the other. Occasionally they are crowned at the top with what looked like a cornice. While passing along this wonderful ravine it was hard to believe that we were in the same world to which Birmingham and Manchester belong. The solemn shadows, the narrow strip of brilliant blue sky far above our heads, the rich colours of the rocks—“almost anything that one pleases to say” is the entry that I made in my note-book at the time—generally “a deep dull crimson,” according to Dean Stanley, but “often,” according to my own notes, a “brilliant red;” the graceful hanging plants with which the rocks are enriched, the vacant niches in the cliffs, which are only the more suggestive because the statues of ancient heroes for whom perhaps they were intended are no longer there; the weather-worn tablets on which were no doubt once inscribed the names and deeds of famous men, and words in which the bereaved told of their love, and reverence, and grief for the dead; the dark entrances to tombs often rising in one tier above another; the wild-looking men who were walking with us; all these things made it seem as though some weird story that haunted us in our childhood had suddenly become true, and that we were actors in it. The impression was heightened by the mysterious manner in which our procession was constantly growing. We started with only Ibrahim and his three friends in addition to our own party; when we had been in the Sik five minutes there were eight or nine of the wild Petra people

instead of four. Where they came from I could not tell ; when they joined us I could not tell ; it was as if they had been suddenly formed—guns, swords, and all—out of the air. In five minutes more there were a dozen, then there were fifteen, and before we reached the end of the ravine there were twenty. As we marched there was very little said, but every now and then these wild men filled the ravine with sudden shouting and yelling. Just at the entrance of the Sik there strikes off to the right a long and lofty tunnel, the name of which sounded like *Al Musulum*, intended to afford communication from one part of the city to another. It looked so beautiful that we turned into it. At the further end there were oleanders and other flowering shrubs. Seen through the gloom of the tunnel the rich foliage and brilliant blossoms, with the intense light shining on them, looked like a bit of fairyland. A few yards further a light, graceful arch spanned the ravine, a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet above us, and below it streamed down the foliage of innumerable hanging plants. This arch carried the aqueduct.

About half a mile, or rather more, from the entrance to the Sik the gloom was suddenly lit up with a vision which we had been looking for, but which when we saw it almost took our breath away. The lofty cliffs drew back from each other, and immediately facing us was a Grecian temple,—columns, hall, and niches for statues hewn out of the perpendicular rock. The colour was perfectly lovely. Dean Stanley, I think, describes it as “*rose-pink*.” I have described it in my “*notes*” much more prosaically as looking like “*new terra-cotta*.” The two descriptions together may help to suggest the real colour ; if, indeed, the colour of anything in fairyland can be said to be real. When we saw it the sun was shining on it most brilliantly, lighting up the delicate “*rose-pink*” of the temple façade, and throwing it into fine contrast with the dark, rugged, unworked cliff above it. Again the ravine narrowed, and again there were tombs in the cliffs on each side of us. After walking a few hundred yards there was another opening, and before us on the left was a theatre, with seats tier above tier, upwards of thirty tiers in all, and capable of holding between three and four thousand people. At this point we turned sharp round to the right, and the right cliff, which was now enriched with an extraordinary variety of beautiful colours, was hewn into large temples and tombs. A few yards further we found ourselves in an open plateau, about half a mile square. The plateau is covered with flowers of every colour, brilliant yellow, rich red, and deep blue. Scattered over it in every direction are the ruins of buildings, broken arches, broken columns, some of them, however, still of considerable height. Surrounding the plateau are the lofty cliffs.

In the centre of the plateau were gathered the authorities on whose good pleasure it depended whether we should be permitted to make a

more careful examination of the strange and mysterious monuments of which as yet we had had only a hasty glimpse as we passed them. There was Nassar Ebn Jazeh, the Sheikh of the Bedouin of Petra, and Reschid, the Sheikh of the Fellaheen—rascals both. They were surrounded by a crowd of disreputable-looking men, every one of whom carried either a gun or a sword, or a bludgeon. The Sheikhs received us very graciously, and then Salem committed us to the care of Ibrahim, while he remained to arrange money matters with the great men.

Ibrahim and a friend of his, who was a much more respectable-looking fellow than himself, now took us in charge, and we had time to look about us. Petra consists of several Wadys, which run into the open plateau which I have just described. The most remarkable of the Wadys, and the one by which in the days when the city was a great centre of commerce it was chiefly approached, was the Sik. The ruins on the plateau are the ruins of the Nabathean city. Their style indicates that they were built at a time when Greek art had long lost its original purity and dignity. The ruins of the buildings are of little importance; the supreme interest of Petra attaches to the structures which are hewn in the rock.

We had made a hasty examination of some of these on our way into the city. We saw many others, and examined them more carefully in the course of the morning, while we were under the charge of Ibrahim. The conclusions we came to were those which, I believe, are now generally accepted. A very large number of the excavations in the rocks were in all probability intended for dwellings. Many of them were possibly the homes of the Horim or Horites—the “dwellers in caves”—who held the country before it was seized by the children of Esau. They are mentioned in Genesis xiv. among the people whom Chedorlaomer smote before the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah went out to fight him. They are described in Deuteronomy ii. 12 as dwelling “in Seir beforetime; but the children of Esau succeeded them when they had destroyed them from before them, and dwelt in their stead; as Israel did unto the land of his possession, which the Lord had given unto them.” That many of the excavations were intended for the living, not for the dead, is apparent from their structure; they have windows in them, and convenient recesses for domestic purposes. It has been suggested that the original rock-dwellings may have been made use of as tombs when the city became the seat of a great civilised power. Possibly; but my impression is that even when Petra was at the height of its prosperity a large proportion of the population continued to live in caves. The north cliff looked like an important quarter of the city: it is covered with excavations. They run in “streets,” one above another, and what is rather curious is that the

"streets" are not horizontal but slanting. The "stairs" from one street to another are now very much broken, but it is easy to see where they ran. Where the people could have lived if they did not live in these caves it is hard to say. The population must have been large, and a great part of the plateau, which, as I have said, is not more than half a mile square, was covered with public buildings. The affluent Wadys are too narrow for the people to have been able to build in them. And the "caves" were exceedingly comfortable dwellings, much more comfortable and much more healthy than the homes of great masses of the working people in our own large towns. The walls were perfectly dry, many of the chambers we saw were of a good height, and were fairly lighted.

In any case I do not think it probable that the Edomites, and much less the Nabatheans, when they came into the city, found all the caves already excavated. The original Horites must have had plenty of room for their rock dwellings without putting themselves to the inconvenience occasioned by the great height of the upper tiers of dwellings. A very large number of these must, I think, have been made when Petra had become a thickly populated city. Nor, again, does it seem likely that if the Edomites or Nabatheans excavated them, the new excavations were intended simply for tombs. Why should they have carried the bodies of their dead to so great a height when the city was surrounded by Wadys with miles and miles of cliffs in which the sepulchres might have been hewn with far less trouble? The concentration of the caves, tier above tier, within so narrow a space, suggests that they were intended for the living; and if they were intended for the living, they were probably excavated when the population was large.

That the Edomites, in the time of Jeremiah and of Obadiah, lived in the rocks, appears to be implied in the passages already quoted from these two prophets (Jeremiah xlix. 16; Obadiah 3, 4).

The magnificent buildings excavated in the east cliff evidently belong to a comparatively late date. These buildings, some of which appear to be temples and others tombs, stand side by side in a continuous line. The lower part of the rough rock is left untouched, in some cases to the height of fifty or sixty feet; then the face of the cliff is excavated to the height of sixty feet, and above this rises the rough cliff again, sixty or seventy feet higher.

One of the temples has beneath it an arched terrace fifteen feet in height, supported by columns. The façade, which is "fifteen feet within the natural face of the cliff, is composed of four Doric columns, supporting a plain entablature and pediment; the columns are not detached. In the centre is a door with a window over it, and higher up are three other windows between the pillars, the centre one having two figures in relief." The chamber within is large and lofty, and the

ceiling very beautiful. The architects cut the rock until they reached a stratum in which different colours were flowing side by side; the effect is like that of ribbed silk with narrow waving stripes of red, white, and black in it. This temple came to be used as a Christian church. The whole face of the cliff is rich with variegated colours, of which in some cases a very ingenious use is made. The columns in front of a building are, for instance, sometimes cut in deep red stone, and the capitals in a stratum of white and violet. The facades of some of the buildings looked at a little distance as though they were of white marble, inlaid with great blocks of red, yellow, pink, and violet. There were arches in which ribbons of these different colours produced a most curious effect. In this cliff we came upon what must have been a swimming bath. One side of it measured about forty-five feet, another about sixty feet. In one corner there were steps to descend into the water. This eastern cliff is the great architectural feature of the city. For about a third of a mile it has been hewn into a succession of buildings; the whole face of it, between the rough stone beneath and the rough stone above, has been worked.

Ibrahim behaved, on the whole, very well, but his manner was very grotesque. The only English phrases of which he appeared to be master were, "Good morning," and "Good evening," which he kept repeating at suitable or unsuitable intervals all the time we were with him. If we sat down for a few minutes' rest, he came and stood before us, and in an eager and gushing tone, which would have been proper if he had not seen us for six months, exclaimed, "Good morning!" Then he walked away, but within a few minutes he came and stood before us and again, and in the same tone, exclaimed, "Good evening!" As soon as we got into a temple or a tomb he would turn round, and instead of saying, "Isn't it fine?" shout "Good morning!" in a tone of pleasant surprise; and the same amiable greeting was repeated at the distance of every few hundred yards while we were walking with him. He took a great fancy to a bright silk shawl that I bought at Cairo, and also to my silk handkerchief, but his special ambition was to get my revolver. Several times during our stay at Petra he made me understand, without the poor assistance of a common language, that he very badly wanted these good things of mine. However, we got on very well with each other. Occasionally he stood still, and looking me in the face, struck his breast with his right hand, saying, "Tayib katir," by which he meant to assure me that he, Ibrahim, was a very good man. It is true that he had murdered the Greek cook and several other people besides, and would probably have murdered any one of us for the sake of getting a revolver, if he could have done it with the certainty of not being found out; but I was always weak enough to reply, "Tayib katir,"



and as far as we were concerned he deserved the eulogy. Perhaps his great attention to us was partly owing to the impression which he had received of our importance and dignity. He confided to Hassan that he was anxious to be English consul at Petra, and thought that we might have sufficient influence with the Government at home to secure him the appointment.

After lunch we scrambled about the amphitheatre, examined another temple, and then Ibrahim walked with Mr. Lee and myself along the Sik, while our friends were occupying themselves some other way. The Sik in the afternoon was very different from the Sik in the morning. In the morning there was something weird about it, but I could not understand why some travellers should have called it "awful;" but when there was less light in it, its solemnity was greatly increased. The Khusneh was much less beautiful than it had been when the morning sun struck upon it. In the afternoon we went inside it, and found that there was a chamber of about fifty feet in length by forty feet in breadth. There are also other smaller chambers. When we had seen the inside of the Khusneh I gratified Ibrahim by letting him fire my revolver; he was greatly delighted, and opened his eyes wide with joy as the echoes of the report rolled along the ravine. As it was now about four o'clock it was time for evening prayer, and Ibrahim, who is ambitious to be honoured as a saint after his death, as well as to be a consul during his life, is particularly attentive to his devotions. When we had walked a few hundred yards further, he therefore threw his outer garment on to the ground and said his prayers with demonstrative reverence and fervour. I lit my pipe and sat down and watched him. It was very curious. The blue sky was far away above our heads; we were imprisoned by the precipitous rocks of the Sik, which at this point was not more than twenty feet in breadth; some ancient tombs were near, and the stillness was profound. When the "saint" had finished his devotions, I gave him a pipe of tobacco out of my pouch, which he seemed to enjoy as much as he had enjoyed his prayers, and then we walked slowly back to our camp, which was pitched on the plateau. During the evening there was a great deal of noise in the neighbourhood of our tents, but no disturbance.

On Wednesday morning, April 2nd, we started at 8 o'clock for the Deir. Our way lay through a ravine opening on to the western side of the plateau. This ravine, which has a few caves and inscriptions in it, is singularly wild and romantic. For a time we scrambled along what looked like the bed of a torrent, but there was little or no water in it, and the oleanders and other shrubs were so dense that it was sometimes difficult to break through them; then we had to walk on a rough and narrow shelf of rock running along the face of the cliff. After a

time the ravine narrowed; huge masses of rock were piled up on each other so as to make what might be called a gigantic staircase. Some of these masses of rock were so huge, that we should have been unable to get over them but for the steps which had been cut in them, I suppose by hands which for two thousand years have been turned into dust. The ravine emerged on the side of the mountain, and then the track lay along the edge of a ravine descending precipitously four or five hundred feet. At places the track was so smooth and slippery, and the distance so narrow between the cliffs which rose on our right and the ravine which descended on our left, that I began to wonder whether I should keep my head and my footing. About nine o'clock, or perhaps a little earlier, we found ourselves on an open platform two or three hundred feet square, and on the face of the mountain on our right we saw the temple we had come to visit—the Deir.

The Deir is much larger than the Khuzneh, but not nearly so effective; it is dwarfed by the enormous cliffs about it. The lower columns are each of them seven feet in diameter and over fifty feet in height. The facade is 150 feet in length. Within is a large hall. This astonishing structure is cut out of one great cliff; it is a temple hewn out of a single stone.

On the opposite side of the platform, and two or three hundred feet in front of the temple, rises another cliff to the height of perhaps 100 or 150 feet; in this, too, chambers have been excavated. The view from the summit is ruggedly magnificent. Mount Hor rises majestically in front; beyond it stretches the desert, and north-west there are the southern hills of Judæa. Ibrahim professed to see the glimmer of the water of the Dead Sea: I could not.

We got back to camp by lunch time. After lunch Mr. Lee went off with Ibrahim into Wady Seir, Ibrahim assuring him that he would take him—for a consideration—where no European had been before. On his return Mr. Lee told us that he had had a rough walk, and that he had seen some curious things; among the rest several semicircular recesses cut into the rock, 60 feet in depth and 100 feet in height. He had also seen several rock sculptures; some of these were in the form of a Roman altar, and in several instances the altar had a palm-tree sculptured on each side of it.

Mr. Wallis went off with another man to hunt for a Greek inscription of which no complete and trustworthy copy has yet been made. Part of his way was through a ravine which was so narrow in parts, that although my friend has a very slight figure he was almost wedged in, and had some difficulty in forcing himself forward. The man professed to know where the inscription was, but did not find it. Mr. Wallis believed that his guide lost his way. For myself, I wandered about

alone among the ruins on the plateau, and tried to get the forms and colours of the rock structures thoroughly into my memory and imagination. I particularly examined the west cliff, which I had not much noticed before. This cliff is not a continuous wall like the east cliff, but stands in great separate masses, which have considerable picturesqueness and grandeur.

All our hopes had been fulfilled. We had had two days in Petra, and had not been annoyed or troubled. The next morning we were to ascend Mount Hor. We went to bed wondering whether in this expedition we should be equally fortunate.

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## THE ALLEGED FAILURE OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

### NO. II.

THE expectation of some persons respecting modern missions to the heathen may not have been realised, while at the same time their results may have been fully adequate to the labour expended. Before we pronounce Christian Missions a failure, we must examine the standard by means of which this opinion has been arrived at, and see whether it has not been raised extravagantly high. We must see that the standard we use is an authorised standard, authorised by historical analogy, and by the circumstances of the mission to which we apply the test. In other words, we must be sure that the balance in which we weigh the results of the missionary enterprise bears the regal stamp of common sense.

Now we venture to affirm that in the demands of some people, common sense has been rendered conspicuous by its absence. What we may term the *quality* standard has been raised extravagantly high, while the *time* standard has been made as absurdly low. On the scale of the latter, decades have taken the place of centuries, and missionaries have thus been required to accomplish in tens of years results needing centuries of years for their accomplishment. And in what we have called the quality scale, the demands have been equally disproportionate.

The age is impatient of results. Commercial men are dissatisfied if they do not amass a fortune before the prime of life. A war is considered tedious if it lasts more than three months. Even nature is too slow, and flowers and fruits are *forced*, because we cannot wait for them to appear in their due season. This spirit of impatience is in the atmosphere, and it impregnates the minds of all men. And with this spirit of impatient expectancy they look upon all forms of enterprise. We have no intention of depreciating the velocity of the age. We

believe the wheels which are revolving with such speed are bearing us on to better and more peaceful times, and we would apply no break to check their revolutions. But when we approach the missionary enterprise, let us remember that we are entering a domain in which God works with majestic slowness.

From the earliest ages the evangelisation of heathen nations has been a slow process. We may be told that the spread of Christianity under the Apostles and their immediate successors was rapid, and the victories gained decisive. That its growth was rapid in certain countries we admit; but the rapidity of that growth was in proportion to the preparedness of the soil in which the seed was sown. And the process of preparation had, in some cases, been going on for ages. But at the gates of other European nations, which were not equally prepared, Christianity had to wait for nine centuries before it could obtain an entrance. The evangelisation of heathen nations cannot be forced by artificial appliances. Science has given our soldiers weapons which have entirely changed the character of modern warfare; but let us not imagine that we can equip our missionaries with weapons of such calibre and precision, that the whole fabric of Brahminism, Confucianism, and Heathenism of every kind, shall fall at the first assault of the crusading army. But does not such a remark, it may be asked, imply a want of faith in the power of the Gospel? Cannot He who caused the walls of Jericho to fall at the blast of the herald's trumpet, as easily demolish, at the approach of the Gospel herald, every stronghold of heathenism? Undoubtedly He can, and He will do so *when the time comes*. The fall of Jericho was a fresh link in a chain in which there were many preceding links, and that particular link could not have been forged a moment earlier than it was. So in every heathen land a chain of preparatory stages must precede the establishment of Christianity; and the period required for the development of these stages will of necessity, in some cases, be very long.

Let us, then, have faith to labour and to wait. A strong and intelligent faith in the spiritual omnipotence of Christ, and in the power of the Gospel, will beget action and patience, and these twin sisters should always be found together in the vineyard of the Lord. To the crusader's zeal must be added the patriarch's faith—a faith like Abraham's, which enabled him to see his seed as the stars of the firmament, while as yet he had no child.

And while we allow for preparatory stages, time must also be allowed for the transitional stage from Heathenism to Christianity. When we have persuaded a people to cast their idols to the moles and the bats, and to accept the religion of Jesus, we at once write them down a "Christian Community," and the Church of Christ becomes impatient

of immediate fruits, and often manifests dissatisfaction if the fruit is not well matured. The disciples gathered from this newly-converted people are expected to compare with professing Christians in lands which have been evangelised for ages. Is such an expectation reasonable? When we have persuaded a heathen to forsake his idols we have done much, and when we have instructed him sufficiently in the truths of the Gospel to enable him to make an intelligent profession of his faith in Christ, we have done more ; but these things form but a part of the transformation we are striving to accomplish. They are but the beginning of his transition from Heathenism to Christianity. There are heathen instincts, tastes, and prejudices to be eradicated: this can be accomplished only by a long course of education, and forms, at once, the most important and the most difficult part of the missionary's work. The destruction of heathen temples and idols, the baptism of converts, the formation of Churches, is the romantic part, so to speak, of the missionary's duties. There is an excitement about such work which fires his zeal and sustains his faith. And when, as the result, he has gathered together a Church displaying all the ardour of first love, even the missionary himself is apt to fancy that his work is accomplished. But after a while a reaction sets in, and the remnants of heathen instincts manifest themselves in the Church and mar the lives of the disciples, showing that they are but yet in a transitional stage. It is here our opponent steps in, and taunts us by asking if these are the converts over whom we have made so much boast ; it is here the Church begins to complain of inadequate results ; while the faith of the missionary himself is apt to grow weak. Such a state of things, however, is inevitable, and ought never to awaken our surprise or weaken our faith. Let us look at the history of Constantine to illustrate our point :—

“The triumphal arch which bears his name, and which was erected as a trophy of the Battle of the Milvian Bridge, is a standing monument, not only of the decay of art which had already made itself felt, but of the *hesitation of the new Emperor between the two religions*. The dubious inscription on its front will mark the moment of transition : ‘*Instinctu Divinitatis et mentis magnitudine*’ are the two causes to which the senate ascribes the victory. ‘*Divinitas*,’ or Providence, is the word under which, in his public acts, he veils his passage from Paganism to Christianity. His statues, in like manner, halted between the two opinions. That erected at Rome held in its hand the Emperor's well-known spear, but the spear bore the form of a cross. That at Constantinople was in the image of his ancient patron deity Apollo ; but the glory of the sunbeams was composed of the emblems of the crucifixion, and underneath its feet were buried in strange juxtaposition a fragment of the ‘*True Cross*’ and the ancient Palladium of Rome. His coins bore on the one side the letters of the name of Christ ; on the other the figure of the Sun-God, and the inscription ‘*Sol invictus*,’ as if he

could not bear to relinquish the patronage of the bright luminary which represented to him, as to Augustus and Julian, his own guardian deity."\*

For years, then, after his so-called conversion, the first Christian Emperor was really halting between two opinions. He was convinced of the truth of the Christian Faith and embraced it, he presided over Church Councils, and preached the Gospel to wondering crowds in his own palace. This was one side of the coin; but there was another, which still bore the image of the heathen god. Let us then employ Constantine's two-sided coin as a symbol, for there is a sense in which all people during their passage from Heathenism to Christianity adopt a similar coin as the currency of their realm. One side takes its impress from the past, and the other receives its form from the present, and foreshadows the future; and he who would avoid a one-sided view of such a people must examine both sides of the coin.

But is there a necessity for this mingling of opposite powers? It is as unavoidable as the mixing of their waters when two streams meet, or the mingling of their forces when two contending armies meet on the field of battle; and it is emphatically in this latter sense that the mingling referred to takes place. They mingle, not to unite, but for purposes of conflict and mutual resistance. And, as in the days of Constantine, the conflict is not usually settled by one decisive battle, but only after a long and hard campaign. Or if the engagement is decisive enough to show to which side victory will ultimately belong, the entire subjugation of the enemy may still necessitate much tedious warfare. The spirit of resistance survives the formal surrender of the garrison, and so after the surrender of a nation to the standard of the Cross, the old spirit of heathenism, although crushed, may still survive and offer its feeble resistance to the new power. Let us then see in what form this resistance presents itself, so as to impede entire subjugation, and prolong the transitionary stage.

We have spoken of the difficulty of at once eradicating heathen instincts. By this we mean that the force of habits acquired under heathen influences remains long after the people have given in their allegiance to the truths of the Gospel. In Samoa we never administer the rite of Christian baptism unless all heathen customs are given up. It is not of the things themselves we speak now, but of their effects upon the moral status and characters of the people. Consider then for a moment the quality of their conceptions of justice, morality, and virtue. That they have moral intuitions we know, but remembering how these intuitions have been blunted by ages of heathen degradation, we ought not to wonder at their being unable at once to comprehend, much less to act up to, the high standard of moral excellence embodied in the Christian religion. We have said that their moral intuitions have been

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\* Stanley's "Eastern Church," p. 192.

blunted, but it would be more correct to say that their moral sense has been perverted. This being the case, they have much to unlearn, as well as to learn. The old building has to be demolished, that the foundations may be laid bare to receive the new; and the work of clearing the moral foundations and raising thereon a new structure is, of necessity, a slow process. In the case of a heathen people having formed an exalted ideal of justice, morality, and virtue, a soil will have been prepared in which the truths of the Christian religion will at once take root, and develop into the higher forms of the Christian life; but where no such soil has been provided the result will be very different. In Polynesia, the missionary found a people whose moral ideas were very imperfect, and although their hearts were readily opened to the tidings of the Gospel, the sequel proved that they had a very dim conception of that moral perfection which is at once the foundation and the top-stone of Christianity. We have had not only to exhort the people to give up immoral practices, but to perform the far harder task of teaching them the quality of moral actions. Their moral and their religious education has had, therefore, to go on simultaneously, and the latter has of course been impeded thereby.

Do not mistake our meaning. As we said in our former paper, the first missionaries to Samoa had not to plant new ideas respecting the spirituality of God, of justice, and moral responsibility. The root of these ideas they found existing in the native mind, and the heathen theology, which was the outgrowth of this intuitive knowledge, prepared the way for the purer light of revelation. Moral and religious ideas, they possessed, which sadly needed correction, and what we are striving to impress upon our readers here is this, that this work of correction is necessarily a slow process. An elegant vase of gold cast into the ocean will gather about it incrustations which will in time almost entirely conceal its form and symmetrical beauty. And when after centuries it is brought to the surface again, it will be a work of difficulty to remove the foreign mass in which it has become embedded. So with a pagan's idea of God. When after lying for ages in the depths of a heathen ocean, it is brought up again to the light, its form will scarcely be recognised. The form of the incrustations may suggest the indefinite outline of a vase. Here and there the sun by reflection may light up a bright spot, showing that it is undoubtedly the golden vessel; but it will take time to remove the foreign bodies in which it is encased, and to reveal all its fair proportions and golden brightness. Thus the Christianised Samoan's idea of God has about it many heathen incrustations, which cannot be suddenly and violently, but which will eventually, be dissolved and disappear under the influence of religious instruction and spiritual development. His idea of God is a reality, but it is a reality bounded



within a narrow limit. He has formed a conception of God, but God is not yet to him that Being whose highest glory is His moral perfection. He has not yet attained to that exalted conception of the Divine character. And since a man's religious life will always be a reflection of his idea of the God he worships, the lower that idea the lower will be his religious character. Hence in Polynesia, few have attained to that high sense of Christian principle which manifests itself in the higher development of the Christian life, and which helps to make its possessor superior to temptations before which other men succumb.

The degradation and perversion for ages of their moral and spiritual natures have left the people with wills so weak, that they manifest all the fickleness and indecision of children. When the Gospel affects their hearts, they may exhibit an enthusiastic desire to follow Christ; but that desire is often as evanescent as a childish wish. Or if they remain steadfast to their purpose sufficiently long to lead the missionary to believe that their hearts are really changed, and they are in consequence admitted to the Church, the probability is that ere long they will sell their inheritance again for some paltry "mess of pottage." We have constantly, as we said in our first paper, to reprove or expel our Church members for glaring inconsistencies; but they almost invariably return sooner or later to seek re-admission, thus exemplifying that fickleness to which we have referred. There are but few examples of a high type of spiritual attainment. The average tone of morals and spirituality in our Churches is low. Here and there may be one who towers out above his fellows and shows a stature almost approaching to Christian manhood. But the majority are still babes, and like Paul with the Corinthians, we cannot speak to them as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, yea, as unto babes in Christ. Since, however, Paul notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the impurities which marred the Corinthian Church, could to the last thank God for the saints at Corinth, so we can and will thank God for our Samoan Christians. There is a similarity in this work of planting Churches in heathen communities, in whatsoever age the work is done; and when we consider the status of converts in the mission field, instead of taking our stand amongst English Churches, and looking at them through the medium of our English ideas of Christian professors, let us rather take our stand in such Churches as that at Corinth, and look at them through the medium of such documents as the first and second Epistles to the Corinthians.

There is a gradual development in the history of Churches, just as there is in the growth of the body. The child possesses life long before it enjoys the full vigour of manhood, and in like manner the life of God may exist in a Church which still manifests all the weakness of childhood. This is emphatically the case with our Churches in Samoa. All

the peculiar characteristics of childhood find an exact analogy in the religious life of our converts. They manifest that simple faith and sanguine hope which characterise the child, but to these childlike virtues they also add that weakness and indecision in resisting temptation which also characterises the child. And this is just the state of things we should expect under the circumstances. Polynesian Christianity is a reality, but it is passing through its elementary stage, and do not let us condemn these Christian children because they do not yet possess the strength of manhood. Who quarrels with the dawn because it does not give forth the light of midday brightness? The meridian brightness will come if we will only patiently wait for it. Christianity of a high type is not a thing of mushroom growth. Like the oak, it requires time for its development. It has taken centuries for the Christian tree, under whose shadow we repose in England, to grow. And we believe the time will come when this same Christian tree will strike its roots deep into every soil, and extend its spreading branches until every member of the human family will rest beneath its welcome shade; but for this we must be prepared to wait. And if our faith in the spiritual omnipotence of God is strong, we shall be prepared to wait.

The argument, then, by which we have endeavoured to meet the charge of failure is, that the Divine slowness in this work of universal evangelisation has not been duly recognised. This being the case, extravagant expectations have been formed and demands made which cannot, from the nature of things, be justified. We may have failed to satisfy those expectations and to meet those demands, but we maintain that the success which has attended modern missions, not only in Polynesia but in other fields, has been fully adequate to the labour expended, and equal to the success of any preceding age of the Church.

In all our estimates of missionary work, there are two facts which must be recognised. First, that in the Divine plan as exemplified in history, the preparation of a heathen nation for the reception of the Christian religion is a work requiring, in some cases, ages for its development. Second, that after a heathen people have embraced Christianity, it still takes a long period to develop a high type of spiritual life, and that the length of that period will be according to the measure of the degradation in which the Gospel finds them. In calculating our success, we must make full allowance for the original condition of our converts, and recognise the necessity for time for their transition from heathenism to Christianity, and from a state of moral prostration to a high model of Christian excellence. While we speak of such communities as "*Christian*," let us think of them as "*heathen lands in transition*," and we shall be better prepared to meet the charge of inadequate results.

JOSEPH KING.

## CHRISTIAN ALMSGIVING AND NON-RESISTANCE.

"And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."—LUKE vi. 29, 30.

"**B**EHOLD," say some, as they quote these verses, "behold, O modern Christians, as in a glass, your own inconsistency! You profess to serve the 'Master,' to hear His words and do them, or at any rate, to believe that they can be translated into action; and yet how comfortably you forget what it is inconvenient to remember! How readily you eliminate, or how sophistically you manipulate, certain elements of that teaching in which you glory as immaculate and complete! How many of you are prepared to act, always and everywhere, on the principle of giving place to evil, of meekly submitting to wrong, and patiently enduring robbery? How many of you open your hand to everyone that seeks your help, or grant every request that is preferred to you? What business have you with Church Defence Associations, Nonconformist Committees, Reform Leagues, or Labourers' Unions? How can you give your names to Charity Organisation Societies, or how can you discourage indiscriminate almsgiving, or shake your head as you pass the roadside mendicant, or be content to answer a begging letter with a promise of inquiry? If you were honest you would change your name, and call yourselves no longer Christians, but Eclectics, or Political Economists; and were you candid enough to admit that the Roman Catholics, by the unstinted charity of their nunneries and monasteries, have surpassed you in theoretical and practical obedience to your Lord's command, you would cease to exalt 'the Bible, and the Bible alone, as the religion of Protestants.'"

Others would quote the words as supplying one of the many proofs that Christianity is not for the present day; that it has played its part, and is already vanishing before the modern spirit kept alive by the modern intelligence. In their judgment Christianity was only one of a series of world-conditions—one of the cities, so to speak, in which mankind have sojourned as they have travelled towards the light, but no "continuing city" in which they were to abide for ever. We have found the land of the rising sun, and teaching like this is a relic of the twilight. In a word, Christianity is dying, and to wrap the new spirit in its "mortal coil" is dangerous and deadly.

Now we are not unconscious that those who have studied Christians and practised Christianity least are, as a rule, the most ready to condemn both it and them; and that those whose experiments upon

Christ's Gospel have been the most superficial, have generally the deepest confidence in the results obtained ; yet it must be confessed that these words are, at first sight, a puzzle to us : they seem altogether opposed to reason, and to all that is possible and practicable for us in our common life. Does Christ really teach me that, when a burglar enters my house, I must fold my arms and look on quietly, submissively, nay, even cheerfully, while he possesses himself of one valuable after another, from the metal in my purse to the locket which is the only relic of her who has passed away? Must I abide in the same equanimity if I see this pernicious person pursuing his calling in the house of a friend who, to my certain knowledge, has a hard struggle to keep his wife and family from starvation, and to live honestly in the sight of all men? If I may not gently but firmly eject him myself, am I not at liberty—is it not my duty rather—to go in search of the nearest police officer, that, for a time at least, the marauder's depredations upon society may be restrained? Is a man to remain passive while a band of roughs kick his brother to death, or inflict mortal injury, or something worse, upon his wife and daughter? May he not, at the very least, bind the wretches over to keep the peace? Does Christ teach that nations too, like individuals, must give way in every case to nations,—must never take their stand on just rights, that they may save the government of the world from falling into the hands of grasping and unscrupulous tyrants? Must courts of justice, and even of arbitration, become extinct? Must England tax her rich and poor together to pay every unconscionable claim that is preferred against her, France offer herself an unresisting victim to Bonapartist intrigue, or Spain throw down her arms at the summons of Don Carlos and priestly ambition? If so, we are fain to feel that this world would be indeed an evil world, far more truly the kingdom of its "Prince" than it is ; it would be little else than the prey of the covetous, the hunting-ground of the criminal, the paradise of fools. The life even of those who were striving to fulfil the commandment literally, would without doubt be lowered ; for "the practice of absolute non-resistance to all injury betrays a sentimental corruption of morals." This is what we feel : is the feeling a right one? We try to imagine what Greece would have been without her Marathon, England without her victory over the Armada, Switzerland if she had tamely submitted to the Austrian ; we think of the lesson read to arbitrary monarchs by Cromwell and the Puritans ; of the religious liberty secured by those who freed the country from the second James ; of the agitation against monopoly in trade, politics, and religion, which has been led by the best and noblest of our countrymen ; of the associations which, as far as they have abstained from excesses, have raised and are raising from the slough of torpor and apathy an ignorant and down-trodden class, and which, in some cases,

are headed by Christian men whom success has not yet learned how to spoil; and we are driven to say,—if it be no virtue to feel the blood flow faster when the cruel hand is stayed and the oppressed go free; if there be no place in the Christian category for courage as well as patience; if all resistance whatsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, be *sin*—then farewell to Christianity, for Christianity and manliness cannot walk together. If the New Testament teaching come to this, then those cannot be far wrong who assert that Christianity dwarfs some of the noblest elements in our character, inasmuch as it draws no distinction between meanness and humility, between dignified endurance and contemptible submission.

The other doctrine, too, seems to strike an equally false note. "Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."

Accept this as it stands, and the Christian must give his children's bread to every sturdy cripple whose limbs are deftly tied up behind him, to every blind whimperer whose eyes are washed and see clearly enough after the day's whining is over; he must lend, or, to speak more correctly, give his money to every wasteful and careless borrower whose nature and habits most successfully thwart his best intentions to repay, and who perhaps, before the day is gone, turns his pockets inside out into the hands of a needy brother, with a gratified sense of his own unbounded generosity and faithful fulfilment of the Biblical injunction; he must subscribe to every form of error and superstition on which the sun shines, provided he be within earshot of its interested canvassers; he must gratify every whim by which his children are for the moment possessed, and must spoil them by unvarying indulgence; he must fill the coffers of the penniless profligate with that which shall help him to continue his course of selfishness, drunkenness, and lust.

The literal interpretation carries absurdity on its very face. Yet this has not prevented some from striving to obey it. We knew a warm-hearted man who felt it a sacred duty never to turn a beggar from his door: his creditors found occasion to lament his liberality. The indiscriminate charity of the Church of Rome has overrun Spain and Italy with hordes of paupers. What, then, must we think of these words? Can Christ have been unmindful that they encouraged pauperism, idleness, and vice? Is Christianity an organisation designed to save half mankind from the inconvenience of labour by reducing the diligent to the brink of starvation? It seems impossible.

Why, then, did Christ use words like these without the slightest limitation? It is time to search for some explanation, for as they stand they are "hard sayings; who can hear them?"

Christ came to turn the world upside down, and His coming has

wrought the greatest revolution the world has ever seen. He came to startle men out of the stupor of their old habits, to strip them of the swaddling-clothes in which they had hitherto been bound, and to give them newness and freshness of life. The Jews had been ruled by an outward law : His followers were to be prompted by an inward feeling. He came to stir the hearts of men to their very depths ; for His kingdom was to be *within* them. He came into a world of selfishness : could he have kindled a world-regenerating enthusiasm if he had modified His teaching by fine-drawn distinctions and exceptions, so as to adapt it to all times and places ? Was it not His plan to drive home the grand principles which were the basis of His kingdom, by proclaiming them broadly and without reserve ? If you look up to the cloudless heavens by day you see no stars, but only the gleaming, glowing sun : yet the stars are there all the while ; and when the sun has done his work, and has warmed and gladdened the earth, then the stars come out with their cool and quiet light, and do their work too. So it was with the teaching of Christ : He flooded the hearts of men with the dazzling light and burning heat of the new love and sympathy, and He cared not if, for a little while, the lesser lights of wisdom and prudence paled before it : they were there all the time, like the hidden stars. And when the great teaching of Love had taken fast hold upon the hearts of His disciples, and had thus done its first work, then would those hearts be ready for the lesser, though equally necessary, teaching of reason and experience. And just as the heavens are not complete without the sun and the stars, neither is Christ's teaching complete without the greater and the lesser truths. It has been truly said, " Christ's lessons were not economical maxims, but modes of approach to the heart ; and as such, and whenever they can be so applied, they are as good now as they were then."

And here we have the secret of the whole matter. The basis of this sermon on the mount, of all Christ's teaching everywhere, was charity, love, sympathy : and on this basis must our interpretation of the doctrines, one by one, be founded. There are times and seasons when the non-resistance and the almsgiving here referred to would be true love, would be sure and certain, or, at least, probable avenues of approach to the heart ; and there are other times and other seasons when it is the truest love to resist and to refuse. No interpretation of Christ's words can be sound which violates the principles of true love ; and love is not love when it is severed from wisdom, justice, and righteousness. He has given us the general law which must regulate all our actions ; and He has left it to our common sense and experience to find out the exceptions. In startling words He revealed the law of love ; and the bye-laws which regulate and correct it have been revealed

to mankind by that revelation of time and thought which God does not anticipate. The history of the world since Christ came is not to count for nothing in the religious training of God's people. The world has been learning from the beginning until now—sometimes by the help of God's works, sometimes by the mouths of His prophets, sometimes by His mercies and His judgments, sometimes by its own successes, mistakes, and failures. The world's history is a history of revelations, various in kind, various in importance; and Christ, our greatest Teacher, taught the world many lessons which the best and most enlightened of His followers have not yet fully learned how to apply. The differences are vast which still separate the most well-meaning men when they seek to discover the relation of His teaching to many of the problems of common life, to social, political, and international conditions. Some think that the text, "My kingdom is not of this world," makes it imperative upon religious men to abstain from politics, while others decline to leave the government of the world to the irreligious, and believe that they interpret those words more spiritually by an unworldly earnestness in the cause of truth, temperance, and righteousness, wheresoever these grand principles may be exemplified. Slowly, very slowly, has the lesson been learned that the genius of Christ's Gospel is antagonistic to the buying and selling of our fellow-men. As slowly are the nations learning that Christianity is inconsistent with religious inequality, with war, with class legislation, with selfish monopolies. The fight has always been against a class who have stood up for the stereotyped interpretation of Holy Scripture as opposed to its expansive application,—an extravagant specimen of whom we find in the parish clergyman who, being asked his opinion on the subject of bribery, replied that he could see nothing against it, for it was not forbidden in the Bible. But just as, among the Jews, many devout men learned slowly the spiritual nature of their Messiah, groping their way to the deeper sense of their ancient books; just as the Apostles learned slowly to save the Gentile and release the Jew from the bonds of the Law, and let them go free in the liberty of the Gospel, though Christ had actually said, "I came not to destroy the Law but to fulfil,"—so also, ever since those days, have intelligent and earnest men been applying their reason and their experience, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to the teaching of Christ, and have found that that teaching is the solid foundation, and the foundation only, of a progressive revelation which is never quite the same in the successive ages of the world; that it must not be assimilated to rigid human systems, but kept elastic and ready for adaptation to the changing needs and conditions of humanity. And thus we have come to understand the seemingly unreasonable commands which our passage contains; we have learned, and are learning still,



what is and what is not true charity as applied to submission and generosity.

Finally, when we consider the promise, "If ye ask anything in My name, I will do it," we feel that no ground is left for the support of any who affirm that Christ recommends indiscriminate charity. "God is love," but does He give us everything we ask for? God's love is not a spurious love; it is combined with a wisdom and a self-denying firmness which prevent it from degenerating into a good-natured weakness, a maudlin sympathy, a sentimental generosity, which is only another form of selfishness.

Let us gather up, then, the lesson which the words contain. It is this: whether we submit or resist, whether we give or refuse, it must be from love, it must be "to the Lord." There must be no anger, no fretfulness, no revenge in our resistance; there must be no meanness, no apathy, no cowardice in our submission; there must be no hardheartedness, no miserliness in our withholding; there must be no weakness, no selfishness in our giving.

There are dangers on both sides: truly, "strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be that go in thereat," and hard is it to stray neither to the right hand nor to the left. But the closer our fellowship with Him who was the Apostle of true charity, who came to deliver mankind from arrogance and from cowardice, from hard-heartedness and from weakness, the more we shall enter into the spirit of His teaching as distinguished from the letter, the more perfectly shall we apprehend the nature of that charity without which all our doings are nothing worth.

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## THE STATE CHURCH AND THE TEMPTATION.

THE threefold temptation of Christ had a threefold aim. By the first\* suggestion Satan would have persuaded the Son of God to utilise His new supernatural faculties for the apparently righteous end of delivering Himself from starvation, and His work from premature collapse—a use, however, of His powers which would have involved a rupture of the human conditions He had accepted, and of His dependence upon the will of God. But the tempter failed, and Christ abode in His humanity.

From the second temptation Christ learned that the Sonship, to which such vivid testimony had been borne from heaven at His baptism, was

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\* The order of St. Matthew is observed.

not to be a charm against all kinds of danger with which a sanguine enthusiasm might surround Him. He learned that such an interpretation of the filial relation was to invoke the Father's love at the expense of His wisdom; and by overcoming in this temptation also, Christ abode in His divinity.

The third disclosed a pitfall which lay in His way as He marched to the conquest of the world. To the consideration of this temptation we shall confine ourselves in the present article.

The "prince of this world" already saw his kingdom slipping from his grasp, and with one desperate clutch he sought to save it. That he might retain it for himself, he offered to surrender it to Christ. Christ had come to bring back the whole earth to His sway: His soul was already in travail that this grand purpose might be accomplished: He had not yet, by the bitter experience of His ministry, learned the futility of enthusiastic hope: and "full of the Spirit," perhaps He felt within Him a power which it seemed to Him no human being could withstand. Let him but use His latent omnipotence, and all nations would at once be at His feet. Before His mind's eye suddenly appeared, in dazzling vision, the glories of immediate empire, the peace and prosperity of a realm from which all revolt against His Father's will should be for ever banished. He whose kingdom was of this world would gladly have made Christ his heir to a kindred throne, a throne ascended by the aid of external force, a throne for which His servants would have had to fight. The Jews were ready—it was this they looked for; with Him as their commander, they would speedily have put their feet upon the necks of all the peoples of the earth, and the Christocracy of Israel would have become the Christocracy of the world. Satan, the representative of that outward force\* by which the monarchs of the past had gained their power, offered his sword and sceptre to the new claimant; and the offer was cheaply made, for the sceptre would have been Satan's still. Thus to have subdued the world with Satan's weapons would have been, not to break up, but to perpetuate his reign. Between the Messiah of the Jews and the Christ of God there was a great gulf fixed; and at this pregnant moment the destiny of mankind hung on the clear recognition of the vital distinction which Satan was striving to confound in the glare of a meretricious glory.

But Jesus pierced the dazzling brightness which gilded the delusion. Not so was He to employ His mighty spiritual energies. Not on the old principle of kingship was the new King to reign. He was not to

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\* "La monarchie Messianique, ainsi comprise, n'aurait réellement été qu'une forme nouvelle et passagère du règne de Satan sur cette terre: règne de la force extérieure, règne de ce monde." Godet.

bear down all disobedience by the strength of His right arm. His kingdom was to be a kingdom of hearts, beginning with one heart here and another there, and so from heart to heart, and man to man, till He had drawn all men unto Him by the cords of trusting love. Thus, and thus only, was He to put all things under His feet; thus, and thus only, was His Father's will to be done on earth, as it was done in heaven. The devil had missed his way: not in external and adventitious influences was the new power to take its rise; the old principles of outward force were sapped at their foundations.

Christ was the type of humanity; and His temptations are humanity's temptations too. Satan failed to divert the Captain of our salvation from the plan of His campaign; he has been more successful with some of the Captain's misguided followers. What He refused they have blindly accepted. The political foresight which induced Constantine to extend the right hand of State-fellowship to the Christian religion, was only the beginning of a system which has continued to the present day, and which has made Christendom a satire upon Christianity.

It is true that many pious men, and a few pious rulers, have obeyed a sense of sacred duty in employing all the external prestige of power at their command to lend additional lustre to the sway of Christ. It is true that many of them have been shocked, and are shocked still, at the idea of a government, imperial or local, which does not write over its portals—"Holiness to the Lord." But the principle of their Master was to reach the State through the individual, and not the individual through the State. The plan of Christ, however, has been too slow for the meddlesome Christian; he has been anxious to force the mustard-seed, and it has grown up a sickly exotic. The Oriental philosophy, oppressed and overwhelmed with the evil which poisoned the world, surmised that the creation was the sick-dream of the Supreme. Truly one might almost say that the "obvious" Christianity of Christendom reads as though it were the sick-dream of Christ. To the Evil One may be traced the "sickness" in both.

Satan put before Jesus the grand in idea, but the impossible in fulfilment: with the Son of God his bait failed; he has been less unsuccessful as a fisher of men. The fatal tendency of Constantine's policy is admitted even by Eusebius. "Even Eusebius," says Neander, "the panegyrist of Constantine, blinded as he was by the splendour which the latter had cast over the outward Church, although he would gladly say nothing but good of his hero, yet even he is obliged to reckon among the grievous evils of this period, of which he was an eye-witness, the *indescribable hypocrisy* of those who gave themselves out as Christians merely for temporal advantage." No policy could have played more successfully into the hands of the destroyer of souls.

And it has been the policy of all who have striven to make Christianity come with observation, and to swell the pomp and circumstance of her train : it has been the policy of the "Temporal Power," of gorgeous and imposing hierarchical systems, of "holy wars," of the gentle Edward and the imperious Elizabeth as well as of the "bloody" Mary ; the policy of Test Acts, of Parochial Districts, of Church-rates, of State-paid religious teaching : in a word, of the establishment of religion, whether in England or elsewhere. What has been the effect of all this Christian "upholstery" upon the world? It has obscured Christianity in its beauty unadorned ; it has slandered true religion in the eyes of those who judge it by its most apparent fruits ; and we need not wonder, for it is the great plan of him whose object from the beginning has been to slander God to men.

Is, then, "modern Christianity a civilised Heathenism?" Yes—and no. Yes,—if we judge by the vast majority who give the hue to its exterior, who supply to the superficial judgment the visible standard of its merits ; yes,—if we judge it by "Christendom," its fightings, its lusts, its adoration of expediency, its social, political, religious shams, its selfishness, its sin. No,—if we have eyes to see the leaven which, unaided by external stimulus, is still working its way here and there, amid the mass of human society, and would perchance have affected the surface long ago but for the injudicious application of assistance from without. Those who describe Christianity as a "civilised Heathenism" have not, we think, the keenness of vision to see, amid the troubled chaos, the Spirit of God moving, as of old, upon the face of the waters.

"He that believeth shall not make haste." The trust of Christ in the wisdom of the Father strengthened Him to repel that prospect of immediate empire, which we may be assured was presented to His imagination in unspeakable splendour ; the timorousness and distrust of His misguided followers have beguiled them into a haste and a hurry which have brought to God's plan not speed but most injurious delay. If His chariot is long in coming, it is partly because its wheels have been hampered by the hands of State-Churchism and its legion of potent external influences.

If our interpretation of the drift of this temptation be true, it becomes those who have set themselves to relieve religion from the superincumbent weight of State patronage and control, to redouble their efforts in the name of God and His Christ ; and it becomes those too who would still prop up and repair politico-ecclesiastical organisations, to examine most carefully the foundations on which they rest.

## RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

[The question about the place of the Bible in public schools, which we are fighting in England, is also being fought out in America. It is possible that some Nonconformists, who have not yet yielded to the reasoning of their English brethren, may derive some advantage from reading the following article by the Rev. John Monteith, which recently appeared in the *New York Independent*.]—ED.

IN seeking to maintain the union of religious observance with the public schools, the purposes and tactics of Protestant and Catholic sectarians widely differ. By insisting upon the necessary connection of religious and intellectual instruction, and by claiming the utter "godlessness" of the public schools, even where the Bible of the Protestants is read, Catholics do not purpose so much the introduction of their form of religion into the public schools as the diversion of the public school funds to the partial support of their own Church schools. The Catholic strategy, therefore, is employed, for the most part, upon legislative action.

About five years since the Catholic influence introduced a Bill into the Lower House of the Missouri Legislature, looking to a distribution of a portion of the public school fund to the maintenance of sectarian schools. The proposition prevailed by a large vote. The measure was supported by a considerable number of Protestants, who, at the time when it was pending, knew nothing of its real origin and intent, and who did not reflect upon its consequences. When, however, the precise nature of the scheme became known, the vote by which the Bill passed was promptly reconsidered by a decided majority. This attempt on the part of Church interests to secure a grip upon the school fund led to the submission to the popular suffrage of an amendment to our constitution, which amendment is now a part of the organic law. The new section says: "Neither the general assembly nor any county, city, town, township, school district, or other municipal corporation shall ever make any appropriation or pay from any public fund whatever anything in aid of any creed, church, or sectarian purpose, or to help, support, or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other institution of learning controlled by any creed, church, or sectarian denomination whatever; nor shall any grant or donation of personal property or real estate ever be made by state, county, city, town, or such public corporation for any creed, church, or sectarian purposes whatever." Around this constitutional provision in the convention now assembled a new interest will undoubtedly gather.

It would be unfair to attribute the disposition to secure State aid for

sectarian schools to Catholics alone. There are Protestant zealots who would equally desire such a provision, but who are deterred from attempting legislative action in their own behalf by the fact that such an endeavour, if successful, would accomplish too much even for them. Protestant tactics are discovered mainly in covert efforts to secure the control of prominent schools by influencing the composition of their boards of management or instruction; by attempts to effect the repeal of those statutes that forbid the presidents or professors of our higher state institutions to preach or exercise the functions of a minister of the Gospel; and, where the Bible question has been agitated, by invoking the aid of a local Bible Society in a public presentation of a copy of the Scriptures to the head of the school, with accompanying instructions as to its daily use.

Of the two sorts of strategy, that of the Catholics is unquestionably to be preferred, as being the more open, manly, and honest.

The purposes of the two parties of sectarian educationists may be clearly defined and stated. The object of the Catholics is to secure the public school fund to the support of their parochial schools; the object of the Protestants is to maintain a recognition of Protestant religion in the public schools. There is scarcely a point of common interest between these two parties. Both claim that education without religious instruction is fraught with danger; but they are widely asunder in their notions as to what is the appropriate means for religious instruction. Neither party believes in the doctrine that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Protestants regard the Catholic Bible as a Catholic text-book, and Catholics insist that the Protestant Bible is a Protestant text-book. In this view both are undoubtedly correct. Neither of them is willing to admit that the mode proposed by the other embraces proper religious teaching. Indeed, when pressed to a choice between the religious instruction of their opponents and the absence of all religious exercises, they invariably prefer the latter.

Under the Protestant demand actual religious instruction is simply impossible. When the proposed religious exercise has simmered away to a point so generic as to meet the approval of the different denominations, there remains a most insignificant residuum. It must be conducted by a person either so careful or so careless as to avoid the slightest infringement upon the borders of denominational peculiarities. By directing their course between the naked parallels of simple prayer and the reading of the Bible without note or comment, they hope to avoid the reefs of denominational prejudice. With all this care, they meet with an occasional disaster. The restricted religious services, although devoid of any system of religious instruction, become the occasion for the inculcation of sectarian doctrine, and even of heresy.

Religious parents have complained that the teacher, by his prayers and his peculiar selection and emphasis of Scripture, taught Methodist, or Baptist, or Campbellite doctrine. The most importunate entreaty to have all religious exercises in school suppressed has come from orthodox parents, who claimed that the teacher, a disciple of Theodore Parker, insinuated the worst kind of heresy, though abstaining from all original comment. He confined himself to a daily excerpt from the Bible, and a brief prayer. The conduct of the Protestant sectarians in the management of this controversy shows very clearly what they do not include in their demand for religious instruction in the public schools. They do not intend that there shall be regular tasks and recitations in religious doctrine. They do not include religious services flavoured with the Unitarian or Liberal religion. They do not suffer the Bible that reads *do penance*, instead of *repent ye*. They do not permit the Bible that substitutes "John the Immerser" for John the Baptist. If Bishop Ryan should on some public occasion present to a State normal school a copy of the Douay Bible, with a solemn injunction to have it used for daily devotion or instruction, does anybody suppose that the Protestants' sensibility would be tranquil?

The Catholic demand contemplates a religious instruction far less vaporous and shadowy. This demand is not satisfied with a mere recognition of Catholic Christianity by the reading of the Douay Bible. It does not have reference to a short opening exercise, conducted before seats vacant by tardiness, or directed to shivering boys blowing their icy fingers. When the Catholic speaks of religious instruction in this connection, he means instruction in the religion of the Catholic Church in the form of lesson and recitation: he means line upon line, and precept upon precept, of the doctrine of the Church. As firmly as he believes that his Church is the only authorised Church does he hold that the youth of the country are reared in godlessness or heresy unless instructed in the doctrine of this faith.

In view of the positions maintained by these two contestants, the advocate of secular instruction claims that the observance of religious teaching or religious service in the public schools is impossible. These two great wings of Christianity cannot move in harmony. They are at variance in regard to the substance of religious teaching. If they cannot agree upon a common teaching and a common Bible in their churches, can they expect to harmonise their views in the schoolroom? And if these professed supporters of Christianity cannot be united upon the basis of one Bible, how can they expect to enjoy a religious fraternity with that vast host of taxpaying citizens that professes no sympathy with the religion of either Protestant or Catholic? The public school system emanates from and is controlled by the people as



taxpayers. In the midst of the greatest diversity of view, can the lines of taxpaying control and religious control be made to run parallel or to coincide? This is a problem in political geometry which, the secularist thinks, solves itself by its simple statement.

In the public schools, if the Bible is read or religious teaching conducted, these exercises are permitted by the sufferance of any class of taxpayers, all of whom have a right to demand their exclusion.

If, now, good Christian people are exercised over the want of daily religious instruction for the youth of the country, we may appropriately say to them: Trim the fires on the altars of your homes; inhabit your huge piles of consecrated brick and mortar with a daily life and activity; revive the order of catechumens, if necessary; but leave the grand system of State schools, without the introduction of any divisive influence, to perform its legitimate work of building up a united citizenship upon the basis of a free and common intelligence.

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## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

### NO. XV.—THE SABBATH.

THE Sabbath was an institution as to which we are far from obtaining an exhaustive account in the Pentateuch. Few ancient solemnities have been more completely transformed by modern observers. The Sabbath had the peculiarity of resembling in some respects a feast, and in others a fast; or rather, we may say, that the provisions made against infringing on the leisure of the feast were so minute as to involve something of the bondage of a fast.

The attribution of certain days to certain planets is as old as the science of astrology, and is one of the habits of the heathen that was expressly forbidden by the Law. Tibullus speaks of the *Dies Saturni*. Juvenal mentions the Sabbath. Dion Cassius, early in the third century, says that the week is of Egyptian origin. Among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum Mr. George Smith discovered a curious religious calendar, in which every month is divided into four weeks, and the seventh days are marked out as days on which no work should be undertaken. The four seasons of the year were consecrated by the Assyrians to separate deities. From the first day of Adar to the thirtieth of Ijar the sun was in the division of the great goddess Ishtar, or Venus. From the first day of Sivan to the thirtieth of Ab was the season of Bel, the god of the middle region of the atmosphere, being the time of crops and heat. From the first of Elul to the thirtieth of

Marchesvan was the division of Anu, the King of the Heavens, being a time of showers and warmth. From the first of Cisleu to the thirtieth of Sebat, the sun was in the division of Hea, god of the deep, being the time of cold. These Chaldean names of the months are the same as those of the Jewish year, but represent calendar, and not lunar months. The legend, found among the Assyrian tablets, of the seven wicked spirits is as yet untranslated. In this, as in a large proportion of the clay images and emblems found in Moab, the seven planets of astrology are unmistakably indicated. Josephus speaks of the seven lamps of the golden candlestick of the Temple as symbolic of the planets. Great care, however, was taken by the Law of Moses to prevent any such association, and the lamps were numbered "one," "two," on to seven, as if expressly to prevent any names from being given to them.

The "fathers of work," or species of occupations, which the Law of Moses forbade on the Sabbath, were forty save one. They were as follows: (1) sowing; (2) ploughing; (3) reaping; (4) gleaning, or binding sheaves; (5) thrashing; (6) winnowing; (7) cleansing; (8) grinding; (9) sifting; (10) pounding; (11) cooking; (12) shearing wool; (13) bleaching it; (14) combing; (15) dyeing; (16) spinning; (17) stretching two threads, as woof, (18) or two as warp; (19) weaving two threads; (20) breaking two threads; (21) binding; (22) loosing; (23) sewing two seams; (24) cutting, in order to sew together; (25) hunting the goat; (26) killing it; (27) skinning it; (28) salting it; (29) preparing its skin; (30) shaving it; (31) cutting it up; (32) writing two letters; (33) erasing in order to write two letters; (34) building; (35) pulling down; (36) extinguishing, (37) lighting fire; (38) striking with a hammer; (39) carrying anything from one messuage or property to another.

These provisions were carried out with extreme minuteness, the only alleviation of the law being made by means of what was called the combination of limits, or artificial extension of domicile. The smallest substance, such as the needle of the tailor, the pen of the scribe, a scrip or an extra garment, a staff, or a coin in the purse attached to the girdle, came under the thirty-ninth prohibition. Beasts were not to be loaded or tethered. Wooden shoes were not to be worn. To throw a stone or any other object from one domicile or property into another was a breach of the law, but this rule did not apply to the sea. With regard to the twenty-second and twenty-fourth species, the rending of the garment in a passion of anger or grief was not forbidden. Pursuit or slaughter of the creeping things named in the Law was forbidden: that of other reptiles was indifferent. A knot that could be tied or untied with one hand was permitted. The Holy Scriptures and the

Thephillin, with their cases, might be removed from a house on fire, and so might food enough to serve for three meals.

The subject of the Sabbath day's journey is one to which much attention has been directed ;—it might, perhaps, be fitter to say, on which much has been said and written, which betrays the want of proper attention. A treatise of the Talmud, containing ten chapters, is devoted to the subject of the "mixtures of the term" of the Sabbath. This treatise, however, is one of those which contains no ancient tradition, being composed of the sentences of various doctors, of whom the earliest lived during the second century of the Christian era. The entire discussion is technical and casuistical to the last degree. It results from the whole treatment of the subject, that the *Terminus Sabbathi*, or Sabbath day limit, is not fixed either by the Written or by the Oral Law. It was inferred by the Rabbis, from Joshua iii. 4, at two thousand cubits, the distance between the ark and the people. The 321st negative precept of the Law is, not to violate the term of the Sabbath. It is founded on the words (Exodus xvi. 29): "Let no man go out of his place on the Sabbath day." The limits of the word translated "place," had thus to be accurately defined, and the distance beyond these limits, to which a man might go in any direction, was fixed by the Synhedral Law at two thousand cubits, equal to 888·8 English yards.

The inhabitant of a walled city was allowed to go anywhere within the walls, and 2,000 cubits beyond them. It is said by Maimonides that in valleys, or any parts of the suburbs of a town where the marks of the Techoom or Sabbath limit were not visible, a man might take 2,000 moderate or small steps, as the measure of the legal distance. The unit of measurement given is the *ameh*, ell, or cubit. It corresponds in idea, although not in length, to the Latin *gradus*, which was the half *passus*. In the Latin measure it was assumed that in two strides a man would pace over a distance equal to his own height, which was the *passus*, *toise*, or fathom. But the Jews discouraged long steps. Some families even wore what were called "stride chains," a species of fetter, intended to limit the stride. The prohibition to go up by steps to the Altar is taken by the Rabbis to mean *saltatim*, by bounds or long steps. Thus the cubit, which is approximately the fourth of the height of the figure, was taken as the step, being less than half the stride of an English surveyor. The length thus ascertained is verified by the determination given of the digit, as two barley-corns. The barley-corn was taken as the unit both of dimension and of weight. In the latter case we have an absolute proof that the barley grain of the Mishna was no other than our troy grain. The talent, we learn from the Book of Exodus (ch. xxxviii. 25; 26) contained 3,000 shekels. The shekel,

Maimonides and all the authorities agree, weighed 320 grains. This makes the *ciccar*, or talent, weigh 960,000 grains. In the British Museum are several Chaldean weights, the most perfect of which is a talent weighing 959,040 troy grains, being within one per mille of the true weight. The weights being thus fixed, the accuracy of the estimate of the digit as two-thirds of the English inch, and the cubit as sixteen English inches, has been demonstrated by Mr. Conder, in the *Bible Educator*, by reference to the statements of the specific gravity of corn, oil, and water, which are given by Maimonides.

There is thus no room for doubt as to the length either of the cubit or of the Sabbath day's journey. The former was forty-eight barley-corns, or sixteen English inches. The latter was 2,000 cubits, or 888·8 English yards. But a man might walk this distance, in any direction, from the bounds of his "place," nor does there seem to have been any prohibition as to the amount of exercise that he might take, on the Sabbath, within that limit.

The details of the mixture of terms, and the mode in which the limit of distance might be evaded, are not of sufficient general interest to require more than the indication of where they may be found. The tract in question, called Erachin, has been translated by Lightfoot.

The duties which superseded the law of the Sabbath were those of which the time was absolutely fixed. Such were the daily sacrifice, the additional sacrifice for the Sabbath, and the preparation and offering of the High Priest's pancake. Such also were all the proceedings necessary for the circumcision of a child, if the eighth day fell on the Sabbath. Cases of life and death also superseded the Sabbath. Thus every attention was to be paid to women in labour, or to those on the point of death. The command of the Senate, or of the King, on certain occasions, superseded the Sabbath. Thus the witnesses of the new moon were allowed to travel on the Sabbath without impediment, and so, it appears, were royal messengers. Such were the regulations made for preventing all manner of work on that day.

On the other hand, all that could tend to social enjoyment, without entailing labour, was proper for the Sabbath. Feasting was proper on that day, although meats were not to be cooked on it. But a dish that had been cooked on the eve of the Sabbath might be warmed again on that day. Fasting was held to be a dishonour to the day. Conjugal endearments were held to be specially proper for the Sabbath, and the enjoyment of wine (without intoxication), of the baths, and of unguents, were without blame. The special religious rites of the day, in the service of the Temple, only consisted of the morning and evening addition to the daily sacrifice, unless, of course, when a new moon, or any great festival, fell on the Sabbath day.

The Sabbath is one of those obligations of the Law of which the observance was perpetually binding, as well beyond the borders of Palestine as within the Holy Land; and as well during the desolation of the Temple as *stante templo*.

The observance of the festivals of the Church of Rome, in Italy, has been thought by some to have borrowed from the Jewish Law the absolute prohibition to labour, and the encouragement of mirth and festivity. The excessive number of Saints' days, which have been successively sanctioned by the Papacy, is such as to render this observance a serious national misfortune. Nothing resembling the rigour of the Jewish provisions as to cooking, travelling, and executing any occupation that does not partake of the character of business, is, however, known in Italy. On one occasion alone do the Italian cities assume, on the actual Sabbath, an aspect resembling that which must have been presented by those of Palestine during the prevalence of the Jewish Law. This is on the Sabato Santo, or day succeeding Good Friday. On the morning of this day no beast is allowed to be harnessed or mounted, no bell is to be struck or rung; and the entire population, dressed in black or sombre colours, proceed from church to church. The celebration of the resurrection, at dawn on Easter Sunday, is, however, anticipated; and the firing of a gun at noon on the Holy Sabbath gives the signal for turning the solemnity into festivity.

The prohibition of work on holydays has not, however, been introduced into the Church of Rome from a Jewish or from an early Christian source. It was a portion of the Pagan rite, which, like many other idolatrous customs, has maintained its vitality in Italy, although christened by a more familiar name. In the *hemerologium*, or ancient calendar of the Julian year, as many as ninety days are marked as *nefasti*, or those on which certain work was prohibited. The law courts did not sit on those days. They are irregularly distributed over the months, twenty out of the twenty-eight days of February being *dies nefasti*. The festival of the *Lupercalia* fell on the second day after the Ides of February, and is represented at the present time by the Carnival. The games in honour of *Terra* and of *Ceres* occupied fifteen days in April, most of which were also *nefasti*. The festivities of Easter, and the custom of adorning and presenting Easter eggs, have a much closer affinity to the *Ludi Matris Magnæ* than to the Feast of Unleavened Bread, of which they bear the name. The *Saturnalia* are replaced by the rejoicings at Christmas. Fourteen days of public entertainment, the *Ludi Romani*, in September, correspond to the eight days of the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. Eight days of games, the *Ludi Apollinenses*, in July, represent the brief festival of Pentecost. In their hatred and persecution of the Jews the Popes have appropriated the names of

these great annual festivals, and have conferred them on those holydays of the ancient idolatrous rites which have been neither changed nor intermitted since the era of the Cæsars.

In a similar manner the Presbyterians gave the name of the Sabbath to their observance of the Lord's Day as a rigid fast. Into the origin of the change we have not here to enter. Literature throws but little light upon that subject. The spirit of the law of the Sabbath evaporates, no less than its letter is disregarded, under this change. The fourth commandment forbade the performance of any manner of work. The Assembly of Divines stated that it forbade, "All profaning of the day by idleness." The Oral Law thought that the Sabbath was to be a festival and a delight. The Assembly forbade even thoughts of "recreations."

Six days in the year come under the technical denomination of great festivals. These are the first and seventh days of the Passover, the Day of Pentecost or the Feast of Weeks, the first and the eighth days of the Feast of Tabernacles, and the first day of the Sacred year. A special treatise of the Mishna prescribes the observance to be paid to these days. They were not under the strict law of the Sabbath, but under restrictions which approached very nearly to these prohibitions. The chief difference was, that that which was necessary for the service of the feast might be lawfully performed on the feast day; as, for example, the cooking of meals, a service which was not admissible on the Sabbath. The Day of Atonement bore much the same relation to the six great festivals that the Sabbath did to the days of the week.

Into the minute details of these observances, and the authority assigned for each, it would be tedious now to enter. It was forbidden to climb a tree, to ride on any animal, to swim, to clap the hands, to strike the hand on the thigh, or to leap, on the feast day. No judgment was to be given, no espousals celebrated, the ceremony of drawing off the shoe was not to be performed, nor was the right of affinity to be established, on a festival. By direct precept it was forbidden to sanctify, to estimate, to anathematise, to separate the first oblation, or the tithes, on a feast day, much more on the Sabbath. The difference between the two thus related to food alone.

The minor feasts, or *festi parvi*, comprised all days of festival excepting the six before indicated, which were ordained in the Pentateuch, and the weekly Sabbath. On these days there was a relaxation of the extreme severity of the Law against any manner of work. Thus it was lawful on the minor feasts, and during the Sabbatic year, to irrigate land that required water from springs, whether ancient or newly opened, although irrigation from cisterns was forbidden, probably as involving the labour of raising thence the water required. Ditches might be dug,

in vineyards, aqueducts and roads repaired, sepulchres whitened and the requirements of the public service carried out on the minor feast days. Moles and mice might be hunted and exterminated, and dilapidations of houses repaired on these occasions. During the seventh year it was allowable not only to repair, but even to build a new house.

Marriages and betrothals were forbidden on the minor feasts. The preparation and cooking of food was lawful. Fruit might be gathered, if likely to be stolen, flax might be removed from setting; slaves were not to be purchased, nor cattle, unless required for sacrifice or for the purposes of the feast; and fruit, clothing, and vessels in case of necessity, might be privately bought and sold. Men who returned from a maritime province, who were liberated from prison, or who had accomplished a vow, might shave on the day of a minor festival. Thirteen specified kinds of legal documents might be written. After the destruction of the second Temple it was decreed that the Feast of Weeks was to be held as a great festival, and the first day of the year and the Day of Atonement as Sabbaths. Funerals were not to be publicly conducted, garments not to be rent, the shoulders were not to be bared for burden, nor was the benediction on mourners to be given on a minor festival. Palms were not to be borne, after the fall of Jerusalem, on the first day of the year, on the day of the Initiation of the Temple, and on the Feast of Purim. The people were allowed to respond, but forbidden to lament. Responsion is defined as all shouting together: lamentation as one speaking, and the others replying with a wail.\*

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### DR. ABBOTT ON FAITH AND SCIENCE.†

A FEW months ago Dr. Abbott, the Headmaster of the City of London School, preached two sermons before the University of Cambridge which excited considerable interest and discussion. It was reported at the time that one of the discourses provoked such antagonism that some of the University authorities rose and left the church. We have very good reason, however, for believing that this report was inaccurate. There were some undergraduates in the congregation who for some accidental reason were unable to remain till the sermon was finished, and when they went out two or three of Dr. Abbott's excited

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\* Jer. ix. 20.

† "Cambridge Sermons." By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. London: Macmillan and Co.



hearers imagined that the patience and temper of some of the elder and more conservative members of the University had been exhausted.

The volume which Dr. Abbott has just published contains these two sermons, and a third, which he was prevented from delivering by illness. To these he has added two sermons on "Prayer" and "Work," preached at Cambridge in 1870, and a sermon on "The Signs of the Church," preached at Westminster Abbey in 1869.

The first three—on "Faith and Science"—are the most interesting and important. The spirit in which the preacher approaches the discussion is illustrated by a passage in the preface. He says:—

"We look around and see Christ supplanted, abroad by a Church, at home by a scheme of salvation or a sacramental dogma: many among the educated classes of our countrymen throwing away the name of Christians without having ever really apprehended what is meant by faith in Christ; and—perhaps the most pitiful spectacle of all—in a large number of fairly intelligent believers we see a tremulous Christianity, looking despairingly to the future, and paralysed for all the noble aggressive purposes of a Christian Church by a vague horror of the future, by a terrible dread that the belief in a God may be exploded next year, through the unearthing of some new fossil demonstrative of the Darwinian theory, or that the Divinity of Christ may be subverted by the discovery of a couple of Uncial Manuscripts: and, as a consequence of this superstition and this faithlessness, we see the Church, which once led the world, now lagging behind and even retarding it in the path of progress."

Dr. Abbott believes that we are passing through "a time of transition and expectation, waiting for light;" that from science, criticism, history, and the social experiences of the present, light will come, and is already coming, which will correct and modify our conception of the life and character of Christ; but that the craven temper with which some Christian people anticipate the possible perils to the Christian Faith from the extension of our acquaintance with the works and ways of God is exerting a pernicious influence on themselves, and tends to confirm and even to create unbelief. His three sermons are intended to show that the Christian man may receive without any disturbance of his faith all the actual discoveries of science, and that even the unproved hypotheses, the conjectures, the imaginations of Science—her whispers, her floating fancies—need not alarm him: should the wildest of them be ultimately verified, the eternal foundations on which the Church is built will remain unshaken.

Dr. Abbott has conducted the discussion with great vigour and ability; and we trust that he will calm the unmanly and faithless fears with which some excellent persons are watching the brilliant movements of modern scientific thought. He has shown—and shown, we think, conclusively—that the speculations which have created the

greatest terror are positively favourable to Faith, instead of being hostile to it.

It would have been well, however, if, in discussing the relations between Faith and Science, we had been told distinctly in what sense the word "Faith" is used. Dr. Abbott explains what he means by "the discoveries of Science." He says that, "like many other terms in common use, [it] is used in very different senses. Sometimes it is used, with strict propriety, of the proved and established facts of Science; but at other times it is used to include almost certain, or very probable, or barely probable, hypotheses; lastly, it sometimes includes the mere guesses or conjectures of Science, some of which draw very largely indeed on what has been called the scientific imagination." It is the right attitude of Faith in relation to the discoveries of Science, when the term is taken in the broadest and most elastic sense it will bear, that he discusses in these sermons. But "Faith" is left undefined; sometimes Dr. Abbott uses the word in a way that suggests theories of the nature of Christian belief which we should vehemently contest. For instance, he says:—

"Never let us forget that our religion must always be a faith, a hope, not a demonstrated certainty. Whatever light Science may shed upon God's works, never dream that she will ever demonstrate His attributes by her analysis. Science can but show us link after link in the chain of cause and effect, revealing links by myriads where we had recognised them by tens, proving complexity, proving beauty, proving order, but not proving God; no, in the name of Faith and Hope, no. For, if such proof were possible, what would be the result? Suppose, for a moment, that the highest attributes of God could be demonstrated in the same way in which we can demonstrate a proposition of Euclid—could be discerned as clearly as we discern that two and two make four. What then? 'The things that a man seeth,' says St. Paul, 'why doth he yet hope for?' and, we may add, the things that a man absolutely demonstrates, how can he yet have hope or faith about them? No: let Science demonstrate our God, and Hope and Faith are banished for ever. What then becomes of St. John's 'victory that overcometh the world, even our faith?' Where would be the victory of Faith, when the battle had been already gained by Heaven?"

Does Mr. Abbott mean that we are less certain about the existence of God than about the Newtonian theory of the universe? or that we are less certain about the goodness of God than about the ascertained laws of hydrostatics? Is there no "certainty" except "demonstrated certainty," and is Faith nothing more than a high degree of probability?

We concede too much to Science when we admit that man can reach no absolute certainty except by those methods which are commonly described as "scientific"—that in all those regions of human thought which do not belong to the province of Science we must be content

with conclusions having less imperial claims on our assent than those which admit of "scientific" proof. When the evidence of a fact or a truth is *sufficient* to command assent, the assent is complete, whatever may be the character of the evidence. And when the assent is once complete it is not strengthened by additional evidence. I believed that Cairo stood on the Nile before I went there; and when I saw the city myself my belief was no stronger than it was before. I believed that there was a chapel and that there was a mosque on the summit of Jebel Mousa, and I believed it on the testimony of only two or three travellers whose description of the buildings I had happened to read; when I was on the summit of Jebel Mousa myself, though the evidence of the existence of these two buildings was immeasurably strengthened, my belief in their existence was no stronger than it was before. Evidence that is not "demonstrative" may be the ground of certainty as absolute as that which rests on demonstration. To say that "our religion must always be a faith, a hope, not a demonstrated certainty" is misleading. Dr. Abbott cannot mean that he merely *hopes* that there is a God, and that he *hopes* that God is good.

The existence of a distinction between right and wrong is not a "demonstrated certainty" in the sense in which the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid is a "demonstrated certainty;" but we are just as certain of the existence of a difference between virtue and vice as we are of the equality between the squares of the two sides of a right-angled triangle and the square of the hypotenuse. And so the certainty of Faith may be as perfect as the certainty of Science.

And what can be the precise meaning of the statement, "Let Science demonstrate our God, and Hope and Faith are banished for ever?" Suppose that a demonstration of the Divine existence and of the Divine goodness and truth were possible, would our trust in the Divine love disappear because that love had been ascertained by new methods? or would our hope of future blessedness vanish because we had new grounds for knowing that God loves us, and that He has promised an eternal glory?

In one passage Dr. Abbott seems to imply that Faith is a kind of belief, which "seems sometimes to be contradicted instead of being supported by facts" (page 10). But this cannot be the true distinction between the certainty of Faith and the certainty of Science; for, on the one hand, a child's faith in the goodness of its parents is not less truly Faith because as yet the child has never seen anything in its parents that looked like unkindness; and, on the other hand, some of the simplest scientific truths—the law of inertia, for instance, and the rotundity of the earth—*seem* to be contradicted by the most obvious phenomena.

The fact is that "Faith" is a word of very many meanings, and in

any discussion of the relations between Faith and Science both terms ought to be defined.

The sermons are addressed to those who believe in Christ, and this may be a sufficient reason for the apologetic tones in which the preacher speaks of unbelief. He admits, indeed, that the irrational hostility and terror with which some Christian people have regarded the discoveries of Science may plead "extenuating circumstances."

"Scientific men may sometimes have been prone to mix their theological inferences with their scientific facts, as though the two were inseparable. . . . Again, men of Science may have sometimes appeared to be unfair, because they have taken little account of important aspects of humanity comparatively familiar to other people. Devoting themselves almost exclusively to the absorbing pursuits of Science, and leaving themselves scarcely leisure enough to consider with sufficient care the emotional \* side of human nature, they may have fallen into the habit of thinking, upon too slight grounds, that there are no things in heaven and earth but what can be analysed in their laboratories."

"But," he adds, "surely disgust and anger are out of place here. Surely this one-sided, unevenly developed nature, this unscientific habit of scientific dogmatism outside the province of Science—supposing it to exist—is its own sufficient punishment. If a man be what is called an 'infidel,' does he not demand our compassion? But if, moreover, he is an honest and industrious infidel; if—not to supplant a rival in science, not for love of money, not for love of fame, but mainly for the love of truth—he devotes days and nights to the persevering, wise, and successful investigation of nature, then must we not say that such a man, 'infidel' though he may be, is, in a certain sense, the servant of the Eternal Truth, showing forth God's glory, not with his lips but in his life."

We protest against the habit of apologising in this manner for the unbelief of scientific men. Fifty years ago people thought a poet might commit, without much guilt, a thousand excesses, which, but for his genius, would make all honest men execrate him. Just now there is a tendency to plead a similar apology for unbelief, if only the unbeliever is a man of Science. In neither case is the apology tenable. If a poet is unfaithful to his wife and dishonest to his creditors, we ought to condemn his immorality just as firmly as if he were the dullest of mankind. If a man is absorbed in scientific pursuits, and therefore ignores his relations to God, it is as unreasonable to talk of his "showing forth

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\* Why "emotional?" There is no more propriety in describing the religious side of human nature as the "emotional" side than there would be in so describing the ethical side. The great contents of the Christian revelation, when believed, excite religious emotion just as great acts of virtue and vice excite ethical emotion, and just as great scientific discoveries excite emotion of another kind; but it conveys a false impression to speak of religion as though it belonged to the "emotional side of human nature."

God's glory, not with his lips but in his life," as if a similar absorption in cotton-spinning led to a similar result. There is not one ethical code for poets and another for common people; there is not one religious law for men of Science and another for the non-scientific.

But it is time to turn from those passages of Dr. Abbott's sermons which seem to be open to criticism, and to show how he uses for the highest Christian purposes some of those modern speculations which have provoked the greatest terror.

The existence of pain and death among the lower animals has always been a difficulty for theologians; and the difficulty was enormously increased in magnitude when geology revealed that pain and death had existed in the world through measureless periods before the appearance of man. Dr. Abbott says:—

"The destruction of life by living creatures presents less difficulties now than it did before it received the recent light of Science. As long as we had before our eyes only one or two pages of this terrible record of destruction—waste everywhere, death everywhere, and development nowhere—at least nowhere plainly legible, because incapable of being plainly manifested in so narrow a compass—the problem was most bewildering, and we could do little but acknowledge the difficulty, and say with Bishop Butler that we saw but a part of the plan, and that if more of the plan were revealed, the difficulty might possibly be diminished or removed. But now that geology has thrown open to us scores and hundreds of fresh pages, the purpose of the book of creation is clearer. Death is traced throughout the volume as an evil, but as an evil that is being subordinated to development and progress."

"You see, as we look into this natural selection, there are found more and more aspects of it that would justify us in calling it a 'Divine selection.' Thus, conflict for existence is found to be more than a chance *mêlée*—giving the conquest to vulgar force. If it were not for the 'variations' in the individuals of each race, no amount of mere conflict could produce development. Whence came these 'variations?' Science has scarcely as yet supplied a full answer to that question; yet this principle of 'variation' is no less important than that of competition. In some sense it is more important; for 'variation' supplies the materials from which competition selects. The principle of conflict is—at least it must be so to us—an imperfect, an evil principle; but it is forced to beneficial results by the intervening principle of 'variation,' and also by the restricting barriers of Nature. It is as though an evil principle communicating an evil impulse to the first created germ had propelled it into space, blindly rushing into self-destruction; but at each point in the line of motion steps in a counter-law, a law of attraction towards a Divine focus, so that as the joint resultant of these two contending motions there issues the symmetrical ellipse, which, in the course of ages—when good absorbs evil and becomes the centre of existence—is to orb into the perfect circle."

Not less striking are the observations suggested by another of Mr. Darwin's speculations:—

"Another law of God (beside the principle of variation), has been at work modifying what is called natural selection. This law has been to some extent antagonistic to the law of conflict. The law of conflict may be called the survival of the strongest or fittest; but this other is the survival of the most beautiful. Beauty of shape and colour, the charm of song, and the fascination of varied plumage—these qualities, we are told, have exercised an effectual influence in securing the propagation of the more beautiful forms of nature, in spite of their weakness, and in repressing deformed strength and powerful ugliness.

"And is this less a Divine work because the Divine Master has made His creatures instrumental to it? Are we less justified in supposing that God loves beauty because we find that He has been making all beautiful objects, by first teaching His creatures to love beauty? Has the Creator the less credit (to speak as a man) for His painting of the plumage of the peacock, or for the song of the soaring lark, because every spot and gleam in that plumage, and every note in that flood of melody, are the results of the accumulated delight of countless generations of His creatures! 'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' So spoke the Son of God; He whose Spirit taught men a lesson not taught by the great poets and artists of Greece or Rome—to regard with affection the beauty of even the apparent inutilities of nature. Well, consider the lilies of the field: what has Science to say as to the manner in which God has clothed them? Science tells us that the clothing of the flower, like everything else that is good and beautiful in nature, has been fashioned by many ages of development. Moreover, she adds that her story of the flowers must needs be incomplete unless she is allowed to speak of the insects also. Insects, linked with flowers by a connection long unsuspected, have not only fertilised the flowers, but also, discerning the brighter flowers in each species more easily than the less bright, have fertilised the former to the neglect of the latter; and thus, acquiring an instinctive attraction towards colour, have helped to make the fields more bright and more beautiful in each age than in the ages gone before. Each speck and spot in each petal of each flower bears witness to the labours of those creatures whom for ages, until Science taught us the truth, we have been in the habit of treating as proverbial emblems of beautiful idleness. Thus has God clothed the grass of the field, year by year, with increasing glory; and surely He is none the less the Author of this glory because He has wrought it through the joyful labours of His obedient creatures. \* \* \* \* \*

"Our conclusion is, not indeed that the highest attributes of God are or can be demonstrated for us by Science—for such we are agreed cannot, and ought not to be—but that Science does help those who believe in God to believe in God more reasonably. Apparent waste, and pain, and lavish death are found of old as they are now; but the waste is in some cases proved to be apparent, and not real; the pain is found to conduce to the development of new instincts or faculties; death is found to be the condition of higher life; beauty is found to be an unsuspected power in the world; evil is indeed mixed with good, then as now, and even more then than now—evil with good, and ugliness with beauty—but beauty from the first triumphing over ugliness, and evil more and more subordinated to good."

The second sermon, from which these extracts are taken, is the most valuable of the three. The third, which deals with "the Creation of Man," is less satisfactory. It is less satisfactory partly because it discusses hypotheses, for some of which there seems to be at present no scientific basis. We speak with hesitation ; but our impression is that the theory which Dr. Abbott supposes may be accepted twenty years hence as explaining the early movements of civilisation, has very little chance of prevailing. In accounting for the origin of human society, he seems to us to ascribe too much influence to fear, and too little to the social affections. He does not, we think, sufficiently recognise the possibility of the development of conscience in the family, before the rise of the "tribe" had originated anything that could be properly called law. It is also by no means clear that the idea of the supernatural would appear later than the idea of duty. The whole of the discussion (pages 62—66) on the history of religion is open to criticism. Dr. Abbott maintains that "natural selection prepared the way for a truer theology by discouraging the lower types of religion," and maintains that, other things being equal, superstition is a disadvantage in "the struggle for life" between conflicting races. This is probably true ; but it hardly affects what he describes as the "bewildering" supposition, that "from a perfect intellectual and moral condition [some tribes] have been reduced to a state in which they have no words . . . to express the ideas of purity, of love, of goodness, of God." Where a nation having a higher form of religious faith comes into collision with a nation having an inferior form of religious faith, it is probable—"other things being equal"—that the nation with the inferior faith will yield, and the higher faith will prevail. "Natural selection" favours the purer and nobler religion. But where there is no such collision may there not be gradual degradation? The history of the religious faith of India, notwithstanding its conflict with Buddhism—which in its earlier days was full of a generous and lofty life—and with Mahomedanism, is very instructive ; and the consideration of it might, we think, have led Dr. Abbott to modify some things which he has written.

But the discussion of these high questions would require a volume instead of a few pages. We commend Dr. Abbott's volume to our readers as a most valuable contribution to a controversy which is, perhaps, the supreme controversy of our times.



## THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS THE BULWARK OF PROTESTANTISM.

MR. GLADSTONE'S question in the *Contemporary Review*, whether the National Church is worth preserving, raises in its breadth the whole State Church controversy. Those who answer Mr. Gladstone in the affirmative—and they will number several millions of English people—will be moved so to reply by considerations varying widely in their character. But, without doubt, one of the most powerful and popular amongst these considerations will be what we must call the superstition which has taken shape in the phrase that our National Church is the bulwark of Protestantism. The picture which the late Liberal leader draws of the National Establishment is a picture of disunion and confusion, of warring elements which there are no available means of composing. The representation is a perfectly accurate one, and cannot be easily reconciled with the idea of a grand and vigorous institution which has been, and remains, our country's one defence against Rome.

In the defence of a beleaguered fortress it is a commendable device to arrange the greatest show of strength and impregnability where the garrison within are aware of the most perilous weakness, to raise the loudest shout of defiance on that side where any reality of resistance is impossible; an admirable piece of tactics, though from its nature it can be useful only whilst the cheat remains undiscovered. Surely upon some such principle as this it is that the defenders of the State Church in England advance with so much emphasis the argument, that the Church Establishment ought to be maintained because it is the stronghold of Protestantism. The plea is a favourite one with many who engage in Church defence from very diverse points of view,—statesmen, ecclesiastics, and literary laymen of the Church; nor is it difficult to perceive why it should be so frequently and boldly advanced. Could it be made a fixed conviction in the minds of electors throughout the country, that the Established Church is a barrier, or, to put it more strongly, the only barrier against Rome, then the Establishment would bid fair to become perpetual. It has always been easy to arouse the jealousy of Protestant England upon the subject of Roman Catholic encroachments; perhaps it never was more easy than to-day, when the menaces of infallibilists are so loud, and Protestant enthusiasm is stimulated by the boldness and vigour of the Bismarckian Church policy. England is beyond doubt firmly attached to Protestant principles, and to declare of any institution that it is the strong tower of those doctrines which the Reformers taught, is likely to root it deeply in the affections of the people. No wonder, then, that such a claim has been so often, in fiery speeches and

elaborate articles, lodged on behalf of the Church of England. But the claim is nevertheless absurd, and in the face of the history of our State Church and of the principles now maintained within its borders, even monstrous.

The difficulty in approaching the "bulwark" argument is not to perceive its fallacy, but to discern the slightest ground upon which it can be supported. What the most distinguished of living English Catholics, Dr. Newman, has said in the following passage of his "Apologia" is so powerfully confirmed by facts that it is hard to see how any reasonable mind can reject it: "As I have received so much good from the Anglican Establishment itself, can I have the heart, or rather the want of charity, considering that it does for so many others what it has done for me, to wish to see it overthrown? I have no such wish while it is what it is, and while we are so small a body. Not for its own sake, but for the sake of the many congregations to which it ministers, I will do nothing against it. While Catholics are so weak in England, it is doing our work; and though it does us harm in a measure, at present the balance is in our favour." A religious system which is the best defence against the inroads of another, will, as a matter of course, never suffer large and material defections from its own ranks to those of the enemy; its teaching will never lead up to the easy acceptance of the adversary's doctrine; nor will it maintain within its camp a large body of rebels persistently leaning to the other side and repudiating the flag under which they are enrolled. But which of these distinctions characterises the Church of England? Is there no meaning in the notorious fact that the two finest minds in the Roman Communion in our country have been handed over to it by the Church of England? Does it signify nothing that Father Newman and Cardinal Manning are prepared where they stand to maintain that they were led thither by the teaching they received from Anglicans? These are great names, but they are only the leaders of a mighty host. Few weeks pass in which Roman Catholic newspapers cannot make announcement of some distinguished convert. It is too much to attribute these things to chance. And if it can be shown that they result from principles still working and gathering strength within the Church of England, what becomes of the argument we are considering?

There is a bold and aggressive body within the Established Church who repudiate the very name of Protestantism, who abhor its distinctive ideas; this no one will dispute; but whilst the attitude of that party is openly defiant, it ought also to be noted that they stand, or believe they stand, upon firm legal footing, the law being turned against them in vain by their opponents. They are no mere outlaws, hatching mischief in secret. They claim the protection of the law, and spend untroubled

days under their own vine and fig tree. Moreover their boast is, that they alone are the law-abiding section of Mother Church, and that her disciplinary terror is required only for their enemies. Nor are they in any sense a despicable band. In learning, ability, eloquence, enthusiasm, they are surpassed by no section of the Church, however strangely they may spend their strength in the childishnesses of ritual and prostrate their intellects to the opinions and creeds accepted by those Christians who had the good fortune to live within the first five centuries. There is no questioning the fact that Anglo-Catholicism numbers in its ranks some of the most justly-distinguished of Churchmen, amongst them one or two who would be eminent in any field to which they might turn their energies. It would be hard to name, for example, two more trenchant living writers than Dr. Littledale and Mr. MacColl, or two more redoubtable controversialists. Besides, the party is zealous, eager, and determined; hard work is the rule of their existence. A body headed by such men—and we have named but two of many—and inspired by so much fervour and resolution, must needs be formidable even if its adherents were a scattered few. But they cannot be so described. Although it is extremely difficult to get at the exact statistics of the question, it seems certain that even the extreme wing of the High Church is a numerous and growing party. What is more important to discover is the range and character of their designs, and concerning these they are sufficiently candid and explicit. To bring back one by one the discarded superstitions which the practice of the first four or five centuries made sacred for ever, and reimpose them on the minds and consciences of the faithful, to subject the Anglican Church to “Œcumenical law,” and to make her not Protestant but genuinely Catholic, are the aims they profess. Dr. Littledale has summed up in a sentence the goal for which they are striving: it is “*the restoration or the full acknowledgment in the Church of England of every doctrine and every usage common to the Greek and Latin Churches before their schism, and still retained by both.*”

Nothing could be more useful than for all Englishmen to ponder well what such a result would signify, and what likelihood there is of its accomplishment. If there is any probability that the end so openly sought will be attained, or progress made in the direction of it, the service which the Established Church, in which all this takes place, renders to the cause of Protestantism may be easily estimated. The triumph of the Anglo-Catholic party means, in the first place, the restoration of sacerdotalism in its most unmitigated form. It means the return into English life of such practices as Auricular Confession, the Invocation of Saints and Angels, Clerical Celibacy, Unction of the Sick, and such like. It means the holding up to admiration of every-

thing Catholic, the hatred and abuse of everything Protestant. We are not exaggerating, but keeping strictly within the lines laid down by the authorities of the party in question. "The worst form of Catholicism," writes Dr. Littledale, in an essay on the Ritual Commission, "is a better religion than the best form of Protestantism. Not, of course, that the worst Catholic is better than the best Protestant, which would be a criminally foolish statement ; but that Catholicism, in its lowest state, at any rate acknowledges and looks up to a lofty ideal." "We look on the Church," he says again, "as a great hospital for the cure of all spiritual ailments, and especially for that zymotic disorder called Protestantism." These declarations cannot at any rate be complained of as indistinct. No cloud is suffered to rest upon the ultimate purpose of the High Church section or upon the spirit in which they will endeavour its realisation. The idea of their ultimate success may be scouted, the notion that it will ever be possible so to transform the national Church may be ridiculed, but there is just so much probability of such an event happening as may be drawn from the facts that the party exists, that it is zealous and powerful, that it has grown greatly within the last thirty years, and that the other sections of the Church, however much they detest and oppose it, seem utterly impotent to stop its progress. Low Church threatens High, and prosecutes it, with small success, if any ; High Church in turn threatens that Low shall be compelled to mend its own ways, to preach a doctrine and practise a ritual more perfectly in harmony with the Church standards. High Church practices derive at least sanction enough from the authorities to which all parties alike appeal to render this last threat no mere empty sound : a more stringent code of regulations, and more clearly Protestant (which cannot be had at present), is wanted to justify and enable the Evangelical or the Broad Church section in any course of prosecution. The cloak of legality in the Established Church is exceedingly broad, and the Anglo-Catholics can make good their claims to a comfortable share in it. The truth is, that the Church of England, to become an indisputably Protestant institution, requires a new and searching reform, whilst present circumstances render it irreformable. Mr. Disraeli promised us some reforms last year, for which this year the courage has failed him ; or perhaps, more accurately speaking, he sees more clearly than he did that the Church is too tottering an edifice to endure much meddling. A little more leaning to one side or another, and the incohesion of the parts will be made plain ; the rebellion will be more openly declared, and the often-threatened separation effected. There is, moreover, no single section of the Church, excepting Sir William Harcourt and a few Broad Churchmen, that desire too naked a manifestation of the fact that the rule of their faith and practice is the will of a majority

of the House of Commons. The Established Church is unable to make herself simply and unquestionably Protestant, because she is "established," yet she feels herself bound to declare that to disestablish and disendow her is to imperil the Protestant cause.

On the contrary, we believe, appreciating the strength of attachment borne by the great mass of Englishmen, by all Nonconformists, and the large majority of Churchmen, to the fundamental ideas of Protestantism, that Disestablishment would, by popularising the Church, diminish greatly the power of the Romanising faction which now carries on operations with impunity, and ultimately expel it. The real defences against priestism at this moment in the ecclesiastical field are the Nonconformist denominations, whose leading minds have not often been found gravitating Romewards, and showing their flocks how to scale by easy gradients the heights of sacerdotalism and superstition. Not one of their chief prophets proclaims the grand doctrine of development, by which the assembly of Christ's simple followers has grown to an infallible Church, the band of fishermen-apostles to a hierarchy inspired to teach and authorised to rule, the unostentatious and unworldly company of believers and the preachers of a spiritual kingdom to a political despotism. Against all these things, against the superstitions, the priestism, the political pretensions of the Papacy, they are never weary of protesting. It has been their recognised mission since they began to be, the duty from which they have never swerved. They are no less indefatigable in it at the present hour, and to their minds the idea of entrusting the defence of their cherished principles to the English Establishment seems only one degree less ludicrous than would be the surrendering of them to the tender care of the Vatican. What ground of probability, then, can be shown for asserting that Disestablishment will give to Rome an immediate contingent of converts, and an improved chance of converting England?

Apart altogether from the extreme doctrines of the Anglo-Catholic party, it will not be questioned that the distinctive features of the Church of England bring it nearer to Romanism than those of any other religious body in the country. What other Protestant community attaches supreme importance to the idea of a priesthood, deriving its authority through a succession of Bishops uninterrupted since Apostolic times? What other has ever listened to the claim of Tradition to be the guide of faith and practice? The history of Dr. Newman's religious opinions is very instructive. We have often thought the "Apologia," considered as the record of a conversion, a most unsatisfactory volume, for whilst we get a distinct enough view of the stages of the mental journey, we have a painfully insufficient account of the reasons that compelled each successive step. To be told, for example, that "the Rev. W. James taught me

the doctrine of Apostolical succession in the course of a walk round Christ Church meadow," is, to our thinking, a very meagre statement, not a whit better than silence. But one thing Dr. Newman's history does perfectly—it expounds the influence exerted over his mind by Anglican teachers, and shows how far they led him on his way. The following passage of the "Apologia" has in this view a permanent value, as indicative of the scope and direction of much Anglican doctrine:—"There is one other principle, which I gained from Dr. Hawkins, more directly bearing upon Catholicism than any I have mentioned, and that is the doctrine of Tradition. When I was an undergraduate I heard him preach, in the University pulpit, his celebrated sermon on the subject, and recollect how long it appeared to me, though he was at that time a very striking preacher: but when I read it and studied it as his gift, it made a most serious impression upon me. He does not go one step, I think, beyond the high Anglican doctrine, nay, he does not reach it; but he does his work thoroughly, and his view was original with him, and his subject was a novel one at the time. He lays down a proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, viz. *that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it, and that if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church*; for instance, to the Catechism and the Creeds. He considers that after learning from them the doctrines of Christianity, the inquirer must verify them by Scripture. This view, most true in its outline, most fruitful in its consequence"—was taught to Dr. Newman by an Anglican clergyman. Is it too much to say that ideas like these must make the resistance of all who receive them to Romish pretensions as half-hearted as it is illogical? According to such a creed the only really untenable attitude is that of Protestants, who stand upon independent ground and maintain the right of private judgment against the principle of authority. No wonder, then, that such a man as the author of the "Christian Year" should "speak gently of our sister's fall." No wonder, either, that earnest reformers in past days, nor those alone belonging to the Scottish Covenant, should have coupled with Popery the almost equally hated name of Prelacy.

One reply we anticipate from eager Churchmen is, that whether illogical or not, those ideas and doctrines we call half-Romish are held by multitudes who yet are heartily averse to the pretensions of the Vatican and to the worst corruptions and superstitions of the Roman Church; and that it is for such Protestants the Anglican Communion provides an anchorage and harbour of refuge. It ought to be remembered that this is the very argument urged by the Tractarian party of forty years ago, and no other result may be expected now than

followed its adoption then. Newman, Hurrell, Froude, and the rest denied that Rome was their ultimate and necessary goal. Had they not found out the *via media*? Were they not firmly persuaded that undeniable "notes of the Church," as their quaint phraseology ran, were plainly discoverable in the Anglican Establishment, the Church of their fathers? According to Dr. Newman himself, "all the world was astounded at what Froude and I were saying: men said it was sheer Popery. I answered," as some answer now, "'True, we seem to be making straight for it; but go on awhile, and you will come to a deep chasm across the path which makes real approximation impossible.'" We know what came of all that; how soon the impossibility of approximation disappeared, and to how many of the party the *via media* ceased to afford satisfaction, and became but a stage of the journey Rome-wards. The process has not ceased, for the same principles are received, and lead to like conclusions.

Much of what we have written above will be received with sympathy by many strenuous upholders of the State Church who know these evils and excesses to exist in her, but believe they can be reformed and purged out. There is a large class, of whom we may take Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Russell Gurney as types, who, while recognising and condemning the aberrations of parties within the Church of England, have, nevertheless, complete confidence in the ability of Parliament to correct them. It is difficult to understand how anyone can retain this confidence after the results of recent attempts at legislation. As years go on, it becomes continually harder for Parliament to undertake the duties of a Church Court, and the impracticability of the task is always growing more apparent. Every year the legislative and administrative work genuinely belonging to Government gets heavier, till it threatens to crush by its weight both the men and the machinery by which it has to be performed; so that, apart from all considerations of the proper sphere of Parliament, time and energy cannot be spared for ecclesiastical business. Church matters must drift, as they are drifting, unhelped of Parliament. Nor will it be surprising if they so drift as to make it manifest that for the interests of Protestantism the best and wisest course is to disestablish and disendow.

We have proved how little foundation exists for the kind of sentiment we have been combating; we have shown that it represents almost the direct opposite of truth, and would make a closer approach to accuracy if completely reversed. Yet it is easy to account for its prevalence. "Our ancient constitution in Church and State" is understood to preserve so much good for us and defend us from so much evil, is so much our panacea for all earthly ill, that here, as in everything else, it is natural for us to hold it up as the ideal of perfection. Do we



need protection against insidious Popery? Our bulwark is at hand in the Protestant Church we have established. So much does the position we have given her, so much do her wealth, her name, and fashionableness bring her advantage, that she presents well-nigh as imposing a front as her Roman rival. Of her it can be said, as of Rome, This is the Church! Those who keep themselves separate from her are dissenters and schismatics; they are sects, "denominations," "bodies," and what not, only they are not the Church. The very houses in which they congregate are chapels, not churches. The Church of Rome may boast her antiquity and universality, but the Church of England is the Church of rank and fashion. She is allied with the monarch, who must profess her creed; her bishops sit in Parliament, and the clergy are one of the estates of the realm; her prelates have palaces and princely incomes provided by the nation; till lately she monopolised the use of the Universities. So qualified and distinguished, she surely, and no other, is the true antagonist of Rome; a duel is fought between those of equal rank. It is a suspicious circumstance that she is so like to Rome in her pretensions. The idea at the bottom of all is that the formidable claims of Roman Catholicism are best met by claims equally bold, towering, and comprehensive. It is a great fallacy.

Those Churchmen who maintain that the establishment of the Church is necessary to Protestantism, or that the disestablishment of the Church would be dangerous to Protestantism, seem scarcely to perceive the whole scope of their argument. They tell us the Church in her altered circumstances would be rent asunder, and split into sections, and of these some would assuredly give in their adherence to Rome. That is to say, the unity of the Church at present is not secured by common beliefs and common objects—surely the true bonds of union for a religious community—but simply by a political fence by which it is surrounded. Yet, so far as the idea we have been considering has any basis in reality, it is here,—were the Church disestablished, a band larger or smaller would come under Roman Catholic rule. So much we are perfectly willing to admit. But such an admission is the severest condemnation. It is in this Established Church, which is held up to admiration as the sure bulwark of Protestantism, that such a state of things has been fostered. The recruits have been prepared for the enemy by her. Moreover, it is a process constantly going on, so that the longer the inevitable day is postponed, the larger will be the band of perverts and the riper their condition.

What we have aimed at is to prove that this notion of the Church's being the stronghold of Protestantism is erroneous, and is irreconcilable with facts. It is not easy to treat the sentiment with respect, yet it

worth while to refute even a baseless notion like this, so long as it remains one of the most telling and influential watchwords of Church defence. Utterly destitute not only of reason, but even of the show of reason, it is a proverb which incessant repetition has made formidable, and which, doubtless, many an orator will repeat in the future—

“As one that utters with a quiet mind  
Unchallenged truth;”

yet it would be more accurate by far to style the Church of England the recruiting-ground of Rome.



## TWO EVANGELICAL DEANS.

THERE are points of similarity between Dr. Close, the Dean of Carlisle, and Dr. McNeile, the Dean of Ripon, which justify us in classing them together. Both of them won their position by their popularity as Evangelical preachers, and it must in truth be said that both of them have shown some of the weaknesses supposed to be characteristic of their class, as well as much of the unquestionable power to which critics, who are ready to poke fun at the little egotism, which the flatterers of a fashionable congregation are apt to generate, do but scant justice. Both of them, too, received a promotion which must have been valued rather for the dignity and ease of the position it gave than for its congeniality with their own special tastes, and were relegated to the deaneries of northern dioceses; where, however, they are able, in conjunction with others, to keep up something of that Protestant spirit which still shows a vitality and strength in the Convocation of the province, which unhappily is lacking in that of the south. Both of them, too, are among the last survivors of that old race of Evangelicals which is almost extinct, and to which there seems little hope of any true succession. They were leaders at a time when there was a party to lead which knew its mind, and had sufficient power to assert it; when distinguished Evangelicals did not yet feel that their first and great duty was to keep on good terms with moderate High Churchmen, and in order to do it, to surrender points involving the very essence of the principles for which they had always contended; when the spirit of sacerdotalism had not become so rampant as to overbear all attempts at resistance, and by sheer audacity revolutionise the Establishment. Most of the great centres of popular influence were then held by Evangelical clergymen, and even where High Churchism lifted up its head it was mild and moderate compared with its present developments. The good men

who were then the Evangelical leaders, such as Stowell at Manchester, McNeile at Liverpool, and Close at Cheltenham, would have laughed at any prophet who should have given them a faithful representation of the times in which we live. They fancied that the days of Anglican moderatism (which is, perhaps, the best name to designate the old "High and Dry" system which dominated the Establishment during the last century) were past, and though they could hardly have expected that the "historic party," of which we hear so much, could become altogether extinct in a Church whose formularies were fashioned so largely according to its ideal, they may not unreasonably have hoped that the supremacy of an Evangelical Protestantism was assured. That the days would come, even within thirty years, when confessional boxes and high altars would be found in many an English church; when the battle which was waged about the use of the surplice in preaching would pass on to a far more advanced position; when Anglican clergymen would adopt the characteristic garb of Popish priests, and when the Mass celebrated at Anglican altars would not be distinguishable in spirit, and hardly in outward form, from that of the Church of Rome; and what is infinitely worse, when Evangelicals would find it necessary to bow before the storm so that an Evangelical dean might be driven to wear a cope,—would have appeared to them incredible. This does not set forth the full facts of the case, but even this is more than they would have accepted as within the bounds of possibility.

It is only in such contrasts as are suggested by looking at the state of things, when the two good and able men to whom this sketch is devoted were in the first flush of popularity, with that which is around us, that we become conscious of the wonderful decline of the Evangelical party. It is no business of ours here to inquire into all the causes by which it has been produced; but there is one which is so well illustrated by the case of these Deans, and others of their order, that we may glance at it in passing. The simple fact is, the Evangelicals have been the victims of a position whose difficulties they were not able to understand, much less to master. They were true Protestants, or at least supposed themselves so, but they were also desirous to be esteemed sound Churchmen, and did not perceive, what was patent to others whose views had not been unduly biassed by education and association, that the two characters were incompatible. Whether or not the Anglican can in any true sense be called a Protestant Church is a moot point; but it is certain that there is very much in the Book of Common Prayer which cannot, on any fair principles of interpretation, be reconciled with the Protestant doctrine as held by Evangelicals. But they, perhaps from a desire to disarm the suspicions which their opponents suggested concerning them, rather emphasised and exaggerated their Churchman-

ship, and their devotion to the Prayer-book in particular. We have no doubt they were perfectly sincere, but they were singularly illogical and unwise, as is shown by their position to-day. The Church sentiment, which both by words and example they did so much to foster, has proved too strong for them, and they are left almost without influence in controlling the ecclesiastical policy of the day. The men who are prominent, not only in clerical assemblies but in all gatherings of zealous Churchmen, are not of their school, and are for the most part of a school diametrically opposed to theirs. They have had great opportunities, and they have played them away, and if their failure is due partly to the intractable nature of the material with which they had to deal, it is due also to their determination not to recognise the difficulties which it presented. The Prayer-book was really the great hindrance to their success, but they chose to ignore the facts, and by a devotion to it which was so bigoted as to be almost servile, they unconsciously helped on the reaction from which they are at present suffering, and which, with a fatuity that is almost inconceivable, many of them try to arrest by partial submission. Their true allies were the Nonconformists, from whom they were separated only by the line of conformity which the State had drawn; but with the Evangelicals their relations to the Establishment were so paramount, that theological affinities were sacrificed for the sake of Church principles, and they stood aloof from those with whom they were agreed on more spiritual points, to cultivate the friendship of others, with whom their one bond of union was loyalty to the Establishment. We regretted the separation only because of the injury done to our common faith, but they have other reasons for mourning over this infatuated policy, for it has wrought out the ruin of their party. They have not repressed or weakened, have not even checked, the advance of that political Dissent which they so much dreaded; but in seeking to do it, they have built up a power within the Establishment which has not only been fatal to their own ascendancy, but which threatens now the very existence of Protestantism within the Anglican Establishment. With all the respect we cherish for Deans Close and McNeile, we cannot acquit them of having contributed largely to this result, the disastrous character of which is seen hardly less in the change which has passed over the spirit of the Evangelical party itself, than in the wonderful decline of its influence.

Many of our readers will remember the time when Mr. Close, of Cheltenham, was the very type of a popular Evangelical preacher. He had not won his position by any of those artifices which many fancy are necessary to this kind of success, for though his style was not such as would approve itself to captious critics, he had a simplicity, an earnestness, and a force which could not but tell on the great mass of hearers.

His following was large, his influence extensive, and his reputation deservedly high. It is said, and probably not without some truth, that his great popularity engendered a spirit of strong self-assertiveness, that showed itself in an imperious tone, which would only have been tolerable in one of the rulers of the Church. It is easy to understand how the flatteries of a number of obsequious admirers, not only among the laity but among the clergy, who look up to a great preacher, who unites with his oratorical gifts great force of character and strength of will, as their leader, tend to produce this temper. A man amid such influences comes insensibly to believe in his own infallibility, and, in truth, some faith of this kind is almost essential to the maintenance of his position. The masses of men are swayed only by those who speak as having authority, and that which intelligent men would resent as intolerant and intolerable dogmatism, is the secret of power over the majority of men. Especially is this true in relation to those who have been trained under the influence of the Established Church, who expect to be led, and who have little liking for the freer mode of handling religious questions which is approved by the more intelligent congregations of Dissenters. But, in fact, everywhere the preacher who is to have extensive popularity, must be one who speaks as though he enjoys an absolute assurance of the truth which he proclaims, and can hardly understand the existence of an intelligent and unconscientious unbelief in others. It may well be, therefore, that the highest style of ministry—that by which the mind is most fully instructed and the heart most deeply affected; that which presents the grandest conceptions of the Gospel, and educates men into the most perfect sympathy with it—may not be that which is most effective, judging of effect by immediate and apparent results, and especially by the power of attracting crowds. There is, however, place both in the world and the Church for all varieties of work, and one kind of service is not to be undervalued because it does not possess the qualities of another, and does not, therefore, secure the same kind of result. Each has its own reward; and certainly a popular preacher, such as Mr. Close was at Cheltenham, has a reward so rich and abundant even here, that he can easily afford to despise the petty cavillings to which he is exposed. Very probably he may, as was often alleged, have betrayed an undue consciousness of the immense influence which he had acquired. We are not at all prepared to deny that his theology was narrow, and his mode of setting it forth often provoking to those who were able to look at more than one side of a subject. But with less of the strength arising from a comparative narrowness of intellect, associated with singleness of purpose, unflinching courage, and great force of will, he would not have become the power he undoubtedly was in the fashionable town in which for years he wielded so potent an influence. It has been the mis-

fortune of Evangelicalism that its great men have been almost exclusively popular preachers, and that it has developed so few scholars able to exert a permanent influence on the thought of the nation, or statesmanlike leaders capable of devising and carrying out a comprehensive policy. It is true, ministers of the Gospel of Christ have other work to do than that which belongs, at all events, to the latter class ; but if men will take the sword, they ought certainly to take care that they are skilful in its use, or otherwise they invite certain defeat ; and if Christian ministers will plunge into all the entanglements of a politico-religious Establishment, they must have some political wisdom, or they are sure to be placed at a disadvantage. In all Churches there is need of qualities in which the Evangelicals have, for the most part, been sadly lacking—a true understanding of the signs of the times, a capacity for perceiving the good that is to be found in popular movements and seeking to utilise it, a power for taking in new ideas and profiting by them, and in general a wider and deeper sympathy with humanity. Evangelicals, unfortunately, have not thus been men for the times. They have been Conservative—rigidly, almost stupidly Conservative, everywhere, in their theology as well as in their politics, in their views of social life and its duties, and in the attitude which they have taken to learning and science of the day. They have been regarded as the true nineteenth century representatives of Puritanism ; but the suggestion is unjust to our Puritan ancestors, who were always men of progress, and were as much in advance of their generation as the Evangelicals have long been behind theirs.

Whether in Cheltenham or Carlisle, Dean Close has always been a characteristic man of the school. Some would say that he exaggerated its prejudices and weaknesses ; but whether this be so or not, it is impossible to deny to him the praise due to a frank, manly, and genial defence of his own principles. He has never been wanting either in courage or in energy ; but has boldly confronted popular opinions and prejudices in defence of what he esteemed right, and has not shrunk from identifying himself with movements which he must have known would expose him to obloquy and ridicule. Many are the shafts which have been levelled at him for his opposition to worldly amusements, his total abstinence, his hatred of tobacco ; but they have produced no impression upon him. In Cheltenham he set himself manfully against the levity and dissipation which were so prevalent, and which unquestionably were extensively associated with a vice not the less dangerous because its grossest features were for the most part skilfully concealed. It was no light thing for a clergyman to defy the old traditions and dominant influence of the place, at the risk of having to encounter not only aristocratic opposition, but the not less determined antagonism

of those who felt that their craft was in danger, and that by the things which he so eloquently denounced, their town, the resort of such numbers of pleasure-seekers, had its wealth and fame. But Mr. Close was equal to the demands, and did a difficult work boldly and well. If he shows a tinge of asceticism in some of his words and actions, it may well be excused when we remember his surroundings at Cheltenham, and the effect which the struggle he had to maintain was fitted to produce upon a spirit like his, trained in the views and under the influence of the school to which he belongs.

As Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Close has preserved his consistency, and is still the same ardent, uncompromising, and laborious Evangelical clergyman he was when at Cheltenham. His sphere is more limited, and we should have thought that the special duties attaching to his office were hardly in harmony with his tastes or feelings; but he certainly does not act upon any narrow interpretation of his work, and still less does he discharge it in a perfunctory manner. A Ritualist might suggest that it was a righteous Nemesis which had placed so many of the party who have done their best to lower the tone of ecclesiastical ceremony, and who at one time were very fond of attacking cathedrals, at the head of the very institutions they used to depreciate. Canterbury, Gloucester, Chester, Exeter, and Ripon, as well as Carlisle, have Evangelical Deans; and though in some of them the incongruity is not so great as in the last two, yet, in general, an Evangelical hardly seems to be in his proper place as the head of a Chapter or the manager of a Cathedral. It may be said, on the other hand, that his fervour and zeal are elements greatly needed, especially when disassociated from priestly pretensions. Dr. Close, therefore may be, and we believe is, exerting a good influence at Carlisle. It is something not to have a Dean who is so metamorphosing his Cathedral and its services as to be gradually, whether intentionally or not, preparing the minds of the people for Romish ideas and rites,—it is still more to have one who, in season and out of season, sets forth the great principles of the Gospel, and labours as a true minister of Christ, seeking to find in his elevated position, and consequent influence, only a new power for honouring and serving his Master. All this may be said with the most perfect truth of Dean Close, and we may, while regretting some of his proceedings, rejoice that Protestantism has so staunch a representative at a point where he is greatly needed. The Bishop is not a Ritualist, but his recent utterances in Convocation show that Ritualism has little to fear from him; and were we Churchmen, we should feel some satisfaction in the thought that by his side there is a Dean who will neither be carried away by the allurements of Sacramentarianism, nor betrayed into the criminal laxity of those who seem determined not to



see the real tendencies of the movement which they have trifled with until it has become too strong to be effectually resisted. It is for a time only, however, that a few such men as Dr. Close and Dr. McNeile are able to preserve these oases of Protestantism, which are year by year reduced in number and curtailed in extent by the rapid encroachments of Sacerdotalism.

Why Dr. McNeile is only a dean it is as hard to say as it would be to tell why his friend and *confrère* Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, was allowed to die as a simple rector, with no other distinction save that of an honorary canonry. We doubt whether it would be possible to find two clergymen who have rendered such important service to the Tory party as the two eminent men who obtained so strong a hold upon the two kindred towns, and from them exercised so powerful an influence upon Lancashire. We, of course, have no sympathy with their politics, and cannot condemn in terms too strong and emphatic the questionable proceedings into which a zeal, all too fervid, sometimes betrayed them; as for example, when Hugh Stowell was found uniting with those whom he had on all possible occasions denounced, for the support of two Unitarian Whigs against a man like John Bright, and professedly in the interests of religion. But that their power was immense, and that the Tory party is largely indebted to them for the position it holds in Lancashire, we cannot doubt. There have been other causes contributing to a state of things which is so discreditable to the intelligence of the county, that outsiders are simply puzzled and perplexed by it, and among them none more powerful than the material prosperity which has produced so large a crop of snobs, who worship fashion, and will attach themselves to any party, if by so doing their own respectability is guaranteed. But there is unquestionably an intense Church feeling, which consists in antagonism to Romanism and Nonconformity rather than in any true religious sentiment, but which is passionately Tory; and this the two divines in question did very much to create. Liverpool was always known for its Toryism. It was one of the seats of the great monopolies, and those who profited by them were the natural champions of class privileges, political inequalities, and abuses of all kinds. There is a story, which, we believe, is well authenticated, that at the commencement of the Anti-Slavery agitation a good Nonconformist minister who was visiting the town was so stirred in spirit by seeing a slaver, that in his prayer on the following Sunday morning he offered a petition for mercy on those who were holding their fellows in bondage and for liberty to the slaves, with the result of driving a considerable portion of his male hearers out of the chapel before the prayer closed. There may be some inaccuracy in the details as they have been given to us, but we have no doubt that the story is substantially true, and that it gives a true idea of the public

opinion of the town. Still, Bristol in those times was no better, and though some of the old leaven is at work there to this day, there is a strength of counteractive Liberal sentiment, which at present is dominant, that is not to be found in Liverpool. One cause of the difference unquestionably is the presence of a powerful Nonconformist element in the one place which is wanting in the other. In Liverpool the Establishment is supreme; and for that supremacy, and the advantage which it has given to the Tory party, Dr. McNeile is entitled to the credit. Yet the only reward he has got is a deanery, and that not one of the first rank. The great champion of Orange Protestantism, who so often breathed a new spirit into the host, was judged by a Tory Ministry worthy of this and nothing more. Evangelicals are very useful to Tory politicians, but they are not regarded with any special favour by those for whom they sacrifice so much. It is to their credit that the ingratitude with which they have been treated does not prevent them from serving a party to which, unfortunately for their own interests and for those of Protestantism, they are conscientiously attached, but it is passing strange that they can go on believing in men who lose no opportunity of showing how little real sympathy they have with them.

Dr. McNeile was one of the greatest popular orators of his generation. His reputation was made before he went to Liverpool, and traditions of his great power still linger at the little village of Albury, where he was rector, having been presented to the living by the late Henry Drummond, who had heard him at a London church and been greatly moved by his preaching. Albury is now noted as the seat of the great Irvingite cathedral—a remarkable monument of the eccentricity and extravagant liberality of its founder. Forty years ago it was known in all the surrounding region as the home of one of the most eloquent preachers of whom England could boast. For miles round the people used to flock to the little village, and stay there during the greater part of the Sunday for the purpose of hearing him. He would hold two “diets” of worship, as our Scotch kinsmen phrase it, giving his congregation more than an hour’s discourse on each occasion; and then, we were assured in the neighbourhood, he would sometimes, after delighting, and we hope edifying, others in this way, in the evening steal into a quiet Dissenting chapel in the neighbourhood and enjoy an hour there. He has hardly maintained such relations with Nonconformists since; but we must remember that the conflict has been hot, that party spirit has run high, and that from his peculiar position he was scarcely likely to comprehend us and our views. We are both alike Protestants, but he has never been able to understand how Protestant zeal can be compatible with a willingness to give political rights to Romanists, just as we are unable to see

how it is to be reconciled with devotion to an Establishment under whose shadow the fungous weeds of Ritualism spring up.

Times changed at Albury. Mr. Drummond became the chief patron of the Irvingite delusion, saw visions, and received revelations, and after a time was alienated from his old friend and pastor. His desire was that the Rector should throw himself into the movement; and, when with this view he told him that he had himself received a supernatural communication that it was the will of God that Mr. McNeile should become a preacher under the new dispensation, was greatly astonished that he was disobedient to the heavenly vision; and shortly afterwards Mr. Drummond announced that he had had another revelation to the effect that his friend was wilfully sinning against the Holy Ghost. How far this severance of a valued friendship led Mr. McNeile to leave the parish we cannot say, but it was certain that a man of his great endowments would not be left in a sphere so obscure.

Liverpool seemed to be the sphere for him, and he proved himself the man for Liverpool. He speedily acquired enormous influence there, and held it till the time of his promotion. He came to a town where a moderate High Churchmanship had hitherto been absolute, and was still absolute, at least in the parish churches. But though he was only the clergyman of a proprietary chapel, on whose views and proceedings it was well understood that his clerical superiors did not look with any special favour, he soon became the ecclesiastical leader of the place. We have a recollection of those days, the days of our own boyhood, when the new church of St. Jude's, built on the outskirts of the town, but now in the midst of a dense population, was crowded at every service, on Thursday evenings as well as Sundays, to hear the popular favourite. His simple, faithful, and impressive exposition of the Gospel was an attraction, as it proved a blessing, to numbers; but the charms of his remarkable oratory drew multitudes who had but little interest in the spiritual character of his teaching. He was one of the most dramatic preachers to whom we ever listened, and the effect of his speaking was all the greater as there was nothing to excite the suspicion that he was not natural. His commanding figure and his clear, powerful voice gave him immense advantages, and he knew how to improve them; but there was nothing of the formal and stilted manner, the studied and peculiar enunciation, the careful and artistic gesticulation which indicate a straining after effect, but often help to defeat their own purpose. He was forcible, at times too impassioned and vehement; but his oratory was always in keeping with his subject, and certainly seemed to be the natural outcome of the man himself. We remember once hearing him in his own church on a Thursday evening, his subject being the New Birth, on which he descanted in a

style that must have been extremely offensive to High Churchmen, and which, alas! we do not hear now even from Evangelical pulpits. One of his illustrations so impressed us by the dramatic power with which it was given, that it remains in our memory to this hour. Speaking of the strivings of the Spirit of God with the soul, he said with great force, and suiting the action to the word, "When the Spirit thus moves a human heart and is resisted, the impressions fly off like sparks from a blacksmith's apron." The homeliness of the illustration, the ringing accents of the preacher, the emphasis which he gave to some of his words, which was increased by his Irish accent, and the startling vehemence with which the whole was uttered, all served to produce an effect which is not very intelligible now when we read the words as they are before us on the printed page. But it was necessary to hear Dr. McNeile to understand the secret of his power, which certainly is not to be discovered from any reports of his discourses. He was peculiarly strong on the platform, and never more so than when assailing Romanism, of which he was the implacable and not always very wise enemy. Once on his favourite theme, he would declaim at a length, and with a passionate earnestness, which often transgressed the bounds of charity or justice, but which roused the Protestant feelings of his audience to a white heat. But while the oratorical triumph was complete, and the immediate object of the hour accomplished, it may be questioned whether the cause of Protestantism derived any permanent benefit from these remarkable displays.

It was a misfortune for Liverpool, and for Dr. McNeile himself, that he was so fierce a partisan. We do not impeach his conscientiousness, but we have very grave doubts as to his wisdom and as to the results of his influence. The political Protestantism which he fostered is one of the most dangerous elements with which we have to do. It is bigoted, unreasoning, reactionary, and is, in fact, consistent with an absence of all religious feeling, and a contempt for the essential principles of Protestantism. It is the facile instrument of despotism, instead of being what all true Protestantism is, the mightiest force which freedom can employ. Of course it stirs up opposition of a like spirit, and developing its evils in a still worse form, and the consequence is that religious names and truths are degraded by being converted into symbols of party strife, and thrown into the arena of political struggle. By his power as an evangelical teacher, Dr. McNeile did a work at Liverpool the fruits of which are enduring, and it is only to be regretted that in estimating the result of his ministry there should be so much which we are bound to put to the opposite side of the account, because of the fiery zeal with which he spoke and laboured in the cause of Orange Protes-

tantism. We should be among the last to complain of him for making his influence felt in favour of the political opinions which he held, but the heat of Dr. McNeile's advocacy often betrayed him into excesses which told against Protestantism. It was certainly not a fortunate thing that the sympathies of disinterested men who cared for neither system should be enlisted on behalf of Romanism, through the natural and noble instinct which made them lean to those who appeared to be unjustly assailed, as well as through the recoil from a fanaticism which abused the name of Protestantism.

Dr. McNeile, as Dean of Ripon, has not played the prominent part which might have been expected from him. Last year, indeed, the perversion of the Marquis of Ripon evoked something of the old spirit, and he did not hesitate to take down his armour and once more enter into the strife. But the burden of years is upon him, and, still worse, he has had the pressure of a heavy grief. Some of the critics in his own Church are fond even now of twitting him with some of the little weaknesses which cling to him, but which, after all, weigh but little against the true-hearted piety, the manly courage, and the lifelong devotion to Christian work of a faithful minister of Christ. We could wish that with the other high qualities there had been associated more comprehensiveness of view and more genuine liberality; but the defect is that of his school, and we will not allow it to prevent us from doing justice to his high excellence and real power. Especially now that he has reached the sunset of his days should we desire that one who has sought to serve his generation, and to fight a good fight, should see that among those who are able to forget old differences and to recognise his true work, are those Nonconformists whom, in earlier times, he failed to understand, and to whom he was often found in an antagonism, which was as unnatural as it was injurious to the interests of their common Protestantism.

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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke*, 2 vols. By F. GODET. Translated by E. W. SHALDERS, B.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. (Price, Ten shillings and sixpence to subscribers.)

AMONG modern exegetes it would be a hard task to find M. Godet's superior in freshness, vigour, and enthusiasm. With the "clean-cut" thought of the Frenchman he unites, in a most remarkable

degree, the laborious fulness of the German, and the common sense of the Englishman. His fame is perhaps most immediately associated with his "*Commentary on the Gospel of St. John*," a book which marked a fresh epoch in the interpretation and defence of that profound and much-assailed Gospel; but, the difference of the subject-matter being considered, we think that M. Godet's reputation will certainly be maintained, if

not enhanced, by his elucidation of the more strictly historical evangelist.

The introductions are exhaustive, the vindication of St. Luke's trustworthiness against the Tübingen School, and other assailants, leaves scarcely a point that is vulnerable; and the Excursuses on such subjects as the Incarnation, the Genealogy, the Baptism, and the Temptation, are most suggestive. Whether the author is uniformly correct in maintaining the historical superiority of St. Luke to the other Synoptists, is open to question; but if he is not invariably right, his reasons are invariably worthy of careful consideration. When we have recorded our belief that M. Godet is, at times, a little fanciful, we have only admitted that we are Englishmen, deficient perhaps in the imaginativeness which is his national characteristic; and after all we have only called attention to what is very rare.

In a word we may safely say,—and a year or two ago we had occasion to investigate the work with some care,—this Commentary on St. Luke leaves little if anything to be desired, and will be found an excellent prelude to the study of the synoptists generally.

The translation is singularly clear, accurate, and elegant. If Messrs. Clark were always able to secure the services of translators with a command of English like that which Mr. Shalders possesses, the value of their Foreign Theological Library would become even greater than it is already.

*Recent Publications of the Religious Tract Society.*

WE take up the recent publications of this great Society as they lie under our hand, without endeavouring to classify them. First of all, comes a book which will be a "treasure" to thousands of old ladies and gentlemen in every part of the country—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress* (Price, four shillings and sixpence)—in large print, large enough for patriarchs of seventy and seventy-five to read without spectacles, if their eyes are at all good. Then we have a charming little book for boys and girls—*The Young Botanist* (Price, four shillings)—describing the

root, the stem, the leaf, &c., of a plant: this book is very prettily illustrated. *A Hymn Book for Mission Services, Cottage Meetings, &c.* (Price, one shilling) contains 501 hymns, most of them well known and popular. Dr. Krummacher's *Elijah the Tishbite* (Price, three shillings), of which the Tract Society has published a new edition, revised by the Rev. R. F. Walker, made a great sensation when it was translated into English twenty or thirty years ago, and we suppose that the great German preacher's discourses on the most heroic and romantic of the ancient prophets are still as popular as they deserve to be. The Rev. J. A. R. Dickson's *Working for Jesus* (Price, eightpence) is a simple appeal to every Christian to do his part towards the salvation of the world. Dr. Macaulay's *Plea for Mercy to Animals* (Price, two shillings and sixpence) will be especially useful to teachers who wish to inculcate on the children the duty of kindness to animals—why should we not say, the duty of *justice* to animals? Dr. Macaulay invests his clients with dignity by illustrating the curious manifestations of the power of instinct, manifestations which sometimes approach very close to the reasoning activity of man. He also tells stories illustrating their moral qualities. The second chapter is on "various forms of needless suffering inflicted by man," and, while denouncing the cruel suffering inflicted on animals in transit both on land and sea, he does not forget to utter a few indignant words against pigeon shooting at Hurlingham. Then follows a chapter on "means of prevention," legal and educational, and he attaches great importance to the latter. The fourth chapter is on the vexed subject of vivisection. *Half-hour Readings for Sunday Afternoons* (Price, three shillings) is rather a dull book. What could induce a man to write a sentence like this—"Among animals, the wolf is eminently nocturnal?" Very much of the prose is in this style. The "poetry" is worse still. The teaching is sound enough, but unless these "Half-hour Readings for Sunday Afternoons" were meant to send the reader to sleep, which,

of course, may have been the kindly intention of the Society in publishing them, we find it hard to understand why the volume should have been published at all. The title of *The Silent Teacher, or Words for the Weary, the Lonely, and the Afflicted* (price 1s. 4d.) describes its contents. It is printed in large type, and is intended for sick and aged people, who need very simple teaching about the love and power of God.

*The Atonement: A Correspondence between "Forward" Magazine, Edinburgh; "J. W—n, Esq., Tunbridge Wells; "Mr. R. S—t," Dundee, and "T. R."* London: F. Pitman.

A VERY worthless book.

*The Life and Character of John Howe, with an Analysis of his Writings.* By HENRY ROGERS. London: Religious Tract Society. (Price 3s.)

THIS is one of Mr. Rogers' earliest publications. It was originally published in a twelve-shilling volume. More recently it was prefixed to the edition of Howe's Works, edited by Mr. Rogers for the Tract Society. It is now issued separately in a cheap form. To recommend it is superfluous. It has long been recognised as a biography of great value.

*Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D. and Memoir.* By his Sons, Rev. DAVID K. GUTHRIE and CHARLES J. GUTHRIE, M.A. In two Volumes. Vol. II. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. (Price 10s. 6d.)

WE noticed some months ago, at considerable length, the first volume of Dr. Guthrie's life, and it will not be necessary to do much more than announce the completion of it. In this volume, his sons have had to tell the story of their father's life themselves without the aid of his Autobiography. Of course, the volume which contained the autobiography had a charm of its own, but this volume is also worthy of its great subject. It gives an excellent and vivid impression of the vitality, force, manliness, and simplicity of the great Scotch preacher. The letters will be read with great interest. In one of them he passes judgment on the Eng-

lish Education Act of 1870, and says: "The great blunder of the Ministry was to allow twelve months, reduced afterwards to six months, for Episcopalians and Roman Catholics to build additional denominational schools: they should, on the contrary, have aimed at absorbing those already existing, and so in every way fostered the national system. This . . . has led to doubling the amount of money to such schools, and the handing over a vast amount of the education of England to Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, and has justly inflamed the wrath of the Nonconformists: . . . it threatens to break up the Liberal party, and unseat the Government."

*"Ten Days' Mission" (January, 1875). The Twenty Sermons preached in St. Margaret's Church, Brighton, &c.* By Rev. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A. London: Dickenson and Higham. (Price 5s.)

WE have never had the good fortune to hear Mr. Aitken preach, but we have heard him described by one whose judgment on such questions is authoritative, as an Evangelistic preacher of extraordinary power. This volume of sermons sustains the judgment of our friend. They are agonistic from end to end. There is an absolute disregard of everything except the supreme end of bringing men to God. The directness, the simplicity, the vigour are beyond all praise. To use a cant word, they are extremely "suggestive;" not that preachers with sluggish minds will find in them many seeds of thought which they can grow into sermons, but men who want to break down the habit of delivering mere lectures in the pulpit, and who are longing to *preach*, will learn very much from Mr. Aitken. We were very glad to notice, a few weeks ago, that he had resigned his parish in Liverpool that he might give himself altogether to "Union" work.

*Lewisiana, or Life in the Outer Hebrides.* By W. ANDERSON SMITH. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co. (Price 10s. 6d.) *The Princess of Thule* contains the most perfect and beautiful of all possible ac-



counts of life in the Hebrides; but Mr. Smith's volume is interesting, and his sketches have vigour and colour in them. He tells us about the food and the clothes of the people in these far-away islands, their weddings and their funerals. He tells us, too, about the birds and the fishes, as well as about the people. It is a pleasant book for an idle afternoon, and may lead some people to resolve that next summer they will take the Glasgow steamer to Stornoway.

*The Expositor.* Edited by SAMUEL COX. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton. (1s. Monthly.)

THE first volume of the *Expositor* makes a very handsome one. The editor thinks that he has not yet reached his ideal, but his readers will acknowledge that if this is the case his ideal must be very high. The value of the illustrations of Holy Scripture contained in this volume is very great; but the chief benefit which those who read it wisely will derive from it, will be the habit of looking at Scripture in a more intelligent manner than we fear is common, even among cultivated people. The *method* of the volume is even more valuable than its results.

*James Everett. A Biography.* By RICHD. CHEW. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 10s. 6d.)

A QUARTER of a century ago the name of James Everett was well known in every part of England. His work remains; but we suspect that except among his own people his name is rapidly being forgotten. And yet on very many accounts he deserves to be remembered. He was a man of vigorous intellect and resolute character, honest as the light, and absolutely fearless. He rendered the Wesleyan Methodist community, from which he was most unjustly expelled, great service, by the very acts which provoked his expulsion; and as one of the three leaders of the movement which created "the United Methodist Free Churches," he did permanent service to the religious life of England. No one, however, ought to form his estimate of Wesleyan Methodism from James Everett's history. The conflicts in which he was a prominent actor, brought out the worst aspects—we were

about to say of the system—we should rather say, of the good men by whom for the time the system was administered. The course adopted by Conference in relation to the "Wesleyan Takings" and the "Fly Sheets" is, we imagine, regarded now with strong disapprobation by the most loyal members of the Wesleyan Society. We feel sure that the same course can never be repeated. Mr. Chew has told the story of Mr. Everett's life very fully, availing himself largely of materials from Mr. Everett's own pen. The book is a useful contribution to the history of English Methodism during the last half-century.

*A Popular Commentary of the New Testament. Vols. II. and III., Luke—John, Acts—Romans.* By D. D. WHEDON, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 5s. each volume.)

IN our notice of the first volume of Dr. Whedon's work, we describe it as "the first instalment of what appears likely to be a useful, popular commentary." The second and third volumes are of the same character as the first. Here and there, indeed, we notice some curious things by which we are rather perplexed. What, for instance, can the Doctor mean by the following sentences: "From his own sensitive and elevated temperament, from the Grecian culture in the midst of which he wrote, and from the transcendent aspect of the Lord's nature, which it was his mission to present, John omits many of the simpler and more humiliating points of our Lord's earthly condition. He omits all detail of His birth and childhood . . . furnishes no human genealogy . . . gives not a single instance of the casting out of demons—a sort of miracle mostly confined, doubtless, both in fact and in notoriety, to the period and country of our Lord's birth and life." This strikes us as rather unsatisfactory. What, too, is meant by "that efficient act of faith, by which the man is born again?" (John iii. 18.) The argument for the Trinity derived from the "rhythm and parallelism" of St. Paul's style (Introduction to the Epistle to the Romans), is also very preposterous.

*D. L. Moody and his Work.* By the Rev. W. H. DANIELS, A.M. London: Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 6s.)

MR. DANIELS is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has a congregation in Chicago. The first half of his volume was written on the other side of the Atlantic, and the materials for it were obtained from the relatives and friends of Mr. Moody. It is one of the most striking and stimulating pieces of biography ever written; and gives an extraordinarily vivid impression of the work in America, by which Mr. Moody was trained for his work in this country. It illustrates very largely the sources of the great evangelist's power. There is much, indeed, to be added—much that cannot be published until the day, which we hope is still very remote, when Mr. Moody's work will be over. The story of the inner life of such a man is necessary for the completion of the history of his work; and we have good reason to believe that when some passages of this can be told, the mystery of his success will receive additional illustration. But this volume as it stands is invaluable. It is impossible to read it without catching some of Mr. Moody's fire; and no thoughtful Christian man can read it without learning very much about the methods in which effective Christian work may be done. The second half of the book appears to have been written chiefly in this country, and to have been written rather hastily. There is a great deal in it that is interesting; and the sketch of the growth of Mr. Moody's work on this side of the Atlantic—beginning with a meeting of eight persons in the city of York, and culminating in the vast congregations at the Agricultural Hall—is striking. But the first 250 pages are the most valuable and stimulating. We ought to add that at the close of the book there are two or three of Mr. Moody's most characteristic addresses, and a considerable number of his sharpest and keenest sayings.

*Christendom and the Drink Curse.* By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS, M.A. (Price 5s.)

EVERYONE who knows the name of Mr. Dawson Burns will know what to expect

in this volume. It is a perfect cyclopædia of arguments, specially addressed to the Christian Church, on behalf of total abstinence. Mr. Burns has a strong case, and the effect of it on his readers ought not to be weakened by his unsatisfactory discussion of the example of our Lord, the Miracle at Cana, and the wine of the Lord's Supper. A man's strong arguments are not less strong because of the weak ones with which they are associated.

*Treasured Thoughts of Great Minds.* London: James Blackwood & Co. (Price 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a collection of "good sayings" on Moral and Religious subjects, classified under such heads as Advice, Affliction, Avarice, Conscience, Death, Dishonesty, Faith, &c. The authors from whose works they are selected are very various. The first extract is from Coleridge, the last from Newton. Matthew Henry's epigrammatic power, the sagacity of Bacon, the shrewdness of Penn, the picturesqueness of Bishop Hall and of Jeremy Taylor, all contribute to the value of the volume.

*Ministers Workers together with God, and other Sermons.* By F. W. BOURNE. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A VOLUME of earnest, evangelical sermons; the doctrine is the doctrine of old-fashioned orthodoxy, the style is at times rather juvenile.

*Flashes of Thought: Being One Thousand Choice Extracts from the Works of C. H. SPURGEON.* London: Passmore and Alabaster. (Price 5s.)

THE only thing we do not like about this volume is the title. "Flashes" is hardly the right term to describe Mr. Spurgeon's good things. Dr. Talmage "flashes"—and we do not mean by saying this to depreciate his good things—but Mr. Spurgeon's power is of a different kind. The masculine common sense and the masculine English of the great preacher are admirably illustrated in this collection of extracts.

# *The Congregationalist.*

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OCTOBER, 1875.

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## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

XXII.—MOUNT HOR, KADESH-BARNEA, AND THE SOUTH COUNTRY.

SALEM was rather perplexed and anxious when we first told him that we wanted to ascend Mount Hor. The Tomb of Aaron is regarded with deep religious reverence by Mahomedans ; for " Christian dogs " to visit it, is a profanation of its sanctity. Salem himself did not share the scruples of his fellow-religionists ; but though we were making our way very pleasantly through all the difficulties of a visit to Petra, he would have been glad to be relieved from the possible troubles of this new adventure. However, his reputation as a dragoman was at stake, and he said that if we wanted to go up to Mount Hor, he would arrange for our ascent.

The direct route for Hebron lies over the shoulder of the mountain, and at one point is within 1,500 or 1,600 feet of the summit. Salem suggested that, in announcing our intentions to the Sheikhs on the night before leaving Petra, we should say nothing about visiting the Tomb of Aaron, but that when we reached the point on the route nearest to it, those of us who wanted to ascend should turn off, make our way to the summit, and rejoin the caravan at lunch. To carry out this scheme he proposed that we should say that we meant to leave Petra at seven or eight o'clock, but that we should arrange to move at five, so that we might have two or three hours' start of the people, who would be sure to come to bid us good-bye and to accompany us for some distance out of the city. We told him that we could not consent to this ; that we insisted on his dealing openly and honestly with the

Sheikhs, and that he must tell them that we intended to go up Mount Hor on our way to the Arabah. "Very well," he replied, "but that means money."

As the result of his conference with the Sheikhs, it was determined that we should leave Petra early on Thursday morning (April 3). We were called at half-past four, breakfasted at a quarter-past five, and at a quarter-past six we were off. I have a strong suspicion that there was a great deal of lying, after all. The Sheikhs, I believe, were anxious that their own people should not know of our intentions, and probably gave out that we were intending to start at eight o'clock, for when we started no one was about except the authorities and a few of their followers. Sheikh Nassar, Sheikh Reschid, the villain Ibrahim, and four or five meritorious friends of these worthies were in the secret, and they were at our camp by daylight.

The road by which we came out of Petra leaves the open plateau on its west side. According to our route, as I have marked it on the map, the road strikes, at first, a little south-west, then very much to the south, then turns sharply north-west, and passes over Nukb-er-Rub'y, and through Wady el Abyadd into the Arabah. Although far inferior in interest to the Sikh, it is a road unlike anything I ever saw before. The rock has been roughly levelled, and the colours which are worked with such a rich effect in the cliff temples and tombs were now under our feet. For miles we passed over ribbons of yellow and crimson, and purple and white. The Sheikhs came on their horses, and honoured us by requesting us to mount them. The horses were very "stocky," vigorous-looking animals, and seemed to walk quite at their ease over the most slippery blocks of stone.

At eight o'clock we reached the place from which we were to turn off to the top of Mount Hor. Up to this point everything had gone off admirably. It was a glorious morning, bright and cool; and as yet we saw no signs of trouble. Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and I, under the charge of Ibrahim and one of his confederates—each of the men with a long gun slung over his shoulder—struck up the side of the mountain. Salem was to follow us in a few minutes. The ascent was rather steep, but not at all difficult. There was no path, but the short herbage was pleasant to walk over. We went up rapidly, and were in capital spirits. Ten minutes after we had left the road, we saw three ruffianly-looking men with guns two or three hundred feet above us. My first impression was that they belonged to our escort, and that they had somehow got the start of us. Ibrahim, however, began to make the wildest demonstrations. He tried to make us understand that his gun was loaded, that he was ready to fight, and that he would rather enjoy it. He put the stock of his ancient weapon to his shoulder, aimed

at the men, grinned, and laughed, and danced, like a wild creature. But the strangers met us very peaceably, and seemed perfectly harmless. They bowed courteously, and then turned up the mountain with us.

We soon reached the great platform from which the dome-like summit rises. From the point at which we reached the platform, the side of the dome before us was perfectly magnificent. It looked like the east end of a stupendous cathedral, 400 feet from pavement to roof, supported with huge buttresses, and with the line of its wall broken by vast bays. How we were to ascend seemed doubtful. The ascent seemed rather less practicable than an ascent of the choir of Canterbury, *from the outside*. Ibrahim took us first to the base of the wall, and showed us a great pan. As he gave us all his information in Arabic, and none of us understood the language, we were not much the wiser for what he told us; but we thought we made out that the pan was used every year at a festival, when a lamb is killed in honour of Aaron. Just beyond the place where the pan is kept, we came upon a long reservoir of water, covered with stone arches. Now we learnt how we were to make our way to the top. From this point a staircase has been cut in the rock. The stairs are rough and steep, but were in better repair than those by which we ascended Jebel Mousa, and there were only one or two places at which even a nervous man could fancy that he might make a slip.

The view from the little platform at the top, on which the little white mosque stands which covers Aaron's sepulchre, is magnificent. Rugged walls of red cliffs, some of them singularly architectural in their structure, run in different directions below, and beyond them there is a perfect chaos of mountains. The haze hid from us the more distant view, but we had fortunately seen what it was from the Deir the day before.

And this was where Aaron was buried. He had a grander sepulchre than even the proudest of the Pharaohs had ever built. I wonder whether, when the old man came up here to die, the mist was hanging over the remoter prospect as it hung that morning. If it was, this would add solemnity and mystery to the scene. But I prefer to think of him ascending the mountain on a day like that which we had had for the Deir. If he went up on a day like that, I can understand why he should have died on Mount Hor. From the lofty platform on which we were standing, he looked westwards and southwards over a great part of the Desert in which the nation had been wandering since it left Egypt, and far away in the north he could see the southern hills of Judæa. The last sight of the world brought before him nearly all the wonderful years of his past life, with the sad remembrance of his weakness and his sin; and it also brought before him the fair hopes of that land of promise which he was not to enter, but which

was soon to be the inheritance of his people. If there was a haze when Aaron stood there, let us hope that it rested on the Desert rather than on the hills of the promised land. It was a solemn, awful, pathetic spot on which to die.

We remained on the summit for some time. While we were there Ibrahim got up a shooting match with the strangers. He selected a flat piece of stone, made a mark on it, and then challenged them to hit it. They failed, though the bullets went very near. His own delight when he struck it was almost insane. As a reward for the entertainment, all the men were very anxious for "backsheesh." One of them laid his hand on a light overcoat of mine, and made me understand that he thought it would become him, and that he would be grateful for it. Another wanted to appropriate the gay silk shawl which I wore over my head and shoulders, and which had excited Ibrahim's admiration and cupidity in Petra. Ibrahim himself still hankered after my revolver. When I said "Mafeesh," meaning that we had nothing to give them, and pointed them down to the foot of the mountain and said "Salem," they looked disgusted. While we were on Mount Hor, Ibrahim astonished me by developing an addition to his English vocabulary. Up to this time he had said nothing but "Good morning" and "Good evening," which seemed intended to express all possible kindly feelings, and which he had repeated incessantly; now he managed to say "something present!" And he repeated this phrase as frequently as he had repeated the others. I tried to teach him "I hope you're well;" but failed miserably. He always fell back on "something present," meaning, no doubt, that in the fervour of his affection for us he would like to have something to keep in remembrance of our visit.

We wondered how it was that Salem had not followed us, and we probably set it down to his laziness. He had no passion for ascending mountains. But as soon as we reached our people, who were waiting for us below, we found that there had been a considerable "row." Ten men belonging to a tribe claiming a share in the "backsheesh" we had paid for entering Petra, had come armed to press their claim. They had arrived a few moments after we had started, and the fellows we had met on the mountain belonged to their party. Their Sheikh had recently died, so that they had no one to press their rights with proper authority, and it was clear that the old wretch Nassar did not intend to let them have any of the money. They were very violent in their protests against this piece of iniquity, and the quarrel soon became furious. While they were denouncing Nassar, Salem, with his characteristic readiness, had succeeded in creating a temporary diversion by means of a poor lad, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, and half-idiotic,

who had somehow found his way to us that morning. The lad was as droll as a monkey, and as clumsy as a young bear, and when handled by a "master" who knew how to put him through his tricks, was very amusing to these wild people. But the calm did not last long. The strangers then began to quarrel with Salem. They were especially furious that we had been permitted to ascend Mount Hor.

"Why," they asked, "do you let these infidels go up to visit our prophet?"

"You are not educated," replied Salem, with all the pride of superior intelligence; "you have not been to Europe. If you had, you would have known that the infidels let us go into their most sacred churches, yes, even while they are at prayers. And what harm can they do? They are not the first Christians that have gone up the Mount of Aaron, and no evil has come of it. Are they the first that have visited our prophet?"

"No; but there is 'backsheesh' to be paid:" religious prejudice against the infidels was strong, but the prejudice in favour of the infidels' money seemed stronger.

"It is paid."

"Ah, then, it's all right; but we must have our share."

The noise and excitement were a little abating when we got down, and Salem told us to mount our camels and get on as fast as possible.

The Irish lady and gentleman who had joined us had started up the mountain a few minutes after us; but we had somehow missed them. As soon as they were down we made our farewells to Nassar, Ibrahim, and the rest of them, who were as courteous as princes, and then we went off together. The baggage was already a long way in front, and we left our own Sheikh, Hamadh, with a few of his people, and Salem, to part as peacefully as they could with the Petra Sheikhs and the strangers. We were about a mile away from them, when we heard great shouting and screaming. Then there was the report of two guns, and we could see the light flashing on a sword or two. The men who were leading our camels flung up the ropes into our hands and rushed back. We heard afterwards that as the strangers could not get their rights from Nassar, they laid hold of Hamadh, who was walking by his camel, and began to treat him rather roughly. The woman of our party was the first to spring at them, and she fought for her chief most gallantly. The struggle was soon over, and no one was much hurt. One of our men was scratched by a sword on his finger; and he had saved himself from a heavier wound by his gun, the stock of which was cut in two, and one of the other side had either a heavy blow from a stick, or a cut from a sword, on his back—I am not sure which, for the accounts of the



fight were rather confused ; but Salem said that in the course of four-and-twenty hours he would be none the worse for it.

We had pressed on, according to Salem's directions, as fast as we could. The road, however, was rough, and in parts the descent was rather steep. The camels, which we were now steering ourselves, often staggered, and, through some slip in his camel's furniture, Mr. Wallis suddenly came to the ground. He managed it beautifully. It was quite an acrobatic performance. He caught one of the ropes that hung about his beast, and, instead of breaking his arm or putting his shoulder out, dropped on to his feet. When Salem, and Hamadh, and the rest of them reached us, they were rather excited by their exploits, and our camel leaders were hot with the fierce wine of warlike fury.

In the course of an hour or two we were lunching quite peacefully ; and after passing for several miles among the most curious-looking hills of very soft white stone (in which the men looked for nitre), we struck the Wady Arabah at four o'clock, and there we encamped. The view of Mount Hor from the encampment was very grand.

A kind of *improvisatore* came to the camp this evening. When it grew dark he gave an entertainment in the luncheon tent, in which Sheikh Hamadh had seated himself, with a few of his friends. Fires were kindled outside, and the men sat down in the warmth of them, surrounding the open side of the tent. I sat among them, and listened to his song, which was sung to a very monotonous tune, and he accompanied himself on an instrument which could not even by courtesy be called musical. The Arabs seem pleased that the "infidel" should join them in their pleasures, unwilling as they are that we should "visit their prophet." Of course I could not make out what the songs meant, but I caught the name of Hamadh very frequently, and what followed it always drew applause, so I concluded that the singer was celebrating the virtues and achievements of the Sheikh. I found afterwards that I had guessed right.

Friday (April 4) we started at 6.10. I walked for an hour, and then was tired. The Arabah is dreadful to walk in. It is very much like walking over a road which is in the course of being made, and on which the "metal" for making it has been just shot down. If, further south, the valley is of the same character as it was where we struck it, I do not wonder that the Israelites were "discouraged because of the way." I rode till lunch, which was laid on the ground under the shadow of a few trees ; after lunch I rode again till 3.30. We encamped at Ain Weibeh, identified by Robinson and Porter with Kadesh-barnea, and although their identification has been contested, I think a good case is made out for it. At Ain Weibeh we found a few trees—a palm-tree among them—growing in a gravelly soil, and water near them.

The water near the track was very bad ; a little lower down it was much better.

During this day's journey we kept close together all the time. Even at lunch the baggage camels with their attendants stood near us till we had finished. We had two scouts sent on about a mile in front to give the alarm of any danger before us, and two others were a mile behind to give the alarm if there was any danger in the rear. These poor fellows must have had a bad time of it. It was tiring enough to walk over the stones in the bed of the Wady, but they had to pass from summit to summit of the low sand hills which run along its sides. The heat of the Arabah, during the greater part of the day, was much less than I had expected ; but it happened that we had a north wind. Between one and two o'clock, however, the wind was occasionally just like the rush of hot dry air from the mouth of an oven.

Saturday, April 5, we started at 5.50, and with a rest of an hour for lunch, we went on till 3.15. The route lay over a very rough, uneven country, covered with flint and broken stone. We came over a pass, which the camels found rather difficult ; the name of it I have not noted. We encamped at the foot of another pass—Sufah. This, according to Dr. Robinson's theory, is the Zephath of Judges i. 17.

Salem was anxious to make his way rapidly to Hebron, and to escape from all the chances of disturbance and trouble which were possible while we were in this part of the Desert, and therefore we made another journey on Sunday (April 6). We started at six o'clock. The pass, which was several hundred feet in height, was in parts very steep, and was very difficult for the camels. How the poor beasts kept their feet at all was a wonder ; they had to go over great blocks of limestone rock, slanting at a considerable angle, and sometimes quite smooth and even polished. The huge, heavy chest containing the breakfast and dinner service, the electro-plate, and other articles of the same kind, was too much for several of them. One after another broke down under its weight. We were three hours getting the baggage fairly over.

The hills surrounding the pass were covered with heaps of stone, and the ruins of forts. From a ruined fort at the summit, the view north and south was very fine. The colouring of the hills struck me : in parts they were of a dirty white, and in others, from the weathering of the rock, they were brownish, as if they had been burnt. The valley of the Arabah, which was far beneath us, looked reddish and very flat. When the Irish lady and gentleman, who were still with us, were a few hundred yards beyond the top of the pass, he was very nearly having a bad accident. The track lay along a ravine, which descended precipitously many hundred feet. There was very much more soil on the north side of the pass than on the south ; but the soil was loose, and often crumbled

away under the camel's feet. When our fellow-traveller was on the very edge of the ravine, some of the earth gave way, and his camel slipped. He was accustomed to follow the hounds in Ireland, and in a moment he threw himself out of the saddle on to the ground, and was safe. The camel, relieved of his weight, scrambled about and recovered himself. Mr. Wallis and I were on the fort, and happened to be looking at our friend at the moment of his peril. It was a clever, but very narrow escape.

We descended into an extensive plain, having, what seemed to our eyes, a great deal of vegetation—bushes and grass—and the ground in parts was brilliant with the yellow flowers. Then we went over a low and easy pass—Nukb-el-Mazakah—and descended into a second plain, on which we encamped, not far from Aroer, and within a short distance of Beersheba.

We were getting clear of the "waste howling wilderness." We were still in the Desert, but we were now in the "south country," where Isaac loved to feed his flocks. The vegetation had been gradually becoming more abundant from the time we crossed Sufah. The first great plain was covered—not very thickly—but still covered, with bushes, and had some grass. On the plain upon which we were now encamped there were fewer bushes, but the grass was abundant. We might have been in one of the less cultivated parts of England, near the coast, and the clouds were now very English: they were just the kind of clouds, I mean, that we might have in England on a fine day.

A quarter of an hour before encamping we passed over lines of masonry, which we did not stop to examine. In my notes I have queried whether these were the ruins of houses or of an aqueduct: it is clear that I was getting tired; the long walk over the two passes had, I suppose, taken the spirit of curiosity out of me.

We encamped on Sunday afternoon very near Ararah—the ancient Aroer, one of the cities to which David sent the spoils which he had taken from the Amalekites (1 Sam. xxx. 26-28). Next morning (April 7) we passed the site, which is ascertained by a few ruins.

An hour after we had started, Salem came to Mr. Lee, Mr. Wallis, and myself—we were walking a little in advance of our people—and said that he saw men moving rapidly across the country, and feared that we might have some trouble; he therefore wished us to mount our camels. A few minutes after we had mounted, eight men, carrying long guns, came up to us: one of them seized the rope of my camel, and another the rope of the Irish lady, who was riding next me; both of them clamoured for "backsheesh." We pointed them to Salem, who was a hundred yards behind us, and made them understand that they must go to him. They released our camels at once, and we went slowly on.

With Salem they had a long debate, the substance of which he told us afterwards. When they came up to him he was riding by the side of an old Sheikh, whom we had come across in the Arabah, and of whose intentions Salem had been rather suspicious. The old gentleman, however, had become very friendly. We had kept him with us for several days, and had "cosseted" him as much as we could—giving him good dinners and plenty of tobacco. When these eight fellows wanted to get "backsheesh," our guest was loyal to us in the best way he knew.

The men, as I have said, demanded "backsheesh." "How much do you want?" asked Salem. They told him how much they insisted on having—I think it was about 14s. a head; our servants—but not the Bedouin—were to be paid for as well as ourselves; and the whole sum amounted to £6 or £7, a very moderate demand.

"But why am I to pay you?" asked Salem.

"You are passing through my country," replied one of the men.

"Your country?"

"Yes."

"How much of it is your country?"

"As far as you can see."

"Humph! Well, I suppose I must pay you; but if I do, I will report you to the Governor, and have every inch of the land measured, and you shall pay land-tax on it all."

At this point the old Sheikh we had picked up in the Arabah struck in: "You don't know," said he, "what kind of people they are in this party; it will be much better for you not to touch them."

Whether Salem had been glorifying himself by expatiating to the old fellow on the dignity and importance of the Englishmen he had in charge, or whether the old man himself thought that he would repay our hospitality by lying for our advantage, I do not know. Salem at once took the cue, and tearing off the silk shawl over his head and displaying the red Turkish fez, the head-dress of the ruling race, he shouted—

"Do you know who are the people who wear *that*? If you had come and asked me civilly for 'backsheesh' I would have given it to you; but you came with force to stop my camels; by Allah, I will give you nothing, but I will take care that from this time you shall pay land-tax."

He stormed away at the men in this style for some time, recurring every minute or two to the tax-gatherer—a Turkish tax-gatherer!—who is as much feared and as much hated as ever the "publicans" were in the time of our Lord. At last they were fairly terrified; we saw them speaking to him with imploring looks and in most piteous tones. He assured them after a time that his wrath was pacified; they kissed the

hand of Salem Effendi, as they had learned to call him, and then he dismissed them.

A couple of hours later, two other men came up to us, one on horse-back and the other on foot, and, like the people from whom we had just parted, asked for "backsheesh." Their demand, however, was a very timid one. They would be satisfied with fourteen dollars. Salem tried the "tax-gatherer" again, and with equal success.

To-day we did not keep the direct route, and I was unable to make out on the map the way that Hamadh took us. There was a blood feud between his tribe and the tribe of a man who, as he had heard, was staying in the neighbourhood. The man usually lived at Cairo, but was somewhere near Aroer when we were there, and Hamadh thought that perhaps he had come to clear off the old account. It was clear to me that we were taking a circuitous route, and this was the explanation which Salem gave of it. The country we travelled over was pleasant, and parts of it were under cultivation. We passed over plains, with fields here and there of barley and bearded wheat; then up among soft rolling hills where the patches of wheat and barley were thicker. The hills had a tinge of green on them, which deepened in every hollow. All the morning we heard the singing of birds; in the Desert this is a sound which never breaks the silence, and in the more barren districts there is not even the hum of an insect in the air.

The mountains on the eastern side of the Dead Sea were now distinctly visible. We encamped at 3.30 up on the hills, at the foot of a pass, which I believe the Arabs called *Berris*, near a threshing-floor—very like, I suppose, the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. The next morning we were to be at Hebron.



## ON THE ART OF SELF-TORMENTING.

EVERYBODY knows what children do in their own special and particular gardens; how they prepare the ground with extreme diligence, breaking and almost pulverising the soil; how they overstock it with everything they can lay hands upon, not disdaining bits of broken glass and coloured pottery for the sake of ornament; how they rake it and hoe it; how they deluge it with water till it becomes a duck bath; and how, with misdirected zeal and restless energy, they take up the roots every now and then to see if they are growing. In their small lives this does not much matter; it is amusing to watch them, and to note their practical belief in a sort of fairyland where the conditions of ordinary life may be varied or turned upside down at pleasure, with a

settled belief that everything will come right in the end. One even likes to encourage and to help them in their eccentric methods ; there is something irresistibly attractive in the solemn vagaries they practise ; an overflowing, unconscious humour into which the gravest of us may fall, with a sense of enjoyment all the greater from the contrast thus presented to the realities of busy, responsible, working life. This tormenting of the children's gardens is but a picture in little of what goes on, upon a larger and more important scale, in the lives of a great many grown-up people. They have sense enough to know that the work of nature must proceed according to natural methods, and so they leave it alone to go on its own way ; but, remaining children in one respect to the end of their days, they pass from the tormenting of little patches of broken ground to the practice, often ludicrous, often dismal, of tormenting themselves.

This art of self-tormenting is common in both sexes, and in all ranks, ages, and conditions of life. It manifests itself in many various ways, and furnishes constant occupation to those who give themselves up to it. Some people, sensible and reasonable in other matters, torment themselves about their health. The examination and the care of it afford them incessant employment. They are, so to speak, continually taking themselves up by the roots to see how they are getting on. The least deviations from the ordinary course of things fill them with apprehension, and indicate the presence of serious dangers. A slight spasm is an alarming symptom. A headache sets them thinking of congestion of the brain ; a pain in the chest induces a belief that consumption is not far off ; a little dimness of vision threatens them with blindness ; a touch of giddiness brings vividly before them the terrors of apoplexy. Such people are great students of books on medical treatment, mostly of the familiar and less learned kind. "*Buchan's Domestic Medicine*" is their standard, and they read it as a sort of religious duty, and with a secret desire to practise all its prescriptions. Some of them—a curious case is present to the mind of the writer—manage to discover in themselves the seeds and symptoms of pretty nearly every disease recorded in the pages of their authority, and it is only when they come face to face with the manifestly impossible, that they have any suspicion of the faultiness of their method. One illustration may stand for the class. There was once known to the writer a man of high intelligence, well educated, and of vigorous understanding in most things, who was nevertheless given to the practice of self-tormenting in regard to the state of his health. He was fairly robust, ate and drank well, slept easily, walked with remarkable energy, was capable of severe and long-sustained mental labour, and of much physical exertion. Unluckily for himself he began to study domestic

medicine, and straightway a too active imagination led him to simulate in his own case the symptoms of almost every disease he happened to read of. He was apoplectic, paralytic, rheumatic; he had heart disease, his lungs were affected, the liver was congested; gout threatened him; his vision became enfeebled; obscure sensations alarmed him as to the state of his brain; fevers of one kind or another were perpetually hatching in his system. The man's life became a burden and a misery to him; he half-killed himself with terror, and nearly succeeded in getting poisoned by a succession of varied and opposing remedies. At last he was cured. Reading the symptoms of a condition from which it is physiologically impossible that men should suffer, he found to his horror that each particular symptom was distinctly marked in his own case. He went over the ground again and again; each renewed examination only served to bring out the symptoms with more alarming distinctness. Then the affair became too ludicrous; a hearty fit of laughter dissipated not only that particular ailment, but all the rest, and the sufferer was cured thenceforward, and to the end of his days.

This, however, is a favourable example. Most people who torment themselves about their health continue the miserable process throughout life. They are never easy; they live under a reign of perpetual terror; an east wind throws them into agonies, the first touch of frost fills them with aches and pains. Even in the balmiest summer weather, when the sky is blue, and the sun shines, and the soft wind brings out the scent of the wild flowers, and loads the air with perfume, they suffer still from depressing anxiety; from that disorder of "all overishness" which, though it has neither defined seat nor symptom, seems to them to be the origin and forerunner of all kinds of ailments. To such people as these life is really a burden. Their whole time is given to considerations of self-preservation. They find, by sad experience, that nothing is so hard as to ward off imaginary ills. A good, strong, downright attack of sickness would be a blessing to them; but in the vast number of cases they never get it, for they have in reality health enough and to spare: their plagues are in imagination; their debility is fancy; their fond remedies are mere superfluities of naughtiness. This kind of self-torment is often attended by another—the fear of sudden or early death. We have a proverb that "creaky doors hang long on their hinges;" but though self-tormentors are much attached to proverbial sayings—especially those which deal with omens—this particular one brings them no comfort. It may be true in the general, but it does not apply to their case. They are convinced that the seeds of premature dissolution are sown and are fast ripening in what they call their systems. They dwell, with mournful satisfaction, on the proofs of the theory. These strange in-



definable pains or qualms, referable to no obvious cause, what are they but indications of subtle and probably fatal diseases? This inability to cast off apprehension of serious results, what is it but a premonition of "something going to happen?" They recall, with a curious kind of triumph, instances of early death amongst their family connections. A grandfather, or an uncle, an aunt, or a brother or sister, died young; they are of the same temperament and habit of body, and must therefore naturally expect the same fate. The older they get the deeper the impression becomes. The writer remembers an old lady—she died at eighty-six—who had all her life kept her family in a state of misery (chequered, no doubt, sometimes by amusement) with this imaginary fear of premature decease. Even in her old age it was her favourite occupation to tell the third generation how she was always a poor, sickly, feeble creature, and that her mother never expected to rear her!

Another common form of self-torment is the fear of poverty. This is the peculiar method of rich people. The poor, who have but a single plank beneath them—and that, perhaps, worm-eaten—seldom feel this apprehension. Being used to have their heads under water, the danger of drowning seems at once less likely and less alarming. But a rich man, absorbed in the care of his wealth, often suffers from the fear of coming to poverty. A speculation goes wrong, and everything seems to be imperilled. A bank, in which he has no interest, breaks unexpectedly, and straightway all banks appear to him to be on the eve of ruin. Somebody cheats him in a payment, and he begins to fear that all his debtors contemplate bankruptcy. There is a little waste, or some unusual expenditure in his house, and he begins to practise economies which would be sordid even if he were actually living from hand to mouth. Sometimes this habit of mind passes into confirmed hypochondria. There is a case, well known to many persons, of one of the richest men in England—his fortune was counted by millions—who was so convinced that poverty was overtaking him, that for a long time he literally worked in his own gardens on labourer's wages, as the only means of keeping the wolf from the door; and out of the week's pay he saved something as a provision for his old age. This, of course, is an extreme case; but examples like in kind, though differing in degree, are by no means uncommon. Every now and then we read of men, with comfortable means and hoarded wealth, who are driven to suicide to escape the poverty which haunts their disordered imagination.

Take another class of examples. How many people there are who, in their business enterprises, see nothing but the difficulties and the possible losses. Their affairs are really in a favourable condition, their prospects are good, their expectations of gains reasonable, but they do

nothing but fear or tremble. Will this or that correspondent fulfil his obligations? Is So-and-So "sound?" Will such a market turn out to be over-stocked with goods; will there come a turn in trade when demand will fall short of supply? They have laid out much capital in plant and buildings; instantly they foresee a danger that the one may be emptied of busy workers, and that the other may stand idle and unproductive. A rival manufacturer or merchant starts up in the same business or contributes to the same market; they fancy at once that the new-comer will sap their ground or take away their customers. Their business engagements increase, each yielding profit, yet they speculate dismally on the possibility of being unable to find money to pay wages, or to meet "bills." There are plenty of people of this kind, and in most cases the habit of self-tormenting is so ingrained, that no amount or steadiness of success is able to dissipate it. "Every lane," they say, "has a turning;" "the pitcher that goes often to the well is broken at last;" they have been prosperous hitherto, but a reverse may come; and so they sit and ponder, and think, and gloom, and fall into a state of depression which makes prosperity valueless, and enfeebles body and mind alike.

The observance of omens is the great occupation of another class of self-tormentors. The most stupid and weakest of superstitions take hold of them and keep them in bondage. They sneeze three times, and timidly endeavour to avert bad consequences with a "God bless you." Two magpies cross their path in a morning: the day will be marked by some calamity. Somebody proposes to start on a journey on a Friday; they shrink with alarm from a beginning so inauspicious. The furniture cracks on a sultry night: it is a sure sign of impending sickness or death. Thirteen people sit down at table: one of them will die before the year is out. The upsetting of a spoonful of salt is a serious cause of disquiet to those who alarm themselves about omens—it signifies misfortune; and so does the helping of anybody to salt, instead of handing the salt-cellar. There are many other ways in which these people practise the art of self-torment. For instance, they stand in a draught and shiver: instantly they tell you that somebody is walking over the place where their grave will be. Such persons are slaves to superstitions. Like the old Greeks and Romans, all earth and air are full of signs and warnings which fill them with alarm. The flight of birds, the colours of a sunset, the crawling of a snail, the "ticking" of a death's-head moth behind the wainscot, send "light horrors" through their pulses. They do not believe in ghosts, perhaps, but, nevertheless, they fear them. Dreams are potent agencies in the lives of this class—a constant source of self-torment. They dream of rats—there are concealed enemies close at hand; they dream of a wedding—a death

is sure to happen soon. Physical causes afflict them with presages of ill. If a foot itches, a journey (probably unpleasant) is to be undertaken ; if an ear burns, somebody is speaking evil of them. So they run through the whole course of possible incidents and fancies—there is nothing in their experience that cannot be turned into a presage of coming tribulation.

Fidgetiness—everybody knows what is meant by this compendious word—expresses a common and most provoking form of the art of self-tormenting. Sometimes it is personal to the tormentors themselves ; at other times it is made the means of afflicting those about them. Fidgety people are especially irritating. They cannot sit still for a couple of minutes ; they must always be in motion, or indulging in uncouth gestures, or emitting strange noises, or disturbing articles of furniture. Something needs to be put straight, and they do it, noisily ; they slam doors instead of shutting them quietly ; they tap the floor with their feet ; they rustle newspapers while reading ; they start at the least noise, and complain peevishly ; they speak in a loud voice, when a lower key would serve just as well. Then, they are disagreeably fond of giving directions. A subtle conceit of their own superior wisdom or experience leads them to fancy that nothing can be done properly without their interposition in the way of advice. The weather is cloudy ; they insist upon innumerable precautions against rain. They walk in a busy street ; and each companion must submit, with patience, to their directions about crossings. A carriage appears in sight ; they stop, lest it might run over them ; every horse they see is certain to bolt suddenly ; a harmless, meditative cow is converted by their quick imagination into a savage bull ; stray dogs are manifestly hydrophobic ; the buzzing of a house fly suggests wasps. A railway journey is full of terrors to such people. They start an hour too soon, for fear of being late ; they worry the porters with inquiries about the right platform, and get on the wrong one, after all ; they mislay their tickets, and keep the guard waiting while hunting for them ; a sudden snort of the engine, the rattle of the carriage window, or the clank of a chain, inspires them with a certain conviction of approaching accident ; at every station their heads are out of the windows, and they make numberless inquiries, in the firm persuasion that their luggage has gone wrong ; or they try to get out short of their destination. They take fancies about their fellow-passengers : to be spoken to is a deadly insult ; to be left in silence is an offence indicating contempt. Draughts distress them—the windows must be closed ; stuffiness is hateful to them, they cannot breathe—the windows must be open. Then something is sure to go wrong at the end of the journey ; somebody who ought to be in waiting to receive them will be absent, or there will be a difficulty about getting carriages, or their welcome will

be ungracious, or they are certain to be unwell, and to lose the hoped-for enjoyment. Suppose the journey to be to the sea-side, a new crop of troubles springs up in prospect. Lodgings will be scarce, or dear, or uncomfortable; the landlady will cheat them, or neglect to render proper attention, the servants will be careless, they will be unable to regulate their diet properly, the noise of the waves will prevent them from sleeping; the crowd of the place will worry them; they will be sure to run against people whom they wish to avoid; it will be too cold to bathe, or too hot—it does not matter which—or the rain will hinder excursions, or prevent them from sitting out of doors to enjoy the sea-breeze. It will be pleasant to go out in a sailing boat? Certainly not; the boatmen are unskilful, the coast is dangerous, a puff of wind may upset the boat, and then where are they? A rowing boat, then? Nonsense, the movement is so slow as to be intolerable. Well, then, a trip on a steamer? It is madness to think of such a thing; these excursion vessels never keep time, and are always overcrowded, and then there is the hateful noise of an ill-trained band, and the smell of the steam, and the unpleasant throb of the engines, and a hundred other annoyances. The consideration of what may be happening at home in their absence is another fruitful source of trouble. If children are left behind, they are sure to be ill, or to get into mischief; if servants, they will fill the place with visitors, or go to bed with the doors unfastened or the windows open, or neglect to air the beds, or sit idling and let everything get into dirt or disorder. Or the house may take fire; or some precious object will be broken; or thieves may break in and strip the place; or a thousand things may happen, the contemplation of any one of which makes life a burden. Letters arrive, to say that nothing unpleasant has occurred—then it is a worry and a nuisance to be pestered with useless communications. If there are no letters, it is a proof that the moment one's back is turned nobody at home cares about anything.

So the catalogue of self-inflicted torments might be extended to an indefinite length, into the region of domestic difficulties—servants, children, clothing, amusements, entertainments, occupations of all kinds, personal relations—in one and all the self-tormentor finds abundant employment, and exercises inconceivable ingenuity in forecasting miseries, or in converting the daily incidents of life into almost unendurable troubles. We reach another phase, and the same process goes on. Friends and acquaintances, for example, are endless causes of self-torment. A little less than the usual warmth of feeling suggests alienation of regard; a quick nod indicates a disposition to drop an acquaintance; conversation is directed to a particular person—the self-tormentor jumps to the conclusion that the other guests are held in light

estimation, or are positively unwelcome. Such fancies, encouraged by disposition and fostered by habit, lead to graver consequences. Jealousies and suspicions arise, misrepresentations and misconstructions, lifelong friendships are endangered or broken up, family dissensions occur, and the victim finally becomes distrustful, irritable, suspicious, and permanently soured and wretched. In such a condition the most trifling incident seems to afford proof of malignant hatred, or of a design to do injury, or to give mortal offence; endeavours at explanation are but insulting hypocrisies; an attempted reconciliation is held to cover some still deeper scheme of iniquity. There is one more form of self-torment, graver and more hurtful than any, but unhappily by no means unfrequent—religious despondency. There are people who suffer themselves to fall into indescribable gloom by dwelling unduly upon doubts or fears on religious topics, or by apprehension of their own fate. It is a topic too serious to be treated of incidentally; and, indeed, the cases vary so much with circumstances and temperament as to require separate treatment, based upon individual study. It is enough to note the general fact; those who have experience in spiritual things can supply for themselves many and painful illustrations.

This habit of self-torment is easily formed, and it grows wonderfully if it is not checked at the beginning. All of us—even the clearest-headed and stoutest-hearted—suffer from it a little. We are prone to worry ourselves and others about matters which, if left alone, would come right of themselves, or which would do no great harm if they went a little wrong. But the habit is most cherished by those who in mind are timid, nervous, and anxious; or who in body are constitutionally weak. It afflicts men just as much as women; even children, unhealthily brought up, soon catch the infection, and invent a whole network of worries peculiar to themselves. The great root of the habit, however, is conceit. The self-tormenting people—the real masters of the art—begin and end in self. Their own feelings, interests, relations, actions, and prospects occupy them solely. Whatever they see is looked at from this plane; whatever they say or do is prompted by motives which, however disguised, whether admitted or unconscious, are essentially selfish. Even their incessant care for others is but a subtle indication of conceit. They take special trouble because nobody else seems to appreciate incidents, or to forecast consequences, so clearly as they do. They give advice on all occasions because their own experience seems to be so much superior to that of others; or, if experience is wanting, they flatter themselves that a quicker intuition supplies the place of it. The recognition of this conceit on the part of its victims renders these self-tormenting people peculiarly exasperating to those upon whom their attentions are bestowed, or who are necessarily brought

into daily relations with them. Once in a way their displays might be tolerable, and in their lighter forms even amusing; but the habit grows into a burden of intolerable, inexpressible weariness. The only alleviation is that in this matter, as in others, familiarity breeds contempt. We sympathise, then endure, then resent, and finally subside into indifference. A shrug of the shoulders, a deprecating gesture, expresses at once our submission and the measure of our disregard. "It is only So-and-So; it is his way!"—the phrase speaks a volume of meaning; we yield, as to some infliction of nature, which cannot be affected by resentment, removed by argument, or averted by entreaty. Yet, if those who practise the art of self-tormenting would but take thought, and have compassion both on themselves and on the rest of us, they might reform a real grievance, and live healthier and happier lives. A little resolution at the beginning would do wonders in stopping querulous displays, and restraining the disposition to fret and to worry. It is a great temptation, no doubt, to fancy ourselves wiser than the rest of the world, and to volunteer direction and advice; but if we resist temptation the conquest is as easy as yielding to it. There is a natural disposition to dwell upon incidents which affect us personally, and to make mountains out of molehills; but if we only measure our own worries by the estimation of other people, we shall cease to brood over them, and then they will shrink to their true dimensions, and trouble us no longer. These, then, are the correctives of a tendency to practise the art of self-tormenting; self-restraint, humility as to ourselves, consideration for others, resolute avoidance of brooding over trifles, abundant occupation for mind and body, plenty of exercise and fresh air—the best of all restoratives, these—less conceit of our own supreme wisdom, and a little more faith: less even than a grain of mustard-seed will do.

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### BRIDGET BENDISH.

THERE have been women interesting and memorable, not by reason of the great things which they themselves have accomplished or of the grievous things which they themselves have endured, but by reason of their connection with great men, as the inspirers, the instructors, the helpers, the tender and devout admirers of master-minds and heroic souls. For the most part, this connection has been at once one of blood and one of sympathy. These women have been generally the wives, the mothers, or the descendants of the men to whom they were devoted. They have contributed to form their character, or to shape their career: they have

inspired or consoled them in life ; have shared their aspirations, and encouraged their endeavours ; have been faithful to their memory and jealous for their fame.

Such a woman was Agiatis, wife in succession of the two royal reformers of Sparta, Agis and Cleomenes, whose lives have been so sympathetically rehearsed by Plutarch, and whom he has so happily compared with the Gracchi. Constrained after the murder of Agis by the Spartan oligarchs to marry Cleomenes, son of Leonidas, the fellow-king and foremost foe of her first husband, she ever kept in tender remembrance that martyr of the people, spoke of him often to Cleomenes, imparted to the latter the patriotic aspirations and projects of Agis, and inspired him with zeal and energy to bring them to pass. But of wider fame than the consort of the two Spartan kings is the mother of the two Roman tribunes, so like to them in life and death. No sympathising kinswoman of great men, no female trainer and inspirer of heroic souls, holds so high a rank and has so great a renown as Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus and mother of the Gracchi,—those two champions and martyrs of the Roman people, whose genius and virtue, so largely derived from her, so richly repaid her assiduous cultivation ; whose lofty career she contemplated with such noble and tender pride, and whose hapless doom she endured with such magnanimous constancy. Heloisa, if not exactly the inspirer or the consoler of Abelard, yet loved him with so intense a love, lived so wholly in his life, and felt so sublimely jealous for his glory, as to stand beside the great logician and theologian throughout the ages. Madame Roland is illustrious because of her sympathetic connection, not with one great man, but with a great party, with a band of distinguished men—those gifted and hapless aspirants of the French Revolution, the Girondins, whose genius she inspired, whose principles and whose fate she shared.

Perhaps the most grandly-related woman of whom history tells is Louisa Henrietta of Orange, Electress of Brandenburg, great grand-daughter of Admiral Coligny, granddaughter of William the Silent, niece of Prince Maurice, daughter of Frederick Henry Prince of Orange, aunt of our William III., wife of Frederick William the great Elector, mother of Frederick I. the first King of Prussia, great-grandmother of Frederick the Great, and ancestress of William Emperor of Germany. Nor was she unworthy of this glorious kindred. A noble and godly woman, she lived a Christian life, and uttered the height of Christian hope in that tender and lofty hymn—

“ Jesus, meine Zuversicht  
Und mein Heiland, ist im leben,”

a hymn well known throughout Germany, and so appropriately sung



when the soldiers of her descendant, after the surrender of Strasburg, went to worship in the Protestant church.

The almost unknown woman whose name heads this paper, Bridget Bendish, deserves our better knowledge through her nearness in blood and in spirit to the greatest of all Englishmen. The granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, the daughter of Bridget Cromwell and Henry Ireton, and about nine years old when her grandfather died, she was too young to have been his inspirer or helper; but of all his race she was the most Oliverian. She so largely partook of his spirit, so intensely glowed with his ardent faith, so signally exhibited throughout a narrow and a somewhat sad life his power and energy, so devoutly revered and tenderly cherished his memory, as to hold no mean rank among the women of whom I have been speaking—the carnal and spiritual kinswomen of great men. Bridget Cromwell and Henry Ireton were married June 15, 1646, near Oxford, just before the surrender of that city to the Parliament and the close of the first civil war. Ireton died in November, 1651, in Ireland, while victoriously pursuing the work of subjugation begun by his father-in-law. Their daughter Bridget was born about 1650. Not long after the death of Ireton, his widow was united to Charles Fleetwood, another officer in the godly army. Of all Oliver's children she seems to have been the most after her father's heart. Some of his most interesting letters are written either to her or about her. Soon after her marriage with Ireton, he thus addresses her:—

"Your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing it; she seeks after, as I hope also, what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful, humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker! happy finder! Whoever tasted that the Lord is gracious without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Whoever tasted that graciousness of God, and could go less in desire—less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart, press on! Let not husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ."\*

In a letter written some years after to Fleetwood, he takes occasion, from some spiritual perplexities of hers, to set forth the ground of his own spiritual rest and strength—a very remarkable religious utterance:—

"Salute your dear wife from me. Bid her beware of a bondage-spirit, Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit; the antidote is Love. The voice of Fear is: If I had done this, if I had avoided that, how well would it have been with me.' I know this hath been her vain reasoning.

"Love argueth in this wise: What a Christ have I! what a Father in and through Him! What a name hath my Father, 'Merciful, gracious,

\* Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, Letter 41, vol. i. p. 212, ed. 1857.

longsuffering, abundant in goodness and truth : forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.' What a nature hath my Father : He is Love—free in it, unchangeable, infinite ! What a covenant between Him and Christ—for all the seed, for everyone, wherein He undertakes all, and the poor soul nothing ! The new covenant is grace to or upon the soul, to which it (the soul) is passive and receptive. 'I'll do away their sins ; I'll write My law, &c. ; I'll put it in their hearts ; they shall never depart from Me.'

"This commends the love of God : it's Christ dying for men without strength, whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us ? What God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort : in this is stability, in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect grace. Faith as an act yields it not, but as it carries us into Him who is our perfect rest and peace, in whom we are accounted of and received by the Father, even as Christ Himself. This is our high calling : rest we here, and here only."\*

From another letter to Fleetwood, it seems that his Bridget had risen above the bondage-spirit :—

"DEAR CHARLES,—My dear love to thee and to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to my heart for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again. If she knows the covenant, she cannot but do so : for that transaction is without her, sure and steadfast between the Father and the Mediator in His blood. Therefore leaning upon the Son or looking to Him, thirsting after Him and embracing Him, we are His seed, and the covenant is sure to all the seed. The compact is for the seed. God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in Him to us. The covenant is without us—a transaction between God and Christ. Look up to it. God engageth in it to pardon us, to write His law on our hearts, to plant His fear in us, so that we shall never depart from Him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ ; and thus we have peace and safety and apprehensions of love from a Father in covenant, who cannot deny Himself. And truly in this is all my salvation, and this helps me to bear my great burden."†

These last two letters, drawn forth by his interest in the religious perplexities, conflicts, and victories of his "dear Biddy," are the most striking spiritual utterances that remain to us of Cromwell, reveal most clearly, intensely, and impressively the central convictions of his faith. Their theology is not very prevalent just now. This is not all *our* salvation. Yet these letters yield a very lofty aspect of Christianity. They give expression to the most glorious and divine side of the Christian life—the rest and triumph of the soul in the unchangeable love of God—a side too little regarded in these very Humanitarian days of ours. Cromwell says nothing about the co-operation of the soul with God ; while we talk a great deal about it. But are we of a truth more strenuous fellow-workers with God than the Puritans of the seven-

\* Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, Letter 187, vol. ii. p. 325.

† *Ibid.*, Letter 199, vol. iii. p. 110.

teenth century? Does the sense of our power to co-operate with the Almighty yield an inspiration deep, strong, and steadfast as that imparted by the feeling of the fulness of God's work in us which helped the Lord Protector to bear his great burden?

But the contemplation of the great soul of Oliver must not make me forgetful of the lady to whose service this paper is devoted, the daughter of the "dear Biddy" who drew forth these letters—another Biddy, in whom he would have rejoiced even more than he did in her mother. Few larger, intenser, more fervent, valiant, and heroical souls ever suffered, struggled, and aspired here than the soul that dwelt in this daughter of Ireton and granddaughter of Cromwell. The spirit of her steadfast, resolute father, the spirit of her mighty, magnanimous grandfather, seemed to have passed into their descendant. She rejoiced in the covenant with an exceeding joy—a joy like unto that of Oliver. It upheld her under every affliction and adversity; and manifold were her afflictions and adversities. Her faith and joy were not the habits of a devotee, the ornaments of a merely contemplative life: they were the graces of a most strenuous and potent soul; they inspired and nourished a restless energy. No one ever prayed more vehemently or worked more vigorously. In every perplexity and difficulty she sought counsel and protection of Heaven. She never made up her mind to any course of action without long and earnest communion with God. She then flung herself into work with a directness and vehemence which bore down opposition, and with a steadfastness which nothing could shake. She brought to the petty concerns of an obscure life courage and conduct, power and energy, hardly inferior to those qualities as manifested by Oliver in the command of the warrior-saints, and the government of the English Commonwealth. Concerned in some salt-works near Yarmouth, she mingled and wrought with her workmen, shrank from no drudgery, and would labour on from early morning to the decline of day. Engaged also in the business of a grazier, she drove herself in a one-horse chaise to fairs and markets to buy cattle, travelling indifferently by day and by night, and making light of the darkest nights and the roughest roads. To her fear was a stranger and danger a delight.

Strongly resembling the Protector in person and endowed with a noble presence, she preserved on all occasions and amidst the rudest labours, a native dignity of deportment. One who knew her writes:—

"I have very often seen her in the morning, stumping about with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and when it was cold an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand; in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in Macbeth; yet, if at such a time she was accosted by any person of rank or breeding, that dignity of manner and politeness of style, which nothing could efface, would

instantly break through the veil of debasement which concealed her native grandeur ; and a stranger to her customs might become astonished to find himself addressed by a princess, while he was looking at a mumper.\*

The same force, vehemence, and energy with which she handled her worldly concerns broke forth in all her doings : in her charity and beneficence, in the bountifulness with which she relieved the distresses of the poor, in the heartiness with which she undertook the cause of the helpless and oppressed. Though far from rich, she gave with profusion ; she invoked the gifts of others with ardour and importunity ; she waited on the sick with tenderness and devotion. She cleaved to "the good old cause" in the worst of times, and wrought for it, as far as she could, with all her might and main. Most of the members of the Cromwell family kept true to their political and ecclesiastical traditions. The great reverse of the Restoration, which laid low their worldly greatness, did not shake their principles. Bridget Ireton's step-father, General Fleetwood, sank from a pillar of the State into the prop of a meeting-house. Bridget herself was more than faithful. During the persecution under Charles II. and James II., she set herself to baffle the spies and informers who denounced Nonconformist meetings and brought fine and imprisonment upon Nonconformist ministers. She keenly enjoyed the warfare with these rascals, and sometimes balked their schemes and rescued their victims. At no small risk to herself, by a well-concerted stratagem, she delivered from imprisonment a kinsman concerned in the Rye House Plot—a plot to which she was suspected of being privy. She did her best to bring on the Revolution of 1688 by dispersing dissuasives against Popery and arbitrary power.† Fitted by devotion, energy, and steadfastness to have outdone and outshone the most famous heroines of history, to have shared the campaigns and counsels of her grandfather, to have upheld a great cause against a world in arms, to have died in its defence, or to have led it on to victory, but doomed by lack of opportunity to an obscure and narrow life, Bridget Bendish did what she could. One of her acquaintances writes thus :—

"Had she been in the situation of Zenobia, she would have supported her empire and defended her capital with equal skill and resolution ; but she would never have lived to decorate the triumph of Aurelian, or have given up a secretary of the fidelity and abilities of Longinus to save herself. If she had been in the situation of Elizabeth, she would, without scruple, have cut off the heads of twenty Marys, who by surviving her might have over-

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\* Hewling Luson, in *Noble's Memoirs of the House of Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 342, ed. 1797.

† Brooks, in *Noble*, vol. ii. p. 334.

turned the happy establishment she had formed; and would have as gloriously defended her kingdom against a Spanish Armada, or any hostile force whatever; and have rather inwardly triumphed than been intimidated at the most formidable preparations against her." \*

The conflict of great souls with petty circumstances inevitably leads to those eccentricities with which conventionalism is so wroth, which mediocrity is so fond of magnifying into gross sins. The life, the power, the energy meant for large affairs and mighty emergencies, but denied their proper outlet and exercise, break forth in departures from custom and transgressions of conventionalisms. Mrs. Bendish was full of these eccentricities. The largeness and vigour of her nature showed themselves in her very recreations. After a long and toilsome day, she would doff her mean attire for rich apparel, and seek the society of her friends. She talked as vigorously as she wrought; her commanding presence, strong intellect, ready utterance, and lively yet dignified manner, gave her a great ascendancy in conversation. The time at which, in the latter part of her life, her visits were generally paid, was not the most convenient. She came upon her friends about ten at night; and after two or three hours of lively and vigorous colloquy, she would at twelve or one mount the grey mare which had borne her thither; and as soon as the mare began to move she would break forth into a psalm or hymn of Watts, disdainful of an attendant and rejoicing in the Lord. She never felt more happy than when riding alone at midnight over a wild heath, amidst a fierce thunderstorm.† When outward things were most against her, she felt most strongly assured that God was with her and for her. Amidst danger and darkness He spoke most clearly to her spirit, and her spirit most cheerfully answered Him. Then her gladsome voice would ring forth some potent strain of Watts:—

"Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear."

"Then should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of Nature break,  
Our steady souls shall fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar."

But this strong soul was not hard. In Bridget Bendish, as in all heroic natures, tenderness was blent with strength. She was a woman of many sorrows and of many tears. The complexion of her domestic life is not known. She outlived her husband, Thomas Bendish, twenty years (1707—1727) and left three children. Her afflictions were many

\* Brooks, in Noble, vol. ii. p. 338.

† Ibid., pp. 335, 346.

and heavy, keenly felt though bravely borne, and often drowned her eyes, though they could not shake her faith or break her spirit. Watts, who knew her, and whose "*Horæ Lyricæ*" derive much of their interest from their reference to so many of the Cromwellian kindred, addressed to her a "*Dissuasive against Tears*" of no poetical merit:—

"Madam, persuade me tears are good  
To wash our mortal cares away,  
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,  
And stream into a briny sea.

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Then let these useless streams be stayed;  
Wear native courage on your face;  
These vulgar things were never made  
For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,  
And thousand foes your steps surround,  
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe!  
The hardest fight is highest crowned."

These tears bespoke no faint and feeble spirit. They flowed from a strong, stricken soul. The native courage which Watts bade his friend wear on her face, Bridget Bendish wore in her heart of hearts. Her valiant soul emerged from these dark depths and again ascended the divine heights. As she advanced in years her spiritual joy waxed stronger. Her theology was the theology of her grandfather. His most famous chaplain was her favourite divine. The speculations of Owen nourished her faith; the songs of Watts enlivened her heart. She rejoiced in the consciousness of her own election, but was not the less diligent for that joyful consciousness. It gladdened and glorified her sad and obscure lot; it lifted her high above her many sorrows. Without doubt that grand hymn of Watts was no stranger to her lips:—

"Why should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter! descend, and bring  
Some token of Thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of Heaven?  
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear Thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of His love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home."

In her, spiritual joy not only got the better of sorrow, but was even born of sorrow. In the misrepresenting words of one of her dull memorialists, Mrs. Bendish "had one constant, never-failing resource against the vexation of disappointments; for as she determined at all events 'to serve the Lord with gladness,' her way was to rejoice at everything as it arrived: if she succeeded, she was thankful for that; and if she suffered adversity, which was generally her lot, she was vastly more thankful for that; and she so managed that her spiritual joy always increased with her outward sufferings. Happy delirium of pious enthusiasm!"\* Miserable misrepresentation of stupid conventionalism which treats the outflowing of an inspired soul as "management," and looks upon the fulfilment of Paul's behest, "rejoice evermore," as delirium! Mrs. Bendish has not been very happy in any of her three memorialists, Rev. Samuel Say, Dr. Brooks, or Mr. Hewling Luson,—formal Dissenting ministers and painfully respectable people of the last century—very decent representatives of the Georgian era, from whom the glory of the Cromwellian age was hidden, and who were more struck by the eccentricities and irregularities of a great soul than by its greatness.

Bridget Bendish fell far short of perfection. She had her full share of the faults incident to ardent, intense, and powerful natures. When after much prayer she had thrown herself into a course of action, no consideration of reason, right, or expediency could stop her. Her impressions of persons and things were so lively, that when once uttered by her in conversation, they got inextricably connected in her mind with those persons and things, and so coloured her report thereof as to render it often untrustworthy. She sometimes delayed the discharge of a debt in order to do a deed of charity, though she did not die in debt to anyone. She died in 1727 or 1728, about the age of 78, at Southtown, near Yarmouth, where she had long lived.

Among her eccentricities, almost among her faults, the memorialists of Bridget Bendish give great prominence to her intense veneration for her grandfather, which so strongly commends her to us who belong to a more widely and deeply discerning age. Amidst an unbelieving and blaspheming time, when not only Tories and Anglicans reviled the regicide and the sectary, but when Whigs and Nonconformists branded the hypocrite and the usurper, when Independent ministers were wholly blind to the glory of that great Independent whose life was nourished by faith and prayer, and who so well and worthily wielded the might and majesty of England,—when his other descendants lost faith in him or held their peace about him, Bridget Bendish cherished his memory with exceeding love and reverence, delighted in him with full and outspoken delight,

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\* Luson, in *Noble*, vol. ii. p. 343.



gloried in him as in the best and greatest of men. Her feeling for Oliver was something more than gratitude towards a gracious grandfather, or not ignoble pride in an illustrious ancestor; it was sympathy with a kindred spirit. The intense believer was revealed to the intense believer; the heroic heart was discerned by the heroic heart; the large, glowing, inspired soul won instant and rapturous recognition from the congenial soul of his descendant. She saw where his true greatness lay, in the largeness of his spirit, the energy of his faith, the intensity of his prayer, the power and fulness of his spiritual life. Heedless of his fame as a warrior and statesman, which the mocking and malignant world could not gainsay, she maintained his spiritual greatness, she magnified him as the greatest and best of men, she rejoiced in him as a soul in covenant and communion with the living God, she defended his memory against all impugnors, she glorified his name in all companies and on all occasions; she sought to convince incredulous disparagers, she hurled defiance at calumnious assailants. After a vehement discussion with a fellow-traveller in a stage-coach, who had fallen foul on the memory of the Protector, on descending for refreshment Mrs. Bendish took the gentleman aside, proclaimed her relationship to Cromwell, disclaimed all privilege of sex, and dared him to single combat, some say with pistols and some with swords, in behalf of the beloved memory.\* Once, when she lay in bed ill of a fever and was thought past recovery, some persons in the room began to disparage her grandfather in the presence of his daughter Mary, Lady Fauconberg, without any protest or censure on the part of the latter; Mrs. Bendish suddenly raised herself up and said to her aunt, "If she did not believe her grandmother to have been one of the most virtuous women in the world she should conclude her ladyship to be a bastard; wondering how the daughter of the best and greatest man that ever lived could be so degenerate as not only to sit with patience to hear his memory ill-treated, but to seem herself to assent to it."

As Cornelia, after the fall of her peerless sons, would talk of Tiberius and Caius as of ancient heroes, and dwell with calm and noble pride upon their great qualities and high endeavours; so the more fervent and enthusiastic Bridget would discourse of her grandfather, would place him next to the apostles among the saints and heroes of Christendom, and would carry back to him everything good and praiseworthy in herself.

There is something heroic and delightful in this pious fidelity to a great name amidst a forgetful and misconceiving age, in this upholding of a glorious and immortal memory against the calumny and curses of a world. To her was granted that true vision of the great soul of Oliver

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\* Luson, in *Noble*, pp. 336, 337, 344, 345.

which, thanks mainly to Mr. Carlyle, has dawned on this time of ours. How she would have rejoiced at the reverence in which his memory is holden by some of the best and wisest Englishmen of this day ! how she would have enjoyed the cheers which his name arouses in popular assemblies of his countrymen ! how it would have gladdened her heart to hear his heroic example appealed to in every season of national peril, and his Protestant spirit invoked against the resurgent phantoms of Superstition and Sacerdotalism !

In this resurrection and re-exaltation of the mighty name of Cromwell, some recognition is due to his faithful and congenial granddaughter. If she may not be reckoned among the foremost women of the world, she cannot be wholly forgotten. She did no great deed, she wrote no great book ; she was not a Jeanne d'Arc, she was not a Madame de Stael ; but she was a great and heroic soul. I confess that I would rather have known her than most literary ladies of the last and the present century. I would rather have glowed over Oliver with Mrs. Bendish than discussed Shakespeare with Mrs. Montague.

To converse with a large, lofty, original, and heroic spirit, makes one of the chief delights and blessings of life ; to recover such a soul from the Past, and admiringly to contemplate its greatness, yields no ordinary pleasure and no trifling help. In few things are we of this age more happy than in having won back Oliver Cromwell as an object of reverence and admiration, in being enabled to rejoice in him as in one of the greatest and noblest of Englishmen, and to gather fresh spiritual strength and joy by exploring the heights and depths of his spiritual life. In like manner, though in smaller measure, we may be glad to make acquaintance with Bridget Bendish, to greet in her the attendant spirit of her mighty grandsire, and to assign her due room and rank among the lofty, heroic, and spiritual souls who have exalted womanhood and glorified humanity.

THOMAS H. GILL.

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## THE CHARIOT OF THE CHERUBIM.

NOTES ON THE PROPHET EZEKIEL, CHAP. I.

THE Book of Ezekiel, with the exception of a few chapters, is seldom read for edification. Notwithstanding the poetic grandeur of the English version, marking it as one of the greatest translations in our language, it is commonly felt that it begins and ends in a glory-mist of unintelligible symbols, which sheds little light upon the path of daily life in the nineteenth century. It is with the hope of at least

diminishing this aspect of inutility that the following notes are offered to the reader.

Ezekiel, the priest, dates his first prophecy "in the thirtieth year," "when the heavens were opened and he saw visions of God." By a fortunate accident the marginal date in our Bibles, "B.C. circa 595," is unquestionably correct. The prophet dates his "thirtieth" from the great year B.C. 625-626, which was the last of the old Assyrian Empire, and the first of the new Babylonian sovereignty of Nabopolassar and his descendants. That, again, was the year in which Jeremiah was called to the prophetic office, the "thirteenth year of Josiah" (Jeremiah i. 1), when God "set him over the kingdoms to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to build, and to plant," that is, to declare the Divine purposes with respect to nations and dynasties. It was the year in which Nabopolassar revolted from the Assyrian Empire, combining with the Medes to assault and destroy the old-world city of Nineveh. It was the year when great Nineveh, the city of three days' journey, was burned to the ground, its river defences destroyed, and the stone ruins of its palaces exposed to the inundations of the Tigris, which soon covered them with silt, until their wonders were dug up before the eyes of the present generation. From this year, B.C. 626, Ezekiel also dates his visionary siege of Jerusalem, lasting "forty years" (chap. iv. 6), the final event of the destruction of the city by Nebuchadnezzar occurring B.C. 586. It may be added that the whole monumental evidence of Assyria and Chaldæa, as interpreted by Dr. Layard, Dr. Rawlinson, Dr. Smith, and Dr. Schrader, confirms this date as one of the hinges on which the general history of the world revolves.\*

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\* There are those who imagine, with more or less of confidence, according to their temperament and their faith in chronological prophecy, that this signal epoch forms the starting-point of those "times of the Gentiles" of which Christ Himself speaks as *ending* when Jerusalem shall cease to be "trodden under foot" by the nations (Luke xxi. 24); those "seven times" which are allotted to the dominion of the "animal man" (Daniel iv. 25), symbolised by the seven years' lycanthropy of Nebuchadnezzar. These interpreters, as is well known, gather from other prophecies that a "time" stands for a year of 360 days. So that "a time, two times, and half a time," stand for 1,260 days, and "seven times" for 2,520 days. Applying the year-day principle, and reckoning from B.C. 626, the year of the foundation of the Babylonian Empire, they carry forward their calendar of 2,520 years over the histories of the four empires foreshadowed by Daniel, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, including the divided kingdoms of modern Europe, down to the year 1894, which is at once the end of the fiftieth jubilee from the year 606 B.C., when the captivity of Judah commenced, and the 1,260th from the bisecting year A.D. 634, when the holy city was captured by the Mahomedans. On these calculations and guesses I offer here no opinion. What is important to notice is that Ezekiel's first vision at Chebor among the captives occurred B.C. 595, thirty years after the burning of Nineveh, and ten years before the burning of Jerusalem.

It is to Ezekiel's first great vision that we must now direct our attention. Let us, then, endeavour to form an idea as definite as possible,

I. Of what the appearance was which the prophet beheld in the chariot of the cherubim ;

II. Of the signification of the symbols so presented to view ;

III. Of the general bearing of the vision on the events of the age in which it appeared.

(I.) The complete picture of the vision of Ezekiel can be gained only by gathering up the several references to it which occur throughout his whole series of prophecies. But the chief materials are in the first, tenth, and eleventh chapters. His narrative opens with characteristic sublimity : "I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, — a mighty storm-cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was around it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of brass, out of the midst of the fire." This is traditionary language, and is almost identical with the description of God's coming to judgment given by David, as if this same vision had been seen by older seers :—

He bowed the heavens and came down :  
And darkness was under His feet.  
And He rode upon a cherub, and did fly :  
Yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind.  
He made darkness His secret place ;  
His pavilion round about Him were thick clouds of the sky.  
At the brightness that was before Him thick clouds passed,  
Hailstones and coals of fire.—*Psalm* xviii. 9-12.

As the awful vision drew nearer in the darkness, the form of the chariot of the cherubim grew more distinct amidst the gloom. He says : "Also out of the midst of the fire came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance ; they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. And their feet were straight feet, and the sole of their foot was like the sole of a calf's foot, and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass. And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides, and they four had both faces and wings. Their wings were joined one to another ; they turned not when they went ; they went every one straight forward" (chap. i. 5-9). "As for the likeness of their faces they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side ; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side ; they four had also the face of an eagle. . . . Their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps ; it went up and

down among the living creatures ; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning. And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning" (chap. i. 10-14).

There is no real difficulty in imagining the fiery forms which the prophet saw. Here were four "living creatures," one facing towards each of the points of the compass. Each one had the feet of a calf or bull, and since in chap. x. 14 the ox-form is called "a cherub," we must conclude that the body of the living creatures was bovine, as in the gigantic monoliths in the British Museum. But, unlike those sculptures, each of these creatures had four heads on their uplifted front, the man and the lion looking to the right, the ox and the eagle looking to the left. Each one had four wings ; with two they covered their bodies (as in the sculptures of Nineveh), and two stretched out above, with which they supported the throne. Under the wings "was the likeness of the hands of a man,"—an appearance also represented frequently in the symbolic sculptures of Nineveh. Ezekiel adds : "And their whole body, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes, round about" (chap. x. 12). Lastly, in the central space between these complex fiery forms blazed a furnace of fire ; for the prophet "sees a man clothed in linen go in between the cherubim" to receive thence burning coals to scatter over the devoted city (chap. x. 2-7). There were, therefore four cherubic forms, comprising sixteen faces, and sixteen feet, and sixteen wings. "And when they went I heard the noise of their wings like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of a host ; when they stood they let down their wings" (chap. i. 24).

These living creatures, however, formed but one part of the chariot of God. The prophet describes to us its mighty wheels. These were four, like the cherubim, one facing towards each quarter of the world, and they were placed somewhat beneath the living creatures ; for in chap. x. 1 it is said, "Go in between the wheels, even *under* the cherub." It is distinctly said in chap. i. 16, 17, that there were "four" wheels, which "had one likeness." "They turned not as they went ; when they went they went upon their four sides." In each direction there was a vast wheel ready to move without turning, and the whole chariot followed the direction of the moving wheel. The appearance of these four wheels is further described. "The wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl" (Hebrew, *of a tarshish*), that is, translucent earth and sea-green, flashing with gleams of gold and crystal. "Their work," or structure, "was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel," that is to say, the spokes of each wheel were connected together by inner concentric wheels. "As for their rings they were so high that they were dreadful" (chap. i. 18). These four broad world-facing wheels

of beryl were of large dimensions. And the vast circumference of each with its inner rings was "full of eyes," for these wheels were alive with the same "spirit of life" which was in the cherubim. They were directed when to move by a voice. "As for the wheels it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!" (x. 13). "And when the living creatures went the wheels went along with them, and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up. Whithersoever the spirit was to go they went, for the spirit of life was in the wheels" (chap. i. 20.)

Such was the fiery chariot on which Ezekiel saw Jehovah coming to judgment. He adds that over the heads of the cherubim was the likeness of a firmament (Hebrew שָׁמַיִם), a firm extended floor (it is a mistake to imagine here a dome)—"as the colour of the terrible crystal, stretched forth over their heads above" (chap. i. 22). And above this crystal base was "the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of sapphire"—the sacred colour, the ethereal blue of heaven. "And upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it." Mark the shrinking of this description from any definite outline—for the Holy One dwells in unapproachable splendour. Amidst the rainbow-tinted glory that surrounds the throne, and which symbolises the mingled mercy and majesty of God, he sees dimly a Figure as of fire and light, human yet Divine. "And I saw as the colour of polished brass, as the appearance of fire even upward, and from his loins even downward I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about it. As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face. And I heard a voice of one that spake" (chap. i. 27, 28).

(II.) What now is to be understood by the *ensemble* and the details of this vision of the living chariot of fire? What was represented by the cherubim, what by the wheels?

The books of Scripture afford some assistance towards an answer to each of these questions. The first point which is clear is that, however striking the resemblance between the Nineveh sculptures and the visions of Ezekiel, the prophet did not gather his symbols (even supposing what is contrary to our conviction, that he did not receive the vision directly from inspiration) from contemporary works of art in Assyria, or elsewhere. The cherubim belong to the symbology of the earliest world; and both the Assyrian and the Hebrew races owe their knowledge of them to a more ancient tradition. Moses declares in his history of the Fall, that after the sin of Adam they were placed at the gate of Paradise, where a revolving flame guarded the way of the tree of

life against ejected humanity, doomed to return to its native dust. Again, we find the cherubim in imitative gold-plate framed by Moses as part of the throne of God, over the movable ark of the covenant—the idea being that the ark was the chariot of Jehovah. In the already cited 18th Psalm, David says: “He rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, He did ride on the wings of the wind.” But it is not until we reach the time of Ezekiel, that any description is given in the Bible of the component elements of the cherubim. There we find that the figure consisted of a lion, the king of wild beasts; of a bull, the king of cattle; of an eagle, the king of birds; and of a man, who is the lord of all—suggesting at once the idea of man’s world, or animated nature, with humanity as its evolved or created chief or crown. But such a definition would be very defective; it must be added that the symbol represents this living creation with man its lord and king *in covenant with God*, under redemption, in close union with, and subservience to, the Redeeming Majesty on High. The close association of God with the cherubim in Ezekiel’s vision agrees with the close association of the cherubim with the Divine Glory, and the Divine Throne, in the Tabernacle of Moses and the Temple of Solomon. And for a moment we may turn aside to ask what can be the meaning of the presence of this symbol of human dominion *on the mercy-seat*, if not the exaltation of man to the Throne of God in the person of Christ, the incarnation and enthronement of the God-man, that great “mystery of godliness?” Every other aspect of redemption is represented in the Temple-service. Is it to be believed that this crowning reality of the Gospel has no place in the symbols of the Levitical economy? \* But the exaltation of Christ to the Throne of God is only part of the effect of redemption. “The Church is His body,” and therefore is also symbolised by the Cherubim. Accordingly we find them once again *in the midst* of the throne and round about the throne of God, in the Apocalyptic heaven, of which Paradise and the Holy of Holies were the antitypes; and there these living creatures join in praise for redemption. “They fall down before the Lamb, and sing a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us to our God *kings* and priests” (Rev. v. 9).

The royalty of man and the royalty of God are now joined together for ever in the purposes and plans of the Eternal Mind; and since this royalty includes dominion over the animal world, it may be supposed that the cherubic symbol was designed to denote, in the wider sense, the whole of animated nature subject or to be subjected to man. And

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\* See the 8th Psalm, as cited in the Epistle to the Hebrews.



that mighty total of living agencies, with all their faculties of thought, and flight, and force, denoted by the "feet" and "wings" and "hands," is here represented as controlled in every movement by the Sovereign King, who rideth in this star-spangled chariot of the Universe, whose wheels are full of eyes, through infinite space and endless duration.

But it seems to deserve notice that the animal forms comprised in the cherubic figures are to be taken as specially representatives of the animal races of the earth, and not merely as symbols of abstract qualities, or the vital forces of other worlds. It has been too much the fashion of modern writers, following the lead of an imperfect psychology and physiology, to assert a wider separation than the facts warrant between humanity and the animal world, a separation unknown to science or to revelation. We shall not venture to assert that biology has as yet proved her far-reaching suggestion, that man is the final result of a long process of vital development in one continuous stream. It is always mischievous to confound scientific speculation with science itself.

Science is an august name which ought ever to be taken to signify only that which is known. And it is not *known* that all life is thus genealogically one. At present it is a guess, an opinion, a theory, useful as a hypothesis in the study of nature, but not established in the judgment of those who regard all the facts both positive and negative.\* There seems to be no sufficient reason, indeed, for denying the possibility of that method of creation. The power which can vary a species so widely, and improve it under altered conditions, may be equal to the further work of transmuting one species into another in infinite time. There can be no valid argument for rejecting any positive evidence for such transmutation, if such should be discovered. It suffices to say that hitherto both palæontology and biology alike have failed to produce one single example of the missing links between species which assert their separation by the infertility of the hybrids. The facts adduced respecting the wide internal variations of species, as of the dog or the pigeon, do not reach to the bony framework, and hence do not suffice to carry so weighty a superstructure as the theory of general evolution. On the other hand, the Divine Revelation, which is attested by many infallible proofs, distinctly declares that the existing human race is of comparatively recent origin, and is of direct Divine creation. But the records of the relation throughout assign to the animal races a closer companionship with man both in suffering and enjoyment, in blessing and in

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\* The reader will find a chapter on this subject in Whewell's "Indications of the Creator," exceedingly valuable and noteworthy even after the discussions of thirty subsequent years.

cursing, than is commonly accepted in modern times. The Bible asserts that many of them, at least, were formed at the same epoch with man, and although their origin is attributed under a Divine fiat to the earth and sea ("Let the earth bring forth, "Let the waters bring forth,") in language which must be very satisfactory even to Dr. Bastian, the same word יצר is employed respecting their formation which is used to describe the act of God in the creation of Adam, and which has been sometimes quoted by mistake as peculiar to him.\* The preservation of many of their races, as well as of man, is represented as the object of the construction of the Ark in the local Flood of Noah.

After the Flood God is said to have "established His covenant," not only with Noah, but with "all living creatures." The animals, again, of Egypt share in the stroke on the first-born, and among the Israelites the first-born of cattle were to be redeemed like the first-born of man (Numbers iii. 13). Cattle are specially considered in the law of the Sabbath, and equally in the seventh year of the rest of the law, when they were to share with the slaves and with the poor in the natural increase of the earth. They are even invited to join in the praise of God in the 150th Psalm, in a way which would never occur to a modern poet. They share, finally, in the promises of the blessed state of the world in the future kingdom of Christ. "I will multiply man and beast; and they shall increase and bring fruit; and I will settle you after your old estate" (Ezek. xxxvi. 11). And the prophet Isaiah depicts that happy time to come when there should be perfect peace at once between animals themselves, and between animals and mankind (Isaiah xi. 69). There is, then, a sense in which the animal races of the earth share in the covenants of God, so that the "creation itself," taken in the widest sense, groans for "the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. viii). Whether this future better time for the animals may be taken to include a prolongation of their lives here or hereafter, is a question on which, since we have no evidence beyond Elijah's horses of fire, it is vain to speculate. The main lesson, however, is plain. The Creator of animals and of man is one and the same God, and they "are not forgotten before Him." They are dear to God, and they are the objects of His mercy, and their races shall receive some considerable advance of happiness at the Messianic renovation of the world; and therefore we find them taking a prominent place in that cherubic symbol which sets forth the total vitality of the globe.

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\* The Rabbis have a speculation that Adam himself was formed inside the earth ("curiously wrought in the lower parts of the earth," Psalm cxxxix. 13), and that he was born like the other animals, but afterwards enlivened by the special breath of God.

A somewhat obscurer inquiry now comes forward—What was signified by the wheels of the chariot of the Cherubim—those wheels which were “full of eyes,” and which revolve like a whirlwind in every direction at pleasure, at the behest of the Spirit of Eternity?

The suggestion is too obvious to have escaped previous investigators, that as the animal forms of the Cherubim denote in the vision *animated nature*, the living creation of man's world, so the wheels in their concentric vastness, wheel within wheel, ready to move towards every point in the horizon, represent the forces of *inorganic nature*, all that we mean by the material world.\* All the evidence looks in one direction, in favour of this interpretation. In the first place, the symbol of the wheel, as descriptive of the world-government of the Supreme Power, is more ancient than the time of Ezekiel. It occurs in the earlier slabs of Nineveh, in which is often sculptured the effigy of the chief god of Assyria as a manlike form with wings, placed inside a wheel, and hovering over the King of Assyria as he rides forth to war. The phrase, the wheel of nature, has been current in every civilised language. Nor can we wonder. The most prominent phenomenon of nature is its circularity in different forms. The horizon from any centre seems to be circular. The visible heavenly bodies are circular; the orbits, or wheel-tracks of the stars, are segments of circles. The law of recurring cycles pervades nature. The year returns into itself: the Greek name for it expresses as much. The Hebrew name of the year conveys the idea of repetition. Solomon, or the writer of Ecclesiastes, points out that the universe revolves in ever-recurring circles. From the days of Socrates, whom Aristophanes represents as attributing the order of nature to circular motion called *Dinos*, to the ages of Ptolemy and his epicycles, and Descartes and his vortices, up till the full establishment of the Copernican system, the same idea has prevailed of the circularity of nature. Of this moving circularity a wheel is the fittest and most obvious symbol.† A system of wheelwork would therefore readily convey to the ancient mind the idea of the vastness, complexity, and order of the structure of physical nature. And the translucent vivid green colour of the wheels of beryl, the tint of the green sea and greener land, would confirm the conviction that the round world and its forces was intended thereby, just as heaven above was represented by the sapphire throne of blue, on which sat the Image of the Eternal.

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\* See a very able article in “Smith's Biblical Dictionary,” by Dr. Hayman, which presents the writer in a far more agreeable light than might be expected from the developments of Rugby.

† See a chapter on the Circularity of Nature in Macmillan's treatise on “Aspects of Nature.”

The prophet adds the remarkable statement that in his vision the whole complicated structure of the wheels, and also of the cherubic animals, was "full of eyes." And he adds that he heard a voice, addressed from above to one of the wheels, calling on it by name, "O wheel!" (Higalgel), as if it were intelligent; and he further asserts that the spirit of life was in the wheels, so that they followed instantaneously and absolutely the will of the Sovereign Occupant of the throne above them. What meaneth this? In the Book of Zechariah, written in the following century, we read of a stone engraven with "seven eyes," and we are informed that these represent "the eyes of the Lord," which "run to and fro through the whole earth" (Zech. iv. 10). Can we err if we understand the symbol of the countless eyes of the cherubic vision to represent the penetration of organic and inorganic nature by the all-seeing Intelligence and Will?

Under whatever view of Ezekiel's inspiration, then, we have here surely a marvellous lesson on the nature of things; but it is not the lesson of Lucretius, of Democritus, or of Professor Tyndall. If we regard the prophet as speaking from the depths of his own genius and insight, then he teaches a lesson which may well rebuke some who would think but meanly of him; but if he speaks as moved by the Holy Spirit of the Supreme Power, then he utters a rebuke which drives away the false philosophies of Atheism as chaff before the wind. What is it that he sees? A vision in which is represented nature with all its forces; but above it, and beyond it, he sees the infinite and eternal God, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, yet descending in His grace and majesty to the abodes of men. Ezekiel saw that around him were in countless circles innumerable organised beings, and an intelligent but sinful race of mankind; while in heights and depths were mighty forces in nature, moving in every direction, yet ever wisely, and as if under the control of a presiding mind. If there was evolution, it was at least wisely governed. But is this all? No; the prophet with true vision beholds enthroned in glory the Cause of all things. It is His Spirit which rules the mighty whole. Nature is not blind. She has ten thousand eyes; but those eyes are not her own. They are "the eyes of the Lord," of the personal and living Intelligence interfused throughout the world, and directing its frame and order after the counsel of His own will. Nature has a life of her own, but it is a life that is blind and mechanical apart from God. She gropes her way, and tries her experiments in force and form; she has wheels ready to run any whither; but there is a Mind pervading space who limits these strivings of nature, and governs the general result, so that not merely the strongest survives as the "fittest," but multitudes of the weak and tender as well, to show that the all-

comprehending rule of the Supreme is "full of compassion," and that His "tender mercies are over all His works."

(III.) But it is time to make an end with the question—What was the special bearing of this vision on the events of Ezekiel's age? It was a vision of judgment. The vast green Wheels were radiantly beautiful. The flashing splendour of the Cherubim was enchanting to the eye. The half-concealed light and glory dwelling in a circumambient shekinah of rainbows, was a noble apparition for a man to see by day or by night, as it passed through the sky. But the beauty was lost in the terror of the "fire enfolding itself," and in the awful voices that broke from the Cherubim, and the stormlike thunder of their wings. It was a vision of wrath. However slight an event the destruction of Jerusalem and the downfall of the Jewish monarchy may seem to modern eyes, it was the greatest event in the ancient world. The whole earth was undergoing revolution. For thousands of years the old kingdoms of Western Asia had stood fast amidst the tumults of the people. Assyria, founded in the earliest ages, had endured until now. The mounds of Nineveh show stratum after stratum of buried magnificence. But if one dynasty had fallen another had taken its position, and Nineveh remained the Lady of Kingdoms, like the tall cedar which Ezekiel describes as overshadowing the world. So it had been with Egypt. Twenty-five dynasties of kings had reigned during 4,000 years on the banks of the Nile, changing their capitals along the whole course of the stream with the course of centuries. So it had been with Sidon, and with Moab and Ammon, and with Edom, and with all the petty sovereignties on the Euphrates; and so, finally, it had been with Judæa and Jerusalem. God, however, had once set His king, the sons of David in each generation, on His holy hill of Zion as a perpetual witness to the living Unity, to the existence of one personal and living God, amidst all the Pantheistic idolatries of antiquity. But the holy nation had, instead of fulfilling the purpose of Heaven, and proving to be His faithful witnesses among men, carried on a war of ages against God Himself; had done their best to dethrone the Omnipotent, and to expose to ridicule the very idea of the Lord of the Universe. Now, then, was come at last the hour so long foreseen, so often threatened, when the viceroyalty of Jerusalem should be overthrown—when God would manifest His glory by more willing instruments, and destroy at one blow the old and wicked system of governments from sea to sea. For this end He raised up Nabopolassar and his son Nebuchadnezzar, whose work it was to sweep the earth with the storm of war as with the besom of destruction. It was as if Russia should receive a commission to desolate all Europe, and absorb its sovereignties. Even so fell before those awful armies of Babylon the whole structure of the ancient

world. In the Books of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, of Ezekiel, and of the minor prophets, we can read the details of this world-wide and most fearful revolution. And early in the "terror" fell the monarchy of Judah. It was this event of stupendous magnitude which Ezekiel's great vision portended. Its meaning was obvious. That God whom the patriarchs adored as the Origin and Controller of nature, but whom their recent descendants had treated as a myth, and forgotten amidst an idolatrous devotion to created forces; that God, whose prophets they had despised, and whose words they had cast behind their backs, was the Infinite Reality still—distinct from nature, governing the world of animated beings and the world of blind mechanical forces according to the counsel of His own will. And this God, as the Moral Governor, was now coming to judgment, riding on the wings of the wind to vindicate His own glory by the slaughter of His foes. The armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth were alike subject to His sway. His mind pervaded and controlled all the creation; He sat King for ever above the waterfloods; and those who had despised Him should henceforth feel His power. And the stroke which Ezekiel predicted fell. The city and the Temple vanished as an evil vision of the night, the Jewish monarchy was overthrown, the nation became slaves, and the land kept her Sabbaths seventy years.

Meantime a new system of governments was instituted upon earth. The four empires, like the four wheels of God's chariot, had each its commission to roll on in its seasons. And the same Providence governs the fortunes of the Church now as then. The vision indeed tarries; but as the cherubic chariot came again in Ezekiel's later days, and he beheld the Shekinah re-entering the Temple, rebuilt in fresh splendour, so shall it be in the end of this age. The wrath of the Lord shall come forth against the Pantheists and idolaters of Nature, both in the east and the west, and they that deny God shall feel the heat of His consuming fire. But peace shall be upon Israel, for the Lord shall be a "wall of fire round about Jerusalem, and the glory in the midst of her."

EDWARD WHITE.

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### BOHEMIA RECONQUERED.

THE history of Bohemia is one of deep and painful interest. Long before England had risen into power, and when literary culture was here restricted to a very small portion of the community, Bohemia could boast of a University that was resorted to by students from all parts of Europe. John Huss, who became Rector of this noble institu-

tion in 1409, translated the Bible into Czech, and by this and his other works fixed the grammar and idiom of the language, and thus effected for Bohemia what Luther and Calvin were destined in after years to effect for their respective countries. For nearly two centuries from this time great intellectual activity prevailed. Numerous writers, poets, orators, and historians appeared, and their works were eagerly read. Schools and colleges abounded throughout the land. It was through the intercourse established between England and Bohemia by the marriage of our Richard II. with Anne, sister of the King of Bohemia, that the light of Divine truth, which had begun to shine here, found its way there. A young Bohemian, returning from England, took back with him the works of Wycliffe. They fell into the hands of John Huss, who at first read them with horror; but soon the conviction forced itself upon him that Scripture must be our only guide in matters of doctrine. From that time forward, the Bethlehem Chapel in Prague was the spot where, with indefatigable zeal, he proclaimed the Gospel, and exposed the errors and corruptions of Rome. His career was short, but his holy life and noble death immortalised his name, and gave immense weight to his teachings long after his ashes had been flung into the Rhine. In 1526 the writings of Luther were introduced into the country, and at once met with great acceptance. So rapidly, indeed, did the reformed doctrines spread, that shortly after the beginning of the seventeenth century the Protestants greatly exceeded the Catholics in number. One historian, as quoted by Motley, says that the proportion was ten to one. But during these two centuries when the Reformation was proceeding, persecution was rife, and civil war often desolated the land. The famous Hussite leader, Ziska, performed prodigies of valour even after he had lost his sight; but it must also be acknowledged that he committed many atrocities, and that Protestants were often persecutors as well as persecuted.

At length, in 1609, the Emperor Matthias issued an edict granting what for those times must be considered a large amount of religious liberty. Many now began to think that an era of peace and prosperity had dawned. Alas, for human expectations! It was only a lull before the storm. The accession, soon after, of Ferdinand the Styrian to the throne, dispelled all hope of liberty, and even of toleration. He promised, it is true, to respect the edict issued by his predecessor; but who could repose faith in the promise of a man known to be the pupil of the Jesuits, and who had persecuted with relentless cruelty the Protestants of Styria. The worst fears were soon realised, and even surpassed. The Emperor had clearly resolved to root out all heresy from his kingdom.

The task was a serious one. The Catholics were decidedly in the



minority ; but, unfortunately, the Protestants of Bohemia, like those of Germany and Holland, were at that juncture divided into various parties, who regarded each other with almost as much animosity as either regarded their common foe, the Romish Church. For a little time there was something like union amongst them ; but it was political rather than religious, and led to proceedings which only made their position more difficult. Their violence towards the two imperial councillors, Martinitz and Slowata, whom they hurled from the window of the Hradschin Palace, at Prague, on the 23rd of May, 1618, led to the breaking out of the conflict known in history as the Thirty Years' War, and which was the means of laying waste some of the finest countries of Europe.

Again, their subsequent rebellion, and their election of the poor weak Frederick as their king, led on to their utter defeat at the battle of the White Mountain. They were thus completely at the mercy of the enraged and bigoted Emperor, who at once determined to carry his project of extermination into execution.

First of all, twenty-seven of the principal men of the Protestant party were condemned to death, and on the 20th of June, 1621, the sentence was carried into execution. From five to ten o'clock in the morning these noble men successively mounted the scaffold erected in the Grosser Ring at Prague. Some of them were men of European reputation. There were Count Schlick, the head of the Lutheran nobility of the land ; Wenceslaus, of Budowa, one of the most devoted adherents of the Bohemian Brethren ; and Dr. John Jessenius, the Rector of the University. The last-named had been sentenced to be quartered alive ; but instead, his tongue was first cut off, and then he was beheaded. Half of them were old men, and one was nearly ninety years of age. They had all declared themselves innocent, having simply exercised their lawful rights in the rebellion in which they had engaged. They are said to have prayed that Heaven would grant them some sign of reconciliation before death ; and, strange to say, while they were going to execution, a splendid rainbow shone over the city, and was regarded by the sympathising crowds as God's answer to their prayer, and a token that they died true martyrs.

One might have expected that such a beginning would be followed by the same general massacres as had been practised in Spain and France ; but Ferdinand, under the guidance of the Jesuit Carafa, who had been sent by the Pope expressly to direct the extinction of heresy, adopted other, but not less effectual measures. By one edict all the preachers and schoolmasters were banished, and the Protestants were thus deprived of those who would have helped to sustain them in the hour of trial. Then followed the destruction of Bibles, and, indeed, of

all books in the Czech language,—one Jesuit boasted that he had himself destroyed 60,000 volumes; the expulsion of the nobles to the number of more than 1,000 families, and the sequestration of their goods; the proscription of 36,000 other families; and, lastly, the subjugation by mockery, by fearful fines, and by refined sufferings, of the rest of the Protestant community.

Thus, only to mention two out of multitudes of instances—the pastor of Bohdalow, an old man of seventy, was slowly burnt to death in a fire made up of the books from his own library. At Königgratz—a place now famous in the annals of Austria—all the citizens were compelled to pass between two files of Croatian soldiers, with their naked swords in their hands. As many of them, nevertheless, refused to go to confession, a whole regiment was sent for, and, while all the male citizens were shut up in the Hotel de Ville, the soldiery perpetrated the grossest outrages on their wives and daughters. Mad with shame and suffering these unfortunate creatures rushed to the prison, and begged the prisoners to yield and accept the Romish faith.

In eight years from the time of the Battle of the White Mountain the work was completed. In 1628, scarcely a person was to be found who dared to confess that he was a Protestant. But mark the cost at which this victory of the Jesuits had been won. Some foreign ambassadors who traversed the country in 1635 gave this account of what they saw:—"The condition of the land is miserable in the extreme. In most of the villages not a man nor an animal, not even a dog or a cat, is to be met with. In the towns and country districts numbers of houses are falling into ruin, or have been demolished, and the fields are no longer cultivated." The population is, in fact, said to have been reduced from 3,000,000 to 780,000. Intellectually regarded, the state of things was even worse. Instead of the literary and scientific activity which had rendered Bohemia famous throughout Europe, the whole country sank into the most complete ignorance and brutality.

Such a history, even when told in this most brief and imperfect manner, is surely enough to account for the interest entertained for the scene of such tragic doings. How can our hearts but cherish the sacred ambition of restoring to a land, so cruelly robbed of its best treasure and blood, the blessings of Gospel light and liberty?

The attention of British Christians was first directed to Bohemia shortly after the war between Austria and Prussia. It was found that such an amount of religious liberty prevailed as might admit of evangelical efforts being attempted. Moreover, two Bohemian pastors, Messrs. Janata and Schubert, having visited England, began to desire some extension of their respective fields of labour. Since then, the Free Church of Scotland, the Evangelical Continental Society, and now,

recently, the American Board of Foreign Missions, have been employing native evangelists and colporteurs, and in various ways pushing forward the work of evangelisation. It cannot be pretended that very large success has attended all this effort, but it may safely be affirmed that enough has been accomplished to prove that Bohemia is not a barren soil. There are two localities in particular where we have ourselves seen the fruits of faithful labour. We have observed the tears of gratitude and joy shed by humble people who have been led to forsake Rome and confess Christ at the cost of much obloquy and not a little suffering. Nearly 100 persons—many of them heads of families—have formally seceded from the Papacy, and are now longing to have a pastor of their own, who may lead them into a fuller knowledge of the Gospel. Being all very poor, they are unable either to secure a proper place of meeting or to support a pastor; but they trust that the Evangelical Continental Society, which has had the honour of sending them the truth, will not fail to aid them until such time as they may be able to sustain the ministry and the various agencies of a Christian Church.

A beginning has thus been made amongst the Roman Catholic portion of the population. In the Protestant Reformed Church—for in spite of all the efforts of former years a remnant of Protestantism was left—some of the pastors have come to see the necessity of greater activity and of a more aggressive spirit, but it is difficult for them, after breathing from childhood the stifling atmosphere of bureaucracy and oppression, to realise all the freedom allowed them even by the present laws. Moreover, they are often hampered by the indifference and rationalism which have to so large an extent taken possession of the reformed communities of those lands. These pastors, therefore, need our sympathy and prayers. England may do much to stimulate their courage and strengthen their hands. Let us, then, bear Bohemia on our hearts before God. If reconquered and wrested from the grasp of the Romish Church by the preaching of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," it would form a noble vantage ground whence to assail the surrounding countries now so tenaciously held under the yoke of Rome.

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## RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

[I invite the attention of the readers of the CONGREGATIONALIST to a second article on the above subject, which has appeared in the *New York Independent*, written by the Rev. John Monteith.—ED.]

IT is to be hoped by all who deprecate carnal conflict that this question may be settled without "resistance unto blood." Thus far we have avoided physical encounter, but by how narrow an escape may not be known to people generally.

For a few years it has been my lot to wear the official ear into which all sorts of complaints are poured, varying in importance from such as relate to the shovel and tongs of a district schoolhouse to such as involve the graver questions whether religious teaching or Bible exercises should be permitted in the schools. Among the various complainants none were more troublesome than a class who deserve the designation of "fighting Christians." There is a great deal of excellent but fearfully misapplied energy in these people. They are very positive, and for this I like them. But the circle of their view is too limited. They do not reflect that possibly other people's eyes may cover a surface measured by a longer radius. They have, evidently, to their own thought, got it all right, and everybody else has it all wrong. What I misdoubt and dislike about them is, they are always ready, sometimes a little anxious, for a fight. No one feature of the Church appears to afford them more solid satisfaction than the fact that it is "the Church militant." If it should lose this feature, their spirits would droop and very much of their occupation would vanish.

One of these bellicose brethren, a very earnest and ardent preacher, cornered me in a hotel, and, with loud tone and that close compression of the lips after each word that warns you that no utterance will be recalled, he began: "Brother M., is it a fact that we cannot be allowed to have the Bible read and taught in our public schools? If the Bible is to be excluded from the schools, I, for one, am ready to shoulder my musket and fight." Of course, I was frightened; but as soon as I had recovered from the first flush of alarm, my heart was moved in the direction of pathos and expostulation. "Why, Brother —, you are not in earnest? You really don't mean to fight? Whom will you fight? You wouldn't shoot me, and I am sure you wouldn't spill any of the blood of the poor school-teachers." "But I am in earnest," he replied; "and I mean to say that before we will submit to have the Bible silenced in our common schools we will fight." While I was pondering over the precise force of the personal pronoun last used, which had grown from "I" to "we," my perplexity was resolved by an appeal

from a school principal, whom I understood to belong to the same sect with the militant preacher, in substance as follows: "We are in the midst of serious difficulty. The Catholics, Jews, and Germans are arrayed against the Protestant denominations in demanding the exclusion of the Bible from the school. What would you advise? I am ready and determined to shed my blood before I will permit the Bible to be expelled." Under the influence of subsequent reflection, or because they could find no one disposed to fight against them, it may be inferred that the ardour of these warlike Christians has been effectually cooled. It is becoming more and more evident that, although the controversy may yet pass through its bitterest experiences, the great majority of the people who reflect, both Protestant and Catholic, will settle this question peacefully and speedily upon the basis of entire secularity in public instruction.

Meanwhile, it is well for us to acquaint ourselves with the precise character of the arguments, purposes, and movements of the sectarian controversialists. Each of these parties with respect to the other is a sectary, and both of them with respect to those who advocate secular education are sectarian; hence, it is proper, as well as convenient, to designate both as sectarians.

The position which Protestant and Catholic sectarians regard as their stronghold is, that all true education must cultivate the religious nature. With equal tenacity they hold that the absence of religious teaching so far impairs the quality of any educational means as to render such means a dangerous expediency, and, on the whole, productive of harm rather than good. The epithet "godless," applied to the public schools, is intended to express this sentiment.

Fortunate, indeed, is it for the easy settlement of the question that we find all the parties to the controversy willing to plant their feet on a common premise.

Protestant and Catholic Christians unite in the admission of this broad principle of education, and they are joined by Jews and Rationalists. If, now, we can find another principle, more fundamental and ultimate, upon which the truth already stated depends, all the parties to this controversy must assent to that principle. Precisely such a truth meets the hearty approval of all who believe in human development. It is that a true education requires that every faculty of our nature should receive a thorough culture. On neither of these principles do the liberals or secularists make issue with the sectarians. They only take exception to the unwarrantable inference drawn from the premise by their opponents that, since a true education requires the instruction of the religious nature, the public school system is to be condemned because it does not maintain religious teaching. It will be

seen at a glance that the terms of the argument are badly adjusted in respect to quantity or extension. If in the statement of the argument a true education and the public school system were co-extensive, and the latter were the only means of providing the former, or laid claim to so comprehensive an agency, then the sectarians would hold their conclusion against all opposition. But the liberals claim, and rightly claim, that, from its very nature, the public school system is restricted ; that it cannot, and does not profess, to conduce to every element of an education in the broadest sense. It attempts only to contribute a part of what belongs to the true education. Precisely at this point the secularists take strong exception to the reasoning of the sectarians. They are unable to see why an instrumentality which proposes to give but a part of the whole that is demanded by an education in its highest sense, and which from its nature cannot give more, should be condemned or regarded as dangerous. They deem it to be a mere assumption of the sectarian educationists that a child is exposed to some spiritual danger because during the hours in which he is taught reading, ciphering, and geography, he does not also learn the Scriptures or the catechism. Is it equally necessary to mix in religious instruction when a boy learns to plough, to mow, and to turn the grindstone? Why not? We should all agree that sound physical health demands a variety of food ; that all meat and no bread is physically dangerous. But shall we condemn the butcher because he does not furnish bread as well as meat?

■ The main principle of the sectarians may be turned against them with considerable force. If the true education requires the culture of every part of our nature, including the religious, and the development of every human faculty, then it is our duty to welcome contributions to this comprehensive result from every quarter. We must welcome to this circle of development the home, the church, the book, the newspaper, the shop, the field, and every human device that will impart to the head, the hand, or the heart an increased power for happiness or usefulness. Among the contributors to a complete human development appears the public school. It originates with a secular power ; it depends upon secular support ; the taxes necessary to its maintenance are levied upon Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Rationalists, Infidels, and Atheists. It limits the scope of its operations by two palpable considerations. It is created and controlled by the State. Has the State a religion? It emanates from and ministers to the people as citizens. Have the citizens a religion? The scope of instruction, then, must be limited by the sphere of the State, and the sentiment that is common to its citizens. Very properly, therefore, the public school system limits its educational instrumentalities to the culture of the intellectual and physical faculties and the moral conduct belonging to good citizenship.

If the true education embraces such culture as this, then those who believe in such an education must yield their support to the public school system, even without religious teaching, or submit to the charge of inconsistency for rejecting an indispensable part of the whole.

It is in the power of Protestants to bring to a speedy conclusion this unpleasant and fruitless controversy. Without the slightest design to cast an undeserved reproach upon any who nobly defend a free Christianity, I feel constrained to say, what my experience and observation of the facts compel me to admit, that the embers of this strife are kept alive chiefly by the breath of a few belligerent Protestants. They admit that what they demand is necessarily so circumscribed by denominational compromise among themselves as to contain very little inherent good. But they cannot bear to yield a single point to the demands of the wicked world. Let us remind them that they have yielded many points, and Christian truth has been strengthened by each concession. Forty years ago our clerical fathers considered it a divine right to preside at the head of the long dining-table of a hotel, and by a rap with a knife-handle to call the hungry crowd to order and ask the blessing. Experience proved that this practice was distasteful to many people, and, besides, it was an infringement of their undoubted rights. The point was finally yielded. Formerly it was regarded by a large portion of our good people as a blameworthy slight to their religion if every public lecture were not preceded by prayer from a Protestant clergyman. It was found, however, that so many people paid their entrance fee for the lecture and not for the prayer, that this point was waived. And now even the Church fairs omit the opening prayer on the same principle. Schools of telegraphy and machine-sewing; printing-offices, where young men pass through the various grades of instruction, from devil to publisher and editor; whole factories full of young people instructed daily in useful arts—all these are permitted to pass through their recurring routine without any demand for the commingling of religious teaching, and nobody supposes that the Christian religion is a whit weaker for the omission.

The true devotees of Christianity ask no help or interference in their behalf from Government or secular association. They only ask that equal freedom may be extended to their religion, as to all other religions. Thus, if in a free conflict Christianity is not able to conquer its opponents, it must go to the wall.

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## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

NO. XVI.—ADDITIONAL FESTIVALS, AND FASTS.

IN our chapter on the Calendar we have referred to the two festivals which, in the thousand and sixty-sixth, and in the thirteen hundred and seventy-sixth, years after the Exodus, were added to the three annual festivals appointed in the Pentateuch, by the authority of the Senate; namely, the Feast of Purim, and the Feast of Lights, or of the Dedication of the Temple. Two other festivals are sanctioned by the Synhedral Law, the origin of which is obscure, but which are said to be at least as ancient as the time of the conquest of Jerusalem by David. These festivals have the remarkable peculiarity of being celebrated, in great measure, by the women, especially the young maidens. The fifteenth of Ab was one of these days, being also one of the days of the Xylophoria, or wood offering. The other day is stated to be the 10th of Ethanim. It is not perfectly clear whether we are to understand by this that it was the day commencing with the close of the Day of Atonement, and thus, according to ordinary language, the eleventh of the month, that was thus celebrated; or whether it was during the closing hours of the great day itself, after the High Priest had pronounced his final benediction, and had left the Temple in state for a banquet at his own house. In the latter case the time allowed would have been short, and the dusk of the evening could only have been illumined by a moon four days short of full. But the fact that the nobles of Jerusalem had accompanied the procession of the Scapegoat to the first of the ten tents pitched on the road to Zuck, and that, after sunset, the neighbouring people would be at liberty to proceed from any distance on that route without infringing on the Law of the Sabbath, seems to render it probable that the close of the great day itself was thus celebrated.

On these occasions the maidens of Jerusalem, dressed in white, went out with dance and song to the vineyards; and the young men were invited to go out to meet them, and choose their brides. It is impossible to read the references to this institution without recalling the account, in the Book of Judges, of the counsel given to the children of Benjamin to "see and behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances, then come ye out of the vineyards, and catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh." This occasion is said to have been that of a yearly feast to the Lord. The Day of Expiation would hardly have been thus described in the Book of Judges. The day commemorated in the Jewish calendar as that on which the vow against Benjamin was taken,\* was the twenty-third day of Sebat, which would

\* Judges xx. 10.

fall in the winter, either in January or February. After the slaughter of Benjamin a festival is mentioned at Mizpeh, which would naturally be either the Passover or the Pentecost of the following year. Thus the middle of the month of Ab, falling in July or August, would have been a time suitable for the rape of the virgins of Shiloh, according to the history, although it is not connected in the calendar with any other festival except that of the wood offering; a service which was performed on four different days in this month.

The dance of the virgins, and the encouraged pursuit of the young men, is referred to, according to the Talmud, in the Song of Songs. There is much in this poem which seems to point to the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles, which commenced four days after the Day of Expiation. But the references to the rose and the lily, the spikenard, myrrh and camphire, the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, the resting at noon beside the shepherds' huts, the little foxes that spoil the vines that have tender grapes, all breathe of the outburst of the spring. The verse, "Go forth, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, and behold King Solomon; with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart," is the passage which is said directly to refer to the maidens' festival. The passage "who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke," might well be thought to refer to the return from the route to the wilderness of the nobles who had accompanied the Scapegoat; and the verse "who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved," would have had many a happy realisation at the close of the Day of Festivity in the vintage month. It is remarkable, and it is not altogether disappointing to the imagination, that while all the duties which were incumbent on the Israelite are defined with such unswerving precision as to form, as to date, and as to origin, the one institution which breathes of youthful love, mirth, and sweet surprise, and in which the beautiful Jewesses had a brief enjoyment of the sportive and graceful habits of the Gentile daughters of Mediterranean coasts and islets, is thus recorded only in the language of poetry.

On the seventeenth day of Elul, the fifth month, which coincided with August and September, was commemorated the expulsion of the Greek garrison from the fortress on the northernmost of the two hills within the most ancient of the three walls of Jerusalem, the stronghold which was called Millo in the time of Solomon, and Akra in that of the Second Temple. This castle was retaken by Simon Maccabeus, Ethnarch of the Jews, and third High Priest of the name of Simon, in the 170th year of the Seleucidæ, after a hostile occupation of twenty-six years. The capture and pillage of Jerusalem by Antiochus Epiphanes, the fact that the residue of the people were "not cut off from the city," and the

removal of half the mountain towards the north and half of it towards the south, which was prophesied by Zechariah, seem to have been almost literally fulfilled in the recovery of this site, and in the lowering of the summit of the hills by order of the High Priest; a work which required the labour of three years to accomplish. One of the most striking physical features of the Jerusalem of the time of the Kings of Judah was thus obliterated. Constantine's church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on the site of Akra. The discovery of the rock contours of Jerusalem, and the construction, by Lieutenant Conder, R.E. (principally from the data supplied by Herr Schick, a German architect, long resident in the Holy City), of a detailed map showing the original form of the hills and valleys, has done more than all the other labours of modern investigators to decide the main questions of the topography of the ancient city. Not a shadow of doubt can remain that the church of the Holy Sepulchre bears no relation to the site of the entombment of Christ. It is not so sure that it does not cover the resting-place of the High Priest John Hyrcanus.

The Day of Atonement was a solemn fast. Food, drink, washing, anointing, putting on shoes, and conjugal endearments were forbidden absolutely. The king and the bride alone might wash their faces on that day: the king, because he was always to appear beautiful to his people, and the bride, lest her husband should take a dislike to her. Children were not to be made to fast, but gradually to be instructed as to the obligation of the day. Pregnant women and sick persons were allowed food. In the case of anyone faint with hunger, of anyone injured by the fall of a wall or bank, of anyone bitten by a mad dog, of anyone suffering from violent sore throat, the rule *dubium vitæ pellit Sabbatum* applied to the Day of Atonement.

Three solemn fasts, not ordained by Moses, were appointed by the Sanhedrin under the First and Second Temples; and are referred to by the Prophet Zechariah. These fell on the seventeenth day of January, on the ninth of Ab, and on the tenth of Tebeth, as mentioned in our chapter on the Calendar.

At the commencement of the month of Ab all public signs of rejoicing were prohibited. During the week in which the ninth day of Ab fell, it was forbidden to wash or to shave, except on the fifth day of the week, in honour of the Sabbath. On the night of the ninth of Ab it was forbidden to drink wine or to eat flesh.

A formula of praise, in which mention is made of the power of God in giving rain, was used at the Feast of Tabernacles, to the effect, "God bringeth forth the wind, and sends down the rain in its fit season!" On the third day of Marchesvan, the month following that in which the Feast of Tabernacles was held, prayers for rain were commenced.

Rabban Gamaliel appointed the seventh day of Marchesvan for this commencement, for the sake of those who dwelt as far as the borders of the Euphrates, and who attended the festival at Jerusalem,—giving them an interval of fourteen days, during which they could reach home before the rain fell.

If the seventeenth day of Marchesvan arrived without rain, the sages ordered the observance of three days of fast. In this fast it was forbidden to eat or drink before nightfall, but it was allowable to do any work, to wash, to anoint, and to put on shoes.

If the month of Cisleu commenced without rain having fallen in any abundance, the assessors of the Sanhedrin ordered three more days, called fasts of the Church, namely, on the second, fifth, and again the second, days of the week. If these passed without the desired rain, three more severe fasts were enjoined, in which it was only allowable to eat and drink at the point of nightfall; and work, bathing, anointing, putting on shoes, and domestic endearments were forbidden. The public baths were closed. If these days expired without the blessing for which they prayed, seven more fast days were enjoined, making in all thirteen fasts of the Church. These seven were still graver than those which preceded: the shops were closed, and the *shopphars* (or cornets) were blown. On the second day of the week only, at nightfall, the shops were partially opened, and on the fifth evening they were altogether opened, in honour of the Sabbath.

If these days passed, and drought still continued, all acts of purchase, sale, building, planting, betrothals, espousals, and all mutual salutations, were forbidden. Men were to conduct themselves as under the heavy Divine displeasure. This affliction was to continue during the month of Nisan. If then the same state of the atmosphere continued, it was to be taken as a manifest sign of malediction: the words of the Prophet Samuel (1 Sam. xii. 17), "Is it not wheat harvest to-day?" being quoted in reference to this date.

In these solemn ecclesiastical fasts, the ark containing the roll of the Law was brought forth into the public place in the city, and covered with ashes. The rulers and people cast ashes on their heads; the most venerable elder recited the words of penitence: "Brethren, was it not said of the Ninevites, And God respected their sackcloth and their fasting, as it is written in the Book of Jonah (iii. 10), And God saw their works, that they ceased from the wickedness of their deeds? And in Kabbala (that is in the words of Joel ii. 13) the precept is written, Rend your hearts, and not your garments."

One fast of the Jewish calendar has a special importance in a literary point of view. It is that of the eighth day of Tebeth, the tenth month. The eighth, ninth, and tenth days of this month are observed as the

anniversaries of the three days of thick darkness in Egypt, recorded in the Book of Exodus. The tenth is the anniversary of the commencement of the siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, 2,450 years ago, for which long period of time it has been kept as a fast. The eighth day is further held in abomination as that on which the translation of the Law into Greek was effected, by order of the High Priest Eleasar, at the request of Ptolemy the Second, King of Egypt, 277 years before the Christian era. The critical value of the Septuagint version, the confirmation which it affords of the unchanged preservation of the Hebrew Scriptures, and the use which is made of its text, sometimes *verbatim* although more often approximately, in the Gospels, are reasons why no student of the Scripture can afford to neglect consultation of this ancient version. On the other hand, it should be remembered that its composition was held to be an act of impiety by the orthodox Jews, and that on the final loss of the power which the great party of the Sadducees held from 111 B.C. to 74 B.C., and again from the accession of Tiberius Cæsar to the commencement of the siege of Jerusalem, the sanction of the Senate was given to the reprobation of the Greek version of the Bible. To the Septuagint version, the Gnostics of the first and second centuries were directly indebted for that part of their mystic doctrine which was derived from the Law and the Prophets. The Alexandrine School, of which Philo was the most distinguished leader, which sapped and undermined the authority and import of the Divine Law, by the application of allegoric and mystic explanation, were the custodians of the Septuagint. All the words which are distinctly recorded as those actually used by Jesus Christ, are Aramaic, the current Syriac speech of His time. The chiliarch, Claudius Lysias, expressed his surprise that the Apostle Paul, being a Jew of Tarsus, could address him in Greek; but it was in the Hebraic dialect, that is to say in Aramaic, that Paul addressed the people in the Temple court, from the stairs of the castle of Antonia. The study of Greek philosophy and literature was absolutely forbidden by the great doctors of the Law. It was in the Law of the Lord that the man who walked not in the counsel of the ungodly was to meditate day and night. "Find me," said one famous teacher, "an hour which is neither day nor night, and in that you may study Greek." Abhorrence of the language as well as of the philosophy of Greece, was a settled principle amongst the great mass of the contemporaries of the Apostles and Evangelists; and we should never lose sight of this fact in regarding the several claims on the student of the Aramaic, the Hebrew, and the non-Semitic tongues. A considerable portion of the Book of Daniel, besides the parts which occur in Greek only, is written not in Hebrew, but in Aramaic, and this is the nearest approach to be

found in the original text of the entire Bible to the language spoken by Christ.

One alone, and that in some respects the most important, of the ceremonials of the Jewish ritual, was not referred to any fixed date. This was the sacrifice of the red heifer. The time of its performance depended on the exhaustion of the supplies of ashes produced from a foregoing celebration of the rite. This ceremony was the only occasion on which it was lawful to offer sacrifice without the precincts of Mount Moriah, from the time of the erection on that hill of the great altar of Solomon. The entire fabric of the Jewish Law depended on the ceremonial purity of the priests and worshippers. This purity would have been impossible without the use of the water of separation, according to the express provisions of the Pentateuch. Thus it is held by tradition to have been the first sacrifice offered by Moses, or rather by Eleazar, the son of Aaron, under the command of Moses. So contagious was the impurity arising from contact with the remains of a dead Jew, the defilement extending to the third and fourth degree of successive contact, and being irremovable without the use of the prescribed water of purification, that it is almost certain that tradition is, in this instance, truthful.

As this sacrifice has not been offered since the overthrow of the Jewish polity, the whole Jewish nation is in a state of ceremonial impurity. So fully is this acknowledged to be the case by the rabbis of the present day, that it is forbidden to any Jew to set foot within the great fortress wall of the Temple, or the "Noble Haram," as it is now designated. This prohibition is respected by the Jews of Jerusalem, although they assemble, once a week, at a particular spot without the western wall, which bears the name of the Jews' wailing-place, to bewail the desolation of the Temple and holy city, and to pray for the coming of the King Messiah. One of the most respected and munificent of the benefactors of his poor countrymen, a Jew whose name is held in honour amongst Englishmen as well as in Palestine, entered the precinct of the Temple a few years ago, and was excommunicated for three days for so doing.

It is held by some Jewish doctors, that under the defilement from the most fatal source, or "father of defilement," which is thus irremovable until the great purificatory rite be again performed, the lesser degree of defilement arising from the eating of impure or forbidden food is immaterial, and that the Jew is at liberty to please himself in that matter. Although this point is undecided, it cannot be denied that the supposed abeyance of the prohibition has much to countenance it in the principles and in the practice of the rigid and minute details of Synhedral Law.

## THE MASTER OF THE TEMPLE.

WE have sometimes thought that there is hardly a position in the Anglican Church more enviable than that of the Master of the Temple. He has not the status and authority of a Bishop, but he is not burdened with the responsibilities of the Episcopate, nor exposed to that incessant fire of criticism from one side or the other, and not unfrequently from both, which falls to the lot of most Bishops at present. He has not the dignity of a Dean, but he has duties much more fitted to call forth his best affections and employ his powers than those which belong to the heads of Cathedrals, the chief feature of whose position really is, that it affords leisure and opportunity for the cultivation of theological learning and the rendering of important literary service to the Church. The Master of the Temple is not shut out from this field of labour, for his duties are not so numerous and distracting as to render it impossible for him to find time for these literary pursuits, but he has also a sphere of direct ministerial work and influence to which there are not many parallels. For poetic minds the very association with a Church which is almost unique in its grand historic traditions would have sufficient attraction; but to more practical spirits the hope of affecting the hearts and moulding the character of the vast congregations, including among them numbers who may afterwards be expected to take a prominent part in the government of the country or the administration of its laws, would have a far higher charm. It is, in one sense, the misfortune of the Temple Church that it has long enjoyed so high a reputation for the efficiency of its musical arrangements, since this has necessarily had the result of attracting a miscellaneous company, who bring with them little of the spirit of devotion, and who, in truth, are disposed to regard the sermon as a superfluous addition, perhaps even as a necessary evil which they must endure with as good a grace as possible for the sake of the pleasure derived from the singing. There was a time, indeed, when this was the case. We have ourselves dreary recollections of an afternoon's sermon that we were compelled to sit out, which was as dry as an Egyptian mummy, and delivered in a voice as monotonous and distressing as the tolling of a Ritualist church bell. Of course, when this was the kind of preaching, the music was the chief attraction of the place. But even the freshness and power of Dr. Vaughan's sermon does not suffice to command the attention of all who are drawn to the church more by the reputation of the organist and choir than by the fame of the preacher. These, however, are but a minority of the occasional attendants; while the regular congregation, especially during term-time, includes many men



of keen, anxious, and busy intellect, who listen with deep interest to the earnest reasonings and faithful appeals addressed to them from the pulpit. It is not to be supposed, of course, that the magistrates of the Temple are in the habit of frequenting its church, but no one can cast a glance over the seats on a Sunday morning without seeing that in the assembly may be found a considerable number of the legal profession, and of those who are preparing for its duties. To reach the consciences and mould the faith of men who must be a power in the land, is an ambition which a preacher may well cherish, and the opportunity of doing so one which the holiest and noblest ambition may covet.

But if the position be, in this and some other respects, one of the most enviable in the Anglican Church, the man who fills it is so well fitted for it, and possesses so much of true spiritual power, that there are but few of its clergy who shed more lustre on the Establishment. It has sons with more brilliant gifts and of more sounding names, scholars more profound and preachers more eloquent, but it has not many who are exerting a more beneficial influence, or who enjoy a popularity more honourable to themselves and less subject to invidious criticism from others. There is in Dr. Vaughan a somewhat rare combination of qualities which, at first sight, seem opposite if not inconsistent. He is a man of considerable intellectual power and attainment, as was abundantly proved by his brilliant career at the University and his distinguished success as the Head-master of Harrow, where he did a work second only to that of Arnold at Rugby ; but he has the art of presenting his thoughts with a clearness and simplicity which bring them within the comprehension of all. There is much of gentleness in his aspect and bearing, but it is associated with a courage that nerves him for the discharge of the most difficult and trying duties. It was put to a severe test in Doncaster, where he felt himself called to oppose the great evil of the place, but it was equal to the demand. He is fond of scholarly research ; but he has, at the same time, a great deal of practical talent which he wisely utilises, and a capacity, and indeed a love, for imparting knowledge, which is not often found in close students. His preaching cannot be described as popular, but it is singularly impressive and telling, from its quiet earnestness, its strength of thought and its directness of style. He never startles, but he rarely fails to influence. Those who go to hear him hoping for brilliant passages, in which rhetoric either illustrates and enriches new thought or presents the old in such striking form that it has all the effect of novelty, will be disappointed. He is more of a teacher than an orator, but his instruction is so given that it cannot well fail to interest and impress, if it seldom excites intense feeling.

But his power is dependent on moral even more than on intellectual

qualities, on life and work outside the pulpit as well as on his ability in it, on force of character as much as on genius. A clergyman who declines a bishopric,—does it without the possibility of suspicion of any *arrière-pensée*, but from a deliberate preference for a less exalted position and a humbler work,—secures a position by the refusal which is rarely obtained by those who accept the honour. Granted that the successful discharge of the duties of so onerous an office must bring with it an amount of honour proportionate to the weight of responsibility which has been incurred, and the arduous and important nature of the work that has been done, yet the difficulties in the way of success are so great, and the failures so numerous, that we cannot but respect the diffidence of one who shrinks from accepting a position to which so many have proved unequal. Could Dr. Vaughan have carried with him into the Episcopate the same quiet Christian spirit, the same superiority to all party feeling and freedom from the entanglement of party connections, the same spiritual fervour and Catholic sympathy, and the same unselfish devotion to his work, which have marked him in the other offices he has filled, the Church has certainly lost a great deal by his determination to remain in a lower sphere. But when we see how the Episcopate has deteriorated other men, and some from whom very different things might have been expected; how it seems to have taken soul out of some who had once been full of zeal, and emasculated the manhood of others who before had been conspicuous for independence and courage; how it has narrowed sympathies that once were broad and generous, and chilled fervour that once seemed ardent and devoted; how it has developed a cold and calculating prudence which has trenced very closely upon worldliness, and made men, who ought to have been leaders, the mere creatures of ecclesiastical prejudice, we do not wonder that Dr. Vaughan hesitated to expose himself to such an ordeal, and we cannot affect to regret his decision. We rather wonder how, under present conditions, a deeply spiritual man can accept the Episcopal office in an institution so purely Erastian as the Anglican Church. It must (as it seems to us, but, perhaps, the matter is one too high for us to understand, and on which we should not venture an opinion) be hard sometimes for a zealous and enlightened clergyman to submit to the bondage of the law, but the trial must become much more severe when, as one of the spiritual rulers, he has to reconcile his loyalty to the Church with a prudent care for the interests of the Establishment. The policy which seems required from a Bishop by the necessities of his position must be extremely distasteful to a man of quick religious susceptibilities and strong independence of character. Some, indeed, like the good old Bishop of Durham, have shaken themselves free from the trammels which it has been sought to impose upon them, but those who are able to escape the demoralising

influence of Churchcraft are but rare exceptions. Dr. Vaughan might have been one of them, but we are quite content that he did not make the venture. Of his reasons for his determination we know nothing, but the resolution has undoubtedly told in his favour. It seemed such a natural thing that a successful Head-Master of Harrow should be placed on the Bench, and his appointment would have been regarded with such general satisfaction, that when he declined the see of Rochester and accepted the vicarage of Doncaster, the disinterestedness of his act commanded the admiration even of those who believed that the Church was the loser by his resolve. The regret must have been deeper when the offer of a mitre was renewed after experience had shown that he was as fitted for the work of the parish priest as for that of a head-master. For ourselves we doubt whether the Church has not gained more by such conduct than it would have done even from his Episcopate. His influence would hardly have told for very much in Episcopal counsels, and he might have been less at home in the House of Lords than he is in the less noticed but eminently useful labours he prosecutes in the Temple.

For it is not in the pulpit only that Dr. Vaughan works. Of the ordinary duties of a pastorate he can have but few, but he is not, therefore, unoccupied. His morning readings with young men in the Greek Testament afford an admirable example of the way in which a man in his position may employ his powers. We have heard from one who has attended this interesting class, of the extreme care, the patient industry, the unfailing geniality with which he prosecutes his work, and we have seen something of the effect which it produces. The quickening of interest in the word of God, the increased appreciation of a thorough and scholarly understanding of its contents, the deepening of faith as the fruit of a closer investigation and comparison of the record, the widening of the view of Christian truth and doctrine, are among the happy effects which we ourselves have witnessed. As might be expected, there was heartfelt gratitude for the teacher, but even that was subordinate to the enthusiasm for the work which had been awakened in the heart of the student. It would not be easy to estimate the amount of good accomplished by the labour thus voluntarily undertaken. There is no better counteractive to the flippant scepticism by which young men are so apt to be captivated than an intelligent study of the New Testament; and in devoting himself to the promotion of this, Dr. Vaughan is casting bread upon the waters which will be found after many days.

By thus breaking in upon that learned leisure, which to many would be the great recommendation of his position, and to whose charms he himself cannot be supposed to be indifferent, Dr. Vaughan shows that in him is the spirit of the true Christian worker. His ministry at Don-

caster, indeed, gave abundant proof of this. The sphere could hardly have been an attractive one, for a third or fourth class town, which is known to fame chiefly as the scene of one of the great racing meetings of the country, is a place where a Christian minister must prosecute his work under considerable difficulties. To say nothing of the "horsey" atmosphere which always hangs about it, and affects a certain portion of its population, the return of its saturnalia year by year must prove a sad hindrance to religious effort. Dr. Vaughan felt this strongly, and in the spirit of a faithful pastor, and with a noble indifference to the unpopularity he was sure to incur, set himself to grapple with an evil whose formidable power a man of less resolute spirit would have hesitated to encounter. The sensational pictures of the "Sellinger," and of the devotion of the Yorkshire people to their favourite race and the betting that accompanies it, with which our daily journals entertain their readers, may enable us to understand the moral courage demanded by the vicar who set himself in determined antagonism to the sport by which the town has its fame and its wealth. Dr. Vaughan was equal to the demand, and if he was able to effect but little towards the abatement of one of the greatest curses of modern society, he delivered his own soul and gave a noble example of pastoral fidelity, all the more valuable because racing is too often regarded as one of those gentlemanly sports which none would condemn but those ascetic Puritans whose proper home is in Dissenting chapels. His rebuke was distinct and decided, and of course provoked considerable resentment. It would have been borne less patiently if the whole life and ministry of the vicar had not attested his conscientiousness, and done much to disarm hostile criticism. The memory of his labours at Doncaster has indeed not passed away, and the new parish church which supplies the place of the venerable edifice destroyed by fire during his incumbency, will long be associated with the name of one of the noblest types of the parish minister. Dr. Vaughan had formed, as his sermon on "Free and Open Churches" shows, a very high conception of the obligations resting on one to whom the State had given the charge of a parish, and it was his anxious effort, by the exercise of practical wisdom, by a complete and self-denying devotion, by care for the lesser as well as the more important duties of his office, and above all, by the influence of spirit and example, to realise his own ideal.

A strong Churchman, he has never attached himself to either of the "great historical parties;" indeed, it is not easy to see to which he could belong. His theology is *Evangelical* in the truest sense of the word, but we are not sure whether the representatives of that school, and especially those who undertake to apply its tests of orthodoxy, would be quite satisfied with it. In his sermon on the "Tone of the

Liturgy" he traces the Tractarian movement to the Evangelical teaching relative to conversion, or, rather, to the spiritual life in general. The "worst perversions and distortions of a degenerate and debased Calvinism," and the "fearful recklessness" they induced, were not common, because in numbers of cases "instinct was too strong for theology; and a parent, who could not in theory dispense with a tangible conversion, was found in practice to regard his child as already within the pale of the kingdom. The nursery contradicted the pulpit: the child was taught in the nursery that God was his Father, even while he was taught from the pulpit that God was the Father only of the converted." It was the uncertainty thus awakened in the mind which made "a new doctrine of Church membership and inherited privilege come with attractive power" to many. "Children of Evangelical parents—sons in some instances, and daughters too, of clergymen who had held a foremost place in the maintenance of a purely Gospel doctrine, were swept into the vortex of an excessive ritualism, and at last, too often, into the open communion of an unreformed and deeply corrupted Church." It would carry us too far were we to enter into a discussion of Dr. Vaughan's view. Our object is simply, so far as we can do it, to indicate his standpoint. He would have the old Evangelical teaching corrected or supplemented by the teaching of the universal fatherhood of God on the one hand, and of the special privileges conferred by baptism on the other. He would address each baptized person thus: "You are a child of God by right of a world-wide redemption; you are a child of God by right of an individual baptism. Everything which God did in Christ, He did for you; everything which belongs to the sons of God, whether in atonement or in grace, whether through Christ's sacrifice or through Christ's spirit, is yours—yours also, yours of right, because you are born into a world which Christ redeemed, because you are incorporated personally into a Church in which the Spirit dwells." What is to be said to those who are unbaptized and who are children of God only in virtue of their common relation to the Father in heaven, and in right of a world-wide redemption, is not apparent, but on those who have thus been "incorporated personally into a Church in which the Spirit dwells" he inculcates the necessity of personal faith and holiness. In his view the "Holy Catholic Church" is distinct from the "communion of saints;" the latter is "that Church within the Church, that shrine (if we might so express it) within the temple, that holy of holies," which, "from the proximity of the Divine habitation, is all holy, which, visible only in its distinctness to an all-seeing eye, comprises none but the true and the real amongst many worshippers." Baptism introduces into the Church: by personal faith and holiness alone can even the members of the Holy Catholic Church have a place in the "communion of saints."

Such a theory, encompassed, as it seems to us, with innumerable difficulties, separates him from the High Church as well as from the Evangelicals. It represents, however, we believe, the opinions of a large mass of Churchmen who cannot wholly abandon the idea of sacramental efficacy, but are desirous of reconciling it with the idea of a spiritual renewal. It is the point to which many, even of the Evangelicals themselves, seem to be gravitating. How it is compatible with the notion of a "world-wide redemption" and a universal fatherhood, is not clear.

Dr. Vaughan, however, like other pupils of Arnold, has exalted ideas of the Church as a national as well as a religious institution. In him they are associated with an amount of deeply spiritual fervour which is not found in all the members of the school. He is as far removed from the Bishop of Exeter as the Bishop is from Mr. Matthew Arnold; yet the latter could hardly talk of the position of the Church as a national Establishment in stronger terms than those which he employs. "Without waiting for each place or each person," he says, "to choose his religion, or even his form of worship, the nation has pre-occupied all persons and all places for the Church. A man cannot help being born, not only into a town or a county, but into a parish; he cannot help it; he is born, therefore, whether he will or no, into something which has not only the mark of Christ, but the mark of Christ's Church." Starting from this, it is easy to arrive at Mr. Matthew Arnold's notion that the Dissenting minister is a nuisance in the parish, whom it is the business of the clergyman to "stamp out." For what is he doing but depreciating the value of the privilege thus conferred, and seeking to induce men to efface the mark of Christ's Church, which the nation, in its great care for their spiritual welfare, has impressed upon them? We do not suggest that Dr. Vaughan would adopt such a conclusion, even though it be the necessary consequence from his own premisses; he is too large-hearted a Christian, and has formed too correct an estimate of the work which Nonconformists have done, to acquiesce in such a view. Sometimes, too, he makes admissions fatal to his cause. "A deep sleep," he tells us, "did fall once upon the pastors of England," and when revival came it was "depressed and discouraged by the Church's authority, and men were suffered to go forth into the paths of Nonconformity and Dissent." In other words, the institution to which the nation had committed the care of its spiritual interests proved to be a hindrance to their advancement, and those interests would have been wholly neglected but for the lawlessness of those who refused to admit her authority in the matter. In a very significant passage we are shown the good which has resulted from this "scene of division and disunion:"—

"The Church had lost her opportunity ; it was too late now to prevent or to heal Nonconformity, but it was not too late for the Church to learn a lesson from her own truant children, and to relight the torch of her own zeal at the fire which her own fault had kindled. Henceforward, even till now, Dissent has been a powerful, perhaps a necessary stimulus to the Church's life."

We forbear to press the argument which such admissions suggest, but it is too obvious to require illustration or enforcement.

The members of his school do as little justice to themselves as to Dissenters. Their liberality, generally so conspicuous, seems to desert them when they come to deal with those who are conscientiously opposed to the Erastian theory of a Church. Even Dean Stanley, with his overflowing charity, takes a different tone when he speaks of those whom he regards as enemies of his Church, and neither a sense of justice nor a feeling of courtesy restrains him, even in assemblies where he meets Nonconformists on neutral ground or in their own territory, from insisting on the blessings of an Establishment. Dr. Vaughan has not been so prominent in his advocacy ; but, despite his consent to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, he clings tenaciously to the Anglican Establishment, and is so far influenced by his attachment to it as to fail rightly to understand the position of Nonconformists, or fairly to appreciate their character and work. Thus, in addressing his parishioners on the special blessings of their position, he says :—

"The independent ministry of our parish churches is a benefit to the congregation chiefly on this ground, that it enables your minister to speak to you as a man who is not dependent, either way, upon your smile or your frown : a man who has not to trim his course, either in his doctrine or his conduct, according to the wind of popular caprice : a man who can stand up before you in public, or visit you in private, with the freedom and boldness of one who seeks not yours but you, who has God only for his teacher, God only for his master, and God only for his judge. This is your advantage. You want not a man who shall deceive you with a lying, or flatter you with a time-serving Gospel ; you want one who can inform, instruct, admonish you—even when your hearts are reluctant—with all long-suffering, indeed, but with all authority too. No congregation is so much to be pitied as that which can feed or starve, engage or dismiss its own minister at its pleasure. Sore is the temptation then for him to *speak only smooth things* ; sore the judgment which shall befall a people that has made its prophets prophesy deceits, and say Peace, peace, to them when perhaps there was no peace."

These oblique and indirect insinuations against a body of men who are as sincere in their endeavours to do their solemn duties faithfully as the speaker himself, are unworthy of a man like Dr. Vaughan. He should leave them to the Massinghams or Potters, or other representatives of the Church Defence Society. Better things are expected from



men who do not look at the Church and the world through the distorting medium of party spectacles. The facts do not bear out the accusations suggested. Indeed, when occasion demands, the friends of the Establishment will bring the very opposite charge; and, as in relation to the Education or the Disestablishment controversy, insist that Dissenting ministers misrepresent the feelings of their people, who, at heart, disapprove the action which they outwardly appear to support. But the idea is inconsistent with Dr. Vaughan's own statement already quoted, that "Dissent has been a powerful, perhaps a necessary stimulus, to the Church's life." It could never have been so, if its ministers had been time-servers, and its congregations had insisted on keeping them so.

His view of the Church, however, must never be lost sight of if we would form a correct idea of Dr. Vaughan's position. It colours his own opinions on most subjects, and leads him, at times, to express sentiments which startle those who forget the strong prepossessions by which he is influenced. His well-known explanation of the expression of confident assurance in the Burial Service, when read over the grave of a notorious profligate or even infidel, belongs to this class:—

"There is, if I might venture so to express it, a sort of solemn protest in the hopes and thanksgivings uttered over the grave of the sinner, which is far more thrilling in its testimony against sin and for holiness than any omission or any qualification that the ingenuity of man could have devised. *That is what ought to have been true of him; that is what ought to have been his life and his death; that is what ought to have been prognosticated and anticipated as to his eternal prospect; that is what the Church shall still say of him, for he wore to the last the veil and the form of a believer, and the day of final disclosure is not yet.* And at the same time, perhaps, it is the suspicion, or the more than suspicion, of every bystander that this man did wear a disguise when he called himself a Christian: that the hopes of the Gospel never were his: that his life was not a Christian's life, nor his death a Christian's death. And, therefore, this is but the consistent close of a long drama; the last scene of a life, it may be of hypocrisy, it may be of silent negation; the final exercise of the Church's toleration; the consignment of an unworthy, a spurious son, to the judgment of One who is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

The proper reply to all this special pleading is to take the Prayer-book and read the words of the service itself. The idea on which all Dr. Vaughan's representations proceed is not in the most distant way ever suggested there. The Church does not appeal to the judgment of God, she exercises her own, and gives God thanks for the sure and certain hope He warrants her to cherish. It is not easy to conceive of language further removed from a mere charitable and benevolent supposition, or from the implied and underlying protestation or rebuke which Dr. Vaughan finds in it. It is too little to say that this is a trifling with solemn lan-

guage. In the view of many it involves an offence equally against honesty and common sense; and if we hesitate to adopt so strong a conclusion, it is because the whole of Dr. Vaughan's reasonings about the Church shows how naturally he has been led to views which, to those not initiated in his principles or affected by his surroundings, are simply shocking. He pities the congregation which has power over its ministers and the ministers who are dependent upon the people. Some of them may not unreasonably retort with an expression of pity for one whom the exigencies of his position force into so doubtful a mode of defending that which, if it is to be accepted in its natural sense, is incapable of any defence at all.

But while we cannot acquiesce in the justice of Dr. Vaughan's representations, or the force of his reasonings, we would not hint that he himself entertains a doubt as to the validity of his defence of a system to which he is conscientiously attached. It may be as hard for those who have been trained in Nonconformist views to understand his position as it is for him to see how Dissenting ministers can preserve absolute independence under conditions which might seem to preclude its exercise. The wiser course, on both sides, is to accept the facts as they are, and to abstain from the judgment of motives. It is one of the evils arising out of the little knowledge which Churchmen and Nonconformists have of each other, that mutual misunderstandings exist which tend to make the separation between them still wider. We should regret, indeed, if by a word of ours we should help to increase a bitterness which it is our anxious desire rather to abate. Dr. Vaughan may be assured that among the Nonconformists, who are least able to sympathise in his view of a National Church, and to approve the line of thought by which he reconciles himself to the anomalies in the Anglican Establishment, there are numbers who yield to none of the members of his own community in their admiration of the nobility of his character and the earnestness of his ministry.



## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

### *The Relations of Christianity and Science.*

A Sermon by Rev. G. DEANE, D.Sc.,  
&c. London: Hodder and Stoughton.  
(Price Sixpence.)

DR. DEANE'S sermon was preached at Redland Park Congregational Church during the recent meeting of the British Association at Bristol. We were about

to say that it is an excellent illustration of the attitude which a Christian minister should assume towards scientific inquiry: but we are not sure whether we ought not to say that it is an excellent illustration of the attitude which a scientific man should assume towards the Christian faith. We heartily commend it to the notice of our readers.

*Four Years' Campaign in India.* By WILLIAM TAYLOR. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price, Four shillings.)

DR. TAYLOR—"California Taylor" as he likes to call himself—was sent for by Mr. Moody to assist him in his recent revival work in London. We believe that the experiment was not a very brilliant success. Dr. Taylor—so we were told—preached long sermons, and people who had been accustomed to Mr. Moody's short and sharp addresses went out before the doctor had finished. This book, however, very fully explains why it was that Mr. Moody sent for him. It is one of the most startling, stimulating, amusing narratives that we have seen for a long time. Dr. Taylor went to India, knowing nothing of any Indian language, stayed there four years, preached up and down the country to all sorts of people, and now tells us what he thinks came of it. To put into a single sentence the element which gives interest to the whole book—when he preached the Gospel to people he expected them to believe it, and in a large number of cases *they did*. He and the people whom he gathered about him set their hearts upon converting particular individuals, and through God's grace these particular individuals were converted. He has a considerable amount of humour, and goes about his work in the cheerful spirit of a man who "means to win." We think that it would do most people a world of good to read his story.

*Four Years in Ashantee.* By the Missionaries RAMSEYER and KÜHNE. London: James Nisbet & Co. (Price, Six shillings.)

THIS book is a perfect romance. In the introductory chapter by the Rev. Dr. Gundert, it is very justly remarked that in the case of these two Ashantee Missionaries the usual relations between Europeans and savage nations were reversed. "Europeans, whether travellers, merchants, residents, or missionaries, when they cross the path of, or come into contact with, the negro, commonly do so from a position of superiority. They look from above, but these men saw all

from below: the white man was the slave, the negro the master." For us the book has a far deeper interest than most volumes of African travels, and there are very few missionary narratives which are comparable to it. Mr. Ramseyer and Mr. Kühne were prisoners in the hands of a barbarous people, and were prisoners while their masters were at war. Their sufferings and their courage were equally remarkable. The book cannot fail to secure sympathy and aid for their mission.

*God's Word through Preaching.* By JOHN HALL, D.D. *Conditions of Success in Preaching without Notes.* By RICHARD S. STORRS. London: R. D. Dickenson. (Price, Two Shillings and Sixpence.)

WE think it a good practice for a preacher to read every book on preaching that comes in his way. The worst books generally have some good suggestions in them. These two sets of lectures, however, are of exceptional value. They are worth reading over and over again. Dr. Hall and Dr. Storrs are among the greatest of living preachers, and they tell us frankly what are their ideas of preaching, and by what methods they think that a preacher is most likely to be successful.

*Cook's Tourists' Handbook: Northern Italy.* London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price, Four Shillings.)

MR. COOK has invented a handbook which is specially adapted, not only to travellers who use his tickets, but to all who move rapidly from place to place, and want to see as quickly as possible the chief objects of interest in the towns they visit. He has had the sense, too, to print his books in a large legible type. Further, the minutest practical information is given—information of the kind necessary to persons unfamiliar with the Continent. The present volume includes the principal routes to Italy, the Italian lakes, Turin, Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence. The Handbook to Venice (price, One shilling) and the Handbook to Florence (price, One shilling), which are published separately, are included in the Handbook to Northern Italy.

# *The Congregationalist.*

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NOVEMBER, 1875.

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## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

XXIII.—HEBRON, BETHLEHEM, WITHIN THE GATE OF JERUSALEM.

WE encamped on the afternoon of Monday, April 7th, among the hills, about eighteen miles south of Hebron. The adventures of the day had excited our people, and they thought it necessary to watch the tents during the night. Four or five fires were lit on the ground as usual, and round them sat groups of Bedouin. All night long they were yelling songs, which, for the most part, sounded as mournful as funeral dirges. Sometimes they were singing a lullaby, the burden of which was, "Friends, sleep." Sometimes we recognised a kind of antiphonal song. The men at one fire sang a few words, and presently the same words came from the men at another fire. "Keep awake, and pray," was the translation which Mahommed gave us of the more complex performance. Their exhortations to each other to "keep awake" were much more effective than their friendly suggestion that we should "sleep." The night was dark, and bitterly cold. In the morning the ground was wet with heavy dew, and the mist was thick on the hills.

We started at 6.10, and were soon over the pass, and now we were in a charming country. At first vegetation was very abundant, and there were patches of green wheat. We now began to be reminded of ancient customs. Small blocks of stone placed in a line, a few yards from each other, divided one man's plot of ground from his neighbour's; and we saw why it was that the ancient law pronounced a curse on the man that removed a neighbour's landmark. There was no hedge

to be pulled up, no wall to be pulled down, no ditch to be filled ; in half an hour a man might move the landmarks so as to add a good strip of his neighbour's land to his own. Soon after we saw a shepherd *leading* a flock of sheep and goats. Then we saw oxen ploughing. The ruins of ancient buildings were frequent, and there were very many wells. The whole neighbourhood is covered with the sites of towns, some of which still bear names so like those which are mentioned in Joshua xv. 48-55, that they may be easily recognised.

All the morning the country retained the same general character, except that it became less fertile as we approached Hebron.

About twelve o'clock we saw in the distance a white-looking town, which we should have recognised at once from common engravings, even if we had not known that Hebron was very near. At the distance of a mile it looked as though it covered a hill, standing at the mouth of a valley which we were entering. The houses were of stone. No roofs were visible, but there were a few domes. No smoke rose from the houses to stain the perfect blue of the heavens. On the left—westward—the hills, which were 400 or 500 feet in height, were terraced and covered with wheat and with trees ; the wheat was brilliantly green. There were also long lines of olive-trees, with their grey, green foliage, and the fig-tree was just getting into leaf. When we got nearer we found that vines were abundant. The “gardens” or vineyards were walled round, and every one had its “tower.” The soil was reddish ; the rock, however, was often bare. On the east the hills were rougher and less cultivated. At the entrance of the town there is an enormous stone tank, which is one of the two great reservoirs on which the town relies for water. This, as Mr. Porter supposes, is the pool mentioned in 2 Samuel iv. 12, in the account of the vengeance which David inflicted on the murderers of Ishbosheth : “And David commanded his young men, and they slew them ; and cut off their hands and their feet, and hanged them up over the pool in Hebron.”

But when we first saw the city it did not recall this grim act of justice. We thought of Abraham, who pitched his tent under the oaks which once grew further up the valley ; and of Sarah, whom he buried there ; and of the courtly interview between the great patriarch and the sons of Heth, when he purchased the sepulchre in which he laid her ; and of his own burial in the same cave ; and of Isaac and Rebekah, who were buried there after him ; and of Leah ; and of the funeral procession—“chariots and horses . . . a very great company”—which came from Egypt, across the short desert, to bury the mummy of Jacob in the land of his fathers. This ancient city was the original capital of David. While we were encamped there I read the story (2 Sam. v.) which tells how all the tribes of Israel came to David

at Hebron, and spake, saying: "Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh. Also, in time past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast he that leddest out and broughtest in Israel: and the Lord said to thee, Thou shalt feed My people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel. And they anointed David king over Israel." He was thirty years old when he began to reign at Hebron, and between seven and eight years passed before he transferred the seat of his government to Jerusalem. The ghosts of remote centuries seemed to rise again and to surround us, and we began to feel that we were living in the morning of time.

We encamped soon after noon outside the city, near a cemetery.

After lunch we went into the city. The streets are very narrow, and the stones so smooth that it was sometimes rather hard to keep one's feet. The estimates of the population vary from 5,000 to 10,000. The chief object of interest in Hebron is the great mosque which covers the cave of Machpelah. To us "infidels" access to the sacred building was denied. We were only able to look down into the great quadrangle from outside. When the Prince of Wales was at Hebron, twelve or thirteen years ago, he was permitted to enter the mosque, but I believe that there was a very strong guard of Turkish soldiers outside to defend him from the possible fury of the fanatics. Since then the Marquis of Bute has been admitted to the building. From the actual cave, however, all Christians have been rigidly excluded. That it lies within the sacred enclosure is practically certain; and some day, perhaps, a mummy may be discovered there with inscriptions which will assure us that we have found the actual body of Jacob. The wall which surrounds the Haram is one of the most ancient structures—perhaps the most ancient—now remaining in Palestine. It is improbable that it was built later than the time of Solomon; it may have been built by David. In this wall there is one enormous block of stone, which is supposed to be just above the cave; through a small opening in it I was able to thrust an arm into what is locally supposed to be the cave itself. This stone is kissed by the Jews as an expression of their reverence for the great fathers of their race; their lips have worn it quite smooth.

In the afternoon we strolled up the Valley of Eschol to the distance of a mile or a mile and a half from our tents. It was a pleasant walk; the valley is very narrow, and the hills which rise on each side are covered with vineyards, and olive-gardens, and corn. "Abraham's oak" stands surrounded by vines at a distance of about a mile and a quarter from the city. It is an ancient and noble tree, and though not old enough to have been standing there in the time of the patriarch, it is in all probability a lineal, and not very remote, descendant of the oaks under whose shadow he pitched his tents, and up whose branches Isaac and Esau may have climbed when they were lads. We

asked a man, who had a vineyard near the tree, what was the weight of the heaviest cluster of grapes that he had ever seen grown in the valley: he said about five pounds and a half.

At Hebron we parted with our Bedouin. Hamadh and his men had been very civil and faithful to us, and they received a little extra "backsheesh" beyond what Salem was engaged to give them by his contract. Before leaving England we had purchased a few parcels of scissors, and knives, and some gold chains, which were brilliant to look at, though they were not very costly. These, too, as well as some dollars, were distributed among them. The woman, who had behaved particularly well, received, I think, a rather larger present than the men. They all seemed very satisfied, and we parted excellent friends. I heard of Hamadh ten days later in Jerusalem. A party of three or four English gentlemen was not far behind us, and they were expected in Jerusalem two or three days after ourselves; their non-arrival at the time they were expected occasioned some anxiety. They made their appearance, however, before we left. I was talking to one of them about his experiences between Petra and Hebron, and he said that he would not go through the country again for a thousand pounds. He and his party had been stopped several times by armed men, and compelled to pay black-mail. On one occasion their camels and baggage had been detained for a couple of hours. Hamadh was among the plunderers. After loyally conveying us to Hebron, he and his wild men had met these young countrymen of ours somewhere near the Arabah, and had forced them to pay "backsheesh" to the amount of fifty pounds. I had the impression that the young men were not fortunate in their dragoman, and that their escort must have been a weak one.

Salem wanted us to wait at Hebron until horses and mules arrived from Jerusalem; but Easter was near, and we were anxious to be in the holy city to keep the Passover. We were also anxious to get our letters. When his messenger might return with the full number of horses and mules which he had sent for we were not sure. The distance is very little over twenty miles, and I told him that I should like to walk. This seemed a very wild proposal to him; and when he saw that we were so eager to get on, he hired six horses for us at Hebron—one for each of the travellers, one for himself, and one for Hassan; and so we started—Hassan, if I remember aright, carrying on his animal the small amount of personal luggage which we required for immediate use.

The change from a camel to a horse I did not find very agreeable. I had become quite used to being on the summit of the unwieldy creature which had so alarmed me when I first had to mount it at the Wells of Moses. The motion, which at first was so perplexing, had now become positively sooth-



ing, and my only fear was lest I should drop off to sleep while riding, and fall off when I was dreaming. The ease with which a camel-rider can change his position is a great comfort during a journey of many successive hours. It was possible to sit on the saddle three or four different ways. If I had been accustomed to ride a horse at home I might, perhaps, have found the change pleasanter; but Nonconformist ministers are seldom good at going across country; and it is not often that they mount even a quiet hack when they start to make their pastoral calls. My predecessor, John Angell James, used to ride in his earlier days, and for a time he was known in Birmingham as "the fallen Angel," in consequence of having been thrown in the principal street of the town; but I had scarcely ever crossed a saddle since I was a lad. The animal which Salem had got for me to carry me to Jerusalem was a miserable creature—blind in one eye, and with a curious habit of staggering. However, he kept on his feet, and I kept on his back, till the day's journey was done. The first three or four miles were very trying. The road from Hebron through the Valley of Eschol is an old Roman road, and I doubt whether it has ever been repaired since the Romans left the country. A Roman road, my readers should understand, is very like a stone wall built flat on the ground, and when it is out of repair the separate blocks of which it is built are often an inch or two apart, and many of the blocks are absent altogether.

We passed "Abraham's oak," which we had visited on the previous afternoon; and about two miles and a half from Hebron we saw on the right a low hill on which are some ruins, which, according to a perfectly untrustworthy tradition, are the ruins of "the house of Abraham." When I came to understand that the poor beast which carried me was not likely to come down, notwithstanding his stumbling, I began to feel the picturesqueness of the country and the spell of its associations. The first "note" which I made after leaving Hebron was, "charming country, looked clean;" and I have still a very vivid remembrance of the impression which the cleanliness made upon me. There seemed absolutely no dirt. Not a speck of dust was blown up from the road, and there was nothing to dim the lustre of the grass, the wheat, and the trees. The next "note" I made refers to the "grey character of the scenery;" this was a little further north where the rock was more exposed. The next "note" records "great fertility for some miles—wheat, &c."

How well I remember the brilliance of the light that morning, and the fresh beauty of everything on which the eye fell! When we emerged from the Valley of Eschol we passed for a short time over some open country; then the road—a mere mountain road now—ran along the side of limestone hills, with a narrow valley below, and hills rising on the

other side of it.. The valleys in many parts were "covered over with corn;" the sides of the hills above the height of a hundred or two hundred feet were generally uncultivated; but the ancient terraces still remain, and tell the story of the prosperous days when they were covered with vines. And though these terraces were bare, the country did not, to my eyes at least, convey the impression of desolation of which many travellers have spoken. I suspect that people who visit Palestine in the autumn, when the country is burnt up by the summer heat, have altogether a different impression of it from that which we received in the spring.

Every now and then we passed, on the road, groups of people, many of whom were dressed in brilliant colours or in stainless white; "old men and maidens, young men and children," fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, boys and girls, travelling in parties; and on their way to Jerusalem, like ourselves. Some of them were on asses, some were on foot. Both men and women had, for the most part, pleasant faces. The Christians were going up to Jerusalem to keep Easter, and the Mahomedans to keep a Mahomedan feast which falls about the same time. We saw acted before our very eyes the old scenes which when we were at home we had only pictured in our imagination. Eight and twenty centuries dropped away, and we were among the people of the ancient covenant in the time of their power and glory. Solomon was on the throne; the Temple stood in its majesty on Mount Moriah; we were ascending to the holy city to keep the Passover. Now was the time to sing, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

This was the road along which Abraham went to offer Isaac when the terrible command had come to him to offer the child of promise; and the road by which David came when he went up to Jerusalem to be crowned; and by this road, perhaps, Joseph and Mary with the child Jesus had fled from Bethlehem into Egypt.

At about the distance of ten or eleven miles from Hebron the country became more rugged, and the signs of present cultivation almost disappeared; but just then we came upon remains commemorating ancient greatness. In a valley of some extent there are three great reservoirs of water—the second at a lower level than the first, the third at a lower level than the second. These reservoirs are excavated in the rock, and where it is necessary the sides have been completed by walls of hewn stone. They are supplied from a fountain at some little distance from the upper reservoir. The water is carried off by an aque-

duct, which is rather curiously constructed: some of the water was made to flow direct to Jerusalem from a basin into which it was first carried; but, from this direct current, some might be turned into the first reservoir; some, at a point further on, into the second; and some, at a point still more distant, into the third. When there was enough water direct from the fountain for the purposes to which it was applied in the city, the water went direct from the fountain; if there was more than was needed, the reservoirs were successively filled; when the direct supply was deficient, water was turned from the third reservoir, which, I suppose, had direct connection with the other two. These reservoirs are called "the Pools of Solomon." Their dimensions are given by Porter (Murray, page 69) as follows:—

Upper Pool.—Length, 380 ft.; depth, east end, 25 ft.; breadth, east end, 236 ft., west end, 229 ft.

Middle Pool.—Distance from upper pool, 160 ft.: length, 423 ft.; depth, east end, 39 ft.; breadth, east end, 236 ft., west end, 229 ft.

Lower Pool.—Distance from middle pool, 248 ft.: length, 582 ft.; depth, east end, 50 ft., west end, 148 ft.

I believe that the line of the aqueduct can be traced at point after point between these reservoirs and Jerusalem; it terminated at the ancient Temple. There is a rabbinical tradition that water was conveyed to the Temple from a place called Etham, where it is said that there were gardens and rivulets of water, "to which Solomon was in the habit of taking a morning drive." It has been suggested that Urtas, which lies at a little distance from the reservoirs, may be the ancient Etham, built (or fortified) by Rehoboam, who also built (or fortified) Bethlehem and Tekoa, the last of which, by the way, we had left on our right a little before reaching the reservoirs. It is possible that Rehoboam may have fortified Etham because his father had planted pleasure-gardens there. Near the upper reservoir is an immense khan, or "inn," said to be of Saracenic origin.

The direct road to Jerusalem from "the Pools of Solomon" leaves Bethlehem about half a mile, or perhaps a little more, to the right. As we had arranged to take Bethlehem on our way, we turned off from the main road a little beyond the lower pool, and passed over a very rough and rugged piece of country. The rock, in most parts, was nearly bare. We saw a man ploughing a scrap of soil which seemed only a few inches in depth, and his furrow had continually to be turned out of the straight line to escape protruding masses of limestone.

Bethlehem stands on an eastern spur of the range of hills running northwards. As we rose from the valley to the town, we passed a great number of very fine olive-trees. Reaching the platform on which the convent stands, we had a fine view. Eastwards the hill descended to the

plains on which Boaz had his farm, and where David may have watched his father's sheep, and where the shepherds heard the wonderful tidings that the Christ was born. The face of a hill on the west is covered thick with olive-trees, and the whole of the immediate neighbourhood of the town is carefully cultivated. There are at present about 3,000 inhabitants, all of them Christians; the Mahomedan quarter was destroyed by Ibrahim Pasha in 1834. The women of Bethlehem are famous for their beauty; the Crusaders were established here for some time, and it is supposed that the characteristic physical qualities of the people may be derived from an admixture of European blood. The Syrian softness and grace are ennobled by a vigour and robustness which confirm this hypothesis. Some of the faces that we saw were strikingly handsome.

The vast convent buildings which cover the sacred sites are on the eastern side of the town, and include the Church of the Nativity and three separate convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian. According to tradition an oratory was erected early in the second century over the cave in which our Lord was supposed to have been born. For St. Evaristus, who is said to have become Bishop of Rome A.D. 100, the honour is claimed, though with some hesitation, of having assisted to erect it. This building is alleged to have been destroyed by the Emperor Hadrian, who is also said to have surrounded the sacred spot with a grove consecrated to Adonis, and to have desecrated the sacred manger itself by the worship of Venus. Early in the fourth century St. Helena commenced the present church, which was completed by Constantine. St. Jerome came to [Bethlehem fifty or sixty years later, and made his home in a grotto near the traditional site of the Nativity.

The church is a very noble one, and both from its antiquity and from the materials which were used in its erection has great interest. As it is used in common by the great Churches, it has unfortunately been permitted to get out of repair. It is a pathetic warning to all Christian Churches in times of controversy. The truths which each supposes to be its own special charge are illustrated and defended with all the vigour and learning and power it can command; the greater truths which underlie all their doctrinal divisions are in danger of being neglected. The church consists of choir and nave. The choir, which has three apses, and is separated from the nave by a wall built in 1842, is divided into two chapels, one belonging to the Greeks and one to the Armenians. The nave has five aisles, divided from each other by noble Corinthian columns. These columns are of deep rose colour, veined with white. They are apparently marble, and may perhaps have stood originally in the porch of Herod's temple. When we passed through the church a company of Turkish soldiers had charge of

it ; they were lying on the pavement eating and drinking. A week or two before our visit there had been one of the constantly recurring outbreaks of jealousy and hatred between the Greeks and the Latins. Blood, I believe, was shed, and the Mahomedan troops had to keep the peace between the representatives of the rival Christian Churches over the very spot which both Churches acknowledge to be the birthplace of their Lord. A week or two afterwards we heard of another and more violent disturbance. The circumstances were investigated by the Turkish authorities, and, according to the *Levant Herald*, the following arrangement was agreed upon :—

“ 1. The superiors and other inmates of both the Greek and Latin monasteries in Bethlehem, being regarded as equally blameable for the late disturbances, shall be replaced. 2. The tapestries between the Holy Cradle and the South Gate, the form and inscriptions of which are contested between the Greeks and the Catholics (Latins), shall be manufactured by the latter and placed on the walls by the Ottoman Government. 3. The niche, or cupboard, in the Grotto of the Nativity, which was in dispute between the Armenians and the Latins, shall belong to the Latins. 4. The Latin altar, demolished during the riots, shall be rebuilt at the expense of the Ottoman Government. The Church of the Columns shall, as heretofore, belong to the Greeks ; the Latins will have the right of passing through it, but may not sing litanies in it. The tapestries, destroyed during the disturbances of April last, shall be provisionally replaced by satin hangings until the Porte has come to a definite decision upon the subject.”

The choir is on a higher level than the nave, and underneath the choir are the sacred places. These are approached by two flights of stairs, one on the north side of the church, the other on the south. The northern staircase is in charge of the Latins, and they contend that when the Holy Family had to make their temporary home in the sacred cave, its entrance was from the northern side. It was by this staircase that we descended. It brought us into a dark, narrow passage. On the right we were shown, first, the altar and tomb of St. Eusebius of Cremona. “ He was a disciple of Jerome, and sold his property to assist his master to found a monastery at Bethlehem. After the death of Jerome he was elected superior.”\* Then we passed an altar built over the tomb of Saint Paula and her daughter Eustachia. Saint Paula was the dis-

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\* “ Guide Indicateur des Sanctuaries et Lieux Historiques de la Terre Sainte. Par le Frère Lievin de Hamme, Franciscan.” The traditions of the “ sacred places ” are told by me in the form in which this Franciscan monk has given them. His book is published in Jerusalem by the Franciscans, and is an interesting handbook. His traditions sometimes vary a little from those which are given by the ordinary English authorities. I believe that Father Lievin is in the habit of conducting parties of devout Roman Catholics to the sacred places, and, if I mistake not, we saw him more than once. He seemed a cultivated, polished gentleman.

ciple and friend of Jerome. Near this is a portrait of Saint Jerome, resting on a lion. We then came to the chamber which Saint Jerome made famous, the chamber in which he wrote many of his great books, and from which he addressed his letters to Augustine. It is a large cave, about twenty feet square and nine feet high, cool, dry, well ventilated, and with plenty of light. The saint had a very agreeable study. We then saw the Chapel of the Innocents. On the walls there is a coarse painting of the massacre of the children of Bethlehem, and the altar beneath which, according to "Murray," 20,000 of them were buried. Father Lievin gives a much more credible story. He says that according to tradition, "this was the place in which several mothers came to conceal themselves when the Innocents were being massacred by the order of Herod; but they were discovered by the soldiers, and saw their infants put to death before their eyes. The infants are buried in a grave now covered by the altar." Next to this is the Chapel of Saint Joseph—a chamber in the rock, into which it is alleged that he retired at the moment of our Lord's birth. We then visited the Chapel of the Nativity, which is a chamber about thirty-five feet in length, eight or nine feet in breadth, and eight or nine feet in height. On the eastern side there is a semi-circular apse, which contains the spot on which, according to the faith of the great Churches of the East and the West, our Lord was born. Round this apse and close to the ground there are suspended fifteen silver lamps, which are kept burning day and night: four of these belong to the Latins, five to the Armenians not in communion with Rome, and six to the Greeks. In the floor of the apse is a slab of white marble with a small opening in the centre, in which there is inlaid a piece of bluish stone, which Father Lievin thinks is probably jasper; the opening is surrounded by a silver star; and surrounding the star are the words which, notwithstanding the hardest incredulity in reference to the trustworthiness of the tradition, can hardly fail to send an electric shock through one's whole frame: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est"—HERE Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

When De Saulcy visited the place in 1850 the star had disappeared. He says: "We were shown a carved opening in the pavement, which formerly contained a massive silver star. . . . We are told that the Greeks have carried it off. [Of course M. de Saulcy was lodging with the Franciscans, and they gave him their version of the story.—ED.] I doubt the fact, though I cannot refute it. I can only affirm that the pavement is at the present day unadorned by any precious metal."\* It

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\* "Narrative of a Journey round the Dead Sea and in the Bible Lands." By F. De Saulcy, Vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

appears from Father Lievin's book that the star had been removed in 1847, and that when in 1852 the Emperor Napoleon insisted on the "restoration" to the Franciscans of some of their ancient privileges in connection with Bethlehem, it was replaced. In a pregnant little note to this statement the reverend Father shows the amicable nature of the relations between his own order and the Greeks. He says: "In 1863 the followers of Photius again attempted to remove this star, the Latin inscription being intolerable to them because it is a clear proof of the Latin claim. Fourteen nails had already been removed when the offence was discovered."

Two or three yards from the Chapel of the Nativity is the Chapel of the Manger, the roof of which is supported by three ancient marble columns. The "real manger" is now in Rome, and its place is supplied by a marble trough. There is an altar in the chapel marking the place where the three wise men from the East offered their gifts and adored the infant Saviour. Whether or not one or other of these caves was the stable in which Mary and Joseph took shelter because there was "no room for them in the inn," who can tell? In this place I do not care to discuss these traditions; I want my readers to know what the traditions are.

When we had duly visited all these "sacred" sites, we reascended the rocky stairs, and were soon in the open air and on the platform outside the convent. Here we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, pressing us to buy pearl carvings and strings of beads made of olive wood and of camels' bones, the latter being stained red. One of the lads was very persistent. He seemed to think that the respectful and courteous way to address an Englishman was to call him "Johnny." Every time he handed me some of his wares to look at, he said, "Buy, Johnny;" "very good, Johnny;" "half-franc, Johnny;" "franc, Johnny." I laid in a stock of beads, which I thought would make pretty necklaces for children at home, and then rode off.

We passed rapidly through the little town, which looked cleanly and fairly well kept for an eastern town, and in a few minutes were in the open country again; very soon we struck the main road from Hebron. The road lay up a slight ascent, and as my horse, whose infirmities I had now forgotten, walked slowly along, the wonderful history of which Bethlehem is the symbol, and on which it had been rather difficult to dwell with concentration and absorption of thought while going from vault to vault under the guidance of the monk, came upon me with all its power. I looked back again and again at the mountain village whose name has travelled so far and is familiar to the children of Christendom from their very infancy.



Just as it was disappearing behind us, I saw three or four people on horseback, on the ridge, a few hundred yards before me. These figures stood out against the sky, and they were evidently looking at the country beyond. "They can see Jerusalem!" was the exclamation of one of our party. We pressed forward to the ridge. It was only three or four minutes ago that we had Bethlehem still in view, and now, at four or five miles' distance, across a deep depression in the country, we saw the walls of the "Holy City." In the village behind us He was born; outside the city which we saw before us, He died. ●

The first view of Jerusalem moved me infinitely more than I expected it would. To tell the truth, I had cared very much less about seeing Jerusalem than about seeing many other places. The neighbourhood of Nazareth, Bethany, and the Lake of Galilee, these I knew would help to make more vivid to me the external circumstances of our Lord's earthly life. But Jerusalem had been destroyed since He walked in its streets and taught in its Temple; and in parts the ancient city lies seventy or eighty feet below the modern one. But looking across the open country, from the ridge on which we were standing to the mountain city, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole land—Mount Zion—on the sides of the north, the city of the great King," I forgot everything except that this was once the capital of David, the city in which the Temple stood that was filled with the glory of God on the day of its consecration, the city in which the great prophets had borne their testimony in behalf of the living God, the city in which the Lord Jesus Christ Himself had kept the feasts, delivered some of His most wonderful discourses, been judged and condemned to die. I remembered, above all, that it was somewhere outside the lines on which the walls in the distance now stood, that He had been crucified and buried, and that from the hill that lay in the east He had ascended into heaven.

It was a great moment, and nothing which I had read had prepared me for it. I had imagined that the only view of Jerusalem that is really impressive is that from the Mount of Olives; but as seen from this ridge the city is in some respects more striking. Looking at it from the Mount of Olives the whole plan of the city is seen, but from where we stood the walls of the city ran along the ridge of the hills, and the buildings within rose out above the sky-line. It was a true mountain city, and as we looked at it from the south, the words I have already quoted came into my mind as a most true and vivid account of it: "Beautiful for situation, on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King."

When the first shock was over we began eagerly to identify the buildings and hills which were in sight. "Yes, in the east there is the Mount of Olives; immediately before us Mount Zion and Mount Moriah; we can't see the valley of Gehenna, *that* lies under the walls;

and the great shining dome on the right is the dome of the great Mosque which covers the site of the Holy of Holies ; and to the left of it is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ; nearer to us, and just within the walls, is the great Armenian convent." So we made out point after point, and then slowly descended the hill. When we had gone two or three miles further we began to feel that we were near a city of some size. A considerable number of people were moving along the road. Then we passed the almshouses built for his Jewish brethren by Sir Moses Montefiore. Then we began the ascent towards the Jaffa Gate. Crowds of people were round the gate, selling vegetables and fruit ; we passed through them ; we were under the arch of the gateway ; our horses' feet began to clatter on the stones ; we were in the streets of Jerusalem.



## CONVERSION AND REGENERATION.

IT would serve to shed no little light on certain views of religious truth which have recently become prominent, if a careful inquiry were made as to the usage of these two words in the New Testament. They are current in our ordinary discourse with scarcely any difference of meaning—certainly none that is very clearly apprehended ; and the idea which they are intended to convey varies with the wide diversities of Christian opinion. Under the ascendancy of "broad" views the terms Conversion and Regeneration, if used at all, would stand for what is more properly the sense of the first ; and with higher and stricter conceptions of the nature of the Gospel system, the two words would emphatically express that which appears to be the distinctive sense of the second. Between these extremes float all degrees of hazy and indefinite meaning, which it is unnecessary to describe more particularly.

Well, there is no harm in synonyms, it may be said. If we do but understand each other—in speaking of a religious state—what matters it, whether we call it Conversion or Regeneration ? This may be granted, so far as we are concerned only with social intercourse. But the case is altogether different when appeal is made to the Scriptures, and when we carry over into their teachings, as we are naturally and insensibly apt to do, the current meanings of terms. If indeed the two words are synonymous *also* in the New Testament, well and good ; but if they are not, the assumption that they are cannot prove less than a mischievous source of error, under which we import our own conceptions into the word of God, instead of deducing them from its exact

teachings. At any rate, therefore, it is worth while to inquire into the sense which the sacred writers attach to these terms.

The word Conversion is used in the New Testament only once, in Acts xv. 3, and denotes in a general sense the turning of the Gentile nations to God, in other words, a sincere acceptance of the Gospel of Christ, which had been preached to them by Paul and Barnabas. The success of their Gentile mission may, of course, have involved in most cases much more than this, but the word itself does not express more. It sets forth just that outward aspect of the events, which met the eye of the historian, and was sufficient for his purpose at the moment, leaving the reality and the constituent elements of the change to after consideration.

This sense of the word naturally flows from the invariable usage of the verb from which the noun is derived. In all cases, and whether in its compound or simple form, the verb means to *turn* a person or thing into some other direction or position, or, in an intransitive or middle sense, to turn in the way of changing one's own posture or course of action. It is never to be taken in the passive voice, as it is in Matthew xviii. 3, "Except ye be converted," which ought to have been, "Unless you shall have turned." It always denotes a man's own act and deed, whether in turning himself or in turning others. Accordingly, God is never said to convert men; but sinners are urged, in the common preaching of the Gospel, to turn unto Him, as in Acts iii. 19, 2 Corinthians iii. 16; and the servants of God are spoken of as turning or converting others (Luke i. 16; James v. 19-20).

It is impossible to enter at length into the numerous passages where the verb occurs, and into all the details of Greek exegesis, which would be necessary, in order to present a complete and exact demonstration of these conclusions. It may suffice to say, that no one, who will be at the pains to investigate the question fully, will fail to discover that converting and conversion, as the words are uniformly employed by the New Testament writers, do not point to anything beyond a voluntary moral and religious change, in which the soul, under the influences of recognised and objective truth, turns itself to God in accordance with the requirements of the Gospel, and with a view to obtain its divine and spiritual blessings. In fact, conversion, as thus understood covers, as a general term, the two acts of repentance and faith, mutually intertwining with and involving each other, in which the sinner turns away from sin unto God in Christ. Repentance and trust are, in fact, the elements, the momenta of conversion, in which it operates and comes to pass,—its moving forces, through which it works its way to a decisive change of action and conduct. But all these, whether in the general idea as conversion, or in its constituent elements as repentance and

trust, are always in the New Testament vigorously discriminated and marked off from that, in which consists the essence of personal Christianity, the indwelling divine and spiritual life.

Regeneration may be conceived of, either as an act or as a state—an act of God Himself, or a state of soul due to that act, the indwelling and presence of the Holy Spirit.

We shall be told that the proper Greek equivalent to our word *Regeneration* occurs only twice in the New Testament, in Matthew xix. 28, and in Titus iii. 5, and that in both its precise meaning is open to question. But even dismissing these passages entirely from consideration, that which we mean by *Regeneration*—though quite ready to replace it by a better word, if it can be suggested—is the state of soul, or the Divine act, denoted in New Testament phraseology as the “being born of God,” “born again,” “born of water and the Spirit,” “passing from death unto life,” the being “in the Spirit,” “created in Christ Jesus,” “a new creature” or creation, “in Christ,” and in other similar expressions. In all these passages alike, including the two first-mentioned, we believe, in full concurrence with Archbishop Trench, that the meaning is essentially the same. The direct reference is to a vital and mysterious change wrought by the action of the Holy Spirit in the soul of the convert, introducing the elements of spiritual life, conferring the consciousness of Divine sonship, and leading into a new union and communion with God through His Son. The terms of the New Testament are not to be softened or refined away, but taken in their real meaning as approximately the most accurate descriptions of the mysterious facts to which they relate. In the nature and realization of them we find the distinctive essence and glory of Christianity, that which marks it off from all the religions of mankind, with which it is sometimes absurdly compared,—that which is its peculiar glory, the crowning fulfilment of God’s eternal purposes as dimly foreshadowed throughout the Old Testament Scriptures. This is the only sense of the term *Regeneration* for which we care to contend, as being the primary stage of that spiritual salvation which is the burden of the Gospel, and forms the very essence of its glad tidings to the souls of sinful men.

The distinction we have endeavoured to point out between *Conversion* and *Regeneration* is, as it appears to us, always carefully preserved in the New Testament. A few specimens of its mode of putting things will illustrate this. Thus, in John i. 12, we read: “To as many as received Him (*conversion*), to them gave He power to become the sons of God (*regeneration*), even to them that believed on His name (*conversion*); which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God (*regeneration*).” In Matthew xiii. 15 we find the words, “Lest at any time they should see with their

eyes, and hear with their ears, and should turn (conversion), and I should heal them (regeneration)." In John vii. 38 the Saviour says, "He that believeth on me (conversion) . . . from within him shall flow rivers of living water (regeneration)." In Acts xvi. 30, 31, in answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" it is said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ (conversion), and thou shalt be saved" (regeneration and all that follows it).

It would be easy to multiply instances of this kind, but it would be impossible to find one in which the turning of the sinner in the first instance to God, with all the anxieties, strivings, yearnings, and efforts implied in it, is identified with the great spiritual change which is afterwards wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God. In fact, the prevalent phraseology employed by the Saviour and His Apostles in defining the conditions and the nature of the Kingdom of God seems to rest on the fundamental difference between the moral and the spiritual spheres, in other words, between two gradations or stages of true religion. In the first, God is recognised merely as the Sovereign Ruler of mankind, with every moral claim in the perfections of His position and character to the reverence and obedience of His subjects; and in this aspect He is to be approached with feelings of lowliness, contrition, and hope. In the second, in addition to all that is included in the first, God is regarded as our Father revealed in Christ, to be approached in the spirit of filial confidence and love, and we are to have intimate and delightful fellowship with Him in the inner circle of His own children. The second status presupposes and is founded on the first. The sons of God are subjects under His supreme and rightful sway, and come under the same moral obligations as others to obey His laws. But their relationship implies privileges, honours, and unspeakable joys, which are utterly unknown to those who abide among the hired servants of God, worship in the outer court of the Gentiles, and never enter the inner sanctuary, to gaze on the glory that excelleth. The former was the religion of the God-fearing Hebrews under the old economy; and men pass into it still from ungodliness through the outer gate of conversion. The latter is the grade of religion which alone deserves the name of Christianity, as possible only through Christ, and actually brought into living and blessed experience in the indwelling of His spirit in the soul.

This distinction between the moral and the spiritual is commonly recognised in the preaching of the Gospel to sinners, though not always distinctly apprehended. We call on them to turn from sin unto God in Christ; and we urge every argument and persuasive which we think fitted to work on a rational being; and on the condition of their unreserved and honest compliance with the terms of repentance and trust, we encourage them to expect the great salvation. These appeals im-

ply the responsibility of our hearers, and responsibility implies free agency, and free agency supposes at least some degree of moral power. So far we are aiming at conversion, and seeking to bring the worldly, or it may be the impious and licentious, man, into the soul-moving consciousness of his real relation, as a transgressor, to the sovereign Ruler of the world. If our efforts are entirely successful, the result is a humble and contrite sinner suing on his knees for Divine forgiveness and salvation; and if these confessions and supplications of his are accepted—as we believe they always will be—the soul finds, sooner or later, joy and peace in God through Christ, and has implanted within it the germs and primary energies of spiritual life. This is regeneration, and is entirely the work of God. In this we are as passive as in conversion we are active; and the same union and co-working between the moral and the spiritual, the active and the passive, the human and the Divine, extends through the whole of the subsequent Christian life. We are directly responsible to God for all that is within the compass of our moral light and power, not only in doing all that is ethically good and right, but also in the use of all positive means, divinely prescribed, through the channels of which spiritual influences from above are to flow into the soul. But here our power, and therefore our personal action, ends. What follows is as little in our own immediate power as the gleaming forth of the sunbeam or the drops of the gentle shower on the tender plant, which we may have put out of doors to receive their blessing.

Possibly some of our readers will understand us to be, in making the above distinctions, shutting off from conversion, and from the sphere of the moral gradation of religion altogether, all Divine influence and help from God. But this is not at all our meaning or intention. The Spirit of God was not absent from the Old Testament Church, though in the higher and more glorious conception of His living presence He was not given until after the exaltation of the Saviour; and His sphere of action cannot be less extensive now. All that we insist on, is that whatever influences of the Spirit may visit the souls of converts—influences prevenient or simultaneous—these form no part of the work of *regeneration*, but belong entirely, according to the teaching of the Apostles, to its antecedent conditions. Nothing, therefore, advanced here need distress either the Arminian or the Calvinist; the distinction between the two things, as stated above, is unaffected by any question as to the primary cause of that course of action, which finally brings the sinner into spiritual union with God; though under any view of such questions we are bound, as preachers of the Gospel, to insist on the duty of every one to turn unto God.

The practical advantages of carefully preserving the distinction in

question, besides the negative one of avoiding error in the interpretation of the scriptures, are great and manifold. For one, it will conduce to a clear understanding of the economy of grace and salvation as presented in the Gospel. The use of the terms Conversion and Regeneration, with some difference, not sharply apprehended, in their meaning, inevitably spreads a haze over the whole of our religious teaching. To lift conversion up into the spiritual sphere is in effect to make the realization of a saving change, the condition of its realization. Faith in Christ, which in the first instance is only a moral act of voluntary trust in Him for salvation, is confounded with the higher faith of the regenerate Christian, and is thus made to pre-suppose the actual possession of that of which it is nominally in pursuit. It is dignified by the name of "saving faith," and made to imply regeneration, in relation to which, according to the uniform tenor of the New Testament, it is only an antecedent condition. More commonly, at least at the present time, the current of misconceptions on this subject runs the other way. Conversion is not unduly exalted; but Regeneration is degraded and disparaged. The very word itself, if used at all, and all kindred phrases, are toned down to denote merely moral changes of some sort, a personal decision in matters of religion, a resolution to hold on the whole by Christian principles as the wisest and best thing, and to live in the habitual observance of sacred ordinances. If regeneration is anything it is assumed to be this; and a corresponding interpretation is put on other obsolete phrases of the old writers, unsuited to these days. Thus the "grace of God" means sacred influence of various kinds; the "joy of the Holy Spirit" is religious satisfaction and inner self-respect. The consciousness of "Divine sonship" is the comfortable feeling that God cares for us like a father, and bountifully provides for our wants, as indeed He does for those of all His creatures. In this manner we may descend by degrees to the position that Christianity is only a republication of natural religion, with sundry improvements and weightier sanctions,—a divinely accredited Deism.

Now, whether men in these days will accept or reject Christianity it is well that they should at least know what it is. It perhaps never was more needful than it is at present, that the peculiar principles of the Gospel system should be fully disclosed to view, and especially the two great doctrines of reconciliation with God through the self-oblation of His Son, and the transformation of the soul into His spiritual likeness by the immediate operations of His Spirit. It will at least contribute something towards this full manifestation of real Christianity, if we cease to confound Conversion with Regeneration, and unfold the nature and source of the latter exactly according to the teaching of inspiration.

The distinction will also be of no small advantage in our discussions



with Baptismal regenerationists. Controversialists of this school are in the habit of opposing regeneration in baptism to our Nonconformist doctrine of conversion under the preaching of the Gospel, as if the two things were mutually exclusive. Much of the contempt often evinced, and more frequently felt, towards the notion of conversion, as if it were purely a methodistic invention, is probably due to a proud conviction of having been regenerated in baptism. Our writers, on the other side, in disproving and exposing the dogma of baptismal regeneration, are often found dilating on the necessity of conversion, as if in establishing the one they were *ipso facto* overthrowing the other. But the arrows from each side fly pass the mark, or, at least, fail to strike it in the very centre, because a direct aim is impracticable in the grey twilight of ambiguous terms. Relegate the word Conversion to its proper place among the forms of expression for moral, voluntary acts of our own, *conditioning* but not *constituting* the reality of spiritual life, and reserve the term Regeneration to denote only the vital change itself, and all these mists of antiquity are at once cleared away, and the course to be taken with the Romanist or the Anglican is made plain before our face.

That course is to insist, that we know of no regeneration save that which consists in being "born of God" into divine and spiritual life, that this regeneration is ever represented in the New Testament as following conversion in its two constituents of repentance and trust in Christ, that it therefore necessarily presupposes such an adult age as includes the power to apprehend the primary truths of the Gospel, the medium through which the Holy Spirit works, and to perform voluntary acts, which are the prescribed conditions of His regenerating operations, that baptism with water is not otherwise related to regeneration than as an emblem of the Spirit baptism and its results, an expression in striking symbol both of the Divine provision itself and the necessity for its application, and that, finally, the baptism of the Holy Spirit is the only baptism extolled and commended by the Apostles, which is ever to take effect on them that believe. Within these lines we may entrench ourselves, and hold our position against all comers, so long as the Christ of the New Testament shall be the acknowledged Head of the Church, and the Spirit of God, working through the medium of revealed truth, shall be confessed and honoured, as the fountain of all spiritual life, holiness, and power.

JOHN M. CHARLTON.

## CHRISTOPHER HARVEY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE SYNAGOGUE," ETC.

MANY of the sweetest singers of the songs of Zion have left few traces of their life-history on the annals of time. Like the nightingale, they quaver forth their notes under covert or in obscurity, hiding even while singing; or, like the lark, they raise their songs of ecstasy at heaven's gate only, seeking no earthly recognition of their ethereal music from the auditors who listen delightedly to their enraptured strains. The gush of melody which they pour forth is glorified not seldom by a holy humility of spirit very different from the self-assertion of other poets. Our sacred singers too often suffer for lack of that passionate egoism in which the children of the secular muses so frequently abound. The world takes them at their own lowly self-estimate, and the Church not uncommonly adopts the fashion of the world in this respect. Hence it is, in some measure, that sacred poetry is looked on with so little regard. But there are other reasons: poetry is thought made winged and musical by the soul's emotions; that poetry is most popular which appeals to or excites the more ordinary passions of human nature, and that which deals with the rarer and the loftier stirrings of the spirit finds "few," even when it finds "fit audience." Yet, in truth, the nobler the emotional excitement which the poet induces, the higher the poetry by which the spirit is roused, enraptured, quickened, and refined is in its essence and grace. No muse that ever wandered through the groves of Parnassus can possibly tune a harp to themes so noble and ennobling as that which affects the poet "smit with the love of sacred song"—themes in the contemplation of which saints thrill and tremble, and at the glory of which even angels are filled with exceeding, oft-times unutterable, joy.

It ought to be the care of the Church to see that the harp of Zion is kept in heavenly tone, and that those who strike its chords with the divine mastery of poetical grace do not pass into oblivion unwept, disregarded, and unhonoured. If even the dust of the saints is dear in the sight of our God, how much more precious to Him are those fruits of the spirit which cheer and strengthen the pilgrims of earth on their heavenward journey, while they march onward "with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in their hearts to the Lord!" Yet how many of the choicest of our hymns for public worship and private devotion are anonymous; or if they have names attached to them the names are mere symbols, carrying into the heart no memory of the writers, of their life and work, of their time, their trials, and

their humanity. They are little more than the marks or indices of

" Pearls of times bygone,  
And worthies now no more."

It is sad that it should be so, not for the sake of the saintly singers, but for the Church's good, as showing a deficiency in grateful remembrance of the spiritual benefactors of the children of God's heritage by whom such bequeathments of grace have been made. Of many it is hopeless to retrieve any "lively memorial" now; but in such as there are possibilities of gaining traces, it behoves the Churches of Christ to make endeavours for their attainment as soon as may be.

Of one of the choice singers of the sanctuary, who for far more than two centuries has been brought before the minds of Christian congregations in close companionship with "holy George Herbert," there has been no fact-gathering and researchful memoir procurable; and, in fact, the very works which he did have been attributed to others. Of late it has become possible, in part, to rectify these mistaken ascriptions, and to bring together a few scattered fragments of a biography; and we propose in this paper to arrange them in order, with some attempts at interpretation or elucidation, so that, as far as in us lies, there may be some brief memorial written of Christopher Harvey, M.A., author of "The Synagogue," a poem of peculiar power in reproducing the tones of the "brook that flowed fast by the oracles of God," which has been wrongly assigned to "Thomas Harvey, Gent.;" and of "Schola Cordis," a quaint and sweet series of verses on sacred emblems, which have been, even recently, attributed to Francis Quarles.

"The fraternity of St. Katherine the Virgin of the Haberdashers of the City of London," instituted in 1467, and now constituting the eighth of the great incorporated companies of the metropolis, among the other benefactions of notable donors which they manage, had and yet hold under trust, as the administrators of the will of "Mr. Thomas Aldersey, citizen and haberdasher," of date 20th Feb., 1595, the right of presentation to the church of Bunbury in Cheshire, about four miles from Liverpool, and to the head-mastership of the Aldersey Grammar School, there instituted under letters patent of Queen Elizabeth, issued to the founder 2nd Jan., 1594. The first master in this school, and the person who held the earliest appointment as "Mr. Aldersey's preacher at Bunbury in Cheshire," was the "learned and godly Master Christopher Harvey," becoming thus associated in the office of the ministry, as the Rev. A. B. Grosart says, "with holy William Hinde, the golden-penned biographer of John Bruen, of Bruen Stopford." The families of Aldersey and Harvey appear both to have been Bunbury ones, and probably Harvey was related by marriage to the founder of the preachiership and school.

To the schoolmaster and preacher of Bunbury, who is spoken of by the trustees as a persevering and careful teacher, there was born a son, in 1597, who was baptised in the church at Bunbury after his father as Christopher Harvey, or Harvie. In Nov. 1601, Christopher Harvey, the elder, died and was buried on the 23rd of the same month. On the 21st of Feb., 1608-9, "Ellen Harvie of Bunburie, widow," was taken to wife by "Thomas Pierson of Waverham, Presbyter," of Brampton-Brian, near Kington, in Hereford, who adopted into his heart's affections the seemingly only child of her former espousals. During the latter part of his residence at Bunbury, say from 1604 onward, it is probable that young Christopher Harvey would receive his education in the grammar-school which his father had formerly taught, and on his removal to Brampton-Brian, the bright-witted eleven years old boy would receive the tutorial care of his pious step-father. In 1613, when sixteen years of age, he was entered as a "batler," or poor scholar, of Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree 10th May, 1617, and that of M.A. 10th May, 1620. He early entered into Holy Orders, and in a short time secured the patronage of Sir Robert Whitney, Knight, whose wife, Ladie Anne Whitney, was a granddaughter of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, being the issue of his son Sir Thomas Lucy and Constance Kingsmill, who had been a ward of Sir Francis Walsingham, and the companion of Sir Philip Sidney's wife, Spenser's "Stella," in whose family, perhaps, he acted as private tutor and chaplain. In the small Herefordshire parish of Whitney, Christopher Harvey seems to have married, and here he appears to have acted as assistant to "William Huddleston, clerck, rector of Whitney," who "was buryed December 19th, 1630;" for, in the baptismal register of Whitney we read that "Anne, the daughter of Christopher Harvey, and Margaret his wife, was baptised March 13th, 1630." This apparent little firstling brought to the font was probably named after, and had as godmother, the Lady Anne Whitney, his patron's wife. This friend was one of the trustees of the Kington Grammar-school, instituted in 1619 by Dame Margaret Hawkins, widow of Sir John Hawkins, the circumnavigator and naval hero, who was born a Vaughan, and when the school was built and ready he procured the appointment of "first prelector or head-master of this said school" for Christopher Harvey, M.A., 29th Sept., 1632. He does not appear, however, to have remained at Kington long, for a successor, David Meredith, was elected 25th March, 1633: and "Tamberlane, the sonne of Christopher Harvey, clerck, and Margaret his wife, was baptised July 7th, 1633," at Bunbury. In the preceding year "Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson, of Fugglestone and Bemerton, was buried 3rd March within the little church at Bemerton, where he used to preach the Gospel; and in the next year "The

Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations" was published. This volume, which has so long enriched "the world with pleasure and piety," attracted the loving admiration of the Rector of Whitney, and he was seemingly led by his desire to imitate this enshrinement of sacred song to cultivate the heavenly muse. His opinion of it was very high :—

"In building of his 'Temple' Master Herbert  
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.  
Roman and Grecian muses all give way,  
One English poem darkens all your day!"

Harvey was probably introduced to a knowledge of this work by the Vaughans, who were connected with Herbert by the spindle-side and were the acting trustees of Kington School. In the meanwhile the tenor of his home life and his parish duty seems to have gone on smoothly at Whitney. John, his son, was there baptised June 21st, 1635, and so was Robert, 30th July, 1637. Hellen, baptised Sept. 22nd, 1639, is the latest baptismal record regarding him in the Welsh-neighbouring parish of Whitney. On Nov. 14th, 1639, Christopher Harvey was, on the presentation of his patron Sir Robert Whitney, instituted to the vicarage of Clifton-on-Dunsmoor, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, and in 1640 "The Synagogue, or the Shadow of the Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations in Imitation of Mr. George Herbert," was given to the press, being issued as a companion supplement to the prior and higher work. Of the dedication here are the first and last verses :—

"Lord, my *first-fruits* should have been sent to Thee :  
For Thou, the Tree  
That bare them, only lentest unto me.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best ;  
Accept the rest :  
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest."

The whole work, as Mr. Grosart says, is informed with a "lowly, tender, sweet spirit, and besides their piety and innocent quaintness, the Poems of Christopher Harvey have qualities that make them worthy of their long association with Herbert." Those who can appreciate the holy exaltation, devout earnestness, and intrinsic piety of the poems of George Herbert, notwithstanding the quaintnesses and conceits in which they abound, and know the high opinion entertained of them by Izaak Walton, will feel most deeply the wealth of praise given to Harvey's verses in the fellow quotation addressed by the Complete Angler "to my reverend friend the author of 'The Synagogue.'"

"These holy hymns had an ethereal birth,  
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,  
And fix them there,  
Free from the world's anxieties and fear.

Herbert and you have power  
 To do this ; every hour  
 I read you, kills a sin  
 Or lets a virtue in  
 To fight against it : and the Holy Ghost  
 Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost."

We shall however pursue, at present, the narrative of Harvey's life, and recur to the character and merits of his poetry in forming a general estimate of his works and worth.

"Bridget and Mary, [twin] daughters of Christopher Harvey and Margaret his wife," were baptised June 12th, 1642, at Clifton-on-Dunsmoor, and thereafter a son named Whitney, after his patron, "was baptised Sept. 24th," and "buried 11th Oct., 1643, an infant of days." The last entry on the baptismal register relates to Thomas, baptised 22nd Feb., 1645. While these notes of domestic interest were being made so suggestive of the mingled yarn of joy and grief of which human life consists, the great world without was stirred by the Civil War. Harvey, who, though a Royalist and a Clergyman of the Establishment, was an evangelical preacher and a moderate in politics, appears to have desired to urge some mediatorial considerations on both parties; for—between the insurrection set up against the King by the Commons, when but a few miles southward in Warwickshire the indecisive conflict of Edgehill brought both parties for a time to a halt, till the hosts of war were mustering not far off round Avon Well, in Northampton, for the very decisive battle of Naseby, 14th June, 1645, where Charles and Cromwell met and fought, and the King's cause was irreparably lost—the rector of Clifton was busily engaged in composing a treatise entitled, "Apheniastes; or the Right Rebel. A treatise discovering the true use of the Name by the Nature of Rebellion, with the properties and practices of Rebels. Applicable to all both old and new Phanatics." Though "mostly penned in the early part of the struggle," the Logic of Events and the rude Syllogistics of War outsped the reasoning and the rhetoric of the incumbent of Clifton, and the day of its possible usefulness passed away; nor was it published till after the Restoration, when it appeared as "by Christopher Harvey, Vicar of Clifton, in the county of Warwick. London: printed for R. Royston, bookseller to His Sacred Majesty, 1661." It was dedicated to Sir Geoffry Palmer, Knt. and Bart. It does not seem to have taken any effective place in literature, though it was apparently reissued immediately after the author's death with a new title as "Faction Supplanted: or a Caveat against the ecclesiastical and secular Rebels, in two parts. 1. A Discourse concerning the nature, properties, and practices of Rebels. 2. Against the inconstancy and inconsistent contrariety of the same Men's pretensions and practices, principles and doctrines," (Oct.) 1663; no

(known) exemplars remain, and it is only a guess as to its purport that is hazarded above. Another work from the same pen is also mentioned by Anthony Wood, entitled "Conditions of Christianity," also printed at London and apparently in two volumes; but this work also has disappeared from the world of books, leaving, it would seem, no memorial of its being, save the bare brief title given above. How these works came to be published so circumstantially with the author's name and title we cannot explain to ourselves, for Harvey in the dedication to Sir Robert Whitney of Whitney, his "truly noble and thrice most honoured patron," prefixed to "The Church's Exercises under Affliction," being posthumous expositions of some of the Psalms by his stepfather, Thomas Pierson, of Brampton-Brian, whose love and care he fondly reciprocated, published in 1647, Harvey says that he had "long agoe put on almost an obstinate resolution never to send mine owne name to the presse except it be as now I do, to bring to light another man's labour." Pierson was the chosen friend of Sir Robert Harley, K.B., and of his wife the Hon. Brilliana, Lady Harley, daughter of Sir Edward Conway, of Rugby, who with her children were besieged by the Cavaliers for six weeks in 1643, shortly after which she died. Yet in 1644, Brampton Castle was again assailed by Sir Michael Woodhouse, governor of Ludlow, and after an able defence by the servants for three weeks, capitulated, when three of the orphans of Brampton-Brian were taken prisoners. Pierson was also the editor of the Works of William Perkins, "the conforming Nonconformist," a native of Marston Jabet, in Warwickshire, a divine of uncompromising Calvinistic tendencies, and a personal opponent of Arminius. From these circumstances we get a sort of side-glimpse into the specific sympathies of Christopher Harvey.

The words we have quoted from the dedicatory epistle to Sir R. Whitney, in 1647, justify the supposition that he was the writer of other works to which he did not affix his name. Almost simultaneously with Pierson's "Church's Exercises" there issued from the press "Schola Cordis" (The School of the Heart), "or the Heart of it Selfe gone away from God; brought back again to Him; and instructed by Him in 47 Emblems." London, printed for H. Blunden at the Castell in Cornhill, 1647, 12mo. 196 pp.; this was reissued in 1664 "for Lodowick Lloyd at the Castell in Cornhill," and was reprinted "for Lodowick Lloyd" again in 1675 with this addition to the title, "by the author of *The Synagogue* annexed to Herbert's Poems." This was an adaptation in part of a book of religious emblems entitled "Schola Cordis, sive aversi a Deo Cordis, ad eundem reductio et instructio," by Benedict Hueften, author of "Regia via Crucis," published at Antwerp 1635, and afterwards translated into French. Such books of combined engraving and poetic suggestions were then pretty fashionable. Of these perhaps the best



known example is "The Emblems" of Francis Quarles. All the engravings in Harvey's "Schola," like those, we may add, in Quarles' book, are reproductions from the Dutch, except I. II. and III., which are engraved by William Marshall, to whom we owe the portrait of Shakespeare in the 1640 edition of his poems. The texts are also adapted by Harvey, but the epigrams and odes subjoined to them appear to be original, and to bear, as Mr. Grosart says, "the same mint-mark" as "The Synagogue." In both of these series of poems, which possess much in common, in lexicon, in quaint turns of thought and expression, and in doctrinal intensity somewhat scholastically presented to the reader, all "throughout, there is evidence of a very distinct individuality, as well as of a singularly holy and consecrate life." They are concise, striking, epigrammatic, and yet sweet, tender, pure, full alike of aspiration and of inspiration.

Another glance of Harvey we get in connection with Rugby School, or "The Free School of Laurence Sheriffe of London, Grocer," founded originally in 1567, reconstituted in an improved form in 1614, and rearranged again in 1653. In that year, an inquisition was taken at Rugby, before John St. Nicholas and others, concerning the property of the foundation, and an order was given for the vesting of the same, for the proper fulfilment of the Trust, in twelve new trustees, consisting of the most respectable gentlemen of the county and neighbourhood and their heirs. Under a decree of the Court of Chancery he was placed on this new list of governors by the designation of "Christopher Harvey, Esq., of Clifton;" for it was then not unusual to bestow on well-born clergymen this recognition of gentility. He commenced his new trusteeship in the first year of the Protectorate, and continued in office during the remainder of his life. We know not what manner of life he led from the institution of the Protectorate till the restoration of the monarchy; but we learn that by 1653, when Izaak Walton published "The Complete Angler," that quaint writer and honest man, who had been moved to admiration of Harvey's "Synagogue," had formed a friendship with the rector of Clifton, and speaks of him in that work, by name on the margin, as "a reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate" George Herbert, "and has indeed done so most excellently," as "a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling." He then quotes Harvey's poem on "The Book of Common Prayer," wherein the author says:—

"They that in private by themselves alone  
Do pray, may take  
What liberty they please  
In choosing of the waies  
Wherein to make  
Their soul's most intimate affections known

To Him that sees in secret, when  
 They are most concealed from other men ;  
 But he, that unto others leads the way  
     In publick prayer,  
     Should choose to do it so  
     As all that hear may know  
     They need not fear  
 To tune their hearts unto his tongue and say,  
 Amen ! nor doubt they were betrayed  
 To blaspheme when they should have prayed."

"Christopher Harvey Master of Artes," to show, we suppose, that he was one of those "that love virtue and angling," returned this compliment by writing a commendatory poem to the Reader of "The Complete Angler," which appeared in the second edition of that work in 1655, which he characterised in these appropriate terms :—

"Here sits in secret blest Theologie,  
 Waited upon by grave Philosophie  
 Both natural and moral : Historie  
 Deck't and adorned with flowers of Poetrie,  
 The matter and expression striving which  
 Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich."

We have Walton's lines in part already quoted addressed to Harvey. We have now to suppose that the public estimation of "The Synagogue" grew rapidly, for a third edition was called for and given in 1655, and a fourth was issued in 1661, the year in which the "Apheniastes" was first published ; and then we read in the register of deaths in the parish of his later labours, under date 4th April, 1663, "buried Mr. Christopher Harvey, Vicar of Clifton." He was then in his 66th year. His reputation did not cease with his life. His poems were frequently re-issued. A fifth edition was called for in 1667. In the very year of the publication of the first complete edition of Shakespeare's Works, Rowe's, 1709, the ninth edition of Harvey's "Synagogue" was published, along with the thirteenth edition of Herbert's "Temple," while many issues have continued to pass from the press to supply the demand of serious readers, for these sanctified specimens of sacred song, whose authors "climbe Mount Calvary for Parnassus hill," and of whom I. H., in some commendatory verses to Harvey's second edition, referring to his imitation of Herbert, says :—

"He was our Solomon,  
 And you are our Centurion.  
 Our 'Temple' him we owe,  
 Our 'Synagogue' to you."

In the foregoing sketch we have endeavoured to "recover" to British biography some knowledge of the life of one of England's marked and meritorious composers of sacred song, the speech of religious feeling,

glowing, fervent, and heartfelt, true, earnest, and sympathetic, and "to shed a little light on the long-dimmed memory" of one of the Christian choir of saintly singers of praiseful poesy. We have been able to do this, if at all, by rearranging and fitting together the facts brought forward in an edition of the complete poems of Christopher Harvey, M.A., published in the "Fuller Worthies' Library," and printed for private circulation under the researchful and painstaking editorship of the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, whose praise is in all the Churches as a writer of melodious verse, full of devotion, faith, and hope, and as an admirer of those contributors to the songs of the sanctuary who have enhanced, enriched, and glorified England's worship in a "never-ceasing choir, heart after heart lifting up itself in the music of speech, heart after heart responding across the ages."

Religion is an influence which excels all others both in intensity and extent. It commands the whole spiritual being, sanctifies and illumines the entire course of life, and is the very pulse of ethical power. Religion knits into fresh union and communion God and man, earth and heaven, spirit with spirit. Hence religion is sympathetic, emotional, and poetical; and it excites in the soul the sublimest form of spiritual speech—sacred song. It is all-pervading, all-absorbing; it overmasters man's whole nature, and by the divineness of its inspiration places its acceptors in the foremost places among the lords of earth's gifted minds, whose piety resounds in praise. Of all poetry religious poetry is the least commonplace. It stirs the inner fountains of life and renews them at their very sources, and all the streams of sweet song that flow thence are pure as the sunshine of God, and purifying as the blood of Christ which has been poured into the "earthen vessels" of the hearts of men. Religion is regenerating and its power is felt, in poetry as in all things else, as an original life-giving quickening, for it is love realised. This gladsome intimate alliance of the spirit and thought of man with the Eternal and Divine imparts freshness and energy to every power and faculty. It cheers and irradiates all experiences, and intensifies every one of the life-currents of the soul. Naturally its highest utterance is song; earth-stained song indeed, but such as still suggests the holy hymns of heaven. The Church of Christ should value its singers, and hold their memory, like their songs, as a precious inheritance gifted to it by God: and if the mosses of age obliterate the inscriptions on their monuments so as to threaten forgetfulness or oblivion, shall we not have a little patience with "The Antiquary" who would remove the overgrowths of old or would deepen and restore the vanishing letters in which the records of the departed are enshrined? Perhaps the reader will thus bear with the writer while he tries to present some snatches of song from the shadowy singer of "The Sanctuary."

"The Sanctuary" is a poem avowedly written in imitation of Herbert's "Temple," and often involves or implies references to it. The synagogue is the church; we enter the churchyard over the church-stile, examine the church-gate, and survey the church walls, our guide giving us admonition and instruction as we accompany him. Then we enter the church which teaches us that—

"A sacred temple of the Holy Ghost  
Each part of man must be, but his heart most."

After looking at the church-porch, we, avoiding "two dangerous rocks, Prophaneness on the one side, and on the other Superstition," give due regard to the church utensils—the font, the reading-pew, the Book of Common Prayer, the Bible, the pulpit, the Communion-table, and the Communion-plate. On all these suitable suggestions are made; of these pious, subtle thoughts set to music we may quote the following scraps:—

"Regeneration is all in all:  
Washing or sprinkling but the sign,  
The seal and instrument thereof: I call  
The one as well as the other mine,  
And my posterity's, as foederal."—*The Font*, 26—30.

"I doubt their preaching is not always true  
Whose way to the pulpit's not the Reading-pue."—  
*The Reading-Pue*, 47, 48.

"The Bible! that's the Book. The Book indeed,  
The Book of Books;  
On which who looks,  
As he should do, aright, shall never need  
Wish for a better light  
To guide him in the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

A book to which no book may be compared  
For excellence;  
Pre-eminence  
Is proper to it, and cannot be shared:  
Divinity alone,  
Belongs to it or none:  
It is the book of God. What if I should  
Say god of Books?  
Let him who looks  
Angry at this expression, as too bold,  
His thoughts in silence smother—  
Till he finds such another."

*The Bible*, 1—6, 49—60.

"Here I will wait then, till I see  
 The steward reaching out a mess for me ;  
     Resolve I'll take it thankfully,  
 Whate'er it be, and feed on 't heartily  
     Although to no Benjamin's choice mess,  
 Five times as much as others', but far less ;  
     Yea if 't be but a basketful of crumbs  
 I'll bless the hand from which, by which, it comes."  
*The Pulpit, 49—56.*

"Never was gold or silver graced thus  
     Before ;  
 To bring this Body and this Blood to us  
     Is more  
     Than to crown kings,  
     Or be made rings  
 For star-like diamonds to glitter in  
     \*      \*      \*      \*

When such a King offers to come to me  
     As food,  
 Shall I suppose his carriages can be  
     Too good ?  
     No ! stars to gold  
     Turned, never could  
 Be rich enough to be employ'd so.  
 If I might wish, then, I would have this bread,  
     This wine,  
 Vessel'd in what the sun might blush to shed  
     His shine—  
     When he should see :—  
     But till that be  
 I'll rest contented with it, as it is."

*Communion Plate, 1—7, 43—56.*

The Church officers are then passed in review, with comments on their duties, functions, and relations in the following order : the sexton, the clerk, the overseer of the poor, the churchwarden, the deacon, the priest, and the bishop. "The Church Festivals" form the next series of topics, and of the Sabbath, Lady-day, Christmas, New-Year's Day, the Epiphany, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension-day, Whit-Sunday, and Trinity-Sunday, Harvey writes with enthusiasm and earnestness, as may be inferred from the manner in which he regards those "holidays" in these lines :—

"Marrow of Time ! Eternity in brief,  
 Compendiums epitomised ; the chief  
 Contents, the indices, the title-pages  
 Of all past, present and succeeding ages ;  
 Sublimate graces, antedated glories ;  
     The cream of holiness ;  
     The inventories  
 Of future blessedness ;

The Florilegia of celestial stories ;  
 Spirits of joys ; the relishes and closes  
 Of angels' musick ; pearls dissolvèd ; roses  
 Perfumed ; sugared honeycomb's ; delights  
     Never too highly prized ;  
     The marriage-rites,  
     Which duly solemnised,  
 Usher espousèd souls to bridal nights ;  
 Gilded sunbeams ; refinèd elixirs,  
 And quintessential extracts of the stars."—*Church Festivals*, 1—18.

Thereafter there follow a series of miscellaneous verses of much fervour, quaintness, power, expression, fulness, and scriptural vitality. The memory of the singer of such divine poesy ought not, as we think, to be lost to the churches. Among the fine old terse verse of the Christian choristers, Harvey's have a good right to a good place and full remembrance. The "Schola Cordis," though more pedantic and conceitful, possesses many claims to careful study and prayerful use. Will the reader, before we part company, peruse together with us these four stanzas, and feel, prayerfully, the communion of the heart-throb which they stir, that we may all be partakers of these gifts and graces?—

"FAITH looks into the secret cabinet  
 Of God's eternal counsels, and doth see  
 Such mysteries of glory there as set  
     Believing hearts a-longing ; till they be  
 Transformed to the same image, and appear  
 So altered, as if themselves were there.

\* \* \*

HOPE can disperse the thickest clouds of night  
 That Fear hath overspread the soul withal ;  
 And make the darkest shadow shine as bright  
     As the sunbeams spread on a silver wall :  
 Sin-stricken souls Hope, anchor-like, holds steady,  
 When storm and tempest make them more than giddy.

LOVE led by Faith and fed with Hope, is able  
 To travel through the world's wide wilderness :  
 And burdens seeming most intolerable  
     Both to take up and bear with cheerfulness ;  
 To do or suffer what appears in sight  
 Extremely heavy, Love will make most light.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,  
 Faith, Hope, and Love ; let them possess mine heart ;  
 And gladly I'll resign to other men  
     All I can claim by Nature or by Art,  
 To mount [raise] a soul and make it still stand stable,  
 These are *alone* engines incomparable."

*Engines*, 19—24, 43—54, and 66—72.

## DE LUCE ÆTERNA.

## I.

O QUAM necesse pura sit,  
 Aeterna lux ! tuum  
 Splendorem quum visura sit,  
 Quae anima secura sit  
 Nec fugiat visum !

## II.

Qui thronum cingunt angeli  
 Hanc ecstasin valent  
 Perferre, namque candidi  
 Labisque humanae nescii  
 Nequitia carent.

## III.

Ast ego, ut excessero  
 Nativis tenebris,  
 Ah, qui demissum de throno  
 Fulgorem ferre potero  
 Aeterni jubaris ?

## IV.

En, quâ assurgam est via  
 Supernas ad sedes ;  
 Divina nempe hostia,  
 Ac Paracleti gratia  
 Viresque salubres.

## V.

Sic, sic paratus ad sedem  
 Sublimem provehor.  
 Aeternam ducit in Lucem  
 Mundanam trans caliginem  
 Aeternus me Amor.

A. W. Y.



## THE TEMPLE RITUAL.

*(Concluded.)*

## NO. XVII.—THE SACRIFICE OF THE RED HEIFER.

IT is not proposed to enter, in the series of articles now concluding, into the question of the eleven distinct impurities which were designated by the Law of Moses. Of these the most obnoxious and contaminating, as capable of being communicated by intermediate touch, or even, as it is called, by pressure, was that resulting from the remains of the dead, especially of the dead Israelite. The rules prescribed by the Oral Law as to the second and lower degrees of impurity thus caused, are extremely complicated. The primary legislation on the subject is taken from the nineteenth chapter of the Book of Numbers. It is there stated that whoever touches a corpse, "according to every soul of man," becomes unclean for seven days. On the third, and also on the seventh day, he is to undergo purification, by means of the water of separation. All that are within the tent, or that enter the tent, in which a corpse lies, are unclean; and so is every open vessel, and its contents, that comes in contact with a source of this kind of impurity. Whoever touches a person slain with a sword in the open field, or a dead body, or a human bone, or a grave, is unclean for seven days. By the expression "according to every soul of man," the special cause of impurity is limited, according to some writers, to a human corpse, as distinguished from that of a beast; and according to others, to that of a Jew, as distinguished from that of a Gentile. It is certain that the law of impurity differs in the two latter cases, insomuch that it is only the remains of an Israelite that cause the pollution of the tent or dwelling.

The mode of preparing the water of purification alluded to in the former passage, is described in the first ten verses of the same chapter. The Hebrew doctors are unanimous in the belief that an unbroken oral tradition declares that Moses himself prepared the first red heifer, on the first day of the month Nisan, in the year in which the Tabernacle was erected. This was in the year succeeding the Exodus, or, according to the best authority, the year B.C. 1540. Purification from any previous contact with a corpse is held to have been a necessary preliminary to the erection and consecrating of the Tabernacle. During the wandering in the desert the water prepared from the ashes of this victim is held to have been sufficient for use. By the expression "this shall be a perpetual statute," is implied that on the exhaustion of the ashes of the first victim, another should be prepared according to the same rite; and so on as need arose.

The red heifer was the only victim which, after the establishment of the Temple worship at Jerusalem, it was permissible to slay in sacrifice beyond the court of the Temple. In the wilderness this victim was slain "without the camp." In later times it was slaughtered and burnt on the Mount of Olives, where its blood was sprinkled, and not in the sanctuary: the reason being assigned that the red heifer represented the polluted condition of the whole people of Israel, which, in its impurity, could not enter the Sanctuary. A mystical sense was, by some teachers, attached to every detail of the rite. The lofty cedar, and the humble hyssop, bound together by the same scarlet wool, denoted, on this view, that the whole nation, from the prince or pontiff to the humblest Jew, required that purification which was symbolised by the fire of the pile. But symbolic explanation of a divine command was regarded by the orthodox Jew as a very dangerous form of heresy.

There is no doubt that the provisions of the treatise *Aholoth*, which relates to the pollution of the tent, are in accordance with the precepts of the Pentateuch; although the exact details which they prescribe might not have been deduced from that text without the further comment of tradition. A greater difficulty arises from the account given in the Pentateuch, as well as in the Book of Joshua, of the carrying up of the bones of Joseph in the midst of the host, until they were finally buried in Shechem. No mode of embalming or of enclosing in successive envelopes would have prevented the pollution, by pressure, of the bearers of the sarcophagus, and of all things, and all persons, with whom they came in contact. There is, probably, no statement in the Old Testament which so strongly indicates the comparatively recent origin of regulations ascribed to the most remote antiquity as that which regards the sepulture of Joseph.

The most minute particulars with reference to the sacrifice of the red heifer are discussed in the tract *Parah*, which is the fourth treatise of the sixth order of the Mishna. The names of the Tanaites, or early doctors of the Law, which constantly occur in the early part of this treatise, denote that it cannot have taken its present form until the close of the first, or early part of the second, century of our era. R. Elieser, with whose name the treatise commences, died A.D. 73; R. Joshua was his contemporary; and R. Meir died A.D. 130. We must therefore regard this treatise, like that entitled *Middoth*, or the measurements of the Temple, and other portions of the Mishna, as comparatively late attempts to preserve the details of ritual which had not been committed to writing before the overthrow of the Jewish polity; having been kept in remembrance by the successive performances of the rite from time to time under the sanction of the elder priests, whose memory carried on the traditional form of the observance.

It was necessary that the animal for this sacrifice should be a virgin heifer, of pure red colour. Two black, or two white, hairs, growing together, rendered the beast unfit for the purpose ; and certain doctors held that even two such hairs on any part of the body had the same effect : age and size were of less importance.

Some days before the time fixed for the sacrifice, the priest who was appointed to perform it removed from his own abode to the chamber in the north-eastern part of the Temple Court which was called "the conclave of hewn stone." Each day of the succeeding seven he was sprinkled with the blood of the sin offering. "The Court of Jerusalem," says the Mishna, "was constructed on a rock, and below were hollows because of the sepulchre of the abyss." The meaning of this phrase is, that the intervention of a certain open space prevented any communication of impurity from the casual contact of a bone, or other relic of mortality hidden in the earth. For this reason, in certain parts of the Temple, a double series of arches was introduced ; the piers of the upper series resting on the crowns of the lower arches, so that there was a definite vacant space below every portion of the surface. A chamber was erected over one of these hollow places in the Temple Court ; several of which have been examined and measured by our Royal Engineers in the prosecution of the Ordnance Survey of the city and sanctuary of Jerusalem. Their real significance, however, and relation to the Ritual of the Temple, has been obscured by describing them under the inappropriate name of tanks. A woman expecting to become a mother, was brought to one of the chambers thus constructed, which was set apart for that purpose. Her child, born within the great court of the Temple, was kept within its precincts, and so protected from any chance of incurring the slightest ceremonial impurity, in order to bear an important part in the preparation of the water of separation. When the occasion arose this child was seated on a wooden platform, or litter, borne by bullocks, and conducted to the fountain of Siloe. There the child descended, and drew water from the spring in an earthen vessel, for the purpose of the rite, bearing which he was reconducted to the Temple.

A minute and very curious account is given in the Mishna of the mode in which, by the intervention of a ram, with a staff tipped with tow tied to its horns, the necessary sprinkling of the blood of the sin offering was then made, without the touch of a priest. It is explained by Maimonides that this contrivance was only resorted to on the return from the Captivity, when (as at the present time) all the people were impure from contact with the dead, and when, therefore, no priest was in a condition to perform this part of the rite.

Moses is held to have slaughtered the first of the red heifer sacrifices ;

Ezra the second. After Ezra, according to some authorities five, according to others seven, performances of the rite took place; Simon the Just, Johanan II. (the third of the Maccabean high priests), and Ismael, the son of Phabi, being among the number of the sacrificers, as well as Hanamel or Hananeel, the Egyptian, who was the first of the Herodian high priests. The other names, Elias, and Eni or Onias the son of Haccoph, are less easy to identify.

On the occasion of the sacrifice of the red heifer, a bridge in two tiers, or stories of arcades, was constructed from the Mountain of the House to Mount Olivet. The piers of the upper arcade stood, as before described, on the crowns of the arches of the lower, so that enough air was below the roadway, at every point, to prevent pollution from the sepulchre of the abyss, or from indirect contact with any mortuary remains. From an expression in the tract Middoth (i. 3) it would appear that the Golden gate, now the only entrance in the eastern wall of the mountain of the house, was not used for this purpose; but that a viaduct was constructed from the gate Shushan, the great eastern gate of the Court of Israel, of which indications still exist, over the Court of the Gentiles, and across the Kedron valley. The expense of this erection, even if of wood, must have been considerable, as the torrent of the Kedron at this point, exactly between the Sakhrah rock, on which the great altar stood, and the summit of Olivet, runs at a level 250 feet below the surface of that rock.

The High Priest, preceded by the elders of Israel, conducted the heifer from the altar court of the Temple, over this special bridge, to the summit of the Mount of Olives. Here a *lavacrum*, or plunging bath, was prepared, in which the Pontiff immersed himself, as in the ceremonies of the Day of Atonement. A pile of wood, composed of cedar, ash, fir, and branches of the fig-tree, was erected in the form of a tower, open towards the west, close by the bath. The victim was bound within this hollow pyre with a cord twisted out of rushes, with her head towards the south, but her face turned to the west. The sacrificing priest, who was usually the High Priest, stood to the westward of the victim; slew her with his right hand, caught the blood with his left, and immersing in it the finger of his right hand, sprinkled the blood seven times towards the Temple. He then wiped his hand on the body of the victim; and as he left the spot fire was set to the pile.

While the body of the heifer was consuming the High Priest took cedar, hyssop, and scarlet wool, saying thrice, "This is cedar wood, this is hyssop, this is scarlet wool;" to which the assistants responded thrice, "It is so, it is so, it is so." He bound the cedar and the hyssop together with the wool, and cast them into the flaming pyre. This portion of the rite is in exact accordance with the words of the Book of

Leviticus (xix. 6), which appear to be quoted by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews in his reference to the different occasions of the declaration of the Law described in the Book of Exodus (xxiv. 8). On the extinction of the fire the bones were collected, pounded, sifted, and divided into three portions. Of these, one was kept in the Chel, or *Ante murale* of the Temple; one in the Mount of Olives; and the third was divided amongst the twenty-four vigils of the priests, for use throughout the country.

The remainder of the treatise Parah is occupied with minute directions as to the quality and purification of the vessels to be used on this and other occasions, and as to the special kind of hyssop proper for the rite. It is to the regulations here laid down, which appear to be more authoritative, and probably more ancient, than the descriptive portion of the tract of which we have given an abstract, that the reference in the Gospel of Mark distinctly points (Mark vii. 4). In this passage the special rules of the Pharisees, which were not legalised by the Senate until after the overthrow of the city and polity, are referred to, together with those held by "all the Jews," as to washing the hands before eating. It is expressly stated by Maimonides that the rules given on this subject form no portion of either the Written or the Oral Law, but were established, on the authority of the Sanhedrin, by way of "fences" to the Law itself. These were some of the points chiefly debated between the Pharisees and the Sadducees. The latter great party venerated the written canon alone, and opposed the supplementary regulations which the Pharisees were eager to make compulsory.

The Sadducee party obtained possession of supreme power, as the advisers of the High Priest, under the pontificate of John Hyrcanus, in 111 B.C. From that time there is a blank in the Mishna for thirty-six years. In B.C. 78, on the death of Aristobulus, the Pharisees were recalled to the counsels of the sovereign; and retained the direction of ecclesiastical polity down to the death of Aristobulus III., the last of the Maccabean pontiffs, who was murdered by Herod the Great, B.C. 35. Of the twenty-two high priests who, in the short space of one hundred and four years, were appointed and deposed by the kings and ethnarchs of the house of Herod, the greater number, if not the whole, belonged to the party of the Sadducees; Ananus, the son of Seth, who was High Priest in the first year of the reign of Tiberius, being succeeded at intervals by five of his own sons; of whom the last, Ananus, the son of Ananus, who exercised the pontificate eight years before the fall of the city, is distinctly stated by Josephus to have been a Sadducee. So also was Joseph Caiaphas, according to the Acts of the Apostles (Acts v. 17), and so was Ananias, the son of Nebedeus, who appears to have been the president of the council mentioned in the twenty-third

chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; at which time, according to Josephus, he had ceased for three years to act as High Priest, having been sent prisoner to Rome by the President of Syria, Ummius Quadratus, during the reign of Claudius. He would probably have retained the title of Archihiereus, by courtesy; as Jonathan, if we may rely on Josephus, had been actual High Priest for two years at the period in question. It is thus certain that those regulations which now form part of the Synhedral Law, but which were in dispute among the great schools and sects in the time of Herod and his successors, and as to which the opinion of Jesus was so often asked, as narrated in the Gospels, could not have been established before the fall of the city, and the establishment of the Senate at Jabneh, under the reign of Titus.

The brief sketch of some of the main features of the Temple Ritual which has been thus far attempted, is little more than a glance at a subject of great importance to any honest student of Scripture. How far the original institutions of Moses had undergone modification by the time of the downfall of the Jewish polity, it is not easy, probably it is not possible, now to ascertain. But the point which is most important for the readers of the New Testament is to know, not what were the laws and habits of the Jews on the first colonisation of Palestine, or on the establishment of the Hebrew monarchy, but what they were when Jesus Christ walked in the streets of Jerusalem.

It is the hope of the writer that those who have accompanied him through the preceding examination of a portion of the Jewish Law, as detailed in the treatises of the Mishna, and as it was in vigour during the period described in the Gospels, will have become aware how much light is to be thrown on the true import of the Evangelic narratives by the study of the Jewish Statute-book. Writers who ought to be more candid than they are, have been in the habit of indiscriminate depreciation of the Talmud, omitting to draw the marked and well-recognised line which separates the Mishna, or authoritative declaration of the Law, from the Ghemara, which is a mass of comment, of every possible description, and of a character that varies from poetic beauty to gross superstition and absurdity. The former, it cannot be too distinctly borne in mind, is the Statute-book of the Jewish Law, as it was in vigour in the latter half of the second century of our era. Certain points had then been legalised which were not established in the time of Christ. But it is easy to ascertain what those points are, and to thus understand, in a mode otherwise unattainable, both those matters which were generally accepted, and those which were open to debate, during the ministry of Jesus, and during the period covered by the Acts of the Apostles. Thus and thus alone, the teaching of the Gospels, and the numerous allusions

in the Epistles to the Law, can be fully understood. We have seen, since the appearance of the first of this series of articles, on more than one occasion, how men of high character, great endowments, and deserved repute in the Christian Church have brought forward explanations of certain passages of the New Testament, which cannot be characterised otherwise than as pure absurdities. They have done so because they relied on their own intelligence to unravel points of difficulty, without the previous culture of that intelligence by a study of the information which lies open to the thorough student. At a period like the present, when positive science is advancing with rapid steps, those men trifle with religious truth who fail to study the true sources of information. The remains of the scholastic method, which preceded that inductive search for truth to which we owe all the light of modern science, yet hang like cobwebs over the mind. It is mere idleness that allows them so to hang. To attempt to teach a subject on which the best sources of information have been neglected by the teacher, is an injustice to all parties; and it is one by which, although only for a time, the progress of truth is seriously retarded. There can be no doubt that many of those attacks which have recently been made on the Pentateuch, and other Books of the New Testament, could not have been made, or could very readily have been disposed of, by any person who had a scholarly acquaintance with the details of the Oral Law.

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### CONCERNING OUR FLOCKS.

WE have recently offered some suggestions concerning our sheepfolds—their names, fitness, faults, debts, and on the ways of discharging those debts. We would now make some friendly practical criticisms upon the sheep. We have spoken of our places of worship; let us now notice the worshippers. We will accordingly suppose that a church has been erected, and that by some of the methods available for such purposes it has been paid for: that it is not in any part or in any sense mortgaged to man, but dedicated to God—the House of the Lord.\*

It is the Sunday morning, and we join those who are going—as some still call it—“to chapel.” As we pass up the steps we perhaps find a group who are interchanging various desultory remarks, not all in a

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\* I do not venture to cancel or modify this sentence, but I may as well say that to call the building in which we meet for worship “the House of the Lord” seems to me out of harmony with the genius and spirit of the Christian Faith.—ED.



subdued tone, and whose voices, we fancy, must sometimes penetrate the opening door of the sanctuary itself. Possibly there is a free-and-easy air about the aspect of things—not exactly suggestive of the devotions that are about to commence—on which some critics might be severe. The doors are shut by those who enter, occasionally with a creak or a slam which is not musical; while footsteps clatter up the gallery-stairs with an animation more surprising than commendable.

We enter the chapel; and though quietness and order are gradually gaining the ascendancy, they have not yet become supreme. In many of our congregations there is, as the services commence, a lack of that repose and reverence of manner which are so helpful to the devoutness of spirit which probably all are desiring to gain. "We have assembled," says a clergyman of the Established Church, "for worship in God's holy house. School-children clatter into church; the whispers of seat-holders penetrate into the open door of the vestry; the preacher's eye wanders over the congregation as if taking an inventory of those he is about to address; while those who are engaged in prayer are disturbed by the gossiping in the porch, or by some fussy pew-openers."

Now, if it be true that there is sometimes a want of reverence of manner on the part of congregations connected with the Established Church, must we not admit that the same complaint might be made, with even more emphasis, of some of our Nonconformist congregations? Are we always as punctual as we might be in the commencement of our services? May not "fussy pew-openers" be found in chapels as well as churches, making themselves needlessly conspicuous, passing up and down the aisles in order to light some lamp, or to open or shut some window, or to perform some other service that might have been rendered just as well, or a great deal better, before the congregation arrived? Are not loud voices sometimes heard from Sunday-school teachers, who appear to be making up for their want of moral control by their energy of expression or of manner, and who, in consequence, disturb the moments of otherwise peaceful devotion which might precede, and prepare for, the service that is about to begin? Do not such voices sometimes penetrate into the open doors of our vestries? And do not voices sometimes penetrate even from the open doors of our vestries into our sanctuaries? while some otherwise decorous deacon is endeavouring to take a furtive glance of the gallery clock, or to gratify his curiosity as to the number or aspect of the assembled congregation? Are there not sometimes little irreverencies on the part of the congregation, or of the officials, or even of the minister, which are calculated to diminish those feelings of devotion with which we should wish to commence and continue the worship of God?

Now all this is, we think, a mistake, and a mistake of a practical and

injurious kind. The temper of mind in which we each, and in which we as congregations, enter upon Christian worship, must vitally affect the reality and value of that worship. Forgetting this we suffer individually, and we suffer sympathetically as congregations. Undevoutness, like devoutness, is contagious. The decorum, intelligence, devotion with which others take part in a service is not a matter of indifference to us, and ours is not a matter of indifference to them. The pride, apathy, or coldness of others will spread an icy air around; the fervour of others may warm the hearts even of the indifferent to a new glow. Nor should our congregations forget—in justice to their minister and in regard for themselves—that what is true of the connection between pew and pew, is true also, and with added reality, of the connection between the pew and the pulpit. We know how, if we are in unsympathetic relation to a minister, his words are robbed of much, if not of all, their power, and that even the highest truth of God may become impotent to us as a thrice-told tale. But if we are thus affected by our connection with the pulpit, is the pulpit inaccessible to similar influences from the pew? The inconsiderate may *expect* it; but, as a matter of fact, they will not have it. The most sincere piety on the part of a minister will not make him proof against the chilling influences that wrap around him from the worldliness of the people he may be about to address.

There are, it is true, depressing influences, that are unavoidable, that may sometimes arise. A wet Sunday morning, a damp and dank congregation, steaming umbrellas and great-coats, half-empty pews, perhaps a dull, depressing chapel—such things will have their effect upon the people, and through the people on the minister. They are to be regretted as inconvenient, yet they cannot be helped. But are there not other influences, equally chilling in operation, which might be prevented? Engagements of business or pleasure that are carried late into the hours of Saturday night; domestic cares; a hurried coming to the sanctuary; pre-occupancy of mind with other matters; irritability or worldliness of temper;—may not any or all of these produce unfitness for the sacred realities of Christian worship, or for the momentous truths of Christian teaching, and by lowering the tone of the life, rob the worshipper of his worship and the preacher of his power? Is it to be expected that our ministers are to be able, by the fervour of their piety and the might of their eloquence, to remove all such hindrances? Is it reasonable to imagine that Sabbath after Sabbath they shall overcome all the inertia of indifference and irreligion, and lift up their congregation to an elevated and saint-like warmth of devotion? "The fact is," as Mr. Godwin said one day, and said with that peculiar emphasis of tone which they all remember, to his students at New College, "what some of our people want in a minister is to make them 'feel good' on

Sunday. They live such lives of worldliness in the week that they almost forget that they are Christians at all ; and when they come to chapel, they expect the minister to make them ' feel good,' or else they might think that they had lost their religion altogether." At any rate, if the hearer has any such expectation or desire, it is only reasonable that he should afford every facility to the minister for its realisation ; and that, laying aside all disturbing and distracting influences, he should endeavour, when he comes to the sanctuary, to enter with the fullest and most appreciative sympathy into the realities by which he is surrounded, into the worship in which he is to engage, and into such expositions of divine truth as he may reasonably anticipate from the ministrations of the sanctuary. On the other hand, for professedly Christian people to give themselves ever and anon to the most worldly amusements they can find, and then gravely to assure you that they think there is a lack of spiritual power in the Church or in the ministry ; to go to bed so late on Saturday night, and lie in bed so long on Sunday morning, that it is only with a scuffle and a scramble that they are in time for service—and often are not that—and then to express their surprise that the service is not so interesting or so attractive as they think it ought to be ;—is not this for them to expect to reap where they have not sown, and to gather where they have not strawed ? Is it not to be in danger of repeating precisely the sins of those Pharisees which our Lord denounced with His most terrible rebukes ?

It is in the light of such considerations as these that we are led to the belief that there is far more truth in the apparent paradox of Pitt than many of our Nonconformist congregations suppose. He declared that "eloquence is not in the speaker, but in the audience." "There are always two factors," says an able writer, "in the production of eloquence. An audience is a thing to be played upon, an instrument that requires tuning. If the audience is in tune, a very ordinary speaker will appear as the most eloquent of living men ; if out of tune, the eloquence of Golden-mouth himself will appear as the tinkling cymbal and the sounding brass." The truth of this may often be practically illustrated at public meetings ; for it is there that the feeling of the audience may be more readily ascertained. The proceedings, we will suppose, have been in every respect orderly, but they have been from the commencement tame ; the speaker has produced but little impression, and appears to be wending his way onward on a level of flat, but respectable commonplace, when, suddenly, on his making a remark of somewhat special worth, a dozen persons give a hearty response. The audience is instantly aroused. Attention is paid ; the blood of the people is stirred, sympathy is awakened. Speaker and hearers warm to each other ; instead of languor and monotony there is

animation and enthusiasm in all that follows; and, when the meeting closes, it is felt that what threatened to be a failure became a great success. Now surely in such a case as this the eloquence was in the audience. And so it is in our Sabbath services, though there may not be the same methods of knowing it or of ascertaining it; and many a service and many a good sermon has been spoiled, not through the fault of the preacher, but through the want of sympathy and heart of the hearers.

There is another matter that arises in this connection which is worthy of the consideration of all reasonable hearers in our congregations. We are not about to offer any apology for incompetent or unworthy ministers; but we would ask whether undue expectations are not raised, or unreasonable demands made, upon the time, the talents, and the services of our ministers. The question we ought to ask is, not what ideals can we picture of possible or impossible ministers, with pre-eminent gifts and supernatural graces, filling up every sphere, private, domestic, social, and public in some sublime and transcendental way; but what can we, as sensible, practical men expect, in a reasonable way, of our ordinary ministry? The style in which persons speak of the claims they have upon the ministry reminds us of the bachelor who, with no special qualifications of his own, was stating what he should require in a wife: "I shall expect her to be good and beautiful, accomplished and rich," &c. &c. &c. "And pray, sir," inquired an elderly gentleman in return, contemptuously looking him over from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, "And pray, sir, what have you to offer such a lady in return?" So with some persons in some of our congregations. They consider they have an absolute and indefeasible right to the services of a minister of eminent piety, devotedness, and ability; and all they can offer, either from a worldly or a Christian point of view, is a most commonplace return. They have everything to get, and next to nothing to give. And yet when a minister comes among them who falls in any respect short of their ideal, they fancy they have a right to complain. Now we seriously ask our readers to help to protect our ministers and our congregations from such follies. They are irrational, and they are injurious.

There can be no doubt that one of the strongest reasons why the clergy of this country shrink from disestablishment is their fear of the evils incidental to the ministry of our Free Churches. Of course, if a minister is blessed with all those many gifts and graces which ensure his being very popular with his people, however arduous may be his public toils, his personal relations will be agreeable enough: there is nothing, perhaps, left to be desired. But if he should happen to be destitute of some quality, perhaps a very unimportant one in itself,

which may be necessary for what is called popularity—a harsh voice, or an awkward manner, or a sore throat, or an occasional hesitancy of speech—how accessible does he become to the assaults of unreasonable people. A few months ago *The Times*, comparing the Established clergy with Nonconformist ministers, made a remark to the effect “that there were aspects of the position of a Nonconformist minister which were unattractive to a gentleman.” Now, undoubtedly and unhappily, there is more force in this observation than the best friends of Nonconformity could desire. It is unquestionable that the average Independent minister is sometimes exposed to influences which nothing but a sense of duty to Christ and of sacrifice for His Church can make endurable. “Unreasonable” persons have an opportunity of giving play to their unreason in a manner which is sometimes trying to the Christian graces, and even to the common good temper, of those who suffer from it. How, for instance, is a minister to work happily and usefully among a people, some of whom have the strongest aversion to sermons that are read, while there are others in the same congregation who have an equal aversion to sermons that are not read; and when, in order to conciliate all parties, he sometimes adopts the one style and sometimes the other, instead of gratifying each he displeases all? What human being can satisfy persons who, having in their minister superior ability and culture, and every spiritual fitness for his work, yet mourn over the serious delinquencies of their minister, because his hat is not always well brushed?

Let us endeavour, by all the pressure of our influence, to protect our ministers from foolish and vain expectation. Not long ago, a Church in Nottinghamshire had invited a young minister to the pastorate, and his reply, accepting the invitation, was read to the Church. After the chairman had offered some other remarks, he said: “And now, my friends, when our new minister comes our motto must be, ‘No worry.’ Plenty of work there will be; but we must see to it, we must pledge ourselves to one another and to him, that there shall be ‘no worry.’ He will have troubles enough that nobody can avoid—troubles perhaps in his health, or his family; troubles by his sympathy with us in our troubles. These things we can’t expect to be sheltered from altogether, or that he will be. But by worry I mean needless troubles—the unreal troubles that people make when they haven’t any real ones, the fidgets of fidgety people, the complaints of unreasonable people. These things we must see that we never allow to arise among ourselves, that we discountenance in other people—in fact, that we aver we will not have them.” These words were kindly intended, and kindly taken; and I believe that minister would say to-day, that no young minister has been more free from “worry” in his congregation than he has been.

"And pray," said the Apostle, "to be delivered from *unreasonable and wicked men*." He links these two classes of persons together in a sentence. He knew they were not far apart in their nature, or in the effects they produce—"unreasonable and wicked" men. Now, though we believe that in our Churches there are few or none who could be designated by the latter epithet, "wicked," we fear there are many who may justly be charged with being "unreasonable." I remember hearing of an old minister, who was offering "the ordination prayer" at the setting apart of a young man for the ministry. Instead of expressing himself with the vague generalities with which some are content, he went much more directly "to the point." "We pray thee," said the venerable minister, "we pray thee, O Lord, to preserve our young brother from people *with whims*." What could be more appropriate? And we are sure that if an answer was granted to that prayer, the young minister's lot would be made happier than that of many of his brethren—brethren who would consider it one of the happiest events of their ministerial experience to be saved from people "with whims."

Another matter that deserves the attention of our congregations is their punctuality. Some ministers and some congregations degenerate into slovenly habits with regard to the commencement of their services; and such practices, if indulged in by a few persons in our congregations, are likely to spread. The regular and orderly are kept waiting for the irregular and disorderly until patience is exhausted. It is found that the service does not begin at the appointed time, and after some irritation at the unpunctual, one is prone to fall into like ways. A few individuals may thus affect the character and reputation of a congregation, and lead on to irregularity, and even irreverence. One of the best ways to avoid such evils is for the minister and the Church officers to be very scrupulous in their own punctuality. We say the minister *and* the Church officers, for I have known ministers frequently required to wait because a deacon who gave out the hymns, or a leader of the choir, or an organist had not arrived, or had arrived with such hurried steps that he was out of breath or otherwise out of condition, and wanted a minute or two to recover himself. Let the temper and habit of minister and officers be palpably on the side of order; and want of punctuality will be the rare exception instead of, as it is in some places of worship, almost the rule.

Odd incidents sometimes arise through want of punctuality. One excellent friend of ours, a Doctor of Divinity, used to be very particular not to be interrupted during the reading of the Scriptures, and attendants were warned not to enter at such times. On one occasion two ladies, having by chance escaped the vigilance of the vergers, came down the aisle while the Doctor, with his usual quiet dignity of manner, was

reading. No sooner did he catch sight of the ladies than, finishing the verse, he paused. They, unaware that service had commenced, pursued the even tenor of their way onwards, until, a pew door being opened for them, they slowly passed in, gathered their dresses around them, and after one or two little feminine struggles, seated themselves. Then, glancing upwards to the pulpit, they saw to their dismay the Doctor benignly looking down upon them, and that the whole congregation, watching their steps and their ways, had been waiting for them. We venture to suggest that it is probable that the next time they went to that church they were punctual.

A little thoughtfulness or method in these matters would be very helpful to all concerned. For instance : It is a spring morning, and the spring fashions have just come in to supersede the sombre hues of wintry weather. The service has commenced. The assembled congregation is singing, we will say, the second line of the second verse of some appropriate hymn. The heart of the people is in their words and in their song, when quietly the door opens, and down the aisle sail two young ladies. There are the new spring bonnets, the new spring dresses, the new spring mantles, all very nice ; and, of course, we like to see ladies, and especially young ones, look nice. Many an eye turns, and perhaps many a kindly glance of interest is aroused—all very natural and very good, except that it is a little irrelevant to, and somewhat interferes with, the devout singing of the second line of the second verse of that hymn of worship ; and perhaps critics might be disposed to say that if those young ladies had been so kind as not to have lingered quite so long over their toilets, or had commenced those pleasant duties a little earlier, they might have come to church in time, and all lawful interest they awakened might have been gratified, and all lawful admiration satisfied, before the service commenced.

Before concluding our remarks concerning the congregation, let us say a word on a matter which, though incidental, is not unimportant. We refer to the disturbance so common, and often so needless, both of ministers and hearers, by needless noise in *coughing*. In some congregations, from the month of November till about March, there are persons who indulge in almost every conceivable variety and amount of noise in coughing. From the little sniggering cough, that reminds one of a cat spitting, up to the most voluminous comprehensive bronchial catarrh, we have coughs innumerable. Sometimes solitarily, and sometimes in succession, like platoon firing, the coughings come, obscuring the sentences of the minister, interrupting the continuity of thought on the part of the hearer, robbing the devotions of their devoutness, and sometimes irritating the tempers even of the ordinarily good-natured. Why should any man open his mouth as wide as he



can when he wants to cough, as if it were really meritorious to make as much noise as he could? Why cannot the child be taught to put a pocket-handkerchief before his mouth if he must cough? Now, I venture to say that at least three-fourths of all the noise made in our congregations by coughing is utterly gratuitous and unnecessary. And I can demonstrate the correctness of this assertion by this one fact: Let a minister, of ordinary influence with a congregation, utter a request, however gently and courteously, to his hearers to repress their coughing as far as they can, and three-fourths of the coughing disappears. Yet I never heard of anyone suffering any inconvenience because he was not allowed to make noise unlimited. Perhaps when Mr. Binney or Mr. James Parsons has preached, the repression may sometimes have been a little exacting; but then Mr. Parsons did coughing enough himself for a congregation, and Mr. Binney occasionally stopped in his sermon to send a lozenge to soothe the irritated tonsils of a dear hearer; so these, therefore, may be looked upon as exceptional cases. I heard, too, of a minister, preaching at Stone, in Staffordshire, last autumn, who made the following remarks to his congregation: "I am sorry to observe that several of our friends are suffering from severe colds and coughs. I shall, however, be much obliged if they will kindly subdue their coughing as much as they can without inconvenience, and that they will cough to themselves instead of coughing to the congregation." The effect of so novel an appeal was, I am assured, decisive. But some ministers are not so felicitous in their announcements. The *Cheltenham Examiner*, for instance, tells us that very recently "the incumbent of one of our district churches, irritated by the frequent coughing of his audience, said: 'Do be quiet. The quieter you are the sooner you will be out; the more you cough the longer will be my discourse.' It is not often," remarked the chronicler, "that preachers are candid enough to admit that in the length of their discourses consists the punishment of their congregations."

F. S. W.

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## SORROW.

CHRYSOSTOM describes it—"a cruel torture of the soul, a most inexplicable grief, a poisoned worm, consuming body and soul, and gnawing the very heart, a perpetual executioner, continual night, profound darkness, a whirlwind, a tempest, an ague not appearing, heating worse than any fire, battle that hath no end." To the Christian rhetorician, with his torrent of confused similitudes, we may oppose that essentially Pagan philosopher Montaigne, who despises sorrow as much

as the other exalts it. "No man," he says, "is more free from this passion than I, who neither like it in myself, nor admire it in others; and yet, generally, the world is pleased to honour it with a particular esteem; endeavouring to make us believe that wisdom, virtue, and conscience shroud themselves under this grave and affected appearance. Foolish and sordid guise! The Italians, however, more fitly apply the term (*tristezza*) to indicate a clandestine nature; a dangerous and bad nature. And with good reason; it being a quality always hurtful, always idle and vain, and so cowardly, mean, and base that 'tis by the Stoics expressly and particularly forbidden their sages."

The Stoics, however, upon whom, as much as his natural humour would allow, Montaigne modelled himself, were people so far above common humanity, that their views of affection and grief may well be put aside as out of the question. We ordinary folk, who live in the world, and have to face it as we can, know by experience that sorrow comes to all of us as a common heritage: that the sorrows we create for ourselves, those which are inflicted upon us by others, and those which, by the course of nature, we must endure, make up a great part of our daily lives. We are, indeed, but islands, so to speak, set in "a sea of troubles." In sorrow we are brought forth; sorrows attend us throughout our days; in sorrow we part from those who are near and dear to us; the sword hangs over our heads, and we tremble, not knowing when it may fall; we have ever a consciousness of

"The shadow, cloaked from head to foot;"

it rides behind the horseman; it sits gloomily at our feasts; it passes, solemn and silent, into the shepherd's hut and the palaces of kings.

The sorrows we bring upon ourselves are heavy, and least endurable of all. Men are lenient judges of self; quick to excuse, ingenious to palliate that which cannot be defended; prompt to pardon their own excesses; prone to lay upon others, or to impute to over-mastering fate, the evils which afflict them. Yet when all is done, and the offender stands accused and naked in the white light of conscience, stripped of all subterfuge, driven from shelter into the hard openness of truth, self-made sorrows rise up against him, in cause and consequence, too plain to be evaded or denied. The sting of them is very sharp; all the sharper because no repentance or self-condemnation can undo what has been done, or bring back what has been lost. Material losses are common in this class of regrets. By some fault of his own—carelessness, greed, wilfulness—a man throws away the chance of his life, or breaks down a fortune, or turns the stream of prosperity into an adverse current. He comes to recognise the magnitude of the loss, and the cause of it, and it is a gnawing, corroding grief to him for life. Whatever success he may afterwards achieve, he is always comparing that which

is with that which might have been, and he frets and chafes under the knowledge that things have fallen out badly by his own fault. Or his health is wrecked, by dissipation, or by carelessness of habit, or neglect of wise precaution, or, as happens often enough, by too close attention to business, in the strife of making haste to be rich. For a time it seems to him as if this were ordained, and therefore a loss to be submitted to as inevitable. But a time comes when he sees that the precious blessing, securely his own if he had chosen to keep it, was thrown away by his folly; and then each fit of pain, each new evidence of decaying power, inflicts a keener pang, and the more the sufferer broods upon it—and such men always brood—the darker and gloomier the prospect grows. Again, a man is estranged from his family or friends; he has lost their affections, or love is turned into hate. It seems at first as if they were in fault, and he was the victim; and he consoles himself with a bitter pride in self-reliance. There comes, however, a clearer light, and he sees with anguish how the thing has happened: that it springs from his own hardness, or contempt, or neglect, or selfishness, or indifference, or want of penetration into the feelings of others. He failed to see “the little rift within the lute,” and presently the rift has widened, and the music is mute—silenced for ever; never to be tuned again. It is the same in the higher life of the soul. The freshness of youth departs, fervour dies out, faith grows dim and blurred, hope fades, baser motives force themselves into a rule of conduct; mind, and soul, and heart sink to a lower level, and there is no chance of lifting them again. It is of no use to cry *sursum corda*; the words are but a formula from which life has passed: the heart will not be lifted; it is dead and cold. There is no pain sharper than this; no sorrow more intense than that which springs from a tardy consciousness of a loss, self-caused, and never by human power to be repaired. There are blacker sorrows yet: honour, rank, reputation, virtue, cast away; a good name tarnished; parents or children dishonoured; the utter loss of self-respect; failure so complete that the subject of it has neither power nor even desire to retrieve himself, but is content to sink into the blank lethargy of despair: to realise, as Coleridge describes it—

“A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief  
In word, or sigh, or tear.”

The sorrows which others bring upon us are sharper and bitterer sometimes even than those we make for ourselves. These last afflict us with the dull, gnawing pain of remorse; but at least we can hide the sting, and take it with us into the solitude of the night, or lock it deep in the chambers of the heart. But those other sorrows force a cry of

agony sometimes that cannot be repressed. David pours out his whole soul in his anguish—"Oh! Absalom, my son, my son"—and all the world hears him, and measures as by instinct the depth of his grief. Lear turns despairing from his cruel daughters, and with him we feel

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child."

Who, again, has not sat through that dreadful watch with Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, when she took sackcloth, and spread it beneath her dead sons, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night—the most tender and yet the most terrible example of maternal agony—save one alone—in all history? Who, again, does not recall Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not? Or, take another class of examples—Ænone, betrayed by Paris, to whom "all earth and air seem only burning fire;" or Mariana in her moated grange; or Beatrice Cenci, serene only on the scaffold; or "the daughter of the warrior Gileadite," bewailing herself upon the mountains; or Iphigenia—

"The stern, black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes,  
Waiting to see her die;"

or Antigone, fighting the gods in her devotion; or Imogen defamed; or Arthur mourning over the fallen prostrate Guinevere; or Constance, "fond of grief," for the memories it brings back; or Margaret in her prison; or Mary Stuart baring her neck to the axe. In their several ways, these historic and poetic sorrows illustrate those which, on a lesser scale, and with more prosaic incidents, men and women have to bear in our day, as in times past. There are children still ungrateful and disobedient, fathers cruel and hard-hearted, wives dishonoured, lovers faithless, husbands jealous without cause, parents bereft. David still mourns, and Rachel weeps, and Rizpah keeps her weary watch, and Lear cries out in anguish, and Margaret waits for judgment in her prison, and Imogen is belied, and Mariana haunts her moated grange, and Arthur mingles human tears with a divine compassion. These are but the types, recorded by the historian, or enshrined by the poet in imperishable verse; we may find the classes whenever we choose to look for them. Who is there, not absolutely a recluse, or not wholly indifferent to the lives of his fellows, who cannot put his finger upon the scenes of tragedies like these, even in our dull and daily round? or who, if he will but listen, cannot hear the cries of the sufferers, or note in their faces or their bearing the influence of sorrows surpassing words?

Hard to bear again—inexpressibly bitter—are the griefs which fall upon us in the course of nature: the pain of sickness in those we love;

the partings that must come to one and all. These are the sorrows we have to bear in silence ; it is in regard to these that the heart knoweth its own bitterness. When sorrow comes by our own fault, we may sometimes gain comfort by self-accusation, and there is room, maybe, for repentance of evil deeds, or abandonment of follies, or reparation of error. When we suffer by the fault of others, the heart relieves itself by the passion of complaint, or is calmed by sympathy and comforted by help. But in these other griefs, the keener the stroke, the deeper the sorrow, the more unbroken is the silence. The heart is bowed down and closed, sealed like a tomb ; the air is hushed, no voice may break the solemn silence ; it would be a crime to speak, an anguish even to offer consolation. There are losses in almost all families that are never spoken of, even by those most nearly touched, yet which rise unbidden in the mind, years after, in all their first bitterness, recalled by some trivial incident—a chance word, a look, a name, a subtle trait of character, a passing trick of expression. Time seems to heal them, by bringing in its train the blessed faculty of forgetting ; but memory, more powerful than time, revives on sudden occasion, and then we know how true it is that

“ The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,  
The old hope is hardest to be lost.”

Of such griefs none of us who have endured them, or who have stood so closely face to face with them as to feel their anguish as if the blow had actually fallen,—of such as these none of us can bear to speak. A poet bids us—

“ Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

Yet in his own great poem, a noble monument of an enduring sorrow, he half retracts the counsel, and strikes a deeper, truer note :—

“ I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel ;  
For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the grief within.”

It is the truth. The painter who covered Agamemnon's face expressed the father's grief with infinitely higher power and pathos than if he had striven with never so much skill to depict his emotion. Herein Art realised the teaching of Nature. Under the stroke of a great sorrow our faces are covered, and our voices hushed. To listen is to receive a cruel blow ; to speak is to endure renewed agony. The silent pressure of a hand is more eloquent than words. Strength must be sought from a higher source than human sympathy. In the deepest grief, we must be left alone with God.

Still, however hard the task, it is a duty to try and bear with fortitude our special part in the common heritage of man. Some men, by peculiar strength of mind, are able to endure great sorrows, and yet to show no external sign. That they have suffered, we know : we know, too, that they suffer still, and that they must suffer for years to come—perhaps for life. But they strive, and bear, and perform their daily duties with increasing energy. So to speak, they try to stun themselves with work, and thus to dull the pain ; and so by degrees use makes it tolerable, and to the world there appears no trace of the blow. Some (the Greek poets knew how to draw them—Prometheus may stand as an example) keep themselves from fainting under the load by maintaining a desperate struggle against what seems to be their fate : a contest resolute and lofty to the view, but infused with an impotent, despairing rage. Some, again, sustained by special grace, meet sorrow with a triumphant smile, and pass through it, victors in the conflict. Such, one thinks, were the early Christian martyrs ; enduring the loss of kindred and of friends, facing the beasts in the arena, calm upon the rack, steadfast in the flame—sustained through all by the grace and love of Him whose sorrows were such as never man endured and overcame. Not Stoics, these, for every fibre of mind and frame thrilled responsive to the lash of evil fate ; but more than Stoics, in that they bore the pains of loss and death by trust in a strength higher than their own, a love that was mighty to save, and swift to crown. But these heroic examples of endurance under sorrow are in contrast with others in which strength is turned into weakness, and submission is overmastered by passionate outcry against the inevitable. In his stately manner, Milton describes a class—those who, in their keen sense of self, incline to bid the world stand still and watch their woe :—

“ Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,  
Over the pole thy blackest mantle throw,  
And work my flattered fancy to belief  
That heaven and earth are coloured with my woe ;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know.”

In such minds sorrow is a morbid, corroding influence ; they brood, and gloom, and eat the heart, and make a complete surrender of power, and almost of life itself. In others, sorrow, though abiding, loses its blackness in the course of time, and shades into sober grey, subduing the fierce vigour of life, and imparting to it a tenderer grace, as of ivy clinging gently to a ruin. Of simulated sorrows—those which self-conscious people sit and make, and relate to all the world with grotesque complacency, we need not speak. Nor is it needful here to draw the moral : that belongs to the office of the pastor. He may show how, even at their worst, our sorrows can be turned to high account ; how

chastening purifies the soul ; how loss and pain teach us the weakness of humanity, and lead us to dependence upon Divine support, so that through sorrow man may become strong. Foregoing this loftier theme, we take a lower flight. Beginning with a quotation from a French philosopher, we end it with one from an English poet. Montaigne opened this essay, with his disdain of sorrows ; Massinger shall close it, with his appreciation of them :—

“ Sorrows are well allowed, and sweeten nature,  
Where they express no more than drops on lilies ;  
But when they fall in storms, they bruise our hopes ;  
Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,  
To hold our heads up.”

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### THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN COUNCIL.

OCTOBER has come to be the month of ecclesiastical assemblies, almost as much as May is the month of great missionary and philanthropic gatherings. Congregationalists, Baptists, and Presbyterians meet in their Unions or Synods, and the Establishment this year has not been content with its Congress, but has also had Conferences hardly less important in character in some of the dioceses. But between the two classes of assemblies, those representing the Free Churches and those connected with the State Church, there is a great gulf fixed. Presbyterians and Congregationalists, Congregationalists and Baptists, and even Wesleyans (whom Churchmen like the Bishop of Lichfield love to distinguish from other Nonconformists, as though they were not to be reckoned in the same category), can, from time to time, exchange their friendly greetings, and speak and act to each other as brethren. The spectacle presented on the other side by the attitude of the State Church to all these communities—with, of course, a corresponding one on their part to it—is one so melancholy, so contrary to the first principles of the Gospel, so detrimental to the influence of Christianity on the people at large, that only long familiarity with it could have rendered it in any degree tolerable. It is to be feared that while a State Church exists there will be little improvement. Earnest Christians within the Establishment will be drawn into fellowship with those outside by the attractions of a true spiritual sympathy, and will eagerly lay hold upon such opportunities of intercourse as may be found even in the present state of ecclesiastical relations ; but a State Church is bound by the very conditions of its existence to regard all Dissenters as intruders into its domain. It is true that the same feeling must exist in any Church, whether established or not, which claims to be Catholic, and regards all who are not of its communion as guilty of schism ; and in the event of



disestablishment there would still be a school of the clergy who would hold themselves separate from Dissenters just as they do now. The misfortune of the State Church, is that it forces men who both by temperament and ecclesiastical principles are opposed to this view, into the same exclusive and isolated position, and especially that it gives to the public conventions of the Church a character of antagonism, not to say intolerance. Dissenting assemblies are not free from the same fault, and for the very obvious reason that if there be one community whose hand is against all others, their hands will naturally be turned against it, if only for the sake of maintaining their own position. If there be arrogance and self-assertion on the one side, there is sure to be resistance, and possibly resentment, on the other, especially when the support of the State to the one party invests its pretensions with an importance they would not otherwise possess.

These remarks have been suggested by a good deal that has occurred in the gatherings of the members of the Establishment during the past month. There was more restraint observed in the Congress at Stoke, though there were some utterances at it to which exception may reasonably be taken. But in the two Diocesan Conferences at Lincoln and Oxford there was less need of caution, and consequently a stronger exhibition of the claims of the Church. At Lincoln, indeed, the time was so much occupied with proposals for the much-needed reform in funerals,—which has suddenly acquired so much interest for the clergy, and their zeal for which would be worthy of all praise, were it not for the manifest desire to utilise the movement for ecclesiastical, if not sacerdotal, purposes,—that there was but little opportunity for the discussion of other subjects. The religious instruction in day-schools, indeed, was the only topic on which any exhibition of a strong Church spirit was to be expected, and on that we had, what we have everywhere from Churchmen of all schools at present, a proclamation of the right of the Church, and a demand that the State shall recognise it by the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause, and a subsidy in some form or other from the School Boards to denominational schools. In all this there was nothing insulting to Dissenters, but at the Oxford Conference a much stronger spirit was manifest. It had more exciting subjects, and the spirit of its members rose to the occasion. Thus, Rev. F. M. Cunningham, in opposing the idea of any concession to the Nonconformist claims to the use of the national burial-grounds, thought it decent and appropriate to quote, according to the *Guardian*, "Some parodies of our hymns, partly ludicrous, partly blasphemous, from secularist manuals of service;" more particularly described by the *John Bull* as "a quotation from the 'Secularist's manual of songs and ceremonies,' a travestie of 'The Better Land,' which made the child say, 'I hear thee speak of the better

creed ;” the manifest object being to identify Dissenters with these, after the fashion of Rev. T. T. Perowne, who, at the Church Congress, spoke of the abolition of religious tests, “so as to enable *Dissenters or heathen* to take degrees.” Mr. Perowne of course would repudiate the idea that he meant to place Dissenters on the level of the heathen, as Mr. Cunningham would deny that he classed Dissenting forms of worship with the parodies of secularist manuals, but the effect is nevertheless there in both cases, and it is only too faithful an index to the spirit which prevailed with many. A worthy canon, indeed, seems to have devoted himself to ridicule the “social aspirations” of Dissenting ministers. In short, the clergymen at Oxford seem, for the most part, to have looked upon themselves as institutions, and we fear there were not many who agreed with Canon Ridley, who humorously said, “The Church is a national institution, and so is the churchyard, and so is your Lordship, and so am I, and so is the Great Western Railway, but subject to certain limitations and restrictions.” The great majority have no desire to remember the conditions and restrictions ; they love only to think of themselves as great national institutions, opposition to which is an act of disloyalty. There are, we gladly acknowledge, signs of a growing liberality on the part of individuals, but the temper of the mass remains unchanged, and one of the great objects of the Congress, as avowed by some of its supporters, is to strengthen the “Churchy” feeling of the district. We do not blame the individuals for this. It is the almost inevitable result of the system, and is one of the reasons why we so ardently desire a change. Churchmen and Dissenters are really two nations, and their different assemblies too often regard each other as hostile armies instead of allied forces acting in different lines against the same foe.

The Bishop of Lichfield, as Chairman of the Congress, revealed so much of this temper that even the *Times* found it necessary to protest against his narrowness. His Lordship’s training has not been altogether fortunate. It has nurtured in him the spirit and capacity for hard work, but it has also developed a good deal of the ecclesiastical autocrat. A missionary bishop, brought little if at all into contact with ministers of other Christian Churches, is not likely to learn even that measure of consideration for Nonconformists which a wise rector, in whose parish Dissent is a power, may probably gain by trying experience if not by any other method. What he did not learn in the South Seas he could not be expected to acquire in Lichfield. The atmosphere which surrounds an episcopal palace is, indeed, very unfavourable to any such sentiment, and, as a matter of fact, there are few bishops who have any right idea of the relations which, even on grounds of policy, they ought to maintain with Dissenters. Least of all is this to be expected from a prelate with such

antecedents as those of Dr. Selwyn. His address, therefore, proceeded on the idea that the Christianity of this nation is enclosed within the pale of the Establishment. He thirsts for union between his branch of the "Catholic" Church and that of the "Old Catholics," and of some Oriental Churches, and if the Wesleyans desire to be included in this holy confederacy, he would find a place for them, on condition, of course, of their submission to the laws and ordinances of the Establishment. The whole of English Nonconformity besides—and Wesleyanism as well, unless it ceases to be Nonconformity—is thus ignored as having no heritage in the Christian commonwealth. The complaint against his address was not, as the *Spectator* suggested, provoked by his definition of the aim of the Congress, "to seek for truth within the limit of the Church." If indeed there be a real desire to find truth, this restriction seems to us so narrow that we can hardly understand how it should find favour with a journalist so liberal in views as the *Spectator*. We admit at once that it is perfectly legitimate for members of the Established Church, at one in loyalty to the institution itself and to its distinctive formularies, to meet and see how far it is possible for them to arrive at some common point of agreement; and looking at the distracted condition of the Church, and the fierceness with which the contending parties assail each other, such a conference would seem to be in the highest degree desirable. To it Nonconformists would have no right to expect invitations, though, if they were admitted, it is not very probable that they will greatly increase the discord already existing, to prevent the manifestation of which exciting questions of difference were excluded from the programme. It was a singular mode of arriving at agreement, to decline the examination of points at controversy, but as it was thought necessary to do this in order to preserve the peace among Churchmen themselves, it is not wonderful that Dissenters were not invited to a discussion. Nor, in truth, did we wish it.

But the Bishop went much further than a mere definition of the objects of the Congress, when he drew a glowing picture of a Christendom, of which the Anglican Church should be the centre. Such a vision is no doubt very flattering to Anglican dignitaries, who see Greek prelates and Old Catholic divines, Russian patriarchs and Lutheran bishops, all grouping themselves round their Church, but we venture to say it is one which never visits even the imagination of any outside their own circle. It was only the other day that a few Eastern divines were engaged in examining the credentials of the Apostolical Succession of the Anglican hierarchy, and though they professed themselves satisfied, that does not assure us that the Greek Church will even acknowledge the validity of the orders of these bishops. To suppose that they will regard their Church as the centre of Catholic Christendom,

and so cede a certain precedence to her ecclesiastics, is surely one of the vainest hopes which ever danced before Episcopal ambition : unless we are to except that which Dr. Selwyn cherishes as the climax of all his desires,—that “Rome, awaking from her dream of universal empire,” will at last take her true place in this great structure as “one of many living stones.” Rome will only quietly smile at such a suggestion, for she knows well where the ultimate victory will lie in any struggle she may have to wage with such a force as the Bishop of Lichfield desires to create. The only foe she dreads is freedom, and when she sees her assailants rallying to the banner of a rival Catholicity, she will see in such folly another sign of Divine interposition on her behalf. True English Protestantism, breathing a spirit of freedom and charity such as the Bishop expressed in some of his opening sentences, in which he assumed the “rejection of an infallible authority upon earth” and frankly admitted that it “obliges every one of us to confess that where-insoever he differs from his fellow-Christians he may possibly be wrong,” has a power which is not easily to be overcome, as Rome has again and again found. But the Bishop throws away its strength when he ignores the existence of the great body of Protestant Nonconformists, and does, in fact, seek to establish that “infallible authority” which he began by repudiating. Here is his glowing anticipation :—

“I cannot doubt that the Anglican Church is the true centre round which may be rallied, in God’s own time, all the scattered forces of those who agree in accepting Holy Scripture as their standard of faith, and the Creeds of the undivided Church as their summary of doctrine. Stretching out her arms to the great English-speaking race now widely scattered round the earth—welcoming to her communion the Old Catholic, the Greek, the Russian, the Lutheran, the Scandinavian, the Wesleyan—bearing with any errors she may discern in other branches of the Church as she hopes her own may be forgiven—agreeing with them in well-defined statements of necessary and fundamental truth—commending herself to Jew and Gentile by her visible unity—she may press on to the development of a catholicity as wide and as complete as is possible to be attained, until Rome, awaking from her dream of universal empire, shall be content to be, what she was at Nice and at Ephesus, one among many living stones, built up into One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone.”

The “infallible authority” is nominally the Bible, with the “Creeds of the undivided Church ;” in reality, these Creeds alone, since there is no appeal from them even to Holy Scripture. The “undivided Church” has settled them, and the private judgment which may doubt their agreement with the Word of God, has no alternative but to submit. Assuredly we do not so lightly esteem our freedom, that we would sacrifice it in order to obtain admission into such a confederacy. But,

having regard to the interests of Protestantism, we ask whether the prospect in which the Bishop exults is that which enlightened and liberal Englishmen desire to have realised. We expect, of course, that Sacerdotalists of all shades will approve it; but, rapid as are the advances which Sacerdotalism is making, the Establishment is not yet wholly given up to it, and still less is the English nation. The great fear is lest, in the strong Church spirit which Congresses and Conferences develop, and which seems more or less to affect all who are brought under their influence, these arrogant priestly claims should come to be regarded with more favour, and the idea be gradually accepted, even by those who appear to have least sympathy with such pretensions, that the Establishment is the one true Church, and its clergy the only true ministers of Christ in this land. That was undoubtedly the only legitimate conclusion from the Bishop's teachings. It may be true enough that "the Church Congress is more of the nature of a conference of people who have a common object, than of a challenge to all the spiritual world;" but the President's address was essentially of the latter character. It might rather be described as a proclamation of the outlawry of all Protestant Nonconformists, and the quietness with which this seems to be accepted by some, who boast of their Liberalism, is one of the worst signs of the times.

It is, in fact, only another added to the many indications which we find on every side of the growth of the High Church temper. The omission of the Public Worship Act from the subjects on the programme was significant. On its introduction it was held forth as the grand instrument for the salvation of the Church. It has proved, as we predicted it would, a mere nullity, and Ritualism is so powerful in the Establishment, that a discussion on the position in which the Church is placed by the failure of the Act is deemed inexpedient. To an outsider, it seems almost the question of questions for Churchmen, as affecting alike the internal condition of the Church and its relations to the State. Yet they literally dare not touch it in one of their great gatherings, lest the strife should wax too fierce, or the strength of the Ritualists be made too apparent. The Ritualists, at all events, desired no such reticence; their policy has always been to speak boldly and strongly, and they have little patience with the restraints which, in the interests of peace, were imposed both on them and their opponents at Stoke. They would have welcomed a discussion on the Public Worship Act, in the belief (a well-grounded one, as it seems to us) that it would have elicited a strong demonstration against the policy of the measure, and in favour of liberty for the very party it was intended to suppress.

The spectacle presented by the Congress was as instructive as painful. Here was an assembly of men, belonging to the same Church,

professing to hold the same creeds, bound to obey the same rules, and ready enough to unite for the maintenance of those exclusive privileges which belong to them solely on condition of their submission to the law which prescribes alike creed, polity, and ritual. They were members of a Church established, not because it is Catholic, but because it conforms to the terms laid down by the State, and Nonconformists are outside, not because of their not having an Apostolical Succession, but because of their refusal to bow to the will of the State. Yet among them was a strong party, determined to set itself above the law to which the Church owes its external status, and resolved to work a revolution in the entire character of the institution, and as far as possible to stamp out every sign of that Protestantism which the nation is bent on maintaining; and so resolute was its temper and so widespread the sympathy it is able to command, that it was deemed wise to keep silence on the points at issue. The Evangelicals, indeed, made preparations for a struggle, and it would seem as though two hostile encampments were set up within the same Congress. The Church Association stole a march upon its opponents, and got possession of the principal hotel in Stoke as a rallying-place for its friends, and a centre from which to direct its operations. Where the Church Union had its head-quarters we do not know, but the Ritualists organised one public demonstration—which, however, did not turn out so successfully as they hoped—in favour of what they are pleased facetiously to term “religious liberty;” that is, the liberty of priests and their congregations to break the law which gives them the position and endowments of the National Church. The “Religious Liberty League,” as it is called, which is professedly composed of working-men, and was started at St. Albans, Holborn, in order to sustain Mr. Mackonochie in his proceedings, collected a large meeting, but failed to carry its resolution, owing, we are told, to the “opposition of Puritans,” who, of course, ought not to exercise their liberty. All this is surely very sad, and bodes ill for the future of Anglican Protestantism. Where the popular voice is heard, it will speak decidedly enough in favour of true freedom, and in opposition to sacerdotal encroachments. But congresses and conferences give a much less certain sound, or, to speak more plainly, show the decay of Protestant feeling to an extent which may well alarm all who are anxious that the Anglican Church should remain true to the principles of the Reformation. We should ourselves be distressed as to the future of the Congregational Union, if it included an anti-Evangelical party so strong and so determined, that all references to the doctrine of the Atonement and the duty of preaching it had to be suppressed in our meetings for fear of irritating and offending them. We should expect to find among the true Protestants in the Establishment just such a feeling; and as, in the

case supposed, we would rather break up the Union than see it become a buttress for the defence of error, so should we expect to see the Evangelicals willing to run any risk to the Establishment rather than sacrifice the sacred cause of Protestantism.

But, unfortunately, there are no signs of any such spirit of resistance, and the Ritualists gain quite as much by the weakness of their opponents as by their own daring and resolution. We give them all credit, indeed, for the singleness of their purpose, the sagacity of their policy, and the energy of their work. We admit, also, how much power they derive from the personal devotion and self-sacrificing lives of many of their party, as well as from their superiority to mere conventionalism, and their readiness to accept and work out useful ideas, from whatever quarter they may come. There is nothing in which they have shown more wisdom than in this willingness to learn even from those to whom they are most opposed, and there is no element of strength which they possess more powerful than that derived from the character of some of their leaders. Mr. Lowder, for example, had influence in the Congress because of the work which he is doing in the East-end of London—a work which commands the respect even of those who differ most widely from his opinions, and are most offended by his utterances. Of course the presence of such men in its ranks, and the exhibition of such tact in its work, only renders Ritualism more dangerous, if it be, as Evangelicals believe, a subtle system of error, by which the very foundations of Protestantism are being undermined. But what are they doing to counteract its influence? Less than nothing. They are, in fact, allowing themselves to be overpowered by its seductions, and though they still protest against it, are yielding one point after another, until soon there will be nothing left to yield. The *Church Times* does not colour the picture too strongly when it says, speaking of the Evangelicals: "It was remarkable with what patience they bore the plainest reference to things that not long time ago would have driven them all but frantic. In a word, it was abundantly clear that what they call 'sacramentalism'—Eucharistic worship, Religious Orders, Confession and Absolution—have become so much a matter of course that the contemplation of them has ceased to irritate; and the idea of 'stamping out Ritualism' is now recognised as being as much out of the question as the restoration of the Heptarchy. It is obvious that what is most popular just now is work for Christ, and that few, if any, would like to take upon themselves the odium of attempting to crush workers like the 'extreme men.'"

A remarkable illustration of Evangelical weakness was given in the discussion on "Sisterhoods." If there be anything which Protestants must regard with mingled aversion and dread, it is surely the increase



of these Anglican nunneries, for such in fact they are. They are among the most powerful instruments which priestcraft can employ, and in their whole constitution and character are opposed to Protestant principle and feeling. Of them, at all events, there ought to have been a bold and emphatic condemnation, and there were those who did not hesitate to utter it. But good Prebendary Cadman, of all men, interposed, in amiable weakness, on their behalf, to temper and qualify the hostile judgment. "Deprecating any discordant sound at that Congress, he thought it was in a moment of unwatchfulness that an expression of disapprobation had been made when one speaker said that he preferred one mode of work to another." Expressions either of approval or opposition in discussions of such subjects are certainly not to our taste; but when there are clergymen to argue in contradiction of all the precedents of their own Church, and in defiance of all the warnings of history, and in opposition to Protestant instincts, if not principles, in favour of Sisterhoods, and to proclaim their preference for what they are pleased to term their "higher kind of life," as distinguished from the holy service of deaconesses, it is worse than weakness to indulge in maudlin talk of this kind. But even worse was to come: "While the first paper" (that is, the paper of the Rev. T. T. Carter, in advocacy of Sisterhoods) "contained some things of which he had had no experience, there was used in it the expression, 'supposing them to be true to the Church of England.'" And that appears to have satisfied him! Does he suppose, then, that these priests are not more astute than to avow disloyalty to their Church? Does he not know that there is not one of their practices, however extreme, whose legality they do not assert? If their avowals will content him, he may easily have the assurance that they will celebrate the Mass, or set up the Confessional, and still be "true to the Church of England." But they must be credulous indeed who put faith in such assertions. Possibly they may be true; but if so, so much the worse for the Church of England, which can certainly no longer claim to be, in any sense, described as a Protestant Church. Such language seems to indicate that the Church of England is nothing better than a fetish for the weak but worthy Prebendary, as it certainly is for many of his brethren, and while they cling to it Ritualism is gaining ground, for it finds it much easier to justify itself by the Prayer-book than by the New Testament.

The practice of Confession was another of the points on which great stress was laid. And here again it must be said that the Evangelicals did not show themselves equal to the occasion, or at all able to cope with their adversaries. Mr. W. T. Paton deserves credit for pointing out with great clearness the distinction between the inquiry-room and the Confessional, between the acknowledgment of sin and the appeal

to a Christian friend for guidance as to the way of forgiveness, and the unbosoming of the heart's most sacred confidences to the priest in order to obtain absolution. "No such thing as inducing a person to confess particular sins with a view to any absolution short of that of God Himself had been seen in any inquiry-room with which he had been connected. It was not sins, but sin with which they dealt—sin not in its details but in its principle; and the only relation in which the conductor of the inquiry-room stood to those who sought advice was that of friend and adviser." It is important that this should be understood, for one point on which the advocates of the Confessional strongly insist is, that it is identical, not only with the inquiry-room, but with the private conversations on religious experience between Nonconformist ministers and anxious inquirers seeking peace, or desiring fellowship with the Church. But while Mr. Paton maintained his own ground, Mr. Oakley, Mr. Grier, and Mr. Lowder urged the necessity of Confession (the last gentleman setting forth the complete theory of the sacramental provision for the support and growth of Christian life), and there was little to set on the opposite side. Mr. Weldon manfully opposed the formidable phalanx of Sacerdotalists, but the general tone of the discussion wrung an indignant remonstrance from the Earl of Harrowby, for whose words, however, the *Guardian* could find no space.

So they go towards Rome. That is really the impression which the Congress has made upon our mind. There were in it some men of a different spirit, but they were simply powerless to resist the strong current which has set in. Signs of earnestness and activity there were in abundance, and not a few indications of freedom and elasticity in relation to methods of work, from which Congregationalists, as well as others, may learn useful lessons; but the work which is being done tends, in the main, to strengthen the power of the priesthood, and to diffuse the influence of sacramental teaching. It is impossible to read the papers and discussions without feeling ourselves in the presence of sincere and devoted men, who believe that the Anglican Church can and ought to be a potent instrument for good, and are determined to make it so. But we feel equally that the influence which is thus gained will be an addition to the strength of Sacerdotalism. Help will be accepted from any side, and interest will be manifested in any movement which seems calculated to improve the moral and social character of the people; but the stamp and seal of the priesthood must be set upon all. Sir Wilfred Lawson will be welcomed as an ally against Intemperance, and Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, against unbelief, and in thus utilising all forces the Congress sets an example worthy of imitation; but though Sir Wilfred talked at Manchester as though his work at Stoke had been to convert the clergy, he may be sure that the priests had

very skilfully used him. For our own part, we could heartily rejoice at any gain which the Church may thus secure, if it were not that the Church and the priesthood are rapidly becoming synonymous terms, and that the progress of the one means the strengthening of the other. There were many things in the Congress which were not very palatable to Dissenters. The papers relative to the state of religion in the Universities, whose manifest object was to connect the growth of scepticism with the abolition of tests, were as untrue in fact as they were unsound in principle. The talk about religious education in elementary schools was flavoured with the same spirit, and with the exception of two or three speeches, like that of Canon Barry, revealed the exclusiveness and one-sidedness which from the first have embittered this controversy. But these things move us little, and at the worst would have but slightly qualified the pleasure we feel in the contemplation of earnest devotion to Christian work, had it not been for the extent to which everything was leavened by Sacerdotalism. In this we cannot but see a grave danger to the best interests of the nation, and the more earnest the workers the more serious the peril.

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## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sermons out of Church.* By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. (Price, 10s. 6d.)

THESE "Sermons" are what the Homiletical writers call "topical," not "textual." For the most part they might just as well have been delivered in church as out of church; for they contain a very large amount of wholesome ethical teaching and, occasionally, teaching which is something more than ethical. The subjects discussed are "What is Self-sacrifice?" "Our Often Infirmities;" "How to Train up a Parent in the way he should go;" "Benevolence, or Beneficence?" "My Brother's Keeper;" "Gather up the Fragments." Had they been delivered in Church on Sunday mornings they would have provoked a great deal of discussion over the dinner-table, and while reading them we have very often wished that we could talk over some passages with the authoress. She has clear and strong moral intuitions, and the faculty

of translating into very eloquent and sometimes very pathetic speech all that she sees. With so clear and true an eye, and so healthy a moral nature, we wonder that she should now and then drop into cant. What need was there to repeat the worn-out—sneers shall we call them?—about neglecting our white "brothers," at home, and caring for our brown, olive, or black "seventeenth cousin"? The people that care for the "seventeenth cousin" are for the most part the people that care for the "brother." And with the reverence that characterises the authoress for Him who said that He "came to seek and to save that which is lost"—what wit, or wisdom, or devoutness is there in saying that the salvation of one's soul "is the very last thing a creature with a spark of [God's] nature dwelling in it would dream of blessing Him for; or that He would accept as a fit thanksgiving"? The sentence that follows is equally preposterous. It is added: "Especially if that salvation

involved as it usually does, the supposed condemnation of unknown millions, including many dear friends of the devout thanksgiver." This is simply incoherent and hysterical raving. We never heard of anyone who supposed that his salvation "involved" the condemnation of a single individual—not to speak of "unknown millions." Notwithstanding occasional follies of this kind the book is one which cannot be read without great profit; the follies are so flagrant that they will hurt no one.

*Biblical Commentary on the Proverbs of Solomon.* By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. Translated by M. G. EASTON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and J. Clark. (Price to Non-Subscribers, 10s. 6d.)

THERE are so few English Commentaries on the Proverbs of Solomon, that Messrs. Clark have rendered English students an unusual service by translating Delitzsch. There is an interesting introduction extending over fifty pages. In the literature of the book (pp. 50, 51), there is no reference to Stuart's Commentary. It is our impression that the exposition by Charles Bridges, which is noticed, is of inferior value to Stuart.

*Congregational Psalmist: Compressed Score Edition.* Edited by HENRY ALLON, D.D., and HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

It would be superfluous to say how grateful the Churches ought to be to Dr. Allon and Dr. Gauntlett for their devotion to the cause of Congregational Psalmody. We are glad to see that the sale of the "Psalmist" has already exceeded 52,000, and we are sure that anyone who can follow music at all, or who has the faintest desire to help his own powers of praise, and avoid annoying his musical neighbour with his various readings and clashing conceptions of harmony, will instantly possess himself of the beautiful and compact edition which is before us, if the "Psalmist" be used in his Church; and, if it be not used, the sight and study of it will give him a "noble discontent" with things as they are. The object of the editors has

been "to render available for worshipping use the finest chorals of every age and of every section of the Church," and they have availed themselves of "whatever contributes to worshipping reverence and joy," excommunicating only whatever "is not free from incongruous associations." And so their scholarly powers of selection have ranged from the chorals of the Latin Church to the latest hymnal; and this edition contains fifty-three additional tunes, intended "partly to supply such deficiencies as the practical use of the book had revealed, partly to add some tunes of unquestionable excellence which had been overlooked, and partly to enable the use of tunes which have appeared since this work was published, and which, from various causes, have become popular." Among the latest additions we think some of the most effective tunes will be found.

*Social Prayers for Five Sundays.*

the Rev. JOSEPH MILLER, B.D.  
London: Williams and Norgate.  
(Price, 3s. 6d.)

IN the preface to this volume Mr. Miller tells us that "these prayers are offered by the author, as a first, it may in some respects be a very imperfect, contribution to the improvement of the devotional services in the Presbyterian Church." We do not quite understand, however, in what way he hopes that his book will promote this purpose—whether he intends the prayers to be read or whether his only object is to suggest the kind of prayers that ministers should offer in public worship. In the second way the prayers may be useful; for although they are not of supreme excellence they are sufficiently good to remind some ministers who have fallen into bad habits that there is a variety of topic, and that there is a dignity and simplicity of style possible in public prayer which they miss through neglecting thoughtful preparation. The author's English is generally good, though he ought not to pray that we may "progress in spiritual life." And is there not something unreal in asking that our "praise [may] come before Thee as the incense and the uplifting of our hands, as the evening sacrifice"?

# *The Congregationalist.*

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DECEMBER, 1875.

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## EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

THE year 1875 has been one of singular political apathy and of singular religious earnestness. The political apathy is gradually disappearing; there are reasons, I trust, for believing that the religious earnestness will be sustained through the New Year which will soon be with us. In relation both to the religious and to the political life of the country, the gravest responsibilities rest on Evangelical Nonconformists, to whom, chiefly, the *Congregationalist* must look for support.

It will be my earnest effort during 1876 to make this Magazine more worthy than it has ever been yet of the great principles to which it is committed, and of the Churches whose interests it is intended to serve. But the real usefulness of the Magazine depends as much upon its subscribers as upon its editor and contributors. I cannot remind my friends too often or too earnestly of the fact that the circulation of the *Congregationalist* can be sustained and increased only by their earnest and cordial co-operation. In some parts of the country ministers have, by personal application to members of their congregations, induced them to become subscribers, and have themselves arranged to supply the magazine monthly. If a few hundred ministers would give themselves similar trouble, the circulation of the *Congregationalist* would be all that its most hearty friends could desire.

That those who are willing to render me this service may be able to give information concerning the probable contents of the Magazine in 1876, I think it well to state that I propose to write or to secure articles on the New Testament Theory of Sanctification, in which will be discussed the doctrines usually identified with the Conferences at Oxford and Brighton; on the Present Condition of Protestantism in the

various countries of Europe ; and on Special Forms of Christian Work in our own country. I also propose to have a series of articles on the Nature and Origin of the Property of the Church of England, a subject which, notwithstanding the discussions of thirty years, is very imperfectly understood by many Nonconformists as well as by many Churchmen.

There are many indications that Ecclesiastical controversy will become keener than ever during the next few months. I have the deepest anxiety that those of us who feel constrained to agitate for the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church, should unite uncompromising fidelity to our own convictions with a cordial recognition of the personal excellencies of those to whom we are opposed ; and I trust that the Ecclesiastical Sketches which have appeared in the pages of the *Congregationalist* during the last two years, and which will be continued during the coming year, may have assisted many of my readers to a truer appreciation of the noble character and the earnest Christian zeal of a large number of the dignitaries of the Establishment. Charity is the best ally of those who are struggling for justice.

The subject of National Education, to which, in its earlier numbers, the *Congregationalist* gave great prominence, may perhaps be forced again, during 1876, into a position which will render its discussion in these pages imperative. The language of the Marquis of Hartington, at the recent banquet at Bristol, encourages the hope that the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons has a clearer apprehension than some of the colleagues in the late Liberal Ministry of the true principles on which alone a final solution of the difficulties which invest this question can be reached, while the friends of the National Society seem resolved to re-open the settlement of 1870, in order to secure new advantages for the Church of England.

"The Editor," as I was reminded a few weeks ago, has been a long time "on his Travels," and, perhaps, it is almost time that he got home again. The series of articles bearing this title will, I believe, be brought to a close during the coming year. The papers yet to appear ought to be more interesting than those which have appeared already ; for I have to tell what I saw at Bethany, at Bethel, at Jacob's Well, at Nazareth, on the banks of the Jordan and at its sources, and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, at Cæsarea Philippi, at Damascus, and at Baalbec.

Once more I venture to appeal to my friends throughout the country to give the Magazine their generous support.

R. W. DALE.

## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

## XXIV.—JERUSALEM : THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

WE reached Jerusalem about half-past five o'clock on the evening of Thursday, April 10th, and went straight to the Mediterranean Hotel. Our first anxiety was about our letters from home. Salem had sent a messenger forward from Bethlehem to the English Consul, to whose charge our letters were addressed, and they were at the hotel when we arrived. Among the letters was a telegram for Mr. Wallis, which had left England two days before—Tuesday, April 8th—informing him of the alarming illness of Mrs. Wallis.

It was imperative that he should make his way home as rapidly as possible. We learnt that a vessel for Alexandria would call at Jaffa on Saturday, and it was arranged that he should leave Jerusalem on Friday morning. For the rest of us, our letters contained nothing but good news; but although my friend bore his anxiety with courage, and did his best to prevent it from clouding our delight at being in the Holy City, this sharp reminder of the uncertainty and frailty of the ties which unite us to those we love best had its effect on us all.

As soon as we had got through our letters, Mr. Lee sent off a telegram to Manchester, announcing our safe arrival, and from Manchester it was sent on to Paris; so that Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Dale knew that we were in Jerusalem before we ourselves had seen very much of the city.

I have said that we went to the Mediterranean Hotel. Under our contract with Salem we might have had our tents pitched outside the walls, and continued to live under canvas; and for some reasons it would have been pleasant to have had our home for a week on the side of the Mount of Olives. But as the servants wanted rest, and the injuries which the tents and their appointments had received during our desert journey had to be repaired, and as we thought it would be inconvenient to have a long walk every time we wished to see anything in the city, we concluded that it would be best to avail ourselves of the alternative which the contract offered us. At Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beyrout, where there are good hotels, we were at liberty to leave our tents, and to live in an hotel, Salem paying the hotel bills. We found the hotel very pleasant. The rooms were of a very fair size, and clean. The attendance was good. The living was adapted to European tastes. It was curious, by the way, to come across "Bethlehem," as well as Sherry, and Jullien, and Marsala, and the rest of the familiar names on the wine *carte* which was handed round at dinner: it was a pleasant



wine, if I remember aright, and was only a franc a bottle. I think I forgot to mention that in the Jews' quarter at Hebron, we had some wine made from the grapes of Eschol: the better sort was extremely good. To return to the Mediterranean Hotel: our bedrooms opened on to a gallery which ran round three sides of the house; the wall on the fourth side was taken out—or rather, had never been built; and as this was on the eastern side, we could sit on the little platform at the end of the gallery, and look over the city. Just beneath us was the Pool of Hezekiah—we could have thrown a stone into it from where we sat; and, at the distance of a mile and a half rose the Mount of Olives, at which I was never weary of looking.

I feel very much inclined to depart from the usual method which I have followed in these papers, and to give a description of the various places of interest in Jerusalem and in its neighbourhood on some principle of topographical arrangement, or else in the order of their importance; but, perhaps, on the whole, my readers will prefer that I should finish as I have begun, and tell the story of what I saw from day to day. This, too, will quite relieve me from the necessity of discussing some questions which I must confess I have never thoroughly examined: the question, for instance, whether the building which covers the Dome of the Rock is the very church which Constantine built over the sepulchre of our Lord—the theory advocated by Mr. Fergusson in his article on the topography of Jerusalem in Smith's "Dictionary," and by Mr. Sandie in his "Horeb and Jerusalem;" or whether, according to the common theory, the building covers the site of the Holy of Holies of the ancient Temple. When I was on the spot I permitted myself to be governed by the generally accepted theory on this important point, and since my return home I have not been able to examine with adequate care the grounds on which it is contested. What I have read, however, does not incline me to accept Mr. Fergusson's theory. I shall write what I thought and felt when I was actually in Jerusalem.

On Thursday morning, April 10—the day before our Good Friday—we went, immediately after breakfast, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is about ten minutes' walk from the hotel. In the great courtyard in front of the chief entrance to the church there was a guard of Turkish soldiers, whose presence is as necessary here as at Bethlehem to keep the peace between rival Christian sects. I will give the story of this church as it is given by Father Lievin.

Tradition, he says, informs us that Judæa was the home of Adam after he had been driven from Paradise; and that it was in Judæa that he submitted to the sentence, "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return." His head was buried in a place they called Golgotha, the

place of a skull. For four thousand years hell saw with delight the proof of its audacity, the symbol of its victory placed on Calvary; "but it was on the same spot that its standard was disgraced and its power destroyed; it was there that the key of heaven was revealed; there, that the tree of victory rose up; there, that our slavery was ended; there, that our emancipation was proclaimed: by dying on Calvary Jesus Christ won for us eternal life."\*

Our Lord was buried near Calvary, in Joseph's sepulchre; and when Hadrian took Jerusalem he determined to prevent the Christians from venerating the sites associated with the great historical facts on which their faith reposed. He therefore buried the Holy Sepulchre under a mass of earth and stones, laid down a pavement, and built a temple to Venus; and on Calvary he placed the figure of Jupiter. These idolatrous monuments were destroyed by Constantine. The Holy Sepulchre he enriched with magnificent ornaments, and surrounded it with a pavement of costly stones, and with three superb galleries. Near the Sepulchre—or rather, enclosing it—he built a Basilica, which he intended should surpass in magnificence and splendour every other building in the world. In ten years the work was finished. It was all that Constantine intended; it was worthy of the devotion of the emperor who had originated the scheme, and worthy of the labours which the bishop, Macarius, had devoted to it. It included Calvary, the Sepulchre, and other holy places in their neighbourhood.†

In A.D. 614, under Chosroes II., the Persians defeated Heraclius, captured Jerusalem, carried off "the true cross," destroyed the city, razed the churches to the ground, and among them the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and carried off a large number of "Catholics" into slavery. That the Christians were able to restore these sanctuaries immediately after the departure of the Persians is attributed to the influence of the wife of Chosroes, who was sister to the Emperor of Constantinople.

After ten years of disasters Heraclius was in his turn victorious. The Persians delivered up the Christians who had been made captives, and, according to Father Lievin and the Catholic tradition, the successor of Chosroes was compelled to restore the true cross, the precious trophy of his victories. Followed by his soldiers, the emperor himself, with naked feet, walked through the streets of Jerusalem to Calvary, carrying

\* "Guide Indicateur," p. 84.

† The statements in this paragraph are sustained by the authority of Eusebius. Whether it was likely that Hadrian should have been anxious to deprive the Christians of their "sacred places" may fairly be questioned. Whether the tradition of the site of the Sepulchre and of Calvary was likely to survive the destruction of Jerusalem may also be questioned. On this second point, however, Mr. Sandie, in his "Horeb and Sinai," advances some considerations which are not without weight.

the cross on his shoulders. For more than three centuries, under the Mahomedan rule, the city itself and the sacred places were alternately desolated and restored, until the Crusaders entered it in 1099. A few years later they began the erection of the present church, using largely, no doubt, ancient materials; and the buildings remained very much as the Crusaders left them till 1808, when a fire broke out which destroyed the roof of the Rotunda, calcined the marble columns which supported it, and did a great deal of mischief besides. "It is not very easy," says Mr. Porter (Murray, 154), to ascertain precisely the amount of damage done, owing to the different accounts given by different sects, and the curious fact that both Greeks and Latins describe with much exultation the ravages of the fire on the holy places of their opponents, contrasting this with the miraculous manner in which their own were left unscathed." The building was restored by permission of the Turkish Government, and re-consecrated in 1810. Father Lievin informs us that the restoration was carried out by stupid and ignorant workmen, under the authority of the Greeks, who obtained the privilege by the expenditure of enormous sums of money.

Now for the story of what we saw.

The large square court in front of the principal entrance to the church was covered with the vendors of cheap memorials of Jerusalem—strings of beads made of olive-wood, cocoa-nut, and sandal-wood, and camels' bones, the last being coloured red; shells carved into crosses and crucifixes, and into rough resemblances of the sacred places; palm-leaves prettily woven together. The front of the church is heavy, but rich; the sculpture on it is much worn. In the porch is a slab of reddish stone, about nine feet in length and four feet in breadth; it is raised about a foot from the ground. This—as we were assured, and as Father Lievin testifies—covers the piece of rock on which Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus placed the body of our Lord, in order to embalm it after the manner of the Jews before committing it to the sepulchre. St. Helena covered it with a beautiful mosaic, which still remained when the Franciscans took possession of the holy places. In 1555 the Georgians bought this sacred monument from the Mahomedans; but the Franciscans offered to pay a large premium for it, and the Georgians took the money and only retained the right to burn two lamps on the site. By this time a large part of the mosaic had disappeared, and the Franciscans replaced it with beautiful black marble, which in 1808 was removed by those rascally Greeks, and replaced by the red stone which is there now. The Greeks, however, have no exclusive right to the stone. Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts, all burn their lamps and their tapers in its honour together.

Near the Stone of Unction is a circular stone with a railing round it; this is the spot where the women stood while Joseph and Nicodemus were anointing the body.

Passing out of the gloom of this part of the church, we came into the great circular church—the Rotunda—which is 67 feet in diameter; its exact height I do not know—it may be 120 feet, or perhaps more; eighteen massive piers support a clerestory, and above the clerestory rises a dome. It is surrounded by two galleries.

Immediately under the centre of the dome is a small chapel, "26 feet long by 16 feet broad, pentagonal at the west end," covered with a dome which rises to the height of about 25 feet. This chapel covers the Holy Sepulchre.\* The chapel is a very barbaric structure of yellow and white stone. On each side of the entrance, which is on the east side, there are huge tapers. The Sepulchre includes two chambers; the first is called the Chapel of the Angel. It was in this, according to tradition, that the angel was sitting when, on the morning of the resurrection, the women found the stone rolled away. A fragment of the stone, encased in marble, stands on a pedestal in the middle of the chapel. Father Lievin tells us that when St. Cyril and St. Antony saw the original stone it was broken in two pieces, and that at the time of the Crusades one piece was encased in marble in this chamber, and the other made into an altar on Calvary. There is another story, which the Father does not tell, which affirms that the real stone was *stolen* by the Armenians, and that they have it in their great convent on Mount Zion. In the chapel there are kept perpetually burning fifteen lamps—five belonging to the Franciscans, five to the Greeks not in communion with Rome, four to the Armenians, one to the Copts. From the Chapel of the Angel there is a very low opening, through which access is given to the actual sepulchre. This chamber is between six and seven feet in breadth, length, and height. On the right side of it, about two feet from the floor, is a narrow ledge, on which tradition affirms that the body of our Lord was placed. The original rock, however, is not visible. The ledge, like the walls of both chambers, is covered with marble. "The place where" it is supposed that "the Lord lay" is used as an altar, and is covered with the usual decorations. The chamber is filled with light by forty-three gold and silver lamps: thirteen belonging to the Franciscans, thirteen to the Greeks, thirteen to the Armenians, and four to the Copts.

I visited the Sepulchre two or three times during our stay in

\* Although I promised to avoid discussion, I cannot leave my readers in any doubt as to my opinion of the worth of the traditions which cling to the various spots enclosed in the Church of the Sepulchre. Whether Mr. Fergusson's startling theory, identifying the Dome of the Rock with Joseph's tomb, can be sustained or not, it is simply incredible that Calvary and the Sepulchre can have been where these traditions place them.

Jerusalem ; it was always thronged with pilgrims, and the atmosphere was so stifling, that it was a great relief to get back into the open church.

Attached to the chapel which encloses the Sepulchre, and on its western side, is a small and mean oratory belonging to the Copts. Immediately opposite the entrance of this oratory, and at the western side of the Rotunda, is a chapel belonging to the Syrian Church. From this chapel we descended into what looked like a genuine Jewish sepulchre hewn in the rock. This belongs to the Abyssinians. The tradition runs that Joseph of Arimathæa was unwilling that the tomb in which the body of our Lord had been placed should be used as his family burying-place, and that he therefore excavated this sepulchre for himself and his family at a few yards' distance.

Passing to the northern side of the Rotunda, we came to the part of the church where the Latins are supreme. About forty feet from the Sepulchre is the Chapel of Mary Magdalene : a round marble stone in the pavement ascertains the spot where Mary stood when our Lord appeared to her after His resurrection and she thought He was the gardener. A few feet further north a marble stone indicates the spot on which our Lord Himself stood when He appeared to her.

Passing northwards we entered the Chapel of the Apparition. Here it is alleged that our Lord first appeared to His mother after His Resurrection. Mary is said to have remained on this spot from the time He was laid in the Sepulchre until she saw Him again when He had risen from the dead. To the right of the chapel is the spot where a dead body, on its way to the grave, was restored to life by the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the altars in the chapel is called the Altar of Relics ; till 1557 there was a fragment of the "true cross" deposited here, but in that year Solymán imprisoned the Franciscans who had charge of the treasure, and during their absence the Armenians stole the relic and sent it off into Armenia—so, at least, says Father Lievin. The dishonesty of the saintly people who have had to do with the holy places is scandalous ; Armenians and Greeks are thieves alike, according to the Franciscans ; and I suspect that if we could hear the story of the Armenians and Greeks, we should find that the Franciscans have been guilty of similar offences. At another altar is preserved a piece of porphyry, which is said to have been a part of the column to which our Lord was bound when He was scourged—the Column of the Flagellation. In the sacristy attached to the Chapel of the Apparition are preserved the swords and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon. These relics are used in the investiture of knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Leaving the chapel, and passing along a corridor running by the side of the Greek church, of which I shall speak presently, we came to a

chapel, said to have been built over a prison in which our Lord and the two thieves were confined while the preparations were being made for the crucifixion. The "prison" is a dark chamber hewn in the rock. Mr. Porter thinks that "it looks like an old reservoir." Outside the chapel, and near the door, is a stone with two holes in it enclosed within bars; before this stone the Greeks burn a lamp, "pretending," says my amiable and charitable friend, Father Lievin, "that after our Lord was imprisoned His feet were thrust through the holes in the stone and fastened together with a chain."

The Greek church is a large and gorgeous building, rich with gold and colour; including the apse it is, I suppose, about 130 feet in length; its width is 40 or 50 feet. Its western end opens on to the Rotunda, from which it is separated by a screen. In the apse—on its northern side—is a chapel dedicated to St. Longinus, the soldier who, according to tradition, pierced our Lord's side with his spear, and being convinced by the miracles attending the crucifixion that the victim was divine, came to the place where this chapel is built to weep over his offence. Longinus is said to have had only one eye; but the blood and water which came from our Lord's side flowed on to his hand, and when with his hand he accidentally touched his blind eye, he at once received his sight. In this chapel was once venerated the inscription placed by Pilate over the cross of our Lord. This "precious relic," as Father Lievin reminds us, is now in Rome. He omits to say how it got there.

A few steps south of the Chapel of Longinus, and still in the apse of the Greek Church, another chapel is built, on the spot where the soldiers divided our Lord's vestments. A few feet further south is the entrance to the Chapel of St. Helena, to which there is a descent of sixteen feet. The chapel belongs to the Abyssinians, who grant the use of it to the Armenians, from whom they receive, as rent, a daily allowance of soup and bread. The chapel is 51 feet by 43 feet; it has a groined roof, and is divided into nave and aisles; the capitals of the columns are of an "early Byzantine character." We had the impression when we got into this chapel that we had come at last to a genuine piece of Constantine's work. It contains an altar dedicated to St. Dimas, the penitent thief, and in the south-east angle is a window over the spot where St. Helena knelt and prayed while the excavations were being made for the discovery—or, as the phrase runs, for the *invention*—of the true cross.

The place where the cross was found—now called the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross—is a vault excavated in the rock, and is seven or eight feet lower than the Chapel of St. Helena. The story of the Invention is worth telling. It shall be told almost in the words of Father Lievin.

After our Lord was laid in the sepulchre, the instruments which had been used to put Him to death had to be buried : this was in accordance with the custom of the Jews. They were therefore thrown into this vault, which was a disused cistern, situated not far from the place where Jesus had been crucified. In course of time the cistern—which was partially filled up when the three crosses employed for the execution of our Lord and of the two thieves were left in it—was quite filled and covered by all kinds of *débris*. In A.D. 326 St. Helena, having destroyed the temples erected in honour of heathen gods, and committed Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre to the guardianship and veneration of the Christian world, consulted St. Macarius and the elders of the city in order to learn where she might discover the sacred symbol of our redemption. They pointed out this spot. At once she ordered that the place should be dug out. Three crosses were discovered ; but which of them was the cross on which our Lord suffered ? The saint directed public prayers to be offered, that God would condescend to enable His people to recognise the true cross. Then he and St. Helena went to a sick woman, who was known to be on the point of death ; after a short prayer the saint touched the sick woman with the crosses ; as soon as the second touched her the dying woman was perfectly cured. The same day he met a dead body, which was being followed to the grave by a great crowd of people. He stopped the procession. First, he touched the dead body with the crosses of the two thieves ; this produced no effect. As soon as the third cross approached the corpse the dead person returned to life again.

On reascending to the apse of the Greek Church we first visited the Chapel of Mocking. Here a fragment of a column of grey granite is preserved, on which tradition assures us our Lord sat when He was mocked by the soldiers. This piece of stone is alleged to have been brought here from Pilate's house.

We had now almost completed the circuit of the building enclosing the sacred places, and fifty or sixty yards more brought us to the entrance of the church where the Stone of Unction stands. Near this stone—on the right hand as you enter the church—there is a staircase of eighteen stairs. This leads to the Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross, which is in charge of the Greeks. The chapel is long and narrow, and has a marble pavement, worn smooth by the knees of innumerable pilgrims, who have believed that this was the place where, for us sinners and for our salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ endured the cross, despising the shame. At the end of the chapel there is a low marble platform, rising a few inches above the floor. In the centre of the platform there is an altar. Immediately under the centre of the altar there is an opening in the marble pavement, and beneath this open-



ing there is a similar opening in the rock below. This was the very place—according to the traditions of Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Copts—in which the cross of our Lord was fixed.

The holes in which the crosses of the thieves were fixed are on the right and the left. On the wall behind is a representation of the crucifixion; its altar is ablaze with gold and silver and colour. Adjoining the chapel is another chamber—the Chapel of the Crucifixion, which is in charge of the Latins. Here, according to tradition, our Lord was nailed on to the cross. The southern wall of the chapel is pierced with a window, opening into another chapel, dedicated to Notre Dame des Douleurs. Here Mary stood with St. John when the nails were being driven through our Lord's hands, before the cross was elevated.\*

Descending from the Chapel on Calvary, we returned to the great entrance. On our left, passing to the door, we came to the Chapel of Adam, which is situated under one end of the Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross, and therefore lies close to the foot of Calvary. In the vestibule once stood the tombs of Godfrey, the first Latin King of Jerusalem, and of Baldwin, his brother and successor. Father Lievin has some amiable remarks about the offence committed by the Greeks in totally destroying, in 1808, what remained of these venerable monuments. The work of destruction was commenced between three and four hundred years before; the Greeks did not care to preserve the memorials of Latin princes.

In the Chapel of Adam we were shown by our guide the place where Adam's skull was found; and the story runs that the rock of the Crucifixion was called Golgotha because Adam's skull was discovered there. Near this is the tomb of Melchizedek.

The Church of the Sepulchre had a strange fascination for me. That any of the sites which it includes are authentic is incredible. But how great a part it has played in the history of the world! What crimes it has provoked, and what storms of religious passion! One evening I was standing on the platform of the hotel with Lieut. Conder, of the Palestine Survey, who happened to be in Jerusalem during our visit, and we were looking at the great dome of the church. I shall not easily forget the emotion with

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\* Father Lievin shall tell the story of another chapel underneath this, which I do not remember visiting. It is dedicated, he says, to St. Mary the Egyptian. "This sinful woman being about one day to enter into the Church at Calvary was stopped by an invisible hand. Acknowledging her sinful condition, and her unworthiness to enter into the sacred place, she repented of her sins, and then was able to go in. After her conversion she retired to the Jordan, where she lived a penitent and obscure life for more than thirty years. She died in the fifth century, and was buried by Saint Zozimus."

which he spoke of all the blood which had been shed to win or to defend the building, which, after all, is a great imposture. It is still, to millions upon millions, the holiest place on earth; and it was this, even more than its historic importance in relation to the Crusades, and in relation to grave national quarrels in our own times, which drew me to it day after day, and made it hard for me to leave it. I have many things to tell about the wild and pathetic scenes I saw under its roof. In this paper I have satisfied myself with a general description of the building, and with telling the traditions that cling to the "sacred places" which it is supposed to include.



### THE BLESSING OF THE YEAR.

THE writer of this paper was asked to state what results of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's work really and obviously remained before his eyes. He could tell a pleasant tale, adorned with numerals full of happy meaning. But it occurs to him that there are other fruits of the revival than are to be found in the conversion of sinners. There has been also a conversion of saints. Jesus of Nazareth has been passing by; and there has not only been a cleansing of lepers, a casting out of devils, and a quickening of the dead; but also a straightening of crooked persons, whom Satan had bound these eighteen years; a taking of selected disciples up to the mountain top, where the Shekinah has loomed and glowed; and a sending forth of twelves and seventies, barefooted and penniless, as it were (for their self-sufficiency was never so small), but able to preach, and heal, and lay hands on deadly things, as they never could before.

There are intelligent Christians, far advanced in years, whose lives have been always lightened and gladdened by their hearty love of good preaching and good preachers; and who, until recently, had a quiet but certain conviction that the former days were better than these, who now feel that the preaching of the Gospel has had a sweeter music this year than it ever had before. There are middle-aged people who, after many years of vain striving, had become almost content with lives of sad penitence and trust, unilluminated by any ray of spiritual joy, who now walk in a light that makes the dull past a darkness. There are young Christians who have leapt at one bound higher than their fathers climbed in a score of weary years.

Surely this has been a year to be long had in remembrance, and it is fitting, too, that ere it passes away we should think of the kindly hand of our God, which has been upon us for good.

It is noticeable that the revival has hurt no good thing. There has been no murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, no over-fermentation of new wine, and bursting of inelastic old bottles. The new converts have come into existing Churches, and are only remarkable for their intense enjoyment of their new life. So, too, among the revived and invigorated Christians, there is no disrelish of the old meats or disesteem of the old friends.

It is in this respect that a true reformation, or revival of religion, is most plainly distinguishable from a successful heresy, or a false revival. The men of the new light, or of fancied spirituality, separate themselves, and speak evil of the fellowships they leave. They see idolatrous meats on the old tables, and smell sewerage in the old wells. It is otherwise with those in whom God has really wrought. They delight in the old things with a new zest. The great revival in David's time—characterised by the birth, full grown, of sacred song—could never tire of singing God's ancient goodness—

“ To Him which smote great kings,  
For His mercy endureth for ever :  
Sihon, King of the Amorites,  
For His mercy endureth for ever :  
And Og, King of Bashan,  
For His mercy endureth for ever.”

The Apostles and primitive Christians might be cast out of the synagogues, but they, more than any others, were consciously compassed about by the faithful of the olden time, as by a great cloud of witnesses, and, in new paths, they trod in the footsteps of Abram. The very faults of the Protestant Reformation arose from the tender clinging of godly men's hearts to the old and dear.

The best Christians, take them for all in all, are the ones who are most fond of their ministers. These are the persons who were most blessed in the revival. Have they lost their appreciation of their own pastor's ministrations? Nay, verily. They think he, too, has been wondrously quickened. Indeed, they have a strong feeling that the deacons and Church-members have been quickened all round. They are sure they are much more earnest and more pleasant than they used to be.

To some it may seem surprising, or in the nature of things but doubtful, yet it is a fact, that the Sankey songs and solos, while heartily delighted in, have only made the older hymns more rich, and full, and glad.

There is no condition of Christian life or department of Christian work that has not had some benison. And the blessing abides. In Sunday-schools and sick-chambers, in the pulpit and at the desk, good men and women work at the old tasks with lighter hearts and better speed.

There may be difference of opinion as to the exact nature of the change which has come to pass in many Christian hearts. For ourselves, we have come to think that it is, more than anything else, a change in the conception which is formed of God.

Formerly, devout and earnest souls sought in vain to delight themselves in the Lord. Their fundamental idea of God was faulty. While holding the orthodox creed, they had not realised that Christ was in very deed God made manifest; and the dreadfulness, and distance, and dimness of the Deity made Him unapproachable. There is no change in the doctrine, but a vast change in the conception of it. Now there is a reality, a personality, and an approachableness in the Ever Blessed One, which makes the story of Moses seem like a thing of yesterday. The burning bush and the quaking mount may still seem half picture, half fancy; but the Lord talking with Moses, and Moses telling all the burden of his heart to the Lord, seem like things known and seen.

Out of the new and fuller knowledge of God has come to some (who much needed it) a stronger and more happy confidence in Him. When God is but thought of, not known, the mind endeavours to form a complete idea of His character by a mental arrangement of qualities and attributes, associated with the knowledge of His works and ways on earth. The result is, sometimes, that there are dreadful blanks and horrible suggestions of incompatibility in the arrangement thus made, which make true faith almost impossible. This is the cold darkness of philosophic theism—a chaos over which God's Spirit may brood, but on which He has not bidden the light to shine. Vastly different is the vision seen of many who this year have been taught of God. They see real things. God's love and grace, and other glories, come bodily out of the darkness into full light. The soul sees their vast immensity, is satisfied, and can see nothing else. It is as the actual entry upon a land of great mountains compared with the sight of a map of it. In the one case the mind tries to conceive the reality from a formulated, but unreal, abstraction—sees both sides of a mountain at once, and strides from valley to valley, over towering peaks—and yet has but feeble abstract conceptions of things unknown; in the other, it sees the reality itself, great, majestic, and absorbing.

So has God come to be known by not a few this year. There was a time when charges against the righteousness of the Most High troubled them with a strange disquiet, as if such charges might be true. Now they are as one who hears an impossible slander against the man he knows. He can only think of the crime of the slanderer. The knowledge of God is rest and triumphant confidence.

This same knowledge of God is the chief cause of the evangelistic zeal which seems growing, and likely to grow. The misery of men in

sin was as fully known, and perhaps as deeply felt, before. For years past the distress of Christian hearts over the perishing souls of men has been deep and intense. But little came of it, beyond sighing and a sense of impotence.

Now it has come to them, like a new revelation, that He who sent His only-begotten Son into the world, and perfected the Gospel, is still a living God, daily watching over His work, mighty to save. The Ark is come into the camp.

“They shout to see their Captain’s sign,  
And hear His trumpet’s sound.”

Evangelistic work is “joy, not duty,” when One, known and trusted, is felt to have given the message, and is consciously with His servant in his work. Peter, like the rest, was tired enough with rowing against a head-wind half the night, and probably only refrained from putting the boat’s head about through a wholesome fear of his Master; but when that Master Himself was seen and heard near at hand Peter called out, eager for permission to jump overboard and walk on the rolling waves. Are there not many who can understand that? They toiled, and still toiled, in a hopeless obedience. But they “have seen the Lord,” and, if He will but call, they will venture where never man trod before.

God be thanked, who in these last days has made bare His arm for the salvation of thousands, and has done more than this,—has come near to many of His servants and made His face to shine upon them, with a glory till then to them unknown. The face of Moses shone but a little while after he had come down from the mount, but the conscious presence of his God—a sense of sufficiency in Him that no extremity could destroy, a boldness that no terror could affright, a devotedness that no trial could exhaust, and a masterful might which curbed, and held, and led through forty years a stiff-necked and rebellious people—these abode within and upon him, with but a momentary break, until he went up to the mount for that last time, and, drawing nearer than he had ever done before, gave up his charge and himself to God. It may be that the exceeding joy which many have known this year may have long passed away, but surely the strength and might of the Lord will abide with them still.

C.

### THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

THE return to England, for the winter, of the party of Royal Engineers which, under the command of Lieutenant Conder, R.E., is engaged in the survey of the Holy Land, should hardly be passed over without a brief notice of the actual condition of this highly interesting work.

The October quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains a report to the Consul-General of Beyrout, signed, during the temporary invaliding of Lieutenant Conder, by Lieutenant Kitchiner, R.E., the second in command, of the murderous and unprovoked attack made on the Expedition by the Moslem inhabitants of Safed, on the 10th July last. Every member of the party was wounded; and nothing but the good conduct and perfect discipline of the command could have enabled them to withstand an attack from such overpowering numbers until the arrival of the Turkish troops, for whom Lieutenant Conder despatched a messenger on the first appearances of menace. It is satisfactory to know that eleven of the assailants have been imprisoned for longer or shorter terms, and that the Foreign Office has taken in hand the question of indemnity for the loss of property caused by the affair.

The conduct of the Expedition, however, has not been materially affected by this outbreak. It was the intention of Lieutenant Conder to devote the winter to the preparation of the map, and the reduction to order of the immense mass of detailed information already collected. This work can be more expeditiously and satisfactorily carried out in this country than in Palestine. It is hoped that the state of Syria may be such as to allow of the resumption of field-work in the spring: in which event the actual survey of Palestine will probably be completed before the winter of 1876.

While to many persons the scientific results of the Expedition will present the chief subjects of interest, the aspect in which it will naturally be regarded by most of our readers is that of the illustration of Scripture. An exact knowledge of the topography of Palestine is absolutely essential to the clear understanding of many parts of the Bible. The result of the Ordnance Survey will be to identify the greater number of the spots mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments, under their existing Arabic names; and to show those natural divisions and features of the country—its ravines, precipices, summits, springs, and water-courses—which materially affect the time occupied in getting from place to place. Distance, in Syria, is measured by hours, rather than by miles. The knowledge how far one place lies from another, in miles, throws very little light on the length of time requisite to pass from one to the other, unless the nature of the intervening country be also known. But an accurate survey, showing hill and dale by the systematic shading now used on the best maps, and with the names and heights of all the chief points plainly noted at the proper localities, will form an appendix to the Bible of which it is not easy to exaggerate the importance.

The greater part of the topographical references of the New Testament relate to Galilee, the north-eastern part of Palestine; which is just that portion of the Survey that remains to be completed. "Ænon, near

to Salim"—which is described in the fourth Gospel (John iii. 23) as a place of many waters—Bethabara, and Cana, are almost the only New Testament localities as to which new and important identifications have as yet been brought forward by Lieutenant Conder. A word as to each of these may be acceptable.

The first-named locality is the subject of a paper in the quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for July 1874. Three sites have hitherto divided the suffrages of topographers as being that intended in the Gospel. The first of these, according to a tradition of the time of St. Jerome, is eight miles south of Scythopolis, the modern Beisán. The name, however, does not now exist in this locality; and the Tell Salim, which was relied on as an evidence, turns out to be Tell Sárem. The second site suggested was at the springs in Wady Farah, near Jerusalem. The Wady, however, is not here called Salim but Suleim, and no equivalent of Ænon occurs. The village of 'Aynim, which name only once occurs on the Survey, is near the village of Salim, east of Nablus. A valley watered by copious springs is here found; and both Dr. Robinson and Dean Stanley have pointed to the neighbourhood as a probable locality. The determination of the two Arabic names above mentioned appears to be conclusive.

The site of Bethabara is discussed by Lieutenant Conder in the Palestine quarterly statement for April, 1875. The word only occurs in John i. 28, in the English version, and in the later Greek manuscripts. In the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrine Codices, as well as in the Vulgate, the place named is Bethany. Bethabara means "the place of crossing." Lieutenant Conder has identified a ford of the Jordan, over which the great road through Wady Jalud to Gilead and the south of the Hauran passes, which is within twenty-five miles of Nazareth, and bears the name of Mákhadel Abára, or the "ford of the crossing over." This would suit the substituted name, though it throws no light on the original text. The site now marked on the maps, which is to the east of Jordan, in the parallel of Jericho, is so impossible to conciliate with the requirements of the Evangelical narrative, that it is evident that good sense has not been thought a necessary qualification for making topographical guesses.

With regard to the third site, Cana, two localities have been suggested. In the spot most accordant with the course of the narrative the name still lingers under the Arabic form of Kefr Kenna. The only objection to this identification hitherto has been the want of any evidence of antiquity. This objection has been now removed by the discovery of an ancient site, called Khirbet Kenna, west of and near to Kefr Kenna.

Next to the narrative of the Gospels, that of the wanderings and



adventures of David is the subject of which the topographical illustration will be most eagerly welcomed. The part of the country chiefly referred to in the Book of Samuel has been surveyed; and the greatest interest attaches to the numerous identifications established. Before mentioning any of these, however, it will be proper to call attention to the fact that Lieutenant Conder has been the first person, either as an explorer or as a writer, to point out what must hereafter rank as a primary canon in Biblical topography.

In the latest important publication on Scripture illustration, "The Bible Dictionary," issued by Mr. Murray, Mr. G. Grove observes that the principle on which the groups of towns named in the Book of Joshua have been arranged is so little known, that it is impossible to speak positively as to many probable identifications. Nothing can more clearly show the importance of the survey of Palestine than the fact that this principle has been so thoroughly grasped by the officer in command that all these groups now fall into their natural topographical order. Instead of a single identification, and that perhaps a very doubtful one, being made a matter of jubilation for several years, the tables are now so completely turned, that the non-identified localities are rapidly becoming the exceptions, rather than the rule, in our knowledge of the Holy Land. In the district of Judah alone as many as forty identifications, most of them new, and many of them indisputable, are already worked out. Some of these will be found in the Quarterly Report for October, 1875.

The first consideration to be borne in mind with reference to the topography of Palestine is this: the country is so sharply accentuated, that merely artificial boundaries, such as those to which we are accustomed in our meadows and fields, are almost unknown. Every important boundary is a natural boundary. Ravines score the country, and control the lines of communication. The suburbs, or dependent areas of each city and town, are restricted by limits at once to be detected on the ground. What applies to the municipal divisions applies with equal force to the provincial boundaries. Instead of being arbitrary, or lines to be arrived at by any study of an ordinary map, they are in every instance natural, and only to be ascertained, without risk of error, by an adequate study of the ground.

With this preface (which is self-evident when it is once laid down, but which has hitherto been omitted from the consideration of the topography of Palestine), we come to the canons before referred to. Of these the first is to be found in the quarterly statement for January, 1875, p. 490. It is this: "The list given in the twelfth chapter of Joshua, and preceding all other topographical lists, forms the key to the whole" topographical arrangement of this Book. Secondly: "The

order of occurrence of names in any of the groups of towns mentioned in the Book of Joshua is invariably an indication of relative situation." Viewed in this novel but indisputably true light, the Book of Joshua assumes its true value as the Domesday Book of Palestine; and the topography is at once removed from the state of helpless puzzle deplored by Mr. Grove, to that of an orderly statement, drawn up upon accurate principles, and made intelligible after the lapse of two or three thousand years, by the discovery of the existence of the ancient Semitic names still lingering on the ground.

It might prove tedious to give any full illustrations of these frequent canons in a paper like the present. Ample details will be found in the various quarterly statements of the Palestine Exploration Fund; and the publication of the map may be confidently looked forward to as marking the results of an exhaustive treatment of the subject. If we then fail to have as clear an idea of the topographical relations of the places mentioned in the Bible as we have of those which occur in the early chronicles of English history, it will be the fault, not of the Ordnance Survey, but of our own negligent use of the information collected, arranged, and published by the officers of the Expedition.

It is not the books of Holy Scripture alone to which a new life will be given by the Ordnance map. The chronology of the Jewish history embraces a period of 1,570 years, from the crossing of the Jordan by Joshua to the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. Of this long period, 1,066 years are covered by the historic books of the Old Testament, from Joshua to Nehemiah, and 62 years by the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. The intervening period of 431 years, from the last date mentioned by Nehemiah to the death of Herod [the Great, as well as the eleven years which elapsed, after the end of the two years' residence of Paul at Rome, before the overthrow of the city and polity of the Jews, cannot be omitted from the study of those who seek to obtain a comprehensive view of the history of Israel. In the First Book of Maccabees, in the Antiquities and the Wars of Josephus, and in certain passages of the Talmud, we have full and connected accounts of this intermediate and supplemental history. So also we have numerous topographical references, some of which form the very keys to the course of action recorded, or to the meaning of the historian. The vivid description of the last terrible siege, given by Josephus, would gain tenfold force and clearness by the addition of a military map. The point of Scopus, from which a distant view of the Holy City was obtained; the alignment of the three walls, one of the age of Solomon, one only partially finished by Agrippa, and one as yet undetermined either as to its course or its date; the site of the great tower of Hippicus; are matters hitherto entirely unsettled. It is impossible

properly to understand the chronicle of the siege until this doubt is removed. Scopus has been clearly identified by Lieutenant Conder; who has also constructed, chiefly from information obtained during a series of years by Herr Schick, a German architect resident at Jerusalem, such an accurate plan of the actual contour of the rock on which the city was originally built, as must lead to the final determination of these moot points.

So again with regard to the sacred sites within the walls of Jerusalem. Of these the greater number are of monkish origin; and the rock contours of the city show the utter untenability of the various traditions associated with each locality. It does not need a survey to convince English visitors that the indications given by the monks of the position of one of the stones that was about "immediately to cry out" when Christ entered Jerusalem, or of that on which Lazarus sat at the door of Dives, is unreliable. But it is the rock plan alone which shows, beyond the power of contradiction, that the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is altogether apocryphal; being near the summit of Millo or Akra, one of the two mountains included within the wall of Solomon; and that the tomb within its precincts is very possibly that of the famous high priest, John Hyrcanus. Again, the rock levels within the enclosure of the enormous wall of the Temple, which have been ascertained partly by Captain Warren and partly by other explorers—regarded in connection with the section of Mount Olivet, and explained by certain important passages in the Talmud—leave no doubt in the mind of those who are acquainted with the facts, as to the centre line, from east to west, of the holy house. The only question now open on this very interesting subject is, whether the Sakhrah rock, the sacred spot now sheltered by the Mosque of Omar, was the site of the great Altar of Solomon, or the resting-place of the Ark within the Holy of Holies. Further investigation of the crypts and passages that honeycomb the Mountain of the House, and which are mentioned in the Talmud, will, no doubt, soon enable the explorers to fix the centre line between east and west, with as much certitude as that between north and south is already determined.

That the chief sites of ancient Jewish history, that of the *cella* and courts of the Temple, that of Antonia, that of Millo, that of the great northern tower, the limit of the application of the word Zion, and possibly the dates and positions of the several walls, will be all definitively recovered, there is now but little doubt. The religious objection entertained by the Moslems to exploration, especially within the limit of the Noble Haram, or Mountain of the House, is the chief reason why these points are yet undetermined. But with the identification of spots buried under the *débris* of successive destructions, the monkish

tradition of Christian Jerusalem altogether evaporates. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre bears no relation to the tomb of Christ. The *Via Dolorosa* can never have been pressed by His footsteps. Beyond the verge of the ruinous heaps that now cover the site of the Jerusalem of the Idumean kings linger the only traces of the Divine story. Mount Olivet has probably undergone little change, except in the matter of cultivation, since the Christian era. Above all, it is in Galilee that the most truthful sketches of the scenery of the Gospel narrative are to be sought. The centre of interest, so far as regards actual pictorial illustration, will be shifted from the obliterated site of the City of David to the romantic borders of the Lake of Gennesaret. Capernaum and Bethsaida are still undiscovered : that is to say, there is yet dispute as to their locality. In all countries liable to the visitations of earthquake the duration of even the noblest buildings is limited, and change in the aspect of cities and towns is certain, and often total. This is far less the case with the works of nature. Lakes and streams, hills and rocks, resist the destructive power of time to such an extent that centuries are small periods in their history. Thus it will be rather in the wilder country of Palestine that we may expect to find the best illustrations of the events recorded by the Scripture writers, than in those parts more familiar to travellers, which have been presented to Europe, since the time of the Crusaders, disguised under a thick veil of monkish invention.



### MR. FINNEY'S PREACHING.

[I have been trying to find in the American papers some adequate account of the preaching of the late Mr. Finney ; but although very much has been written about him, I have discovered no estimate of his characteristic power which satisfies me. I heard him very often about three-and-twenty years ago, and I doubt whether he preached so effectively in any other part of England, with the exception, perhaps, of Huntingdonshire, as he preached in Birmingham. The best paper on the subject which I have seen appeared in the *New York Independent*, and was written by Professor William C. Wilkinson, D.D. Omitting an introductory paragraph, I produce the rest of the paper as it stands.—ED.]

**I**N the first place, Mr. Finney had a distinct and consistent theological system. I do not say that his system was true. I need not raise the question whether it was true or false. It was a system, and it was distinct and consistent, whether false or true. It is not Mr. Finney's orthodoxy that I am now making an element of his power. It is his determinate and systematic theology. He had a whole scheme of

doctrine. The Gospel that he preached was a *plan*, with all its parts perfectly articulated and mutually harmonious.

But it was not so much the linked coherence of his theological scheme that contributed to his force as it was the fact of the scheme being his own. The scheme was his not because he accepted it, but because he made it. It may have been coincident, more or less, with other schemes. Whether less or more mattered nothing to Mr. Finney. He neither received nor rejected a doctrine because it was in accordance with standards. He put nothing into his scheme that he had not himself fully tried by his own tests. He knew his system not as a man might that had thoroughly learned it. He knew it as only that man could who had framed it for himself. He imposed it upon others with absolute confidence, because it reflected his own thought and experience.

In the second place, the same constitution of mind that made it a necessity for Mr. Finney to have a complete scheme of theological doctrine, made it a necessity for him to be an analytical preacher. His mind was of logic all compact. His sermons were wonderful specimens of clear and exhaustive analysis. They resembled Jonathan Edwards's in this respect. He never said anything merely for the sake of saying something. Not a step was taken but in the line of straight advance toward the predetermined goal. The hearer was never at a loss to perceive the relation of one thing to another in the discourse. The interest, however, was not speculative, but practical. Mr. Finney did not suffer his delight in argument to mislead him to indulge in argument for its own sake. The conclusion was always more to him than the process, while yet without due process no conclusion was ever sought to be reached. He never expatiated. He was constantly advancing.

There was a moral quality in this analytic habit of Mr. Finney's mind. His analysis of his subject was the result of conscientious painstaking. It was not simply because his mind *must* work in this way. It was, perhaps, quite as much because his mind—that is, his conscience—*would* work in this way. It was his *duty* to produce thought whenever he preached, and from the beginning to the end of his sermon he recognised the duty and fulfilled it. In the result his duty, no doubt, became his delight.

In the third place, accordingly, Mr. Finney's method was to move the heart always through the mind. Never even in the height of a revival did he think it wise to use simply the emotion already engendered in his hearers, without seeking to give it more fuel in further truth, that it might burn still deeper and still higher. His rule was: For ever more truth. Truth, therefore, he continued to deliver with all the greater industry and zeal for seeing striking results already obtained.

He never seemed distracted for a moment from his true aim to enjoy the spectacle of his own work. He stood like a worker in iron at his forge, constantly heaping on coal or blowing at the bellows to force his fire to its necessary heat, and then smiting with strength and heed to fashion the metal to his mind, but pausing never to relish, as a bystander might, the warmth, to admire the blaze and sparkle, or to watch the effect of successive blows. When one piece was finished it was instantly put aside, and another plunged into the glowing fire or thence drawn out and laid upon the resounding anvil. The solvent heat of feeling Mr. Finney did not seek to produce for its own sake, but for the sake of preparing character to be moulded into better forms. The hearer experienced no reaction after going out from under the preacher's personal influence, as of shame at detecting himself wrought up to heights of emotion for which he could not find adequate reason existing in his judgment.

In the fourth place, Mr. Finney exercised faith as *imagination*, or as the faculty of realisation, to a degree of vividness which I think I never saw equalled in any other man.

Unseen realities were present to him. Not present only, but distinct and tangible. His own vision of them impressed his hearers with a communicated secondary sense of their seeing them also themselves. He looked and spoke and acted like a man who was handling the invisible and impalpable realities of the eternal world, there, in the living presence of his congregation. You could no more escape the impression of the preacher's being engaged with things that were real, however insubstantial, than you could in the case of an accomplished experimentalist in physics manipulating his viewless gases under your eyes in the public lecture-room. It is an unworthy source of illustration; but modern spiritualism furnishes us a peculiar use of language appropriate to our purpose. The unseen and eternal truths of the spiritual world materialised for Mr. Finney, and his hearers could see them, hear them, handle them. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled"—this seemed to be the language of the preacher, though more justly it might be said that his whole appearance changed these actions of the senses to the present tense; and he spoke to his congregation of what he was at that self-same moment hearing, seeing with his eyes, looking upon, and handling with his hands. The impression of living reality thus produced was irresistible.

Of the same kind, in the fifth place, was Mr. Finney's habit of appeal to his hearers' own consciousness. This was a very salient feature of his preaching. He had his system of psychology no less thoroughly

elaborated than his system of theology. Indeed, his psychology was an essential part of his theology. Scripture and consciousness were sources of authority for oratorical resort of co-ordinate and equal value with Mr. Finney. An appeal to consciousness was his ever available short method of argument. He assured his hearers what they knew and how they felt with an air of certitude and infallibility that left them no room to doubt his being right. His ascendant will overpowered any struggling resistance on their part, and they unhesitatingly accepted the speaker's statement of what they knew and how they felt as the unassailable testimony of their own consciousness. Of course, Mr. Finney was generally as accurate as he was conscientious in thus interpreting men's hearts to themselves. But, whether right or wrong, he was believed by them, such was the overwhelming force of his imperial asseveration; and that answered equally well every purpose of his argument.

Add to these five elements into which I have analysed the secret, on the human side, of Mr. Finney's pulpit power, a sixth element, consisting of an elocution that matched admirably with the intellectual and moral characteristics of the sermon, and you have, I think, the chief distinguishing traits of his method; unless, indeed, I ought to mention—what may not have been so clearly in the reader's mind as all through this paper it has been in my own—that he had a perfectly *definite* and, still more, the one only *right* idea of the object of preaching—namely, to get men to *obey God*.

Upon the whole, I am ready to pronounce Mr. Finney, without exception, the best preacher I have ever known.



## THE ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

AT a time when the Theory of Evolution is being adopted, whether rightly or wrongly, by so many of the leaders of thought, one feels a desire to know how natural theology would fare, supposing the theory were to prove true. In the following pages an attempt is made to answer this question, and that without committing the writer either to the one side or the other on the main issue. Leaving the refutation or defence of the theory to abler hands, I shall confine myself to the humbler aim of showing that theism has nothing to fear, whatever may be the final result of the conflict.

Let me first give a brief account of the Design Argument, and of the points where it is supposed to come into collision with the Theory of Evolution.



"If you were to see a spacious and beautiful mansion," says the Stoic Balbus in Cicero's "*De Naturâ Deorum*," "you could not be made to believe, even though you did not see the master, that it had been built by mice or weasels."\* "An orrery," he says again, "such as Archimedes made, would be referred, even by the rude inhabitants of Scythia or Britain, to an intelligent maker; but these philosophers (the Epicureans), who deem that all things are made by chance, assign greater glory to Archimedes for copying the universe than to Nature for making it."† Baden Powell illustrates the argument in this way: "Suppose you see a stone strike against an object. You may not know what is the cause. It might be blown by the wind; it might have fallen from a precipice. But if the thing were repeated, if a number of stones were thrown, and so as to hit the same mark, you would conclude that they were aimed at it, and that the result was the effect of intelligent volition. Suppose, on inquiry, you discover that a machine has thrown the stones, yet the machine itself has to be accounted for. In short, the mind cannot rest satisfied till it has traced an intelligent act to an intelligent author."‡ On this principle we infer from the marks of purpose, aim, contrivance, which are as manifest in the works of Nature as in a house or an orrery, that those works were produced by an intelligent First Cause. And so firm a hold has the conviction of a purpose in nature taken of the human mind, that, notwithstanding Lord Bacon's remark, "that the study of final causes is barren, and, like a virgin consecrated to God, bears nothing," some of the greatest discoveries on record are due to it. Robert Boyle, himself an illustrious philosopher, gives the following interesting account of Harvey's great discovery: "I remember," he says, "that when I asked our famous Harvey, in the only discourse I had with him (which was but a little while before his death), what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood, he answered me, 'That when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way, he was invited to think that so provident a cause as Nature had not placed so many valves *without design*; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valve, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries, and return

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\* "*De Naturâ Deorum*," ii. 6.

† Ibid. ii. 34. The whole of this and the following chapters are interesting, as showing how clearly Stoicism, when transplanted into the more practical soil of Rome, apprehended the marks of design in nature and the inference to be drawn from them.

‡ "The Connection of Natural and Divine Truth," p. 115.

through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way.' \*"

The Theory of Evolution, which we have next to consider, proceeds on the principle that each thing is made, not *for* its circumstances, but *by* them. There is a force residing in each particle of matter which makes it change, and tend to become something else. Outside of it, however, there is a set of conditions, or—as Herbert Spencer likes to call it—an environment, which determines what its changes shall be. A new form of matter, or a new organism, if it suit its circumstances, will be preserved; if not it will perish. In this way the universe, as we see it, is the result of a succession of infinitesimal modifications conducted under the care of favourable conditions. This will perhaps be clearer if we study some single example of the process. Take, for instance, the trunk of the elephant. That organ seems to be constructed with great skill to suit the circumstances and convenience of the animal. "Not so," says the evolutionist, "for the circumstances and convenience of the animal were themselves the makers of the trunk. The elephant," he says, "obtained its trunk in the same way as the pouter pigeon obtained its crop, only Nature did for the elephant what man did for the pigeon. Among the remote ancestors of the elephant, those individuals had the best chance of surviving which were equipped with a rudimentary trunk. As time went on, those with bad trunks being killed off, and those with good trunks being regularly preserved to propagate their kind, Nature, accumulating improvements through a long course of breeding, produced, at length, the perfect instrument the elephant is furnished with to-day. By a similar process, the whole universe and all that is in it has gradually grown or developed out of a formless chaos."

Now supposing this to be the true explanation of the origin of things, what becomes of the marks of skill and contrivance which we have been wont to find in Nature? Shall we acquiesce in the vehement assertion of Lucretius, that organs were not made for their functions, but only found a service by use and exercise? † "That which struck me most forcibly," says Professor Huxley, "on my first perusal of Mr. Darwin's

\* Boyle's Works, vol. iv. p. 539 (folio edition).

† "Illud in his rebus vitium vehementer avessis  
Effugere, errorem vitareque præmetuentur,  
Lumina ne facias oculorum clara creata  
Prospicere ut possemus . . .  
Nil ideo quoniam natumst in corpore ut uti  
Possemus, sed quod natumst id procreat usum."

*De Naturâ Rerum*, iv. 823—835.

Another remarkable passage is i. 1021 :—

"Nam certe neque consilio primordia rerum  
Ordine se quo quæque sagaci mente locarunt."

'Origin of Species,' was the conviction that teleology, as commonly understood, had received its death-blow at Mr. Darwin's hands. For the teleological argument runs thus: An organ or organism (A) is precisely fitted to perform a function or purpose (B); therefore it was specially constructed to perform that function. In Paley's famous illustration, the adaptation of all the parts of the watch to the function or purpose of showing the time, is held to be evidence that the watch was specially contrived to that end; on the ground that the only cause we know of, competent to produce such an effect as a watch which shall keep time, is a contriving intelligence adapting the means directly to that end.

"Suppose, however, that anyone had been able to show that the watch had not been made directly by any person, but that it was the result of the modification of another watch which kept time but poorly; and that this, again, had proceeded from a structure which could hardly be called a watch at all—seeing that it had no figures on the dial, and the hands were rudimentary; and that going back and back in time we came at last to a revolving barrel as the earliest traceable rudiment of the whole fabric. And imagine that it had been possible to show that all these changes had resulted, first, from a tendency of the structure to vary indefinitely; and secondly, from something in the surrounding world which helped all variations in the direction of an accurate time-keeper, and checked all those in other directions; then it is obvious that the force of Paley's argument would be gone. For it would be demonstrated that an apparatus thoroughly well adapted to a particular purpose might be the result of a method of trial and error worked by unintelligent agents, as well as of the direct application of the means appropriate to that end." \*

This reminds me of the advice given by the Spartan King, in Thucydides,† that "In estimating your opponents, you ought to take them at their best, and not at their worst"—advice which controversialists might do well to ponder, as well as statesmen and warriors. Mr. Huxley takes Paley at his worst. He assumes that a certain outwork of Paley's argument is its main citadel, and that Evolution having captured that, has captured the whole. Paley undoubtedly believed that each organism had been created directly for its function, and that supposition determined the form of his argument. But form is not substance, and accidents are not essentials. The argument is not "an organ or organism (A) is precisely fitted to perform a function or purpose (B), therefore it was specially constructed to perform that function." The organ may be precisely fitted or very awkwardly fitted; the function may be made by the organ, as Lucretius thought, or the organ by the function; and still

\* "Lay Sermons," pp. 301, 302 (third edition).

† Thuc. i. 84.

the inference remains the same. The argument is: When two or more independent things unite in producing certain orderly results, they were united by intelligence and volition. You may not be able to discern what the purpose is or what the process, and yet you may be able to say: "These things could not have come together by chance, and therefore they were made by God."

Darwinism, is fatal, no doubt, to the artificer theory of creation—the theory that each structure is made for a certain purpose, in the same way as a gun is made to shoot, or a knife to cut. But while the design in such structures, on the supposition that Darwinism is true, would not lie where Paley thought it lay, they would none the less imply design. Though not constructed *for* their circumstances, they would be constructed *by* their circumstances; and if there be skill evinced in their construction, that skill must have come from somewhere. Darwinism may have thrust the seat of intelligence a step further back; it may have shown that the works of nature are machine-wrought, and not hand-wrought; but surely that is far from dealing teleology its death-blow. If I were to point out to a foreigner, who was looking at a self-acting mule, that in supposing a workman was hidden in the machine directing its complicated movements, he was mistaken; that the whole was due to lifeless wheels and bands, should I deal the teleology of the mule its death-blow in his mind, and make him believe that in England cotton is spun without design and without contrivance by an unintelligent agent, that can neither think, nor plan, nor look before it? On the contrary, would he not say, unless he were an unintelligent agent himself, to spin cotton without hands, and to travel without feet, implies not less but greater intelligence many times?

So I can fancy Paley, with his strong common sense, turning on Mr. Huxley in some such way as this: "If your theory be correct, I was indeed mistaken as to the process of creation, and as to the drift of the intelligence that superintended it; but what you tell me, so far from upsetting my belief in design, greatly strengthens it. If I saw a watch produced by unintelligent agents, 'first from a tendency in the structure to vary indefinitely, and secondly, from something in the surrounding world which helped all variations in the direction of an accurate time-keeper,' I should want to know where the structure got that tendency, and what that helpful 'something in the surrounding world' was. If I believed that a watch so constructed had no intelligent maker, I should be as foolish as if I believed that watches, as made at present, are not made by men, but by tools."

The only effect of this theory upon the Design Argument is to modify its form. Whether natural objects have been created by successive acts, and their parts designed to suit their necessities, or whether they

have been created by degrees and their parts formed by their necessities, they equally presuppose an intelligent creator. In the one case the design is worked out directly, in the other indirectly, and the one is as sure a sign of God's handiwork as the other. There is a purpose in nature, and that purpose is no less God's because He has compelled the conditions of existence to work it out for Him slowly, than if He had spoken each creature into existence by a single creative act. Nor does the employment of subordinate means affect God's part in creation. Two ignorant men might have a controversy as to the origin of a bronze statue. Says the one: "He must have been a great sculptor who made that statue: what expression, what perfect form!" The other, who happens to have seen the statue cast, and thinks himself far in advance of his comrade, proceeds to enlighten him in this way: "You're quite wrong, my friend. No sculptor ever touched that statue. I saw it made myself. I saw the metal, a formless, molten mass, flow out of the furnace, disappear in the sand, and then in a while come out as you see it, a bronze statue. It was not a sculptor who made the statue, but the sand. There was, first, 'a tendency' in the molten metal 'to vary indefinitely,' and there was, secondly, 'something in the surrounding sand that helped all variations in the direction of a beautiful statue, and checked all those in other directions.' The result is a statue made, not by contrivance, but by natural selection." This seems to me a fair measure of the notion that Darwinism has dealt teleology its death-blow.

This line of argument is still further strengthened if we attend to the *modus operandi* of development. Let us confine our observations within the sphere of organised existence. The evolutionist says that all living things have been developed in a process extending over countless ages, from (at most) two or three primordial germs. For the sake of argument we grant that it is so. That first living thing, whatever it was, must have had its necessities provided for by divine wisdom, or it would neither have lived itself, nor have propagated its life to a successor. It was pointed out, in a remarkable paper, contributed by the Rev. G. D'Oyley Snow to the *Contemporary* two or three years ago, that life implies in its very essence the existence of intelligent, fostering care. How do creatures discover what is their proper food, and how do they learn to find and appropriate it? You may say that those acts are instinctive, and that instinct is acquired experience transmitted by each generation to its offspring. But how was the experience first acquired? Later generations, which are supposed to have inherited their experience, might do well enough, but the first generation which had it all to learn—where to find food and what to do with it when found—must have been in an evil plight, unless there had been a kind providence

to anticipate its need. Long before those lessons were learned it would have died of hunger. Thus, however far you go back to find your primordial germ, you find something else along with it, you find a Presence besetting it behind and before, you find its darkness made light and its weakness strong, by a Wisdom which is unto it as eyes and as hands.

And so when we proceed to examine the process of development, the same unmistakable footprints are visible through all its long journey. Take the human body, for instance, and grant that it has been produced, as Mr. Darwin says, by a course of breeding from a sort of mollusc up step by step to the monkey, and then to man, would that fact avoid the necessity of an intelligent Creator? How much foresight, and design, and wisdom was required, not only to superintend the long process of man's development, but to give to the particles of matter composing living bodies their mysterious properties, in virtue of which they are capable of development, and to the surrounding conditions the power to mould the varying organism, and build it up into ever more complicated and beautiful proportions, till at length the simple mollusc becomes a man. I say, then, even though you go the whole length of Mr. Darwin's theory, you come at length to a point where you are confronted with this alternative. Either blind chance or else an all-wise God must have planned and worked this process. Can any man believe it was chance? Is that the one of the two alternatives in which alone the mind can rest? Will chance account for those ever-accumulating variations, for that steady, progressive improvement? If the whole had been a matter of chance, we should have found the work of to-day undone to-morrow, and the ascidian would have been an ascidian still. Even those, therefore, who adopt this humble theory of their origin must, as they penetrate more deeply into the arcana of nature, take up at last the words of the Psalmist: "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. . . . My substance was not hid from Thee when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them."

When you take in the whole system of nature, the inference is indefinitely strengthened. If ever there was seen a vehicle moving without a motive power, and making a journey without an intelligent driver to put it right at the turns, we may believe that the universe is self-developed. If intelligence has been developed out of dead matter by unintelligent agents, somebody must first have put it there; and judging by the results, He who put it there knew what He was doing. He was not like a child loading a gun, which may go off when, and where, and how

it may. He took care that the progress of nature through every stage of its countless epochs, and in every part of its system, should obey Him, and express what He meant it to express, no more and no less.

And now to sum up, what are we to make of all this? Is God driven out of His universe by the Theory of Evolution? Perhaps the notion so long current that He has been ever stepping in and superseding, by special creative acts, the ordinary processes of nature, may deserve the castigation which Horace applies to those dramatists who were constantly landing their story in situations that required the intervention of a *deus ex machinâ* to set it loose. If so, we should do well to ponder the advice of Horace—

“Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit.”

“Don’t introduce a god on the stage unless the situation be worthy of his intervention.” Surely it does not lower, but rather raise one’s idea of the Divine, to think of God, not as an operative in one of our mills, constantly stopping the machine to piece a broken thread; but as Himself both motive power and guiding intelligence, incessantly carrying on the whole system of nature, not commingled with it as a part of its substance, but ever breathing into it the breath of its life. Lucretius, in entering upon that marvellous discussion of the doctrine of atoms, in his first Book, uses these words: “I am going to set the human mind free from the fetters of religion.”\* The doctrines there propounded have, indeed, broken the links of many a superstition; but they also weave the bonds of true religion, and bring all nature, all stars and systems, mind and matter, man and beast, under the jurisdiction of the King of kings and Lord of lords. The system of nature as thus explained resembles the wheels and living creatures of Ezekiel’s vision: the living creatures are the steeds of nature’s chariot, her unresting forces, but the spirit of the living creature is in the wheels, and the Divine charioteer Himself holds the reins.

T. R.

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### THE ECCLESIASTICAL OUTLOOK.

**1875** has been a year of singular political dulness, and it seems as though it would be marked by the same feature to the end. The phenomenon may be explained in various ways, but there is scarcely room for difference of opinion as to the fact. A correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* tells us he has seen a letter of Mr. Gladstone’s, in which he congratulates the individual to whom it is

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\* De Naturâ Rerum, i. 932 (Munro’s edition).



addressed on being able to preserve his enthusiasm in a period of such apathy; and in describing it thus, Mr. Gladstone only expresses the view we hear on every side. There have been incidents which ought to have roused, which under other circumstances would have roused, popular feeling; but even the *fiasco* which excited Mr. Plimsoll to fury, and the Admiralty Circular by which some of the rights Englishmen most value were surrendered, did but kindle a passing emotion. There is a general feeling abroad that there must ere long be a change in the policy, if not in the *personnel*, of the Government, and men are content to wait and see what the next turn of the wheel will bring. Mr. Disraeli has won the prize for which he has so long and eagerly struggled, and as no one seems particularly anxious to dispute it with him, and as there certainly is no one to whom the country is anxious at present to transfer it, there is a general disposition to let him enjoy it in peace. This easy acquiescence in his rule has been strengthened by his willingness to do anything which will please the public, even to the throwing over of imprudent subordinates who may have committed themselves to some unpopular procedure. Most of the former Liberal ministers seem inclined to humour the feeling of the hour, and pursue a policy of "masterly inaction," in the belief that the present fit will pass over, and that before long the people will begin to clamour again for the inestimable blessings of a Liberal Administration. We are convinced they are labouring under a vain delusion, which, in truth, is one cause of the present lethargy. The time is past when enthusiasm could be awakened on behalf only of party. The men who are the true strength of Liberalism will fight for it only if it be identified with great principles. As a mere party symbol they do not value it at all. Not even eloquence so graceful and fascinating as that of Sir Henry James, at Taunton, could stimulate their zeal on behalf of men who boast that they are Liberals, but do not tell them what liberal measures they intend to support. The late Attorney-General, and others of the same type, seem to fancy that moderation is the true policy for the time, and it has sometimes seemed as though they found a pleasure in revenging themselves on the advanced section of their party—"reckless men," as Sir Henry James called them—for any reluctant compliance with their wishes at the time when Radicalism was, or was supposed to be, popular. It will be one good result of the reaction if it reveal the true spirit of men, and show how little heartiness some who seemed to be pillars really had in the Liberal cause. But, in the meantime, the effect is to increase the prevailing indifference.

There is one subject, however, on which there is no lack of interest and excitement. No man who takes up the Church journals and reads the articles in which the respective parties they represent hurl defiance

at each other, or who notes the proceedings at Church conferences, or who studies the utterances of the Bishops—perhaps the most significant things of all—can suppose that the Establishment is in a state of perfect security, or that there is the same indifference to ecclesiastical as certainly exists in relation to political questions. It is the manifest desire of a certain class of politicians—and among them of some from whom better things might have been expected—to close their eyes to this fact, and, when they talk of any programme at all, to dwell upon certain other questions which they suppose must be the first to engage the attention of the Liberal party, and to assume that, as the country at present seems indifferent to these, it must be indifferent to everything. The extension of the county franchise is the most prominent of these political reforms, and it is undoubtedly one which will have soon to be carried. But there is no reason to believe that the Tories would fight against it, and there is too much evidence that the people do not care sufficiently to make an ardent fight for it. We regret it, but there the fact is, and not to be altered by our regret.

Very different is the kind of feeling which exists relative to ecclesiastical questions. It is one great misfortune of the want of religious convictions and sympathies that the men who are without them seem unable to understand how they act upon others, and therefore altogether miscalculate the force of the excitement they produce. Gallio, with all his impartiality, would have been a very incompetent man to estimate the possibilities of religious enthusiasm; and there are politicians of his temper who err in consequence of their inevitable tendency to under-rate the effect of motives and principles to which they are strangers, and which half unconsciously perhaps, but not therefore less certainly, they despise. They deem many of the questions at issue matters of supreme indifference, and when they hear the language of men who talk earnestly about them, regard them as sincere, but mistaken, enthusiasts, to whose opinions no weight is to be attached. It is a shallow mode of judging, which a very moderate knowledge of history should have been sufficient to correct. But even the ablest men seem to need the teachings of experience, and it seems as though nothing else would preserve them from the errors into which they are almost as prone to fall as the humblest and weakest of their brethren. They fancy they can discern some difference between their own days and the heroic times of the past. The questions which now occupy the minds of men seem to be of infinitely smaller character than those which excited passion and caused revolutions in past times, and, in their judgment, ought to be contemptuously dismissed. At all events, for themselves and politicians generally, they stand on so much higher a platform that they cannot

enter into these controversies, and they cannot admit that they can ever become of practical importance.

The discussions which Ritualism is provoking in this country are indeed of such a nature that it might have been thought Liberal statesmen would regard them with more anxious interest. The colour of vestments, the position of an officiating minister, and the use of symbols in general, may seem to be slight matters; but the increasing power of the priesthood cannot be viewed in this light. It is, of course, assumed that the basis of English liberty is too broadly laid to be disturbed by any ecclesiastical changes. But a movement towards hierarchical rule would of necessity be gradual, and remembering this, it is curious to note the signs of a tendency in this direction. They may be slight in themselves, but they certainly indicate a growing deference for priestly ideas. Mr. Beresford Hope is their chief representative in the House of Commons, and he must feel that there is a perceptible change in the atmosphere of the House. The cause of Toryism has become more closely identified with the Church, and an exaggerated championship of everything that is supposed to be in harmony with the mind of the Church is the fashion among a large class. But all this contributes to increase the power of the priesthood. A striking illustration of this was afforded by the fate of Sir T. Chambers's Bill to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Here no ecclesiastical prerogative was at stake, but simply an High Church idea, repudiated by some even of the Bishops themselves. Yet it was supported by a majority in the House, who thus virtually subordinated the State to the law of the Church. An opposite decision would not necessarily have been adverse to that law—it would simply have left all citizens at liberty to obey their own conscience in the matter. As it is, the priests insist that the State shall enforce the restrictions they have laid down, and the Legislature yields, thus virtually recognising the supremacy of the Church in a purely civil matter. The change in the view of the House of Commons is significant, and it is only one among various facts which suggest that the fear of a priestly ascendancy in this country is not so chimerical as might at first appear, and that, at least, there is so much warrant for it as should induce sagacious Liberal politicians carefully to watch a movement whose aim is the diffusion of High Church ideas, and, in general, the exaltation of the priesthood.

Unfortunately, they do not seem, as yet, to have been roused to a consciousness of the peril with which we are threatened, and, in fact, are, for the most part, disposed to regard all anxiety as a sign of Protestant fanaticism. If, however, they regard the subject only from a party stand-point, there is abundant reason why they should bestir themselves. The *Church Times* boasted recently that it was a revival of

Church feeling which had led to the Conservative reaction ; and though we may be of opinion that in such an assertion it greatly underrates the power of the publicans, the sense of obligation to whom must be very galling, and takes more than full credit for the power contributed by the Church, there can be little doubt that Church feeling is one of the most powerful sources of Tory strength, and still less that that feeling will always be on the same side. Whatever hope there may be of infusing a Liberal sentiment into other classes, it is hopeless to expect that Church partizans will ever be affected by it. Here and there, partly as the result of accidental circumstances, and partly as the effect of more enlightened views and wider sympathies in individuals, there will be some who will break loose from the influences of their class, and insist that the interests of the Church herself will be best served by a sympathy with the progressive movements of the time. But these will be very rare exceptions to the general rule, that the Tory party will be the sole gainers by the increase of Church feeling. This alone should be sufficient to lead those Liberal politicians who are so fond of glorifying the Church and complimenting the clergy, to consider whether the course they are pursuing is calculated to promote the real interests of their party. Of course, they may answer that they care more for their Church than for any political object whatever ; and we should be the last to complain of such a reply. On the contrary, we honour the man who places religious considerations above all others. But if he be a Protestant as well as a Liberal, then we can address him on the higher ground of religious principle, as well as on the lower one of political expediency. For the most significant fact of the day is the almost universal tendency of Church zeal to develop itself in the Sacerdotal direction. Evangelicals are either cowed, or they are more or less borne along by the prevailing current, and tacitly accept what twenty years ago they would have resisted to the death. Men of the type of the bold and earnest Hugh Stowell of Manchester, or Hugh McNeile, as he was when Liverpool was thrilled by his fervid Protestant oratory, would be to-day as prophets crying in the wilderness. Those who have seen the changes which have already been wrought,—how the surplice, once so vehemently denounced, has found its way into Evangelical pulpits ; how in some Evangelical churches a band of white-vested choristers is an earnest to Ritualist spirits of better things to come ; how rubrics have been invested with a new importance, and a higher tone imperceptibly infused into the sacramental teaching, — cannot be too confident that even among the Low Church clergy there will not be found some to array themselves in the disputed vestments. So much has already been sacrificed for the sake of preserving the Establishment and presenting a united front to Dissenters, that it is impossible

to say where the sacrifices will cease. We are told by some who profess to be specially sagacious, that Disestablishment might strengthen the hands of Sacerdotalism. A prophecy more unlikely to be fulfilled, one less warranted by such experience as we have, one that shows less insight into the tendencies of the English mind, we cannot easily conceive. It assumes that the laity—who are impatient enough already under clerical pretensions, and who are only prevented from taking more decided action by their fear of overthrowing an institution which upon the whole they desire to preserve, and which is felt to be so rickety that an attempt to repair it would in all probability end in its destruction—would, if the reason for their forbearance were removed, suddenly become enamoured of that under which now they chafe. The laity must be powerful in a disestablished Church if that Church is to retain any hold upon the nation; and we have yet to learn that the body of the laity is corrupted by sacerdotalism. The excitement in the House of Commons about the Public Worship Regulation Act tells a very different tale, and though it spent itself for the time upon an Act which has hitherto proved utterly worthless, and which will remain so if a large number of the bishops can work their own will, it would be a grievous mistake to suppose that the feeling then displayed has undergone a complete revolution. There are multitudes of Churchmen who are not yet prepared to sacrifice the Establishment rather than see it semi-Romanised, or who have some blind and unreasoning faith that in some way or other a remedy will be provided for the evils which they deplore, and who, therefore, tolerate Ritualism for the time. And there are others, perhaps an equally numerous class, who are simply dazed and bewildered; who know not what to do themselves, and look in vain for guidance to their natural leaders, and who, therefore, simply wait the course of events. Were the Establishment—attachment to which is the feeling that at the present confuses their judgment—once removed, and the issue with which they have to deal presented in its simplicity, they would not hesitate as to their course of action.

These calculations as to the future may prove to be wrong. But whatever the character a disestablished Church may take, the fact before us is that Sacerdotalism gains prestige and power by its place in the Establishment. It is quite true that many of the most popular Ritualist churches are sustained by voluntary contributions, and receive nothing from the public endowments. But independently of the vantage-ground which the clergy occupy in being able to speak as the authorised teachers of the nation, zeal for the Established Church tends, by a natural and almost irresistible process, to engender a certain sympathy with their views in all except the small section who hold the Broad

Church theory. Even some of these, as for example, the Bishop of Manchester, in a late address to the Diocesan Conference, appear to feel the necessity of ekeing out their Erastianism by having recourse to "Catholic" notions. But it is especially the Evangelical defenders of the State Church who find themselves forced by the necessities of an untenable position into the adoption of a line of argument which concedes the fundamental principles of Ritualism. That the State should draw a line of distinction between men who preach the same gospel and hold the same commission from the one Master, who has laid on both alike the same divine necessity, which is the only true call to the ministry, is a proposition so utterly monstrous when looked at in the light of the New Testament, that the marvel is how any man can be found to maintain it. It would certainly require a strong effort of imagination to picture Paul and his friends placed by the State (supposing it to have been converted to Christianity) in a position of supremacy and ease, and entitled to speak as the expositors of the Christian faith in the Roman Empire, while Peter and his adherents were taught to regard themselves as humble inferiors, who ought to be grateful that they were tolerated. The Judaising party, who paraded the name of Peter as their chief, would probably have been content with an arrangement conceived in this spirit, provided the parts had been reversed, but that is hardly the party whom the Evangelicals would be anxious to claim as their progenitors. The position which they occupy, however, is just what we have described, and as the perception of its weakness, long since apparent to all others, dawns upon themselves, they are naturally led to strengthen themselves by accepting, to some extent at least, the notion of a Catholic Church, to whose privileges they have a right, but from which Nonconformists are schismatics. Thus their devotion to the Establishment induces a weakness in opposing Romanising error, and leads them to connive at practices which, were they free from entangling complications, they would be the first vehemently to denounce. But this is not the worst. It causes them to dally and tamper with principles which they ought distinctly to repudiate as fatal to the very existence of the Protestantism of which they claim to be champions. Their advocacy for the Establishment becomes unintentionally but inevitably a defence of High Church principles, and tells only to the advantage of the party which they are anxious to overthrow. The Evangelicals—we say it with sorrowful regret—are the advanced guard of Ritualism. They denounce it, they proclaim its teachers traitors to the Church, whose honours they enjoy, they utter lamentations over its advance, and yet they are themselves its best, though, we frankly grant, its unconscious allies. They unite with its leaders against Nonconform-

ists, who at all events are contending for Protestantism; by such action they give the outside world to understand that the differences between them and the men who glory in their hatred of Protestantism are less important than those which separate them from other Protestants who do not believe in a State Church.

How long this is to go on it is for Liberal Protestants, within the Establishment, to decide. We do not wonder that, as politicians, they shrink from touching the question of the Establishment. It is very large and extremely complicated. Its settlement will certainly involve a long and angry discussion, and will certainly lead to some re-adjustment of parties. The *Spectator*, for example, threatens us with secessions from Liberalism, if the party should seriously resolve upon undertaking the work of disestablishing and disendowing the Anglican Church. But secessions of this kind are what have occurred at every stage of advance, and will have to be faced, whatever great reform is projected; while if no reform at all is proposed, the Liberal host will assuredly melt away under the demoralising influence of apathy and idleness. But whatever the inherent difficulties of the question, and whatever the effect upon party combinations, it will have to be faced, and delay will certainly not serve to make the task of dealing with it easier—except, indeed, as it affords further opportunity for the action of the explosive forces within the Establishment itself. On these, experience has taught us to place little reliance. Some unexpected incident, a more daring aggression of the innovators, or some legal decision against them which they are unable to brook, may precipitate a catastrophe to the Establishment. But our expectations of such a course of events are fainter than they were; and it is not desirable that we should hope for it. We would rather trust to the action, slower it may be but more permanent and satisfactory, of individual conviction. We would fain see the Liberal party take up the work, not because it needs some exciting article for its programme, but because it feels that the time has come when the last vestige of political distinction, based on a difference of religious opinion, should be swept away.

These are times when, looking at the immense power of the National Church, the extensive ramifications of the interests identified with it, the adventitious popularity which it enjoys in consequence of the zeal of a large number of the clergy,—and looking, too, at the strong Conservative sentiment of the English mind, and the inherent dread of the untried,—we might regard the idea of Disestablishment as the wildest of dreams. It is certainly not from any failure to appreciate the strength of the forces thus arrayed in defence of the Establishment that we anticipate with confidence a successful issue to



the assault which must soon be directed against it. The widespread anticipation of the change which we find even among the rulers of the Church, is one of the shadows of the coming event. The Primate is almost alone among the Bishops in the optimist spirit he displays ; and the hopeful, not to say assured tone which he adopts at present, can hardly be reconciled with his own account of the state of things last year. A Church torn by the dissensions and infested by the evils which the Archbishop described in such graphic style when he introduced the Public Worship Act, cannot be in that state of absolute security which some of his Grace's more recent utterances have represented. Yet there has been no abatement of the symptoms which seemed so alarming eighteen months ago. The Sacerdotalists have lowered none of their pretensions, recanted none of their teachings, abandoned none of their practices. But Dr. Tait has come to regard them with more calmness, if not with more approval. Even if, as he would have the world believe now, these innovators, whom he exposed in his celebrated speech, are only a small body of extreme men, they have not been reduced in number, even by the expulsion of one whose fate might have served as a warning to the rest. What they were, they are—as numerous and even more audacious and confident than ever. The smaller their number, indeed, the more extraordinary and suggestive is the immunity which they enjoy, for it shows that the Establishment cannot get rid even of an insignificant section of disturbers without placing its own existence in peril. It must be either that they have not so manifestly transgressed, in which case sacerdotalism must have a rightful hold on the Establishment, or that there are reasons why it would not be safe to enforce the law. In either case, the ascendancy of the priests is assured, and they are left at liberty to pursue their own designs. The optimism of the Archbishop, when regarded in the light of the facts, is really as significant of danger as the avowed anxieties and fears of some of his brethren. He must be one of the last men to admit the possibility of an event so contrary to all his hopes and desires as the overthrow of an Establishment which has given him opportunities he has shown himself so capable of using. But even he feels that if it is to be maintained internal peace must be preserved, and therefore all the brave words of 1874 are forgotten, and the rebels, who were then held up to public scorn and indignation, are allowed to dwell in peace, while the world is treated to laudations of that wonderful Establishment, in which peace and unity are preserved by the toleration of treason, the humiliation of law, and the abandonment of all attempts at discipline.

The Bishop of London takes a more correct view of the state of things when he devotes his entire Charge to the consideration of “our present

difficulties." We do not wonder that the tone of his address has been criticised as too lugubrious by those who cannot believe that affairs are grown thus desperate. But only a Bishop, and especially a Bishop of London, can know how desperate they are, and how unable the Bishops are to see how they may be remedied. Their Lordships are for ever giving advice on one subject or another until (*mirabile dictu!*) the Bishop of Manchester, of all men, complains that there is too much talk. But the real fault is that the talk means so little; that it consists so largely of platitude and see-saw; that it suggests no mode of escape from the difficulties it confesses; and that it is a miserable substitute for the action that is demanded. The present object of the Bench seems to be to make the Public Worship Act innocuous, and we find both among the friends of the Bishops and the Ritualists an idea that the passionate feeling which led Parliament to adopt it is a thing of the past. Their Lordships seem to have been acting the part of Richard II., when he placed himself at the head of the rioters, the better to defeat their purposes. They made themselves the organs of Protestant feeling, and from their subsequent action it might seem as though they did so only to break the force of a sentiment they were unable to control. The present lull may lead them to suppose that they have succeeded, but we are satisfied they have mistaken the temper of the public mind. England will not have sacerdotalism, and if it cannot be expelled from the Establishment, then multitudes, even of those who cling fondly to the idea of a State Church, will sacrifice that rather than see it the buttress of priestly power. Many of the Bishops see this, and there is an undertone of sadness, and almost of despair, in many of their utterances which indicates a secret feeling that the doom of the Establishment is sealed. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has got a most extraordinary idea of the results of Disestablishment, but he is quite correct in his forecastings of the circumstances which might bring it about. If, he said, any considerable number of the clergy should prove disloyal, and seek to efface the doctrines of the Reformation and the existing complexion of the Anglican Church, and to substitute extravagant doctrines and practices for the Scriptural sobriety of the Church's authorised ritual; and if, as the inevitable consequence of such disloyal attempts, schisms and threats of secession should show themselves within the walls of the Church itself, and the hostility of the Dissenting communities should be stimulated and justified; then he believed the Church's days were numbered, and that in a moment a sudden crash might announce to a startled world that for the first time in her existence the empire of England was without a God and without a Christ.

If one effect of an Establishment is to produce the belief in the

mind of a Bishop that to be without it is for the empire to be without a God and without a Christ, the sooner his faithlessness is corrected by the removal of the idol in which he is trusting, and the demonstration that the religion of the nation will remain and gain in vitality and power by the change, the better. The conditions which, in his view, would bring it about, are certainly being very rapidly accomplished, and he and his brethren must not be surprised if Nonconformists, who before objected to a State Church, are roused to special zeal when they find it made the centre of a movement such as he himself describes. A battle with clericalism is before us, and all who enter on it should understand that victory cannot be secured except by the overthrow of the Establishment. The dream of a comprehensive and Erastian Church, never very hopeful, has become more delusive than ever. We must have a Sacerdotal Establishment or none. We cannot doubt which alternative the English people will accept.



## TWO YEARS OF TORY GOVERNMENT.

HAYDON, the painter, tells a story of a great lady who went to a Lord Mayor's feast at the Guildhall. "Which do you prefer, my lady," asked the Lord Mayor, "Gog or Magog?" "Well, of the three," answered the fair visitor, "I think your lordship." It is quite possible that some such association, with its natural reflection, occurred to Mr. Disraeli as he drove home from the City dinner on the 9th of November. He is a person of a delicate, yet somewhat malicious humour, to whom the event and its incidents would present themselves in an amusing light. The gathering of intensely respectable people—dull as wealth and position could make them—the heavy magnificence of the banquet, the curiously-stilted and self-conscious speeches of the Lord Mayor, the remarkable oration delivered by Mr. Ward Hunt, who found something jocular to say about the loss of the *Vanguard*, and, finally, his own address, audaciously clever alike in its assertions and its omissions, must have combined to make up a picture capable of being reproduced, with characteristic exaggeration, and airy touches of contempt, in Mr. Disraeli's next novel. We can fancy him lying back and laughing silently at his host, his colleagues, and himself, like an actor who remembers, with a chuckle of enjoyment, his own success, and the failures of others, in the comedy which has just been played to an admiring audience. Reflections so congenial to the Premier, and so flattering to his self-love, might well have been continued in

the seclusion of his library. From his own part in the evening's proceedings, his thoughts would stray to the part sustained by his colleagues, and thence to the meetings of the Cabinet, the conduct of last session, the performances of the Government during its term of office. Such an exercise would afford full play for one of Mr. Disraeli's peculiar qualities. He has the faculty of being able to put himself in a state of external relation to politics, to the Tory party, and even to the nation itself. Sometimes he shows this in public life, and then the country recognises the fact that while nominally an Englishman, the Premier is really, in his ways of thinking, and in the essential points of his character, a member of another nation: Hebraic in heart as well as in aspect; a sort of mixture of Kingsley's Raphael Ben Ezra and of his own Sidonia; a believer in that Asian mystery which he has obscured by explanation, and regarding English politics as a counter in the game. We know from his novels—true reflex of the man—his opinions of our institutions, our aristocracy, our insular prejudices, our narrow culture, our intense nationalism, with its outspoken and often coarse contempt for cosmopolitan theories, and its defective sympathies with races alien to our stock.

We may be sure that Mr. Disraeli measures his colleagues by his general standard; and it would be interesting if we could induce him to put his judgment into words. "True," we might suppose him to say, "I am not plagued with the feebleness of that excellent Walpole, who proposed to confer the franchise upon militiamen; nor with the indiscretions of the worthy but garrulous Pakington, who disclosed to an amused public the secret of a ten minutes' Reform Bill. But I have still my troubles. There is that sublime churchwarden, Mr. Hardy—a master alike of platitude and prejudice; there is Mr. Ward Hunt, elephantine in wit as in person; Lord John Manners is an anachronism; and there are Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross, who, in their several departments, regard seriousness as being equivalent to sagacity. These are my principal lieutenants in the Lower House. It is not much better in the other. The Duke of Richmond labours under the dangerous hallucination that he is a statesman; Lord Derby is overweighted by a reputation which he does not deserve and fears to disturb; the Chancellor is a hard Ulsterman, from whose coarse fibre one shrinks by instinct; Lord Salisbury is ruined by his temper, and by the delusion that an Elizabethan patent of nobility indicates long descent. As to the subordinates—the survey is really too painful. I think of Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck and Sir Charles Adderley, and I shudder. Even the smug self-satisfaction of Lord Sandon fails to throw a gleam of cheerfulness over the picture. I really believe that Mr.

Smith, the newsvendor, is the most hopeful of all—but, then, consider the infelicity of his name ! ”

If Mr. Disraeli's political life were not so manifestly a piece of acting, we might sympathise with him in his difficulties. It is a hardship for a subtle, quick-witted man of his type to be linked so inseparably with respectable dulness. Save in Lord Salisbury, there is not a gleam of original power from one end of the Ministry to the other. Some of the Premier's colleagues—especially Mr. Cross—are sufficiently competent administrators, some are fairly passable speakers, all are respectable in character, and most of them would make creditable chairmen of quarter sessions ; but they have no justifiable pretensions to statemanship, and they are incapable of presenting reaction in a form calculated to excite the enthusiasm even of their own party. Thus they neither fulfil the desires of the nation, which looks for progressive legislation ; nor do they subserve the purposes of Toryism, as the creed of a political party. This, we suspect, is Mr. Disraeli's heaviest penalty. A man of genius, he is obliged to work with the aid of mediocrities. With a dash of the adventurer in his nature, he is kept down by the association of respectability, “acred to the neck, consolated to the chin.” Conscious of capacities for leadership, he is at once admired, used, and distrusted by those who render him a reluctant submission, and who fail to understand him while they obey. If he could but translate to the Ministerial benches a few members of the Gladstone Government, then, indeed, Mr. Disraeli might hope for successes now impossible. If the younger members of the Tory party displayed capacity, either legislative or oratorical, there might be a chance of leavening the dead weight of respectability which now refuses to stir into vigorous life. But the experience of two years of premiership convinces Mr. Disraeli that there is no hope. He must be content with such instruments as he has ; and looking at them, and at him, it is no wonder that he takes them up with indifference, and lays them down with disdain. Perhaps, after all, he is really careless as to who is associated with him, or how things turn out. When the House fell into confusion last session for want of leadership, Mr. Disraeli slept on the Treasury Bench, or went home and left his lieutenants to do what they could—which, in effect, was to make confusion worse confounded. The story goes that one eminent Conservative moaned about it to another, who proved no comforter. “What does *he* care,” answered the other ; “he has got all he wants, and cares for nothing.”

It does, indeed, sometimes seem a matter of wonder why the Tories were anxious to get back into office. There is the ordinary reason, no doubt, that a political party likes to have an occasional turn in the actual business of Government. The lesser members of it are naturally de-

sirous to enjoy the sweets of place, and the leaders, who do not care much for this themselves, are willing to give it to those to whom office is a sort of earthly paradise. But politicians who are worthy of being called statesmen should scarcely care for place unless it opens to them the means of shaping a national policy, and of giving effect to this by legislation. This is precisely what the Tory Ministry has found itself unable to do. It has done mischief enough, no doubt, as will be seen presently, and has, so to speak, lowered the political vitality of the nation; and it has made tentative efforts at reaction. But, with one or two exceptions, the attempts have proved failures; and, after two years of office, the Ministry has nothing to show but a series of permissive measures, and a number of positive failures, attended by a loss of prestige in the country, a diminution of authority over Parliament, and a self-consciousness of weakness which, if much longer continued, must prove serious, if not fatal.

We need not go back to the causes which brought the present Ministry into office. We have to do only with the policy, to advance which was its declared purpose, and with the manner in which this policy has been carried into effect. The aims of Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues may be summed up in a sentence: they entered upon office the declared advocates of reaction and inaction. Mr. Gladstone's Government, they contended, had alarmed the country by a succession of "blazing questions," and had wearied it by reforms at once too rapid and too vast. They had, so Mr. Disraeli affirmed, plundered and blundered; they had harassed every interest. The nation wanted rest from reform; the harassed interests called loudly for redress of grievances. The Tories undertook to gratify both demands. They promised to stand still, and thus to check political progress; they promised, also, to undo, in certain respects, the work of their predecessors. The united efforts of two powerful interests mainly secured their triumph—the publicans and the clergy. The former desired liberty to sell drink for longer hours, and under less severe restrictions; the latter desired to recover lost control over education, and to maintain Church supremacy over public endowments. The motive was the same—protection to sectional interests, as distinguished from those of the nation. The union was alike flagrant and scandalous. Thoughtful men, even of the Conservative party, recognised an offence to morality in such an alliance, exhibited, as it actually was, in placards combining an appeal for Beer and Bible—"our national Church, and our national beverage." The blot thus impressed upon the Tory party, and upon the Ministry it has created, still clings to both. The first act of the Ministers was to pay their debt to the publicans. The galleries of the House of Commons were thronged by members of what is called "the trade;" spirit-sellers and

beer-dealers crowded the lobbies. They had come to see the compact fulfilled; and they had the satisfaction of realising their wishes. Restrictions were removed from the liquor traffic; longer hours were conceded for the sale of drink; the authority of magistrates to punish offending publicans was limited. Sir Wilfrid Lawson summed up the position of the Government by saying that the Conservative reaction meant an additional hour for drinking. It was a humiliating spectacle; a degrading concession to the lowest, coarsest, and most dangerous form of political influence.

This was the beginning of the Tory programme. The Church next had its turn. Faithful and thankful to its clerical allies, the Government made a really bold attempt to reward them by giving them control of middle-class education. The elementary schools provided under the clauses of the Elementary Education Act were beyond reach, at least in their principle. The march of University reform had gone too far, and was too strongly guarded, to be reversed. Whatever the disposition to eject Nonconformists from Oxford and Cambridge, and to restore the ecclesiastical management of College foundations and University honours, the power was wanting: the door had been opened wide by the Liberals, and never could again be closed. But the endowed grammar-schools remained, and here a battle might be fought for the Church. The Endowed Schools Commission was expiring, and must in some form or other be renewed. Nonconformists had no great reason to thank Lord Lyttelton and his colleagues, but at least they did recognise popular control and religious equality, though in an imperfect degree, and as time went on, as experience accumulated, and as public opinion became more definitely manifested, they showed a disposition to act upon increasingly Liberal principles. Consequently, the Government resolved to dismiss them, and to place the endowed schools under the control of the Charity Commission, reserving supreme authority in all new schemes to the Educational Department. The object of this change was manifest, namely, to work the new schemes in the narrowest sectarian groove, and to secure in the Endowed Schools a settled connection with the Established Church. If there had been any doubt on this point, the main legislative provision of the Bill removed it, and disclosed the real intention of its promoters. In regard to religious teaching, all school deeds in which there was no specific provision as to religious instruction were to be deemed Church schools, and the powers of the new Commission were limited to making schemes which would permanently impose upon the schools a distinctive Church character. There is no need to recall the contest to which this audacious proposal gave rise. It revolted the sense of justice throughout the country. Even Conservatives hesitated to sanction a measure obviously dictated by the narrowest



bigotry, and capable of being so enforced as to inflict the grossest injustice. The Government fought hard to carry their proposal; the Liberals resisted it so vigorously that success became impossible. At last Mr. Disraeli intervened, threw over his colleagues, adroitly shifted the blame from his own shoulders to those of an unnamed draftsman, and cut the Bill in half—keeping the new Commission, but withdrawing the provision which would have made them the mere agents of an ecclesiastical organisation. This attempt at reaction failed: the Government scored their first blunder.

They quickly followed it with another, also ecclesiastical. The members of the Scotch Establishment desired an alteration in their system of patronage. They resented the intervention of lay patrons, and insisted that the Church itself alone had the right to choose its ministers. The Government dreaded the further development of an anti-Establishment feeling in Scotland: it might spread to England, and inflict damage upon the Establishment in this country. A resolution was taken to concede the demands of the Established Presbyterians, and the result was the Scotch Patronage Act. By this measure, all livings in Crown patronage were surrendered, and power was given to acquire, by compulsory purchase, all livings in the gift of private patrons. Henceforth, under the Act, ministers of the Scotch Establishment were to be chosen and nominated without external interference, and by the Church itself. A Church and Tory Government could not, from its own point of view, have committed a greater blunder. Desiring to strengthen the Establishment, it really admitted and legalised the principle of disestablishment, by seizing upon livings in private hands, and by surrendering livings belonging to the Crown. These were property, heritable and saleable, just as much as English tithes which have passed into laymen's hands, or as English livings which are largely held by laymen, and are commonly sold as valuable property. On the proposal of a Tory Government, Parliament dealt with this property, took it away from the owners, and gave it to a denomination; and thus, by Tory hands, Parliament formally incorporated in a deliberate Act the right of the State to deal with, alter, and abolish rights based upon the existence of a religious Establishment. It was a foolish concession for the advocates of Establishment, and is destined to bear fruit, which to them will prove bitter as the apples of the Dead Sea. But not content with striking this blow at Establishment, the Ministry dealt another, still more severe. The livings of the Crown and of private patrons were transferred to the Church: that was the first blow—it destroyed the rights of property. Who was to appoint to these livings? On the theory of an Establishment all parishioners have an equal right, for all are included in the Establishment pale. But it was unsafe to give Scotch parishioners

the election of their ministers, for the Establishment is in a minority in many, if not in most, parishes. Nor could the congregations be trusted, for these are indefinite, fluctuating, and capable of being temporarily reinforced by persons outside the Establishment. So the design of confining the election to communicants was hit upon; and thus the Government completed its blunder. For the sake of the Establishment it forcibly diverted private property from its former ownership; by handing this property over to the Church, it relinquished the sole advantage of a connection between Church and State, the control of the ecclesiastical by the civil power; and then, by giving the patronage to communicants only, it destroyed the pretended theory of an Establishment—namely, that it is co-extensive with and open to the nation, and erected, in place of it, a strictly fenced, guarded, and privileged sect.

The men who had extended the license of liquor-selling to please one section of their supporters; who had tried to hand over the endowed schools of England to ecclesiastical bondage to please another section; and who had, for the benefit of a third section, converted an Establishment into a merely protected sect, must needs try, also, to carry reaction into another department of legislation. Under the Liberal Government the nation had bought back the army from its officers by abolishing purchase, and providing compensation for the holders of commissions. Under the system of purchase, wealth, birth, and private influence were the direct roads to military command. A man might buy his way upwards, and might (with certain exceptions) change his branch of the service, also, by the influence of money. The abolition of purchase, and the regulations consequently devised by Lord Cardwell, the Liberal Minister of War, put an end to this dangerous and sordid monopoly. Wealth—the mere brute force of money—had now no chance against merit: the army was opened as a free career, in which capacity alone conduced to promotion. The Tory Government did not dare to restore purchase in a direct form. However willing to do it—and a section of their party would have supported them in the attempt—they knew that neither Parliament nor the country would endure such a violent effort at reaction; and that, even if passed by Parliament, it would be rejected by the Crown. But though unable to restore purchase, they contrived to create an advantage for wealth over talent. They did this by the *Regimental Exchanges Act*, which, against the strongest protests of Liberals in Parliament and throughout the country, was forced by mere blind votes through the House of Commons, was joyfully accepted by the Tory peers, and which became law by the assent of the Sovereign. By this Act, though a man may not buy a commission, he may buy his transfer from one regiment to another—that is, a rich man, ordered into

unpleasant quarters, or sent on foreign service, may, by the offer of money, tempt a poor man in another regiment to exchange with him ; and thus the wealthy man may escape inconvenience or danger, and the power of the nation over the army is again limited in favour of the wealthy and influential class. Purchase into the army remains abolished, but purchase in the army is restored ; and thus a new class of vested interests is built up, which will have to be again bought out in course of time.

In the examples already cited we see the influence of Tory reaction in the protection of class interests—the publicans, the Church, the richer section of military officers—at the expense of the nation. The financial policy of the Government presents another illustration of the same tendency. We say nothing of the loss of the magnificent surplus left in the exchequer by Mr. Gladstone. When the Tories came into office they found a revenue six millions in excess of expenditure. Twelve months later, when Sir Stafford Northcote presented his second budget, he had no surplus to offer, or next to none : the fatal, hereditary tendency of the Tories towards deficits had already become manifest. What have they done with the surplus left by Mr. Gladstone? Again, the interests of the privileged classes have been consulted. The landowners demanded a transfer of local taxation to the Imperial treasury. They insisted that rates should be lessened at the cost of taxes : that is, the particular kind of property—land and buildings—which bears the smallest share of taxation, and yet which is continually increasing in value, by the mere fact of its existence, and without effort on the part of its owners—this kind of property was to be relieved of its burdens, and these were to be transferred to the general taxpayer, upon whom, if other sources failed, it would be necessary to levy an increased income-tax to make up the loss. Thus pressed by Tory landowners, and being willing to gratify the class from whence it sprang, the Government poured with a lavish hand the contents of the Imperial treasury into the coffers of the landowning aristocracy. The Gladstone surplus was used to give increased subventions to police rates, gaols, and lunatic asylums, in relief of local rates for these purposes. Two millions a year were thus struck off the contributions of the landowners, and were laid upon the shoulders of the Imperial taxpayer : the trading classes, the citizens of towns, and the artisans. It was a piece of class legislation of the most flagrant and the most dangerous kind : parallel, indeed, to that which, under the influence of game-preserving landlords, created the Poaching Act, by which the rural police were turned into game-keepers ; parallel, again, to the measure by which the same class recouped themselves out of the national exchequer for their losses by the cattle plague, and thus restored to the statute-book the hateful principle of protection.

Before leaving this part of the subject, other illustrations of Tory reaction must be adduced. One of these is the wholesale nomination of magistrates in boroughs and counties—a process by which places of trust and honour have been ensured to the members of the Tory party, to the great injury of artisans in towns and of agricultural labourers, whose cases are thus brought for adjudication before men who fail to command their confidence; and naturally so, because the whole current of their lives, policy, opinions, and prejudices runs counter to the idea of equal rights, and in favour of class interests. Another illustration is the filling of the permanent departments of State with Tory nominees—a process which extends even to the judicature in its higher ranks—and thus renders it more difficult for the Liberals, on their return to power, to conduct the national administration in accordance with national interests. The Education Department affords proof of the reality of this danger. Even under the Liberals, when directed by Mr. Forster, the policy of this department was restrictive enough to excite indignation and alarm. Under the Tories, as directed by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Sandon, and officials of their nomination, its whole powers are used to work the Education Act as a protection to denominational interests, and to embarrass the action of School Boards, particularly those of a Liberal type. The action of the Board of Trade in regard to the reforms urged by Mr. Plimsoll affords another illustration of the same tendency; the first idea here, as elsewhere, is the defence of “interests” as against the nation—this being, indeed, in all things the essence of Toryism, and the necessary consequence of the advent of a Tory Government.

Permissive legislation—the genuine outcome of weakness and want of grasp—is another feature of the Ministry. Coming in with a policy of inaction, as well as of reaction, the Ministry have found themselves, nevertheless, driven to do something, or rather to seem to do it. For a time they sheltered themselves under the plea of time: it was necessary for them to have leisure to shape their measures. This led to the practice of shelving every inconvenient question by reference to a committee or commission. Nearly twenty of these tribunals of inquiry were put into operation. We seemed, indeed, to have entered upon an era of government by commission. The resulting legislation is precisely what might have been expected from such a beginning. Friendly Societies have been placed under a permissive law, which allows them to adopt measures to promote the security of their funds, but shrinks from compelling them to do so. Trades Unions have been dealt with in the same spirit of weakness and compromise. A permissive character has been stamped upon the execution of the Licensing Laws, so far as their penalties are concerned. Permissive purchase (by way of

exchange) is established in the Army. The tenant-farmers have been mocked and deluded by a permissive tenant-right, which seems to secure them compensation for improvements and security of tenure, and yet destroys the value of the concession by permitting the landowners to insist upon the tenants contracting themselves out of the operations of the Act. Again, by the mouth of the Premier, the Ministry declares itself a Government of Sanitary Reform, and, at the Lord Mayor's dinner, Mr. Disraeli took credit to himself for having carried his professions into practice. The performance consists of two measures—the Consolidation of the Laws affecting Public Health, and the passing of a merely permissive measure—the Artisans' Dwellings Act—singularly defective and cumbrous, and depending for its execution only upon the will of the large municipalities: for, in order to suit the convenience of rural landlords, its operation is restricted to towns of considerable size, and the rural population—the conditions of which are unhealthy to an inconceivable degree—is left wholly untouched, lest property should be too heavily burdened.

The weakness of the Government is further exhibited by certain incidents which have marked Mr. Disraeli's tenure of office. The violent quarrel between the Premier and Lord Salisbury, arising out of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, cannot be forgotten: it showed plainly enough the grit between the wheels of the political machine. Nor can another and infinitely more discreditable occurrence be lost sight of. The public still remembers with shame that a private threat from a secret meeting of peers, whose names have never transpired, was enough to deprive the Judicature Bill of its principal feature—the abolition of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords, and the creation in place of it of a properly organised court of appeal. To this reform—called for by imperative necessity—the Government stood pledged. Successive Chancellors of both parties had assented to it, and had even urged it as being essential to the due administration of justice. Lord Cairns, on behalf of his colleagues, brought in a Bill to give effect to the general desire. The object seemed to be on the eve of realisation. But a secret caucus of peers was held; a threat of revolt conveyed to Mr. Disraeli; persuasion was useless; the Government gave way; the jurisdiction of the Lords was preserved; and the Judicature Act was mangled to meet the demands of a privileged class. It was a striking illustration of the deference of the Tory party and the Tory Ministers to the claims of "interests." The heads of the party were bent upon reform; the tail of the party compelled them to eat their words, to abandon their projects, to leave their majority unused, and to submit to orders, the authors of which dared not disclose themselves before the country, but were nevertheless powerful enough to reverse the policy of

the Cabinet, and to coerce the Ministry into abject and humiliating submission. In the presence of such a flagrant display of weakness, we may pass over, as merely minor incidents, the strange want of Ministerial control in the House of Commons last session—the Kenealy muddle, the discreditable confusion in other cases of privilege, and the indifference with which, on many occasions, Mr. Disraeli abandoned the conduct of the House, either to his own incompetent lieutenants, or to whomsoever chose to take the trouble of guiding it, so that Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster had more than once to come to the help of the Ministry in order that public business might be enabled to proceed. To the same class of incidents belong the confusion in the arrangements of Orders of the Day—the reckless flooding of the order-book with Bills which could never even be debated, much less passed; the arrogant refusals of Mr. Disraeli to select the measures by which he elected to stand; the delays in Committee of Supply, and in the financial measures of the Treasury; and, finally, the undignified abandonment of Bill after Bill, and the rush, at the close of the session, to patch up something that might serve to fill the necessary paragraphs of the Royal Speech. One conspicuous failure, however, stands out from the mass, and dwarfs and illustrates the rest. This is the conduct of the Merchant Shipping Bill. The Government refused to accept Mr. Plimsoll's Bill, and insisted, though with reluctance, upon preparing a measure of its own. This measure was brought in, and was received with general astonishment. Mr. Plimsoll showed that it could not pass—its enormous length and complexity prevented it from being duly debated; and every clause seemed so framed as to invite a host of amendments, and thus to induce delay. The conduct of the Bill was entrusted to incompetent hands—to a Minister of inferior rank, and of extremely moderate capacity, incapable, indeed, of influencing either his colleagues or his opponents, unfitted by temper to deal with a popular assembly, and plainly unacquainted with the subject-matter of debate. The consequence was foreseen. The Bill dragged wearily; the House became impatient; the unhappy Minister grew more and more confused; and then, with a singular want of insight into the temper of the country, Mr. Disraeli withdrew the measure, and left our sailors for another year to go to sea in rotten ships and to drown by hundreds, their fate being held as nothing in comparison with the importance of protecting landlords against the just demands of the tenant-farmers. Everyone remembers what happened when the Premier announced that preference would be given to the Agricultural Holdings Bill over the Merchant Shipping Bill—to the landowners over the sailors. Mr. Plimsoll's impulsive and indignant outburst still rings in the ears of the nation. That despairing cry was echoed from angry meetings in every

town. The whole country protested against the cynical levity which sacrificed the lives of hundreds of brave men for the sake of political convenience. Conservatives joined with Liberals in the denunciation of such heartlessness. Ministers, in terror, hastened to repair their enormous blunder. A temporary Bill was arranged, approved by Mr. Plimsoll, and passed with acclamation. Then Mr. Disraeli added to this amazing error another scarcely less excusable. With an inexpressible air of mockery, he thanked the country for having, by this display of feeling, strengthened the hands of the Government, and enabled it to pass the Bill.

This is a long catalogue of blunders and follies, of efforts at reaction, sometimes successful, sometimes failures; of inability to understand the wishes of the country, and incapacity to lead the House of Commons; long enough, indeed, to wreck the reputation and to endanger the stability of a Government—serious enough to destroy all confidence in men who have shown themselves so unfitted to guide the destinies of a great nation. But long and amazing as the catalogue is, it closes with another item still more amazing—one, indeed, that literally suggests a doubt of the sanity of whoever is responsible for it. The weakness of the departments, especially of the Admiralty, had prepared the country for almost any blunder that might be committed. The Minister who began by denouncing our Navy as a phantom fleet, and has just ended, for the present, by jesting upon the loss of one of our noblest iron-clads, might be expected to commit any error capable of issuing from his department. But even Mr. Ward Hunt could not have been thought capable of sending out such a document as the Fugitive Slave Circular. That he did not draw it up is now understood. We do not yet know the exact source of this unparalleled reproach to an English Government and to English honour. The Foreign Office seems to be responsible for its inception. The draught appears to have been the work of some unknown subordinate, but the circular itself, in its completed form, came from the Admiralty; and Mr. Ward Hunt is thus the Minister who calmly ordered the commanders of British ships of war to surrender our naval rights at the bidding of any foreign power, to abrogate the settled rules of international law, and to convert the officers of the British Navy into slave-catchers. But whoever is directly responsible for the issue of this monstrous document, the blame must ultimately rest upon the Government itself. It is an incidental, but, nevertheless, a direct result of the reactionary spirit which animates a Tory Government. Under a Liberal administration the issue of such instructions would have been impossible; the very genius and spirit of their policy would have saved the nation from this disgrace. But men who have always set themselves



in opposition to liberty cannot be expected to care for the slave. Ministers who fail, even with a great majority, to control the House of Commons, or to resist the dictation of a knot of rebellious peers, necessarily inspire the departments with their own looseness of principle, and relieve them alike from responsible supervision and from self-control. Thus, the Fugitive Slave Circular easily became possible. Laxity of administration seemed to authorise meddling subordinates to exercise their own pleasure ; and this is the result. The son of the War Secretary—himself, we fancy, an official of some kind—ingenuously tells us how it came about. Somebody, says young Mr. Hardy, drew up this circular, without thinking of what he was doing ; and somebody else, who ought to have known, signed it without reading what he signed. The instinct of the country was truer than that of Ministers. The moment the Slave Circular became known through the newspapers its character was appreciated, and there was no Englishman, whatever his class, creed, or party, whose cheek did not burn with shame at the knowledge that England, the advocate of freedom, the country on whose shores no slave could breathe, the emancipator of the West Indian negroes, the suppressor of the African slave trade—that England, with all these great traditions, instinct with hatred of injustice and wrong, had actually, in the sight of all the world, ordered that slaves taking refuge on board her ships should be delivered, by British officers wearing the British uniform, back into slavery again. Warned and terrified by the burst of indignation, fierce even to passion, which flamed throughout the land, the Government first suspended, and then withdrew, the infamous circular ; but, in withdrawing it, Lord Derby, the Foreign Minister, declared that it was based upon the highest legal authority, and thus gave rise to a suspicion that it may be revived in some new form. The discreet evasion of Mr. Disraeli, who dropped this burning topic from his speech at the Mansion House, seems to imply a desire on the part of Ministers to be well rid of it. The speech of Lord Hartington at Bristol indicates, however, a determination on the part of the Liberals to bring the subject before the House of Commons early in the session ; and the admirable address of Sir Henry James at Taunton proves that if the plea of legality is put forward to shelter the authors of this circular, the flimsy defence will be torn into shreds, amidst universal contempt.

The Liberals may protect the nation from a renewal of such a shameful blot upon its honour as this inflicted by the Slave Circular ; but, while a Tory Government remains in office, there is always danger, because the spirit of retrogression continues to influence the national administration. These men go wrong, and must go wrong, because their faces are set towards the past. Feudalism, not freedom, is prac-

tically their principle of rule. They legislate for classes, and are tender of interests. They have no sympathy with popular progress, and so—almost without knowing it—they blunder into betrayals of liberty. Two years' experience shows us the direction of their aims, and the measure of their weakness. They cannot keep order in the House of Commons; they submissively obey the orders of a secret conclave in the House of Lords. They make concessions to the publicans for the sake of a discreditable vote; and they try to bind the Church to their party by efforts at ecclesiastical reaction in education. The advocates of religious establishments, for the sake of expediency they sacrifice in Scotland the essential principles of the so-called union of Church and State. They mock the tenant-farmers of England with a delusive tenant-right, dependent wholly upon the will of the landowners. They shift local taxes from the shoulders of the class best able to pay them, and impose them upon the national exchequer. They administer departments in a reactionary sense, and so conduct the affairs of the Navy as to make it a laughing-stock and a bye-word. After their manner, they convert a magnificent surplus, provided by a Liberal Government, into a practical deficit. Defective sympathy with public feeling, and imperfect appreciation of the national will, lead them to withdraw a measure for protecting the lives of our seamen in favour of a measure for protecting the interests of landowners. The country buys back the Army from a privileged class; they re-sell it to wealth, birth, and influence. Finally, so loose is their sense of justice, so undeveloped their conception of the rights of humanity, so inadequate their knowledge of the history, the traditions, and the policy of England, that they constitute themselves the practical apologists of slavery, and sully the honour and arouse the indignation of the country by converting British officers into the agents of slave-owners. Such is the Ministry of the Conservative reaction; and such it will be, until the measure is filled up, and the day of retribution arrives.

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### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Christmas and New Year Mottos.* By the Author of "Hymns for Quiet Hours." London: Campbell and Tudhope. (Price 1s.)

MESSRS. Campbell and Tudhope have issued a packet (No. 96) containing twelve cards for Christmas and New Year, in colours and gold. They are very pretty and very cheap.

*An Examination of the Belfast Address of the British Association, 1874.* By JOHN ELIOT HOWARD, F.R.S. London: R. Hardwicke, 1875. (Price One Shilling.)

THE address of Professor Tyndall, at Belfast, has been much overrated. The eminence of the speaker and the peculiar charm of his eloquence gave his oration

a prominence which its intrinsic value did not justify. Mr. Howard, in the pamphlet before us, commends to Dr. Tyndall the rules proposed by Democritus for the acquisition of peace of mind, viz. "abstinence from too many occupations, a steady consideration of one's own powers, which prevents our attempting that which we cannot accomplish." Dr. Tyndall will doubtless appreciate this suggestion, for he says himself, "When the human mind has achieved greatness and given proof of extraordinary power in any domain, there is a tendency to credit it with similar power in all other domains." And his own example powerfully illustrates his own teaching, for eminence in science does not necessarily give the ability to form sound conclusions in philosophy. He is not content with the manufacture of man out of inorganic atoms, but attempts to create the idea of a God out of we hardly know what. We wish him success in this project, before, "like a streak of the morning cloud, he melts into the infinite azure of the past." In this pamphlet Mr. Howard analyses with acuteness and force some of these strange speculations of Prof. Tyndall. He shows, on the one hand, the philosophical absurdity of foisting the refinements of modern science into the theories of the old Greek philosophers; and, on the other hand, the chemical absurdity involved in those materialistic theories which resolve mind and will into mere molecular forces.

*Fetich in Theology.* By JOHN MILLER. New York: Dodd & Mead. (Price 3s. 6d.)

IF Mr. Miller had not told us in his preface that he has been busy for more than thirty years upon a theory of Ethics, we should have supposed that he was a very young man—clever, keen, and with a passion for "argufying." He is a very schoolman in his instincts and method. The object of his book is to tear to pieces the ten propositions which he says are maintained in Dr. Charles Hodge's "Systematic Theology"—(1) that God has made everything for Himself; (2) that the Will of God is the ground of moral obligation;

(3) that the idea of God is innate; (4) that vindictory justice is a primordial attribute of God; (5) that God's highest end is to display His glory, &c. &c." Very much of the book is mere logomachy. Define what is meant by "God," and very much of the difference between Dr. Hodge and his critic at once disappears. Dr. Hodge's modes of stating the truth are often very unsatisfactory; but Mr. Miller's are also very unsatisfactory. The book, however, is not without its merits. It is written in a style as peculiar as the intellectual habits of its author.

*Scripture Proverbs, illustrated, annotated, and applied.* By FRANCES JACOX. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 10s. 6d.)

MR. JACOX has in this book taken fifty-two Scripture proverbs, and has encrusted them with illustrations taken from his boundless reading. To criticise any of his books is impossible; one might as well profess to criticise the Bodleian Library. The extent of his acquaintance with literature is wonderful, and the appropriateness with which he quotes is not less wonderful.

*Departed Friends.* London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price 2s. 6d.)

"THERE are already," says the compiler of this curious little volume, "books published of a very useful character, recalling to the recollection of their owners the days in which their kindred and others entered the world;" this book is constructed on the same method, but is intended as a record of the days on which our friends died. It is daintily printed in violet, and bound in grey cloth; opposite to the space left for entries on every day of the year there is a text of Scripture or a verse from a hymn.

*The Abridged Congregational Hymn Book.* London: Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have pleasure in calling attention to an excellent abridgment of the Congregational Hymn Book Supplement, containing 270 hymns. In its cheapest form it is issued at 1s. 4d. per dozen.

*Poems.* By HERBERT MARTYNE. Glasgow: James Maclehose; London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.

"HERBERT MARTYNE" is much too pretty a name to be anything but a *nom de plume*. We imagine that this is the author's first book—or at least his first book of verse. We can hardly recommend him to make another attempt. What he has written indicates the possession of kindly feeling and poetical sympathies, but we fail to discern any gleam of the true fire from heaven. His ear, too, is often greatly at fault, and many of the lines flutter along like a wounded partridge. The "Reflections in a Looking-glass" contain, perhaps, the most successful stanzas in the volume.

*Thoughts for Heart and Life.* By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. (Price, 3s. 6d.)

As this is a republication of the three collections of papers already known to our readers, under the titles of "Heart Life," "Heart Thoughts," and "Heart Culture," it is unnecessary for us to do more than to say that the three little works make a very charming volume.

1875. *The Church (of England, "as by law Established")*. By J. HUBAND GREGG, B.D., M.D. (Price One Shilling.)

THIS pamphlet on the Church, by the Vicar of East Harborne, is one of the most trenchant pieces of popular writing on Disestablishment that we have seen for a long time. Dr. Gregg goes in, without qualification, for *Disestablishment*; the question of Disendowment, he says, he does not understand.

*Publications of the Sunday-School Union.*

THE Sunday-School Union has issued its publications for the New Year in admirable time. First of all there is *The Sunday-school Teachers' Diary* for 1876. This contains the lessons for the year, a Class Register, a Class Attendance Register, a Register for cash received from the scholars for books, &c.; another Register containing columns for all the particulars which should be furnished in a

Teachers' Quarterly Report; a whole page for every Sunday morning and every Sunday afternoon in the year on which the teacher may enter his notes on the lessons or any other memoranda connected with his work, and several additional pages for "Illustrative Memoranda." This is issued in three forms,—"*The Teachers' Pocket-Book and Diary*," with tuck, &c. (Two Shillings), with flap and elastic band (Two Shillings and Fourpence), and in limp cloth (Eightpence). Next comes the *Class Register* for 1876, containing, in addition to what the title indicates, a large number of useful memoranda. This is issued in stiff linen cover (Fourpence), and in a smaller size, with paper covers (Twopence). *The International List of Lessons* for pasting in Bibles may be had at One Shilling per hundred. *The Motto Card for the New Year*, prettily illuminated in gold and colours, with the text, "Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path," and with the words, "Wishing you a Happy New Year," and lines for adding a child's name and the teacher's name, is sold at One Shilling per dozen. There are also four New Year's Addresses:—*The Prince of Israel*, an Address to Scholars, by FRANCIS E. TUCKER. (Six Shillings per 100.) *Lovest Thou Me?* An Address to the Elder Scholars, by JAMES CULROSS, M.A., LL.D. (Eight Shillings per 100.) *The Teacher's Double Care and Double Reward*, by CLEMENT CLEMANCE, B.A. (Six Shillings per 100), and *Parents: their Position, Privileges, and Prospects*. By F. BARON. (Six Shillings per 100.) We can especially recommend the addresses by Dr. Culross and Mr. Clemance.

Among the prettiest presents that can be given to children are the bound volumes of the Sunday-School Union Magazines: *The Child's Own Magazine*. (Paper boards, One Shilling, cloth; extra gilt, Two Shillings and Sixpence.) *Kind Words*. (Paper boards, Three Shillings, cloth; extra gilt, Four Shillings and Sixpence.) *The Morning of Life*. (Cloth, gilt, Two Shillings.) All these Magazines are full of pictures and stories, which children and young people will find attractive.

